

Although Mr. Smith had listed several dates, including eight men, he never sent it to Mr. Reagan. The attorney general narrowed the list to

Lou Cannon is the author of "Ronald Reagan: A Life in Politics."

discussing horses and Judah's childhood on an Arizona ranch. Mr. Reagan never interviewed anyone else.

The appointment of Sandra Day O'Connor involved more than personal chemistry. Mr. Reagan was no law-

...moved slightly leftward on the court, upheld abortion rights, and became the centrist she is today. In his memoir, "An American Life," Mr. Reagan said, "she turned out to be ev-

Finding Design in Nature

By Christoph Schönborn

VIENNA

EVER since 1996, when Pope John Paul II said that evolution (a term he did not define) was "more than just a hypothesis," defenders of neo-Darwinian dogma have often invoked the supposed acceptance — or at least acquiescence — of the Roman Catholic Church when they defend their theory as somehow compatible with Christian faith.

But this is not true. The Catholic Church, while leaving to science many details about the history of life on earth, proclaims that by the light of reason the human intellect can readily and clearly discern purpose and design in the natural world, including the world of living things.

Evolution in the sense of common ancestry might be true, but evolution in the neo-Darwinian sense — an unguided, unplanned process of random variation and natural selection — is not. Any system of thought that denies or seeks to explain away the overwhelming evidence for design in biology is ideology, not science.

Consider the real teaching of our beloved John Paul. While his rather vague and unimportant 1996 letter about evolution is always and everywhere cited, we see no one discussing these comments from a 1985 general audience that represents his robust teaching on nature:

"All the observations concerning the development of life lead to a similar conclusion. The evolution of living beings, of which science seeks to determine the stages and to discern the mechanism, presents an internal finality which arouses admiration. This finality which directs beings in a direction for which they are not responsible or in charge, obliges one to suppose a Mind which is its inventor, its

creator."

He went on: "To all these indications of the existence of God the Creator, some oppose the power of chance or of the proper mechanisms of matter. To speak of chance for a universe which presents such a complex organization in its elements and such marvelous finality in its life would be equivalent to giving up the search for an explanation of the world as it appears to us. In fact, this would be equivalent to admitting effects without a cause. It would be to abdicate human intelligence, which would thus refuse to think and to seek a solution for its problems."

Note that in this quotation the word "finality" is a philosophical term synonymous with final cause, purpose or

The official Catholic stance on evolution.

design. In comments at another general audience a year later, John Paul concludes, "It is clear that the truth of faith about creation is radically opposed to the theories of materialistic philosophy. These view the cosmos as the result of an evolution of matter reducible to pure chance and necessity."

Naturally, the authoritative Catechism of the Catholic Church agrees: "Human intelligence is surely already capable of finding a response to the question of origins. The existence of God the Creator can be known with certainty through his works, by the light of human reason." It adds: "We believe that God created the world according to his wisdom. It is not the product of any necessity whatever, nor of blind fate or chance."

In an unfortunate new twist on this old controversy, neo-Darwinists recently have sought to portray our new pope, Benedict XVI, as a satisfied evolutionist. They have quoted a sentence about common ancestry from a 2004 document of the International Theological Commission, pointed out that

Benedict was at the time head of the commission, and concluded that the Catholic Church has no problem with the notion of "evolution" as used by mainstream biologists — that is, synonymous with neo-Darwinism.

The commission's document, however, reaffirms the perennial teaching of the Catholic Church about the reality of design in nature. Commenting on the widespread abuse of John Paul's 1996 letter on evolution, the commission cautions that "the letter cannot be read as a blanket approbation of all theories of evolution, including those of a neo-Darwinian provenance which explicitly deny to divine providence any truly causal role in the development of life in the universe."

Furthermore, according to the commission, "An unguided evolutionary process — one that falls outside the bounds of divine providence — simply cannot exist."

Indeed, in the homily at his installation just a few weeks ago, Benedict proclaimed: "We are not some casual and meaningless product of evolution. Each of us is the result of a thought of God. Each of us is willed, each of us is loved, each of us is necessary."

Throughout history the church has defended the truths of faith given by Jesus Christ. But in the modern era, the Catholic Church is in the odd position of standing in firm defense of reason as well. In the 19th century, the First Vatican Council taught a world newly enthralled by the "death of God" that by the use of reason alone mankind could come to know the reality of the Uncaused Cause, the First Mover, the God of the philosophers.

Now at the beginning of the 21st century, faced with scientific claims like neo-Darwinism and the multiverse hypothesis in cosmology invented to avoid the overwhelming evidence for purpose and design found in modern science, the Catholic Church will again defend human reason by proclaiming that the immanent design evident in nature is real. Scientific theories that try to explain away the appearance of design as the result of "chance and necessity" are not scientific at all, but, as John Paul put it, an abdication of human intelligence. □

Christoph Schönborn, the Roman Catholic cardinal archbishop of Vienna, was the lead editor of the official 1992 Catechism of the Catholic Church.

the CIA was the job of the Office of Security.

Angleton eventually built a staff of three hundred, but he had no agents in the field, had no authority to place bugs or telephone taps, ran no foreign operations. What he did have was unparalleled access—copies of all cables to and from the CIA's Deputy Directorate of Plans (DDP), of intercepted communications of exchanges with the counterintelligence staffs of allied services, of the debriefings of Soviet defectors. His main activity was to analyze this ocean of information about Soviet intelligence operations for the telltale signs of manipulation and interference that would betray Soviet control. He concluded that nearly but not quite all Soviet defectors were "dispatched"—sent to deceive—and that in most cases defectors generated by CIA officers in the field were "bad," or run by the other side.

But that wasn't the worst of it. All intelligence services attempt to "muddy the waters" through the use of deception, double agents, the release of importantly false information concealed within a bouquet of the trivial but true, and so on. Angleton convinced himself that Soviet intelligence revealed a deeper plot to send defectors who would support each other's bona fides and back up "bad cases" generated in the field. A penetration agent or mole within the targeted service—an undiscovered Philby, say—would then "close the feedback loop," allowing the Soviets to monitor and adjust their operations, and gradually gain control of what the target service "knew" about the Soviets. The enterprise would be a replay of Britain's "Double-Cross" operation during World War II. But this time around, control of intelligence would be used by the Soviets for a broader purpose—to color what Western governments "knew" about Soviet political intentions, and thereby manipulate the Western response.

This fearful vision didn't come to Angleton all at once. It dawned on him slowly, over a period of years, as he watched cases unfold from his position of unparalleled access. Perhaps the very first seed of suspicion was planted by the extraordinary case of Michal Goleniewsky, an intelligence officer in the Polish *Urad Bezpieczenstwa* (UB) who sent an anonymous letter to the American embassy in Switzerland in March 1958. Goleniewsky sent fourteen letters to his CIA contact before defecting in Berlin in December 1960, and many Soviet spies in Britain and Germany were arrested as a direct result of his leads. But of the fourteen letters the one with the deepest consequences reported Soviet knowledge of a West German plan to "pitch," or attempt to recruit, the Polish intelligence officer Jan Switala in Berne.

The result was instant consternation at the CIA. Just three weeks earlier agency headquarters at Langley, Virginia, had cabled approval for an attempt to recruit Switala by the CIA officer Tennent ("Pete") Bagley in Berne, posing as a West German. Only three CIA officers knew about the operation directly; drop copies of the cable had gone routinely to the DDP and to Angleton. This was an unmistakable sign that something was badly awry. Investigation failed to find the leak but the doubt remained—there was a mole inside the CIA.

Penetration is the nightmare of intelligence services. As chief of the CI Staff Angleton compiled over the years about one hundred "serials"—collections of

material on unresolved intelligence cases accompanied by his own comments indicating where Soviet penetration had taken place. Many "serials" were based on cryptonyms in the VENONA intercepted messages, including about a dozen identified as OSS officers working for or at least known to the Soviets. Other "serials" referred to CIA operations in which there had been signs ("manifestations") that the Soviets had been able to interfere, always a possible sign of penetration. The Goleniewsky case became a prominent fixture in Angleton's serials, especially after signs began to appear that the Soviets had caught on to his defection within six weeks and used him to feed information to the CIA in later letters, "correcting" some of his earlier information. The entire case went completely haywire a few years later when Goleniewsky, by then living in New York City, publicly claimed to be the son and rightful heir of the last Russian tsar, Nicholas II.

But even while the case was unfolding Angleton had growing suspicions that Goleniewsky had been unreliable from the beginning, and that the spies he uncovered were deliberately handed over by the Soviets for reasons of their own. Inevitably, the Polish branch of the DDP and the case officers who dealt with Goleniewsky in the field disagreed—the beginning of bad blood between the CI Staff and the rest of the clandestine service.

Soviet deception in such activities was just business as usual. Angleton's grand vision took its final form only after the defection in December 1961 of Anatoli Golitsyn, a KGB officer already known to the CIA from debriefing an earlier defector, the KGB officer Peter Deriabin, who had switched sides in Vienna in 1954. Golitsyn had spent a number of months going over KGB files on NATO in Moscow before being assigned to Finland, where he defected to the US, but he brought no names of agents, only clues. He said, for example, that the KGB possessed specific NATO documents; that the KGB had obtained full transcripts of the CIA's debriefing of Deriabin; that a KGB friend, Anatoli Gromov, remembered that he had once recruited a homosexual Canadian ambassador to Moscow. Golitsyn had looked at a lot of paper and he had a lot of alleged clues, some of which pointed to a CIA mole.

But Golitsyn had something else to offer as well—a report that the KGB was in-

One of these had been identified by collateral information in the traffic as probably referring to Donald Downes, the subject of one of Wink's portraits in *Cloak and Gown*. The FBI investigated Downes and remained suspicious of him, but it is just as likely his name and movements were known to the Soviets through a World War II operation in New York City that Downes undertook for the OSS with a German, Wolfgang von zu Puttitz, a wartime lover of Anthony Blunt who was also a friend of Philby's and almost certainly a Soviet agent.

One of these letters, dated 1961, claimed that the Ukrainian émigré leader Stephan Bandera, who had recently been murdered in Munich, had been poisoned at lunch by a Soviet agent. Bandera's lunch partner on that date had been an assistant to Reinhard Gehlen, chief of the West German intelligence service. This is a classic case of muddying the waters. For as suspicion of Gehlen's assistant began to grow, the case was unexpectedly cleared up after the real murderer, the KGB agent Bogdan Stashinsky, defected to Berlin, in August 1961.

interested in something much bigger than run-of-the-mill cases, however successfully pursued. Following the Burgess-Maclean disaster of 1951, Golitsyn said, he had proposed that the KGB pay more attention to Washington than to London. He even claimed to have spoken to Stalin of his plan. In 1958, he said, the KGB had been reorganized and had adopted a long-term plan to penetrate and deceive Western intelligence services. He predicted that since he knew about the plan, the Soviets would dispatch two phony defectors to discredit his reports.

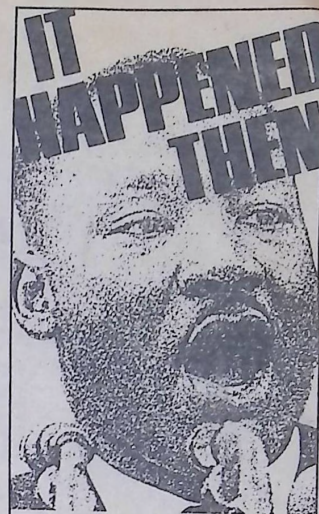
In June 1962 the perfect candidate appeared—the KGB officer Yuri Nosenko, the son of a famous Soviet admiral. Nosenko offered himself to the CIA in Switzerland and delivered many clues to the identities of Soviet agents in perhaps ten hours of conversation with the CIA official Peter Bagley, who had gone to Geneva to debrief him. Bagley was of course thrilled with the results, but back in Washington Angleton convinced him that he had been gulled. When Nosenko defected in January 1964, Bagley and the Soviet Division assumed from the start he was sent by the KGB to deceive the CIA, not least in his claim that the Soviets had made no use of Lee Harvey Oswald for intelligence purposes, and therefore could not be charged with involvement in the Kennedy assassination.

Thereupon followed an extraordinary three-year interrogation of Nosenko, which is blandly referred to in documents as "hostile"—too pale a word for Nosenko's harsh treatment, during which he was kept in total isolation and held naked in a brightly lit room. Nosenko's case has never been resolved. His story contained many holes, but he insisted to the end that he was acting on his own. At the end of 1967 his treatment finally eased, and he was eventually resettled in the usual manner, paid for his agony, and taken on by the CIA as a consultant. Some CIA officers remain convinced that he lied, others that he was disgracefully mistreated—the details are too many and convoluted to unravel here. For our purposes Nosenko's case is important because his defection appeared to confirm Golitsyn's prediction, and thereby lent support to his many other claims.

By all accounts Golitsyn was a proud, difficult, combative man, and he quarreled heatedly with the Soviet Division debriefers who demanded that he provide more details. In March 1963 he insisted on going to England, where he quickly established a close relationship with the British Secret Intelligence Service—so close the SIS allowed him to see raw files in the hope that they would prod his memory. In August he returned to Washington and insisted that he had now remembered enough to pinpoint Soviet agents inside the CIA. But this time he refused to have anything to do with the Soviet Division. Angleton's CI Staff took over the handling of Golitsyn, and Angleton himself—who had never been to Russia, knew no Russian, and never knew a Russian other than Golitsyn—fell under Golitsyn's spell. As Epstein quotes Sun Tzu:

He who is not sage and wise, humane and just, cannot use secret agents. And he who is not delicate

The first account of Nosenko's case to appear in print can be found in an earlier book by Epstein, *Legend: The Secret World of Lee Harvey Oswald* (McGraw-Hill, 1978). Many additional details are in David Martin, *Wilderness of Mirrors* (Harper and Row, 1980).



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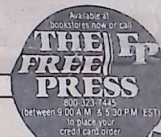
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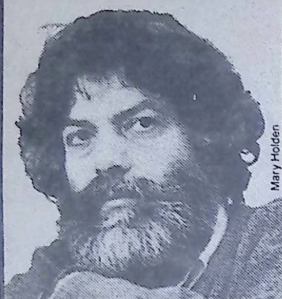
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and subtle cannot get the truth out of them.

Subtlety was Angleton's passion, and his delicacy in "eliciting" leads from Golitsyn brought them up by the bucketload. In a sense Angleton and Golitsyn were made for each other. In the intelligence business the phenomenon of "falling in love with your agent" is well known. No one ever fell harder than James Angleton.

But all defectors sense at once that they are loved for a season only; when they have no more to tell they are gently dropped. It is a sign of Golitsyn's genius that he found a way to make the marriage last. Angleton was ready to see a deeper pattern behind Soviet intelligence activities and Golitsyn confirmed his darkest fears. He insisted that his deep knowledge of the KGB ethos would allow him to sniff out traces of Soviet interference if he were only allowed to go through the files of agency personnel and operations. This ought to have set off warning bells. The conventional wisdom of counterintelligence stresses that what defectors know is precious only so long as it is uncontaminated by other information. They are quick learners as a rule, soon sense what their interrogators want, and will plunder every available source in order to deliver. Abandoning caution, Angleton gave Golitsyn unprecedented access to the files, and Golitsyn delivered.

Golitsyn's "methodology," soon notorious throughout the CIA's clandestine service, can be best seen at work in the search for moles within the CIA. On his return from England Golitsyn said that moles would be found at the CIA's Berlin base, where many cases had turned out badly over the years. He identified one by his alleged Soviet cryptonym—"Sacha," the diminutive for Alexander. A Pole was involved, whose name began with K. Two candidates were quickly found—a contract officer and translator from the Russian, and a regular CIA officer who had been in charge of technical support throughout Europe. Both were shipped to other posts although both denied they were agents. But Golitsyn's claims didn't stop there. The real purpose of the "agents," he said, had been to compromise their superiors, who had of course been recruited in turn. Angleton's suspicions fell upon two veterans of the CI's Soviet Division, Richard Kovich and David Murphy, who had handled the "agents" implicated by Golitsyn. Nothing was said to them, but their careers went quietly awry: Kovich was shipped off to Latin America; and Angleton even went so far as to warn a French intelligence chief that Murphy, newly appointed to run the CIA's Paris station in the late 1960s, was a Soviet agent. The blight of Golitsyn's "methodology" ruined other CIA careers as well.

Golitsyn's leads and Angleton's growing confidence that he had grasped the pattern of Soviet efforts—"the logic of penetration," which he explored in frequent conversations with his sole Russian—created a decade of turmoil in Western counterintelligence. One of Golitsyn's leads suggested high-level Soviet penetrations in France, but when French counterintelligence officers tried to explore the subject with Golitsyn they quickly found that every French official they mentioned was marked down as a Soviet agent by the officers from Angleton's office who sat in on the interrogation. Another lead precipitated a bitter controversy when Angleton personally told the head of one Norwegian agency—wrongly, as it turned out—that the secretary of the man who ran another agency was working for the Soviets. Following on Golitsyn's leads,

Angleton told the British Special Intelligence Service (SIS) that the British Labor party leader Hugh Gaitskell, who had just died, had probably been murdered by the Soviets in London in order to advance their own man, Harold Wilson, by then prime minister. Like so many of Golitsyn's leads, it trailed off to nothing, but the damage done in Britain was enormous.

Golitsyn's leads, backed up by VENONA intercepts, for example, convinced Angleton that Averill Harriman, the former governor of New York, ambassador to Russia, and Lyndon Johnson's negotiator with the North Vietnamese in Paris, was a Soviet agent. Angleton also believed that American journalists were working for the Russians and the Romanians (which amounted to the same thing, in Angleton's view), and for a time he took seriously Goleniewsky's report—a product of his later years, passed on to the British after his claim that he was heir to the tsar—that Henry Kissinger had been recruited by the Russians in Germany shortly after the war.

But it took two other claims of Golitsyn's to push Angleton over the edge. First was Golitsyn's view, mentioned earlier, that Chinese-Soviet enmity was a hoax to lull the West, a conviction Angleton carried to the grave, despite the astonishment of Chinese and Soviet experts who politely grilled Golitsyn on the subject in meetings referred to by skeptics as "the flat earth conference."

Perhaps more important was Golitsyn's inspired claim that buried within the KGB was a secret KGB, a tiny group that alone knew the details of the master plan. No one from the inner circle ever left the Soviet Union, and no Soviet diplomat who knew what they were up to was allowed out of the country either. Thus no case conducted by the CIA in the field and no defection of a KGB officer abroad could clear up the mysteries because only one person with knowledge of the secret KGB had ever managed to escape—Golitsyn.

Summarized briefly, Angleton's inventory of suspicions has an air of delirium, and it seems scarcely credible that they were the chief concerns of Western counterintelligence for a decade. Argued singly, his cases sounded questionable but interesting. But taken as a whole, they implied that Western intelligence services were a plaything in the hands of KGB puppeteers. The result was an atmosphere of distrust and personal bitterness, strained relations with allies, and a growing paralysis of CIA efforts to recruit agents to give information about the Soviet Union. By the late 1960s the CI Staff was shutting down virtually every case originating in the field; furious case officers, never told what had gone wrong, began requesting transfers out of the Soviet Division. Those who remained found ways to slip around the CI Staff, built files of their own, and broke the rules by discussing cases with each other. Finally a Soviet Division officer, Leonard McCoy, convinced CIA Director Richard Helms that Angleton's suspicions were crippling the agency. Internal suspicions were destroying morale. The only way to resolve the doubts inspired by Golitsyn was to find some new defector with fresh information, but the CI was blocking every effort.

Reorganization followed, in which Soviet Division officers were all let go on the theory that a new staff could not have

In VENONA cables the Soviets variously referred to Harriman as "the keeper of the Big House" and "capitalist." One

been penetrated. The new division chief, David Blee, eventually paid a call on Angleton for "the briefing." I have heard such briefings described many times. They are all the same—Angleton in his office behind a desk piled high with paper, chain-smoking the cigarettes that would kill him, the window blinds drawn down behind him. This is the Angleton of legend—a tall, stooped man with a bayonet pallor, who drew the metaphors for his trade from his hobbies, fly fishing and orchid growing. He could be eloquent about the sexual lives of plants, the brilliant stratagems by which insects were lured to carry pollen.

In his youth, at Yale in the late 1930s, literature had been his great love, especially the poetry of Eliot and Pound. Now he worked on the subtlest texts of all—the deception buried in cases as elusive as a difficult poem. His discussion of Soviet intelligence cases going back to the 1920s and 1930s made a finely linked construction, but the way in which he connected the cases was hard to follow. Almost any detail might bring an abrupt switch in his account from one case to another—a name, a place, a date, a bit of operational craft. So it went. At each critical juncture Angleton would only raise his eyebrows—as if to say, don't you see? It was up to his listeners to spell it out: if A then B, which can only mean C—was that it?

Some intelligence professionals like to toy with the uninitiated, but never Angleton; no man ever took the burden of knowledge more seriously. He was trying to tell you, but some inner restraint—some combination of temperament and devotion to secrecy—prevented him from doing so directly. It was more or less clear that Angleton felt the Soviets had spun a monstrous web to further, and at the same time to conceal, their deeper purposes in the world, but just how that web was put together, what those intentions were, how Angleton knew it was so—at that point you were on your own, with only Angleton's body language as guide. Blee got the full treatment. At the end of three or four hours with Angleton he asked, "Is that it, Jim?" Angleton said, "That's it, Dave, you see the pattern, don't you?" But Blee didn't see the pattern. He felt Angleton had lost his way in a maze constructed of mirrors.

A lot of CIA people concluded that Angleton was crazy. There may be something to this. The range of his suspicions does suggest paranoia, but this diagnosis was hard to establish because Angleton was always in control of the evidence. He never cleared skeptics for the information that would prove his case. To me he seems to have suffered a radical loss of the ability to live with uncertainty. When World War II was over, the spy runners on our side, Angleton included, got a chance to find out who had been running whom. But the cold war went on and on, and the mysteries compounded. Small wonder if this never-ending uncertainty proved too much. But the explanation may be simpler. Angleton was intellectually proud; he was slow to make up his mind, but once he had done so he stuck to it. So far as I know, Angleton never admitted that he had been wrong about anything, to anybody.

Edward Jay Epstein of course cannot know if Gorbachev is only carrying out the grand deception predicted by Golitsyn nearly thirty years ago. He is not so

cable reported that Alger Hiss ("Ales"), on a World War II trip with Harriman, had secretly been given an award in Moscow.

The New York Review

much convinced by Angleton's case as he is swept along by it, intrigued by it. Epstein can be an able analyst, quick to spot the flaws in an argument, but he makes no attempt to weigh Angleton's case in *Deception*. What animates him is only the fragile possibility it might all be true. A kind of intellectual playfulness is characteristic of all of Epstein's books. His account of Lee Harvey Oswald in *Legend*, for example, builds a circumstantial, inferential case that the Soviets had every reason to take and retain an intelligence interest in Oswald. But did they? Epstein never says. He has dug up the Nosenko case in a masterful job of reporting, but he tells this story in order to heighten the mysteries that remain, not to resolve any.

In *Deception*, Epstein argues that Soviet intelligence likes to play games, that it has mounted sizable deception operations in the past, that the Soviet Union has habitually misrepresented itself, that it may have systematically hidden the accuracy of its missiles through technical deception, that governments and their officials are frequently led astray by what they want to believe, that Western belief in Soviet weakness is mainly based on

what the Soviets say about themselves, and that Sun Tzu says this is the way to lull enemies and win wars without fighting. With evidence to support it this would provide an outline for a plausible interpretation of current events. But like an inverted pyramid, it rests on an infinitesimal point, Golitsyn's lonely claim that the KGB laid a plan for just this sort of grand deception thirty years ago. We've got only Golitsyn's word for it.

Of the many defectors since Golitsyn came to Washington, none has ever backed up his claims that a secret KGB is engaged in grand deception. Lacking proof, Angleton's argument—the heart of his murky briefings—fell back on close analysis of the cases in which Golitsyn was involved. If he were right about Nosenko, for example, one had to entertain the possibility he was also right about the KGB policy of grand deception. As chains of reasoning go, this one was fragile. A better test is the case of China, but how can one reasonably argue that the last twenty years of Chinese-Soviet relations have all been orchestrated to lull the West?

In the counterintelligence world nothing just happens, but in the real world a

great deal does. A secret arm of government may slip a phony piece of paper into a sheaf of the real, but Golitsyn and Angleton were arguing something altogether different—that none of the paper is real, the defectors are all phony, the secret intelligence is all disinformation. The real world is a handful of men in the bowels of Moscow, pulling strings. We have heard such stuff about the Freemasons, the Sanhedrin, the Anti-Christ in Rome, even the Trilateral Commission. Angleton, in my view, properly deserves the charity of a medical excuse, but what's Epstein's excuse? He has an obligation to the reader to pass some sort of judgment on these wild claims, but gives us nothing of the kind.

In the end Angleton himself fell under suspicion. Nothing ever came of it, but the men who worked alongside him finally lost patience with him, wearied of his secrecy and suspiciousness. They forced him to retire, drastically cut back his office to a staff of eighty or so, and rewrote the CI charter. For a time Angleton was convinced that these changes had been masterminded by Philby in Moscow; he even suspected the CIA director who

fired him, William Colby, was a Soviet agent. He quit saying it before he died, but I very much doubt he quit thinking it. He spent his unreconstructed final years fly fishing, raising exotic flowers, and giving occasional interviews to writers who found it difficult to pin down just what he was trying to tell them. He told Epstein he was still trying to work out some of the finer points, but Epstein's book makes a convincing if unintentional case that Angleton was on the wrong track.

More facts about the Russians won't get us anywhere in understanding Angleton's conspiracy theories. We must look at the man himself. His fearful vision has a pathological cast—nothing was the way it seemed, enemies were everywhere, only Angleton had the key, skeptics had secret motives, he had figured it all out for himself, the world was doomed if it failed to heed his warnings. This is not the intellectual style of a man in charge of his reason. But I am not a clinician, and Angleton's personal history is still largely a blank, so it is only surmise when I say that somewhere inside Angleton there seems to have been a small boy facing a big secret in lonely terror. □

Romania: Defying the Tyrant

William Pfaff

A writer of the 1940s, R.G. Waldeck, said of the German princes who served as kings of Romania between 1866 and World War II that "they all went a bit haywire under the violent sun and deep blue skies. They could not take it. They overdid everything." The Romanians themselves, she said, were "flexible, realistic, fatalistic," indestructibly enduring all with a conviction "of the transitory quality of everything."

Yet the striking thing about the Romanians during the last half-year has been their abandonment of resignation and their superbly repeated demonstrations of defiance against the Ubu-esque regime that governs them in the guise of communism. This defiance of Nicolae and Elena Ceausescu comes from within the upper circles of the Communist party itself, but, more formidably, it also comes from people entirely unprotected by privilege, established position, or the concern of the Soviet embassy. For example, the Cluj university teacher Doina Cornea, who addressed herself directly to Nicolae Ceausescu earlier this year in two letters published in the British press, and a third one broadcast by Radio Free Europe; she also testified against the Ceausescus in an interview on Belgian television. Six citizens of Cluj and Zarnesti, and of Poiana village, countersigned their names and her second letter to the London *Spectator*.

There is the poet Mircea Dinescu, who gave a sardonic account of Romania's condition to the Paris newspaper *Libération* in March. Nicu Stancescu, a hydraulic engineer and Party member who is now compelled to work as a farm laborer, wrote to the French press in May about "the generalized crisis" in the country and the "skepticism and apathy of the population." In January, three prominent journalists and a printer published an anti-Ceausescu manifesto, and were arrested. Several other writers have made public declarations critical of the government's policies; measures of retaliation against them have provoked still other protests by members of the Writers' Union, including people previously close

to the government as well as writers who have never been members of the Party.

Politically, the most significant of the protests was that delivered to Nicolae Ceausescu in March by six veteran members of the Romanian Communist party, including one of its founders. (The text was published in *The New York Review of Books* of April 27.) They said the gov-



Destruction of a private house in Cornetu, Romania, 1989

ernment has demonstrated its inability to solve the basic economic and social problems of the country, and that it even threatens "the biological existence of our nation" by its fanatical export program and simultaneous wrecking ("systematization") of the rural economy. The latter program destroys traditional villages in order to rehouse peasants in apartment blocks and reestablish rural life on an industrialized basis. At least twenty-nine villages have thus far been demolished in this way, and destruction has begun in another thirty-seven, according to the historian Dinu Giurescu, who was until 1985 a member of the Romanian Central Commission of the National Patrimony.

Many of the recent dissidents have been arrested and interrogated. Some have been put under house arrest. Others have been deprived of their houses or apartments or forcibly relocated to the countryside—internal exile. People have been molested or attacked in the street by "unknowns," as has also happened to foreign diplomats and reporters attempting to make contact with dissidents. Criminal or civil charges have been

brought against some. Thus the poet Dan Desliu has been accused of black marketeering. A former Politburo member, Alexandru Birladeanu, a signer of the "Letter of the Six," is accused of trafficking in video recorders.

People have lost their jobs and apartments; writers have had book and magazine agreements cancelled. The dissidents have been isolated, mail and telephones cut off. Colleagues of the arrested jour-

nalists have been dismissed for privately expressing their sympathy for the dissidents. Some employees of the Ministry of Foreign Affairs were dismissed simply because they had worked with the dissidents in the past. The government has retaliated against members of their families. It brought charges of treason and espionage against Mircea Raceanu, a diplomat, once at the Washington embassy, who is the adopted son of one of the signers of the Letter of the Six, Grigore Raceanu. The daughter of another signer, Silviu Brucan, was dismissed from the post she held for twenty years with Romanian television, and his son-in-law, an architect, has been forced to leave Bucharest for an assignment in the provinces. The special medical treatment that Mr. Brucan, who is in poor health, is entitled to as a veteran of the wartime resistance has been withdrawn, and he has been forced out of his apartment in Bucharest to relocate in a place without running water or heat.

An observer inside Romania remarks that these forms of repression are de-

signed to avoid the overt violations of human rights that attract Western attention, while producing the same results through an accumulation of lesser forms of punishment, "which in their ensemble can have the gravest consequences for those who have to bear them." Yet the regime's comparative restraint is significant. No one has so far been shot; no one has (as yet) disappeared. The dissidents' lives have been made exceedingly unpleasant, but they survive and maintain their defiance. The government's actions reveal a fear that recent events could have consequences they would want to avoid.

Time ends even the most awful regimes. Intensifying internal propaganda in Romania on nationalist themes is clearly defensive. Nicolae Ceausescu is seventy-one and reported to be seriously ill. The Party he leads is divided. The Soviet Union wants him and his wife out of power. Hungary is openly hostile because of Romania's policy of forced cultural assimilation of the approximately two million ethnic Hungarians in Transylvania (some 20,000 of whom have fled to Hungary since 1987, an exodus that continues). Western pressures on Ceausescu's government are now strong, although not as strong as they might be. The Norwegians, Danes, and Portuguese have closed their embassies.

Citroën of France and Rank AG of West Germany have ended or are about to end joint industrial ventures with Romanian government enterprises; another joint venture by an Italian company is in difficulty. The *Financial Times* says that the only remaining joint enterprises of any consequence are with Control Data of the US and a British avionics company. President Ceausescu himself concedes that only half of Romania's current export contracts are now being fulfilled. The problems are the usual ones: the abysmal quality of what is produced, the incoherent or incompetent management, the miserable standard of living suffered by the workers and their resulting lack of motivation. Industry is starved of investment. The people during the last few years have been starved of food. The ground on which the despot stands is arid, cracked. The violent sun shines down. There is hope for Romania. □

Isaiah Berlin at Eighty

Joseph Brodsky

It is almost a rule that the more complex a man is, the simpler his billing. A person with a retrospective ability gone rampant often would be called an historian. Similarly, one to whom reality doesn't seem to make sense gets dubbed a philosopher. Social critic or ethical thinker are standard labels for somebody who finds the ways of his society reprehensible. And so it goes, for the world always tries to arrest its adolescence, to appear younger than it is. Few people have suffered this fear of grown-ups more than Sir Isaiah Berlin, now eighty, who is frequently called all these things, at times simultaneously. What follows is not an attempt to redress the terminological chaos: it is but a tribute by a simpleton to a superior mind from which the former for a number of years has been learning about mental subtlety but apparently hasn't learned enough.

A study in genealogy normally is owing to either pride in one's ancestry or uncertainty about it; our history of ideas is no exception. Given the fruit this century came to bear, however, there are additional reasons for such scrutiny, which have nothing to do with attempts to brandish or ascertain the origins of our nobility. These reasons are revulsion and fear.

The quest for universal social justice that preoccupied European thought for, roughly speaking, the last four centuries has too often in our era resulted in its exact opposite. Considering the number of lives this quest has claimed, its Holy Grail proved to be the fixture of a literal dead end, and with a total disregard for the individual in its wake. A subject for revulsion, this effect should also be perceived as a cry from the future, given the rate of population growth throughout the world. After all, the temptation of social planning has turned out to be irresistible even for relatively humble social units.

That is what instills fear. In a manner of speaking, every bullet flies from the future. A mass society is natural prey for any presumption, but above all to a socialist one, which may eventually yield only to that of a computer. For this reason, poring over the genealogical chart of European philosophical thought through the last four centuries is not all that different from scanning the horizon: in either case, though, one looks out not for the cavalry but for an Indian scout.

There are not many of these scouts, and few of them are much good. The invention of ethical and political doctrines, which blossomed into our own social sciences, is a product of times when things appeared manageable. The same goes for the criticism of those doctrines, though as a voice from the past this criticism proved prophetic. All it lacked was the appropriate volume, but then one of the main distinctions between Indian scouts and cavalry is their discretion.

They were always discreet, as well as few in number—those opponents of political certitude, doubters of social blueprints, disbelievers in universal truths, exiles from the Just City. It could not be otherwise since for them to be shrill in social discourse would have been a contradiction in terms. Even systematization often seemed to them contradictory because a system would entitle them to mental privilege over the very subjects of their ponderings.

Their actual lives and careers were diverse but not spectacular. Some of them would advance their views in maga-

zines. Others would do so in a treatise or, even better, in a novel. Still others applied their principles to the offices they held or disciplines they were mastering. They were the first to shrink from being called philosophers; above all, they never tried to shout anyone down.

This posture had little to do with either humility or modesty. In fact it could and perhaps should be perceived as an echo of a polytheistic notion of the world, for these people firmly believed in the multiplicity of the human predicament, and the core of their social formula was, essentially, pluralism. This of course drew fire or silence from social reformers of every stripe, both democratic and autocratic, whose most high-minded common contention would even today be

man can be driven as much by his appetite for the infinite as by necessity.

The pluralist formula shares this danger with every form of social organization, including theocracy. Man's metaphysical instinct (or potential) is substantial enough to overshoot the confines of any creed, not to mention ideology. At the very least, that is what is responsible for the emergence of art, music, and, particularly, poetry. In many ways, this is both a self- and world-negating instinct and its exercise may easily make the finest social tapestry fade. Whether a society benefits from this humbling effect is another matter. One suspects that it may.

On the basis of this suspicion one perceives the equating of man's metaphysical potential with its absence as a danger. Everything that reduces man's spiritual tenor is a danger. The antihierarchical

high-pitched solo of Christianity) with intolerance.

Alas, the trouble with ethics is that it always answers the question "How to live?" not, "In the name of what?" or even "What for?" It is clear that it tries to supplant those questions and their answers with its own; that moral philosophy tends to operate at the expense of metaphysics. Perhaps rightly so, given the world's population prospects; perhaps it's time to bid the Enlightenment farewell, to learn an inflected guttural tongue and step into the future.

One is almost ready to do so when in walks Isaiah Berlin, at age eighty, carrying under his arm seven not very long books: *The Age of Enlightenment, Four Essays on Liberty, Vico and Herder, Against the Current, The Hedgehog and the Fox, Russian Thinkers, and Personal Impressions*. He does not look like an Indian scout; his mind, however, has been to the future. The volumes under his arm are its map, where the East overlaps with the West, where the North flows South.

This is not how I first saw him, though, seventeen years ago, when he was sixty-three and I thirty-two. I had just left the country where I'd spent those thirty-two years and it was my third day in London, where I knew nobody.

I was staying in St. John's Wood, in the house of Stephen Spender, whose wife had come to the airport three days before to fetch W. H. Auden, who had flown in from Vienna to participate in the annual Poetry International Festival in Queen Elizabeth Hall. I was on the same flight, for the same reason. As I had no place to stay in London, the Spenders offered to put me up.

On the third day in that house in the city where I knew nobody the phone rang and Natasha Spender cried, "Joseph, it's for you." Naturally, I was puzzled. My puzzlement hadn't subsided when I heard in the receiver my mother tongue, spoken with the most extraordinary clarity and velocity, unparalleled in my experience. The speed of sound, one felt, was courting the speed of light. That was Isaiah Berlin, suggesting tea at his club, the Athenaeum.

I accepted, although of all my foggy notions about English life, that of a club was the foggiest (the last reference I had seen to one was in Pushkin's *Eugene Onegin*). Mrs. Spender gave me a lift to Pall Mall and before she deposited me in front of an imposing Regency edifice with a gilded Athena and Wedgewoodlike cornice, I, being unsure of my English, asked her whether she wouldn't mind accompanying me inside. She said that she wouldn't, except that women were not allowed. I found this puzzling, again, opened the door, and announced myself to the doorman.

"I'd like to see Sir Isaiah Berlin," I said, and attributed the look of controlled disbelief in his eyes to my accent rather than to my Russian clothes. Two minutes later, however, climbing the majestic staircases and glancing at the huge oil portraits of Gladstones, Spencers, Actons, Darwins, et alia, that patterned the club's walls like wallpaper, I knew that the matter with me was neither my accent nor my turtleneck but my age. At thirty-two I was as much out of sync here as I were a woman.

Presently I was standing in the huge, mahogany-cum-leather shell of the club's library. Through high windows the afternoon sun was pouring its rays onto the parquet as though testing its resolve to refract light. In various corners two or three rather ancient members were sunk deep in their tall armchairs, in various stages of newspaper-induced reverie



Isaiah Berlin (center), with Stuart Hampshire (left) and the late Nicolas Nabokov

that pluralism is pregnant with moral relativism.

It is. But then moral absolutism is not so hot either. Its main attraction is that it is unattainable and, for a social reformer, that it provides an attractive embellishment for his designs. Yet the bottom line of every social order is not the moral superiority of its members but their safety, which, in fact, moral superiority doesn't necessarily guarantee.

Every discourse on social matters boils down, of course, to the issue of free will. This is something of a paradox, however, since regardless of whether the will is free or not, in any outcome of such discourse it will be curbed. One's curiosity regarding the nature of the will is therefore either sadistic or academic or both. ("Let's see how free is what we are curbing.")

In any case, with pluralism one would think a danger far greater than moral relativism (which is the reality of the world anyway) or shackling the will, is the implicit dismissal of the metaphysical properties of the species, the short shrift that pluralism, like nearly any other social formula, gives to the notion that

pathos of pluralism may render society's senses dull to the pitch of the human maximum, which is always a solo performance. Worse still, it may perceive this solo as a subject for applause, exacting no obligations from its audience.

But if it were only a matter of the quality of the applause, that would be fine. Regrettably, what passes for social pluralism is echoed in the life of cultures and even civilizations. For they and their values, too, are conflicting and diverse enough to make up society, especially given their current Biblical proximity (we are literally only a stone's throw from one another), especially given the world's emerging ethnic composition. From now on when we are talking about the world we are talking about a society.

The need for a common denominator, for a universal set of values, is dictated by our concern for our safety (and one wouldn't be wrong to regard Herder as a precursor of the League of Nations). Alas, the development of this common denominator is fraught with a cultural realignment so enormous that one is not keen to ponder it. We already hear, for example, about equating tolerance (this

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Is Consciousness an Illusion?

Thomas Nagel

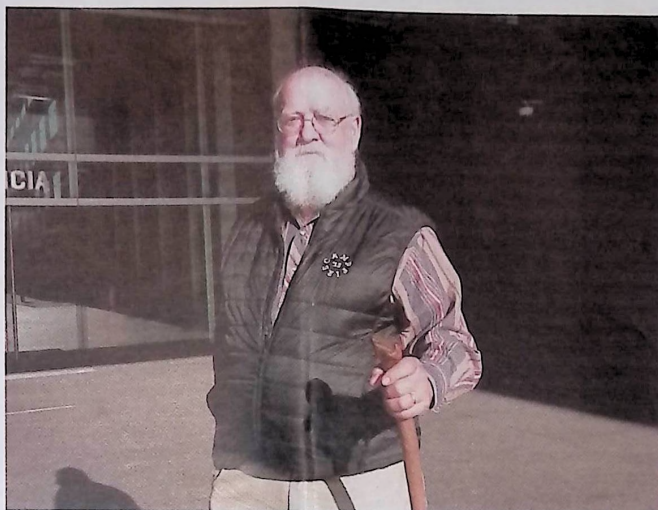
**From Bacteria to Bach and Back:
The Evolution of Minds**
by Daniel C. Dennett.
Norton, 476 pp., \$28.95

For fifty years the philosopher Daniel Dennett has been engaged in a grand project of disenchantment of the human world, using science to free us from what he deems illusions—illusions that are difficult to dislodge because they are so natural. In *From Bacteria to Bach and Back*, his eighteenth book (thirteenth as sole author), Dennett presents a valuable and typically lucid synthesis of his worldview. Though it is supported by reams of scientific data, he acknowledges that much of what he says is conjectural rather than proven, either empirically or philosophically.

Dennett is always good company. He has a gargantuan appetite for scientific knowledge, and is one of the best people I know at transmitting it and explaining its significance, clearly and without superficiality. He writes with wit and elegance; and in this book especially, though it is frankly partisan, he tries hard to grasp and defuse the sources of resistance to his point of view. He recognizes that some of what he asks us to believe is strongly counterintuitive. I shall explain eventually why I think the overall project cannot succeed, but first let me set out the argument, which contains much that is true and insightful.

The book has a historical structure, taking us from the prebiotic world to human minds and human civilization. It relies on different forms of evolution by natural selection, both biological and cultural, as its most important method of explanation. Dennett holds fast to the assumption that we are just physical objects and that any appearance to the contrary must be accounted for in a way that is consistent with this truth. Bach's or Picasso's creative genius, and our conscious experience of hearing Bach's Fourth Brandenburg Concerto or seeing Picasso's *Girl Before a Mirror*, all arose by a sequence of physical events beginning with the chemical composition of the earth's surface before the appearance of unicellular organisms. Dennett identifies two unsolved problems along this path: the origin of life at its beginning and the origin of human culture much more recently. But that is no reason not to speculate.

The task Dennett sets himself is framed by a famous distinction drawn by the philosopher Wilfrid Sellars between the "manifest image" and the "scientific image"—two ways of seeing the world we live in. According to the manifest image, Dennett writes, the world is



Daniel Dennett at the Centro Cultural de la Ciencia, Buenos Aires, Argentina, June 2016

full of other people, plants, and animals, furniture and houses and cars...and colors and rainbows and sunsets, and voices and haircuts, and home runs and dollars, and problems and opportunities and mistakes, among many other such things. These are the myriad "things" that are easy for us to recognize, point to, love or hate, and, in many cases, manipulate or even create.... It's the world according to us.

According to the scientific image, on the other hand, the world

is populated with molecules, atoms, electrons, gravity, quarks, and who knows what else (dark energy, strings? branes?).

This, according to Dennett, is the world as it is in itself, not just for us, and the task is to explain scientifically how the world of molecules has come to include creatures like us, complex physical objects to whom everything, including they themselves, appears so different.

He greatly extends Sellars's point by observing that the concept of the manifest image can be generalized to apply not only to humans but to all other living beings, all the way down to bacteria. All organisms have biological sensors and physical reactions that allow them to detect and respond appropriately only to certain features of their environment—"affordances," Dennett calls them—that are nourishing, noxious, safe, dangerous, sources of energy or reproductive possibility, potential predators or prey.

For each type of organism, whether

plant or animal, these are the things that define their world, that are salient and important for them; they can ignore the rest. Whatever the underlying physiological mechanisms, the content of the manifest image reveals itself in what the organisms do and how they react to their environment; it need not imply that the organisms are consciously aware of their surroundings. But in its earliest forms, it is the first step on the route to awareness.

The lengthy process of evolution that generates these results is first biological and then, in our case, cultural, and only at the very end is it guided partly by intelligent design, made possible by the unique capacities of the human mind and human civilization. But as Dennett says, the biosphere is saturated with design from the beginning—everything from the genetic code embodied in DNA to the metabolism of unicellular organisms to the operation of the human visual system—design that is not the product of intention and that does not depend on understanding.

One of Dennett's most important claims is that most of what we and our fellow organisms do to stay alive, cope with the world and one another, and reproduce is not understood by us or them. It is competence without comprehension. This is obviously true of organisms like bacteria and trees that have no comprehension at all, but it is equally true of creatures like us who comprehend a good deal. Most of what we do, and what our bodies do—digest a meal, move certain muscles to grasp a doorknob, or convert the impact of sound waves on our eardrums

into meaningful sentences—is done for reasons that are not *our* reasons. Rather, they are what Dennett calls free-floating reasons, grounded in the pressures of natural selection that caused these behaviors and processes to become part of our repertoire. There are reasons why these patterns have emerged and survived, but we don't know those reasons, and we don't have to know them to display the competencies that allow us to function.

Nor do we have to understand the mechanisms that underlie those competencies. In an illuminating metaphor, Dennett asserts that the manifest image that depicts the world in which we live our everyday lives is composed of a set of user-illusions,

like the ingenious user-illusion of click-and-drag icons, little tan folders into which files may be dropped, and the rest of the ever more familiar items on your computer's desktop. What is actually going on behind the desktop is mind-numbingly complicated, but users don't need to know about it, so intelligent interface designers have simplified the affordances, making them particularly salient for human eyes, and adding sound effects to help direct attention. Nothing compact and salient inside the computer corresponds to that little tan file-folder on the desktop screen.

He says that the manifest image of each species is "a user-illusion brilliantly designed by evolution to fit the needs of its users." In spite of the word "illusion" he doesn't wish simply to deny the reality of the things that compose the manifest image; the things we see and hear and interact with are "not mere fictions but different versions of what actually exists: real patterns." The underlying reality, however, what exists in itself and not just for us or for other creatures, is accurately represented only by the scientific image—ultimately in the language of physics, chemistry, molecular biology, and neurophysiology.

Our user-illusions were not, like the little icons on the desktop screen, created by an intelligent interface designer. Nearly all of them—such as our images of people, their faces, voices, and actions, the perception of some things as delicious or comfortable and others as disgusting or dangerous—are the products of "bottom-up" design, understandable through the theory of evolution by natural selection, rather than "top-down" design by an intelligent being. Darwin, in what Dennett

Soleidad Aizurez/AP Images

calls a "strange inversion of reasoning," showed us how to resist the intuitive tendency always to explain competence and design by intelligence, and how to replace it with explanation by natural selection, a mindless process of accidental variation, replication, and differential survival.

As for the underlying mechanisms, we now have a general idea of how they might work because of another strange inversion of reasoning, due to Alan Turing, the creator of the computer, who saw how a mindless machine could do arithmetic perfectly without knowing what it was doing. This can be applied to all kinds of calculation and procedural control, in natural as well as in artificial systems, so that their competence does not depend on comprehension. Dennett's claim is that when we put these two insights together, we see that

all the brilliance and comprehension in the world arises ultimately out of uncomprehending competences compounded over time into ever more competent—and hence comprehending—systems. This is indeed a strange inversion, overthrowing the pre-Darwinian mind-first vision of Creation with a mind-last vision of the eventual evolution of us, intelligent designers at long last.

And he adds:

Turing himself is one of the twigs on the Tree of Life, and his artifacts, concrete and abstract, are indirectly products of the blind Darwinian processes in the same way spider webs and beaver dams are....

An essential, culminating stage of this process is cultural evolution, much of which, Dennett believes, is as uncomprehending as biological evolution. He quotes Peter Godfrey-Smith's definition, from which it is clear that the concept of evolution can apply more widely:

Evolution by natural selection is change in a population due to (i) variation in the characteristics of members of the population, (ii) which causes different rates of reproduction, and (iii) which is heritable.

In the biological case, variation is caused by mutations in DNA, and it is heritable through reproduction, sexual or otherwise. But the same pattern applies to variation in behavior that is not genetically caused, and that is heritable only in the sense that other members of the population can copy it, whether it be a game, a word, a superstition, or a mode of dress.

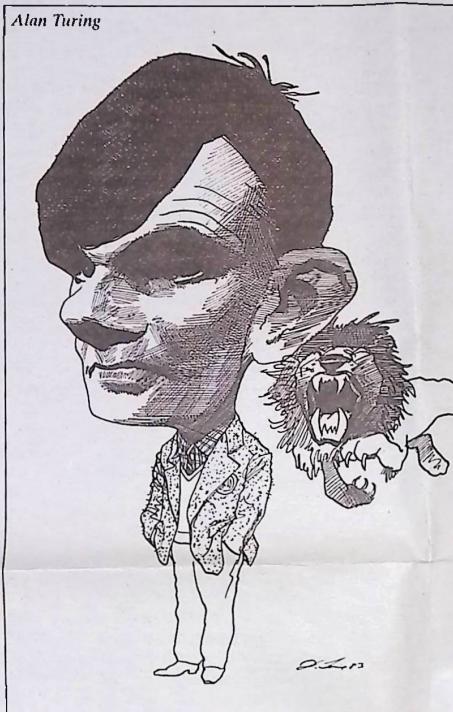
This is the territory of what Richard Dawkins memorably christened "memes," and Dennett shows that the concept is genuinely useful in describing the formation and evolution of culture. He defines "memes" thus:

They are a kind of way of behaving (roughly) that can be copied,

transmitted, remembered, taught, shunned, denounced, brandished, ridiculed, parodied, censored, hallowed.

They include such things as the meme for wearing your baseball cap backward or for building an arch of a certain shape; but the best examples of memes are words. A word, like a virus, needs a host to reproduce, and it will survive only if it is eventually transmitted to other hosts, people who learn it by imitation:

Like a virus, it is designed (by evolution, mainly) to provoke and



enhance its own replication, and every token it generates is one of its offspring. The set of tokens descended from an ancestor token form a type, which is thus like a species.

The distinction between type and token comes from the philosophy of language: the word "tomato" is a type, of which any individual utterance or inscription or occurrence in thought is a token. The different tokens may be physically very different—you say "tomayto," I say "tomahto"—but what unites them is the perceptual capacity of different speakers to recognize them all as instances of the type. That is why people speaking the same language with different accents, or typing with different fonts, can understand each other.

A child picks up its native language without any comprehension of how it works. Dennett believes, plausibly, that language must have originated in an equally unplanned way, perhaps initially by the spontaneous attachment of sounds to prelinguistic thoughts. (And not only sounds but gestures: as Dennett observes, we find it very difficult to talk without moving our hands, an indication that the earliest language may have been partly nonvocal.) Eventually such memes coalesced to form languages as we know them, intricate

structures with vast expressive capacity, shared by substantial populations.

Language permits us to transcend space and time by communicating about what is not present, to accumulate shared bodies of knowledge, and with writing to store them outside of individual minds, resulting in the vast body of collective knowledge and practice dispersed among many minds that constitutes civilization. Language also enables us to turn our attention to our own thoughts and develop them deliberately in the kind of top-down creativity characteristic of science, art, technology, and institutional design.

But such top-down research and development is possible only on a deep foundation of competence whose development was largely bottom-up, the result of cultural evolution by natural selection. Without denigrating the contributions of individual genius, Dennett urges us not to forget its indispensable precondition, the arms race over millennia of competing memes—exemplified by the essentially unplanned evolution, survival, and extinction of languages.

Of course the biological evolution of the human brain made all of this possible, together with some coevolution of brain and culture over the past 50,000 years, but at this point we can only speculate about what happened. Dennett cites recent research in support of the view that brain architecture is the product of bottom-up competition and coalition-formation among neurons—partly in response to the invasion of memes. But whatever the details, if Dennett is right that we are physical objects, it follows that all the capacities for understanding, all the values, perceptions, and thoughts that present us with the manifest image and allow us to form the scientific image, have their real existence as systems of representation in the central nervous system.

This brings us to the question of consciousness, on which Dennett holds a distinctive and openly paradoxical position. Our manifest image of the world and ourselves includes as a prominent part not only the physical body and central nervous system but our own consciousness with its elaborate features—sensory, emotional, and cognitive—as well as the consciousness of other humans and many nonhuman species. In keeping with his general view of the manifest image, Dennett holds that consciousness is not part of reality in the way the brain is. Rather, it is a particularly salient and convincing user-illusion, an illusion that is indispensable in our dealings with one another and in monitoring and managing ourselves, but an illusion nonetheless.

You may well ask how consciousness can be an illusion, since every illusion is itself a conscious experience—an appearance that doesn't correspond to reality. So it cannot appear to me that I am conscious though I am not: as Descartes famously observed, the reality of my own consciousness is the one thing I cannot be deluded about. The way Dennett avoids this apparent

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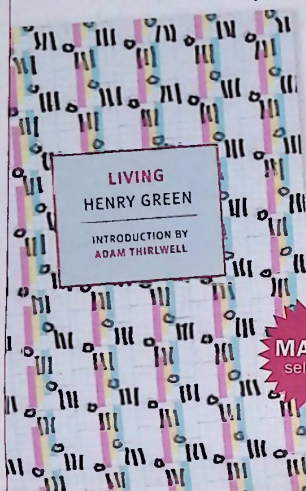
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contradiction takes us to the heart of his position, which is to deny the authority of the first-person perspective with regard to consciousness and the mind generally.

The view is so unnatural that it is hard to convey, but it has something in common with the behaviorism that was prevalent in psychology at the middle of the last century. Dennett believes that our conception of conscious creatures with subjective inner lives—which are not describable merely in physical terms—is a useful fiction that allows us to predict how those creatures will behave and to interact with them. He has coined the term "heterophenomenology" to describe the (strictly false) attribution each of us makes to others of an inner mental theater—full of sensory experiences of colors, shapes, tastes, sounds, images of furniture, landscapes, and so forth—that contains their representation of the world.

According to Dennett, however, the reality is that the representations that underlie human behavior are found in neural structures of which we know very little. And the same is true of the similar conception we have of our own minds. That conception does not capture an inner reality, but has arisen as a consequence of our need to communicate to others in rough and graspable fashion our various competencies and dispositions (and also, sometimes, to conceal them):

Curiously, then, our *first-person* point of view of our own minds is not so different from our *second-person* point of view of others' minds: we don't see, or hear, or feel, the complicated neural machinery churning away in our brains but have to settle for an interpreted, digested version, a user-illusion that is so familiar to us that we take it not just for reality but also for the most indubitable and intimately known reality of all.

The trouble is that Dennett concludes not only that there is much more behind our behavioral competencies than is revealed to the first-person point of view—which is certainly true—but that *nothing whatever* is revealed to the first-person point of view but a "version" of the neural machinery. In other words, when I look at the American flag, it may seem to me that there are red stripes in my subjective visual field, but that is an illusion: the only reality, of which this is "an interpreted, digested version," is that a physical process I can't describe is going on in my visual cortex.

I am reminded of the Marx Brothers line: "Who are you going to believe, me or your lying eyes?" Dennett asks us to turn our backs on what is glaringly obvious—that in consciousness we are immediately aware of real subjective experiences of color, flavor, sound, touch, etc. that cannot be fully described in neural terms even though they have a neural cause (or perhaps have neural as well as experiential aspects). And he asks us to do this because the reality of such phenomena is incompatible with the scientific materialism that in his view sets the outer bounds of reality. He is, in Aristotle's words, "maintaining a thesis at all costs."

If I understand him, this requires us to interpret ourselves behavioristically: when it seems to me that I have

a subjective conscious experience, that experience is just a belief, manifested in what I am inclined to say. According to Dennett, the red stripes that appear in my visual field when I look at the flag are just the "intentional object" of such a belief, as Santa Claus is the intentional object of a child's belief in Santa Claus. Neither of them is real. Recall that even trees and bacteria have a manifest image, which is to be understood through their outward behavior. The same, it turns out, is true of us: the manifest image is not an image after all.

There is no reason to go through such mental contortions in the name of science. The spectacular progress of the physical sciences since the seventeenth century was made possible by the exclusion of the mental from their purview. To say that there is more to reality than physics can account for is not a piece of mysticism: it is an acknowledgment that we are nowhere near a theory of everything, and that science will have to expand to accommodate facts of a kind fundamentally different from those that physics is designed to explain. It should not disturb us that this may have radical consequences, especially for Dennett's favorite natural science, biology: the theory of evolution, which in its current form is a purely physical theory, may have to incorporate nonphysical factors to account for consciousness, if consciousness is not, as he thinks, an illusion. Materialism remains a widespread view, but science does not progress by tailoring the data to fit a prevailing theory.

There is much in the book that I haven't discussed, about education, information theory, prebiotic chemistry, the analysis of meaning, the psychological role of probability, the classification of types of minds, and artificial intelligence. Dennett's reflections on the history and prospects of artificial intelligence and how we should manage its development and our relation to it are informative and wise. He concludes:

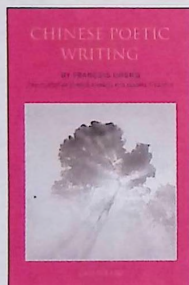
The real danger, I think, is not that machines more intelligent than we are will usurp our role as captains of our destinies, but that we will *over-estimate* the comprehension of our latest thinking tools, prematurely ceding authority to them far beyond their competence....

We should hope that new cognitive prostheses will continue to be designed to be parasitic, to be tools, not collaborators. Their only "innate" goal, set up by their creators, should be to respond, constructively and transparently, to the demands of the user.

About the true nature of the human mind, Dennett is on one side of an old argument that goes back to Descartes. He pays tribute to Descartes, citing the power of what he calls "Cartesian gravity," the pull of the first-person point of view; and he calls the allegedly illusory realm of consciousness the "Cartesian Theater." The argument will no doubt go on for a long time, and the only way to advance understanding is for the participants to develop and defend their rival conceptions as fully as possible—as Dennett has done. Even those who find the overall view unbelievable will find much to interest them in this book. □

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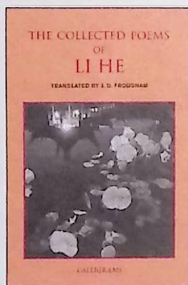
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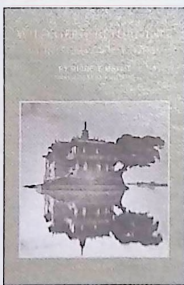
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At the Birth of Language

Ian Tattersall

Why Only Us: Language and Evolution by Robert C. Berwick and Noam Chomsky. MIT Press, 215 pp., \$22.95

Noam Chomsky's long-standing engagement with American politics—recently described in these pages*—has tended to obscure his seminal work as a scholar. Yet for him, academe has been anything but a tranquil retreat from the hurly-burly of public life. His principal (but far from exclusive) field of linguistics was already a hotbed of controversy long before he arrived on the scene; so much so that as early as 1866 the Linguistic Society of Paris specifically banned discussion of the origin of language as being altogether too disruptive for the contemplative atmosphere of a learned association. And on assuming an assistant professorship of linguistics at MIT in 1956, Chomsky lost no time in throwing yet another cat among the pigeons.

When Chomsky entered the field of linguistics it was widely assumed that the human mind began life as a blank slate, upon which later experience was written. Accordingly, language was seen as a learned behavior, imposed from the outside upon the infants who acquire it. This was certainly the view of the renowned behavioral psychologist B. F. Skinner, and the young Chomsky gained instant notoriety by definitively trashing Skinner's 1957 book *Verbal Behavior* in a review published in the journal *Language* in 1959. In place of Skinner's behaviorist ideas, Chomsky substituted a core set of beliefs about language that he had already begun to articulate in his own 1957 book, *Syntactic Structures*.

In stark contrast to the behaviorist view, Chomsky saw human language as entirely unique, rather than as an extension of other forms of animal communication. And for all that humans were notoriously linguistically diverse, he also insisted that all languages were variants on one single basic theme. What is more, because all developmentally normal children rapidly and spontaneously acquire their first language without being specifically taught to do so (indeed, often despite parental inattention), he saw the ability to acquire language as innate, part of the specifically human biological heritage.

Delving deeper, he also viewed most basic aspects of syntax as innate, leaving only the peripheral details that vary among different languages to be learned by each developing infant. Accordingly, as Chomsky then saw it, the differences among languages are no more than differences in "externalization." Whatever the biological element might have been that underwrote the propensity for language (and it was not necessary to know exactly what that was to recognize that it exists), the "Language Acquisition Device," the basic human faculty that allows humans and nothing else in the living world to possess language, imposed a

set of constraints on language learning that provided the backbone of a hard-wired "Universal Grammar."

Early formulations of Chomsky's theory further saw language as consisting both of the "surface structures" represented by the spoken word and of the "deep structures" that reflect the underlying concepts formed in the brain. The deeper meanings and the surface sounds were linked by a "transformational grammar" that governed the conversion of the brain's internal output into the externalized sounds of speech.

Over the last half-century or so, much of what Chomsky initially argued has

book coauthored with his colleague Robert Berwick, a computational cognition expert at MIT. *Why Only Us: Language and Evolution* is a loosely connected collection of four essays that will fascinate anyone interested in the extraordinary phenomenon of language. It argues that "the basic engine that drives language syntax... is far simpler than most would have thought just a few decades ago."

According to Berwick and Chomsky, a single operation that they call "Merge" (basically, the simplest form of the process of "recursion" that Chomsky used to view as the bedrock

explains how spoken and signed languages contrive to map onto each other so closely.

Berwick and Chomsky go on to suggest that the biology underwriting the Merge operation emerged as the result of a "minor mutation" in a member of an early modern human population. As judged from the archaeological record, this event occurred in East Africa some 80,000 years ago, and it produced a neural novelty that could yield "structured expressions" from "computational atoms" to provide a "rich language of thought." Only at a later stage was "the internal language of thought... connected to the sensorimotor system" that makes speech possible. In human evolution, then, the existence of language for thought preceded that of spoken language: a currently controversial idea, albeit with a respectable pedigree that traces back to the writings of John Locke in the eighteenth century.

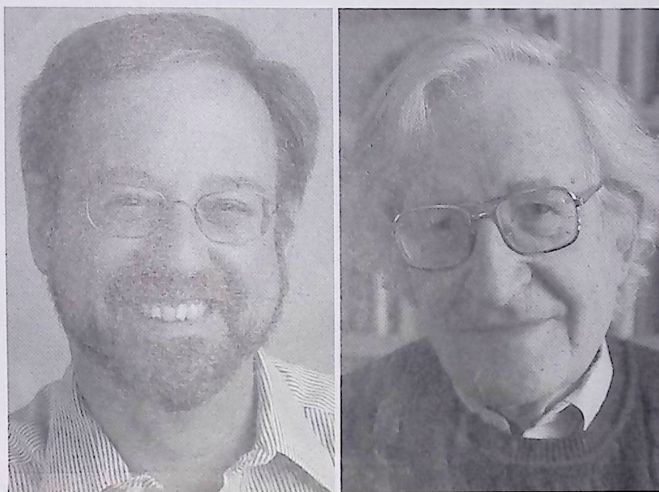
At this point, any reviewer with pretensions to objectivity is obliged to point out that the press has greeted this scenario with some derision. *The Economist*, for one, found much to chortle about:

Why would this be of any use? No one [other than the original possessor] had Merge. Whom did Prometheus talk to? Nobody, at least not using Merge.... Rather, it let Prometheus take simple concepts and combine them... in his own head.... Only later... did human language emerge.... Many scholars find this to be somewhere between insufficient, improbable and preposterous.

The condescending attitude reminds one of the tired old joke about Dolly Pentreath, the last native speaker of Cornish, who died in 1777: "Nobody knows who she spoke it to."

Still, if we are prepared to put the issue in a larger context, there is plenty in Berwick and Chomsky's argument that deserves close consideration, and that fits very well with what we know about the circumstances in which language is likely to have arisen. Today, opinion on the matter of language origins is still deeply divided. On the one hand, there are those who feel that language is so complex, and so deeply ingrained in the human condition, that it must have evolved slowly over immense periods of time. Indeed, some believe that its roots go all the way back to *Homo habilis*, a tiny-brained hominid that lived in Africa not far short of two million years ago. On the other, there are those like Berwick and Chomsky who believe that humans acquired language quite recently, in an abrupt event. Nobody is in the middle on this one, except to the extent that different extinct hominid species are seen as the inaugurators of language's slow evolutionary trajectory.

That this deep dichotomy of viewpoint has been able to persist (not only among linguists, but among palaeoanthropologists, archaeologists, cognitive scientists, and others) for as long as anyone can remember is due to one simple



Robert C. Berwick and Noam Chomsky

become uncontroversial in linguistics. Most significantly, only a few chimpanzee enthusiasts (whose ideas are roundly trampled in the book under review) would now reject the idea that, among living creatures, the full-blown ability to acquire and express language is both an innate quality and a uniquely human specialization. But many of his detailed proposals have had deeply polarizing effects, to the extent that a substantial coterie of colleagues view Chomsky and his followers with the kind of suspicion that in other settings is accorded to members of cults.

What is more, with the passage of time, and in collaboration with a variety of colleagues (full disclosure: your reviewer is marginally among them), Chomsky himself has significantly modified his views, both about those features that are unique to language—and that thus have to be accounted for in any theory of its origin—and about its underlying mechanism. Since the 1990s, Chomsky and his collaborators have developed what has come to be known as the "Minimalist Program," which seeks to reduce the language faculty to the simplest possible mechanism. Doing this has involved ditching niceties like the distinction between deep and surface structures, and concentrating instead on how the brain itself creates the rules that govern language production.

Chomsky's latest general statement of his slimmed-down hypothesis of language now comes in an attractive short

of language) is sufficient for building the entire hierarchical structure that they see as required to produce human language syntax. In their compact definition, Merge "takes any two syntactic elements and combines them into a new, larger hierarchically structured expression," a notion that is introduced early in the book and is then enlarged upon in some detail in later essays. In the first account they give, they write:

For example, given *read* and *books*, Merge combines these into [*read*, *books*], and the result is labeled via minimal search, which locates the features of the "head" of the combination, in this case, the features of the verbal element *read*. This agrees with the traditional notion that the constituent structure for *read books* is a "verb phrase." This new syntactic expression can then enter into further computations, capturing what we called earlier the Basic Property of human language.

Reducing the essence of language in this way, then, allows Berwick and Chomsky to divide the problem of how language evolved into three distinct parts: first, the internal computational system for hierarchically structured expressions (such as "read books"); second, sensory and motor systems for speech production; and finally, the underlying conceptual system, in other words the complex of thought on which language depends. Helpfully, the overall system they outline works with almost any sensory modality, and this

*See Kenneth Roth's review of Chomsky's *Who Rules the World?* (Metropolitan, 2016), *The New York Review*, June 9, 2016.

fact: at least until the very recent advent of writing systems, language has left no trace in any durable record. Whether any early humans possessed language, or didn't, has had to be inferred from indirect proxy indicators. And views have diverged greatly on the matter of what is an acceptable proxy.

One widely used putative proxy is the manufacture of stone tools, an activity that inaugurated the archaeological record some two and a half million years ago, or possibly more. It is argued that explaining to someone else how to make a stone tool (or, in some versions, an elaborate stone tool) is such a complicated matter that language had to be involved in passing the tradition along. But this seems contradicted by an interesting experiment that some Japanese researchers undertook several years ago. They divided up a class of undergraduates, none of whom knew anything about stone tools, and taught one half to make a relatively fancy kind of stone implement by demonstration and elaborate verbal explanation. The other half they taught by visual demonstration alone. And they discovered that there was basically no difference in the speed or the efficiency with which the two groups learned.

What's more—and this was the most amazing thing to me—in both groups there were students who never quite got it. Making any kind of stone tool evidently takes a lot of smarts of some kind, but not necessarily of the kind specific to all language-wielding humans today. Our predecessors were very evidently not just less intelligent versions of ourselves, as we have so often been tempted to suppose.

As a result, we have to look for a durable proxy that is more closely related to language than the manufacture of stone tools appears to be. So why not start with the kind of language-associated intelligence that all modern humans have today? What we uniquely do (or at least what we have no way of showing any other living creatures do) is deconstruct our internal and external worlds into vocabularies of abstract symbols that we can then combine and recombine in our minds, to make statements not only about those worlds as they are, but as they might be. We are able to do this because pathways in our brains allow us to make associations between the outputs of various brain structures that are apparently not similarly connected in the brains of our closest relatives, the apes.

Of course, the apes are nonetheless extraordinarily intelligent creatures, who can recognize and combine symbols in simple statements such as "take...red...ball...outside." But the algorithm involved is a simple additive one, and it is ultimately limiting because it is tough to keep track of increasing strings of symbols. In contrast, the algorithm associated with human language (whatever it may be) is apparently unlimited, because through the use of simple rules a limited number of symbols can be manipulated to form an infinity of different statements.

Notice that the metaphor for human cognitive function I have chosen steers dangerously close to a description of language. This is why Locke believed that words "stand for nothing but the ideas in the mind of him that uses them," and why increasing attention is being paid by linguists to the notion that, as the linguist Wolfram Hinzen

has put it, "language and thought are not two independent domains of inquiry." If that is true, perhaps the best proxies we can seek for language in the human archaeological record are objects or activities that reflect the working of symbolic human minds: minds capable of envisioning that the world could be otherwise than it is at this moment.

So what do we find when we look at the material record? It is pretty clear by now that the first stone tools were made by anatomically primitive "australopiths" with small (ape-sized) brains, big faces, and rather archaic limb proportions. But at the same time they appear to have been much more flexible and generalist in their food-seeking behaviors than living apes are;



Primate skeletons at the Field Museum, Chicago, 1986

and certainly by the time they began to make stone tools, they had crossed a cognitive boundary within which the apes are still confined. Nonetheless, as I've noted, the mere act of stone tool making is no indicator of modern human-style symbolic cognition; and intelligent as these early ancestors clearly were, there is no reason to believe that they were even anticipating our peculiar modern mode of thought.

The same applies to the earliest members of our genus *Homo*, who show up in the fossil record a little under two million years ago. They were taller than the australopiths and had body proportions basically like our own, indicating that they had become committed to the expanding savannah environments of Africa, far away from the protection of the ancestral forests. Yet to begin with, at least, they made crude stone tools just like those the australopiths had made: sharp flakes, bashed from one lump of stone using another. Only later did the new humans start regularly manufacturing stone "handaxes," the first tools made to a regular (teardrop) shape. And after that, tools of the new kind continued to be made in Africa (with only minor refinement along the way) until around 160,000 years ago. Cultural monotony was the order of the day, and within the tenure of "early *Homo*" there are virtually no artifacts known that could be considered "symbolic" in nature. Clever these hominids undoubtedly were by the standards prevailing at the time; but once again, there is no unequivocal evidence that they were thinking as we do, even in an anticipatory form.

Around 300,000 years ago a conceptually new type of stone implement

began to be made in both Africa and Europe. This was the "prepared-core" tool, in which a nucleus of good-quality stone was elaborately shaped with numerous blows until a final strike would detach a more-or-less finished implement, such as a scraper or a point. This conceptual advance was made within the tenure of a modestly large-brained species called *Homo heidelbergensis* that is also associated with some other important conceptual advances, among them the building of the first artificial shelters and the earliest routine domestication of fire. But significantly, in this time range there is only one putative—and hugely arguable—symbolic artifact known: a vaguely anthropomorphic lump of rock from the Golan Heights that may have been slightly modified to look more human.

Certainly, symbolic reasoning was not a routine part of the behavioral repertoire of *Homo heidelbergensis*.

Homo neanderthalensis, the earliest hominid with a brain as big as ours, emerged about 200,000 years ago; and in a hugely extensive archaeological record, it furnished only the most slender and sporadic evidence for symbolic behaviors. Yet more amazingly, the exact same was true for the very first *Homo sapiens*. Anatomically modern humans appeared in Ethiopia at about the same time the Neanderthals made their debut in Europe, and at first they left a comparable material record. It is only at about 100,000 years ago that we begin to find—again in Africa—evidence of hominid activities that were qualitatively different from anything that had gone before. Suddenly, *Homo sapiens* was making items such as shell beads destined for bodily decoration—which invariably make a statement—as well as explicitly symbolic objects such as ochre plaques engraved with deliberate geometric designs that clearly held meaning for their makers.

At about the same time complex multistage technologies appeared—such as the fire-hardening of silcrete, a substance found in soil that was otherwise indifferent for tool-making—that clearly demanded complex forward planning. Even more importantly, from this point on, the signal in the archaeological record, far from being one of stability over long periods, became one of continuous change and refinement. Soon the era of figurative Ice Age art had arrived in both Europe and eastern

Asia, announcing more clearly than anything else could the arrival of the fully fledged human sensibility.

Clearly, something revolutionary had happened to our species, well within the tenure of *Homo sapiens* as an anatomical entity. All of a sudden, humans were manipulating information about the world in an entirely unprecedented way, and the signal in the archaeological record shifted from being one of long-term stability to one of constant change. Hard on the heels of the first signs of significant behavioral change, *Homo sapiens* had left Africa and taken over the world (displacing all the hominid competition in the process), settled life had begun, cities had started to form, and by fifty years ago we were already standing on the moon.

The clear implication is that something had abruptly changed the way in which humans handled information. Most likely, the biological underpinnings for this change (both neural and vocal) were established in the events that gave rise to our species as a (very) distinctive anatomical entity some 200,000 years ago. But the new potential then lay fallow, until it was released by a necessarily behavioral stimulus. Most plausibly, that stimulus was the spontaneous invention of language, in an isolated African population that already, for reasons not fully understood, possessed a "language-enabled" brain. One can readily imagine—at least in principle—how a group of hunter-gatherer children in some dusty corner of Africa began to attach spoken names to objects and feelings, giving rise to a feedback loop between language and thought. This innovation would then have rapidly spread through a population already biologically predisposed to acquire it.

That is, of course, just one construction of the facts. But it accommodates better than anything else what we know from archaeology. And no other scenario currently available from linguistics fits the archaeological facts better than the essentials of Berwick and Chomsky's vision. Something occurred in human evolution, very abruptly and very recently, that radically changed the way in which human beings interact with the world around them. It is extremely hard to imagine that the beings who initiated that change were not users of language, and there is no substantive evidence that their predecessors were. So we need an explanation for the abrupt emergence of language; and the one Berwick and Chomsky provide is the most plausible such explanation currently on offer.

Certainly, the details need fine-tuning. For example, it is more plausible in terms of evolutionary process that effective language and symbolic thought emerged simultaneously, in a feedback process involving an already preadapted brain (and with the modern vocal tract necessary for speech conveniently already in place), than that an otherwise invisible mutation promoting an internal Merge was only later recruited for language by the sensorimotor system. But then science is always a progress report; and just as what we believed yesterday always looks quaint today, what we believe today will inevitably look hopelessly naive tomorrow. If we keep that in mind, what Berwick and Chomsky have to say looks like progress; and it has the added advantage of being a good read. □

Thomas Hoepker/Magnum Photos

HOMAGE TO GEORGE W. BUSH

~~A mystery poem (Modern Mystery)~~
↑ A mystery poem in daggered

That ca-ca eating grin you've got
gives away the plot.

Your friends are there to praise
~~all must~~
what you know up front.

Shrub, you are no small stunt.

Oh, George they say,
your poop is ~~better~~ ^{ludier}
than alley-oop.

Your turd has hoots
~~and~~ ^{with} toots of steam.

God's truth—your doo-doo

doth smell like ice cream.

~~That serves to generate~~
But we know what ^{which helps to account}
~~generates your gleam.~~ ^{world-conquering gleam.}

~~It rises from those Presidential farts~~ ^{arts,}
so full of ~~farts~~ ^{facts,} so nobly

steeped in self-esteem.

~~And the~~ ^{full of the} hiss of your self-adoring dream.

Oh, George, your mouth!

Keep licking the cream.

Philippines found one bird with the remains of nearly four hundred bees, the bird's mouth and gizzards barbed with scores of detached stings.)

Virgil mentions the three kinds of bees in the hive. His probable source was Aristotle (384–321 bc), who wrote extensively about bees in his natural history writing, particularly in *Historia Animalium*. As well as noting there are different sorts of honeybees, all with different roles, Aristotle's book describes how the bees collect the juices of the flowers in their stomachs and take them back to the hive to regurgitate into the wax, and that this liquid gets thicker with time. Aristotle saw that there were hairy worker bees inside the hive and smoother ones outside (the worker bees become less fluffy with age), and that the new ruler could kill off others that emerged from other cells. He even noticed how the bees danced across the face of the comb, though he did not understand the meaning of this (we now know it is a means of communication).

Some mysteries remained. Many mused on the reproductive methods of bees. Aristotle was especially interested in where bees came from, though he never reached a satisfactory explanation, pondering whether the young were collected from flowers, olives, and reeds. The strangest belief of all, maintained for many centuries, was that honeybees generated spontaneously from the carcass of an ox. Credence in this idea of "ox-born bees" continued right up to the time when a certain Mr. Carew reported this feat of reproduction in Coventry in 1842. Virgil praises the worker bees' abstention from sexual intercourse, an escape from the mess of passion and the pain of birth. "How to get bees from an ox" appears in his *Georgics*, *Book Four*, almost like a recipe: in the springtime, you must take a two-year-old ox into a small house with four windows, stop up its nostrils and mouth, bludgeon it to death, and leave it in the room, along with cassia, thyme, and branches.

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OK

TO REACH THE CLOUDS

MY HIGH WIRE WALK BETWEEN THE TWIN TOWERS

PHILIPPE PETIT



BOW & ARROW

My eyes have now adjusted to the absence of light. Despite the frantic work, I am glancing at the north tower every three seconds. Gradually, a minuscule antenna rises from its smooth, dark silhouette, dead center. It's Jean-Louis's arm, now erect and motionless: he is ready to shoot and is waiting for my signal.

I am supposed to raise my arm for ten seconds in response, and then Jean-François and I are to lie flat under the border beams for protection. Jean-Louis will count to ten, aim the bow at the New Jersey shore to allow for the strong westerly wind, and shoot the arrow carrying the fishing line. As rehearsed, the arrow will land near the center of my rooftop.

I am not ready.

And we don't have a signal for "I am not ready."

Having unrolled the walk cable, I am still fighting with the cavaletti lines. A wrong move uncoiling them would mean an extra hour of work, time I don't have. And I am still running back frequently to the narrow staircase opening where Jean-François has plunged his head, on the lookout for guards.

The nonstop unrolling of so many feet of cable is taking a toll on my back, so I whisper to Jean-François to take over, and we exchange tasks. But kneeling on the cold concrete with my head upside down is unbearable. I prefer breaking my back. With a millisecond of admiration—Wow, how does he do it?—I order my friend back to his post.

Finally, the cavalettis are laid out.

Valiant Jean-Louis! For what must have been twenty minutes, he has

kept his arm raised for me to see. Before I signal in answer, I look at Jean-François's kneeling silhouette, which is more or less in the bull's-eye. Shall I pull him away from his watch, or risk having him shot? I snigger at the image of early workers discovering a still-warm French corpse, arrow through the heart, amid abandoned ropes and cables—how would the headlines read? But I can't finish the rigging alone! In six silent giant steps, I reach Jean-François and swiftly tiptoe him back to the relative safety of the steel tracks.

I raise my arm.

We count to ten, then dive under the I-beams, trying to leave no limbs exposed. We hide our heads in our hands, but I pry open my friend's fingers so that he can keep watch on the staircase opening, and I uncover one of my eyes to keep Jean-Louis's arm in view.

Jean-Louis brings his arm down and raises it again, in acknowledgment of my signal. Then the arm lowers slowly and fades into the penumbra of the rooftop. Jean-Louis must be starting his ten-count before shooting. Jean-François counts with me in a whispered echo—"One-one, two-two, three-three, four-four"—before my panicked voice falls silent. "*Five-six-seven-eight-nine-ten!*" finishes Jean-François.

Like escaping prisoners, we hold our breath and lie perfectly still: we are listening to the night, 1,350 feet above the ground.

Nothing!

Shouldn't the arrow be airborne already? Did the fishing line break? Was that a faint metallic *cling* I just heard?

I send Jean-François back to his watch at the staircase while I go hunting for the arrow. My legs are cottonlike; I taste bile. I am worn out, about to faint, in raging despair. Jean-Louis has missed. The coup has failed.

A physical defiance has me crawling in the dark on all fours, in all directions. Nothing! I sweep the rough concrete surface, scraping my hands. Still nothing!

Back on my feet, crouched over to hide my silhouette, I run back and forth along the northern edge of the roof. Nothing, nothing! I pass again, this time scraping against the flat bar of the perimeter, one arm raised above my head in case the line is floating in the breeze, one arm stretched out toward the lower ledge in case the thread is caught there. Nothing. No thread. No arrow.

I am determined to find this invisible thread in the windy darkness—even to invent it! Without thinking, I tear off my clothes. My naked body will locate what my hands could not. Arms out, like a blind beggar in a

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Incensed, I attempt to calm my thoughts by leaning against the northwest corner and staring dementedly at the murky Hudson River, where the arrow may have drowned—when on my hip, I feel the incredibly sweet caress of a fishing line undulating in the chilly wind.

I walk my fingers along the line until they reach the arrow, which is—unbelievably—delicately balanced on a steel flange over the abyss. Another half inch to the west and it would have missed the tower. I close my hand around the arrow just as a sudden draft threatens to dislodge it.

Now I am in heaven—and freezing from head to toe.

I dash to share the news with Jean-François, who—head still inverted in the stairwell—can't see I'm naked. I pull the fishing line across and get dressed. Then comes the second fishing line, heavier and stronger . . . I can feel Jean-Louis's hands paying it out.

Got it!

I keep pulling. It's so smooth, so easy, I laugh out loud.

Now I have the cordina, the white nylon parachute cord. I tension it a bit, fasten it to the flat bar with a clove hitch, and add a black dot with a Magic Marker, as does Jean-Louis, I'm sure. Later, we'll know who won the contest to guess the distance between the two roofs. I wave at Jean-Louis in the obscurity, even though he probably can't see me.

I allow myself a moment of rest, then climb down onto the lower ledge, carefully lean over the emptiness, and pee onto the plaza, scribing the word *happiness*.

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CATENARY CURVES

When timber framers start building a bridge, when magicians present a cord on stage, when kids play tug-of-war, when illegal wire-walkers rig a cable, invariably there is a moment when the line hangs freely between two points and smiles.

The shape adopted in midair by such lines is called a catenary curve. The name comes from the eighteenth century, a time when *catenae*, chains, were used instead of the yet-to-be-invented wire rope to link, to pull, to hold. Many engineers had a chain printed on their business cards or embroidered on their lapels. Complex equations were devised that would predict with precision the shape of a hanging chain according to its span, weight per link, tension, and the place in space of its two anchor points.

There is an infinite number of catenary curves, some—like people—more appealing than others.

Even in the midst of the hardest rigging job or the most demanding clandestine adventure, I never fail to pause and admire the moment when tension brings my cable to what I consider its most seductive shape. Then I pause and smile back.

This morning, I can't resist repeatedly stopping the action of the Tirfor handle to review the evolution of the curves as my cable slowly tightens. From the gigantic U of the loose cable an hour ago to the straight line I'm trying to obtain for a safe walk—not true, it's never a straight line—I have stopped to consider many a curve, and now I have one, stored forever in the daguerreoscope of my memory.

Of the hundreds of lights of dawn in the cable, in the sky, in the tower facing me, no one can name the shades that create a celestial masterpiece.

THE FIRST STEP

All of a sudden, the density of the air is no longer the same. Jean-François ceases to exist. The facing tower is empty. The wheel of the elevator no longer turns.

The horizon is suspended from east to west.

New York no longer spreads into infinity. The murmur of the city dissolves into a squall I no longer feel—neither its chill nor its power.

I lift the balancing pole. I jounce it, maneuver it between my fingers to find its center, to accustom my arms to its weight. This ritual I perform before each of my walks.

I approach the edge. I step over the beam.

I place my left foot on the steel rope.

The weight of my body rests on my right leg, anchored to the flank of the building. I still belong to the material world. Should I ever so slightly shift the weight of my body to the left, my right leg will be unburdened and my right foot will freely meet the wire.

On one side, the mass of a mountain. A life I know.

On the other, the universe of the clouds, so full of the unknown that it seems empty to us. Too much space.

Between the two a thin line on which my being hesitates to distribute whatever strength it has left.

Around me, no thoughts. Too much space.

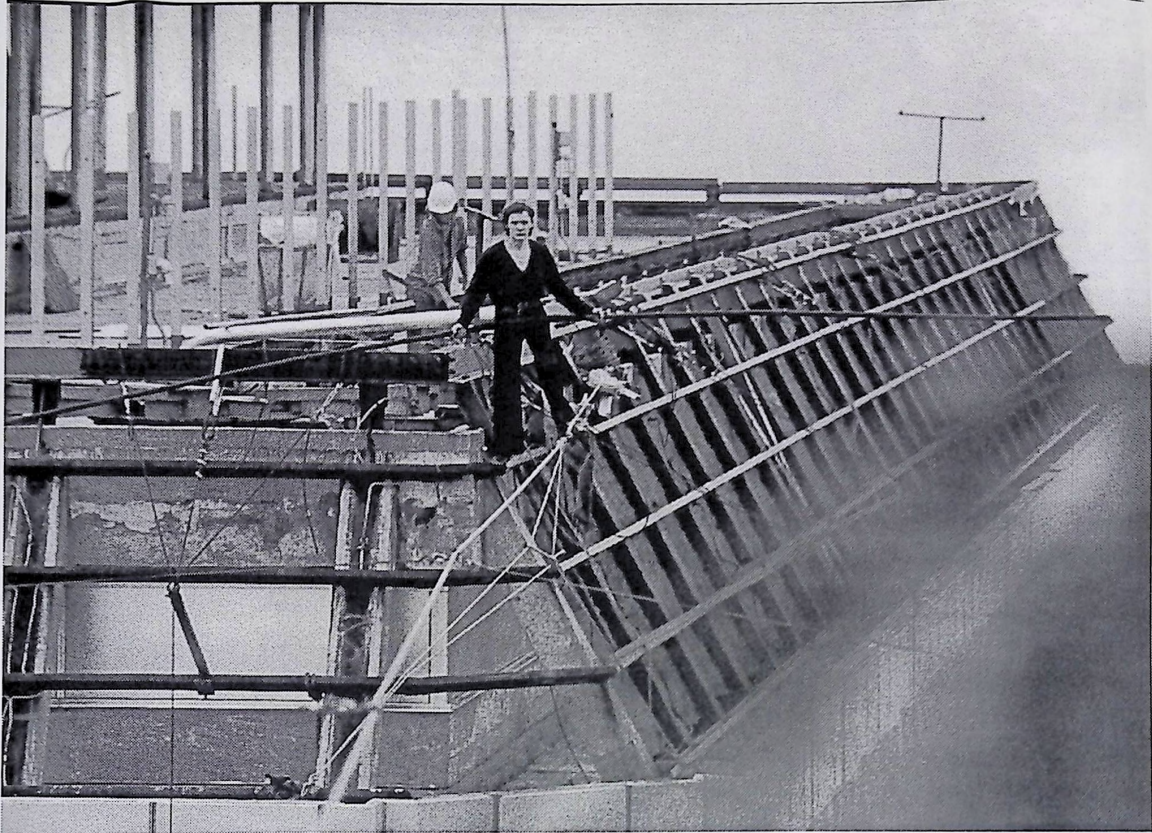
At my feet, a wire. Nothing else.

In the flash of a glance, my eyes catch what rises in front of me: the top of the north tower.

Sixty meters of wire rope.

The path is drawn. It's a straight line.

Which rolls on itself. Which sways. Which sags. Which vibrates. Which is ice. Which is three tons tight. Ready to explode. To dissolve.



To dissolve me. To choke me. To swallow me. To throw me silently across
the void jammed between the towers.

The wire waits.

The unknown, the infinite, the joyous reaper stretches out its arms
and hides its face. Its arms of thousands, tens of thousands of tons of con-
crete, glass, steel, and threat. A gaping mouth 110 stories deep, four hun-
dred meters high.

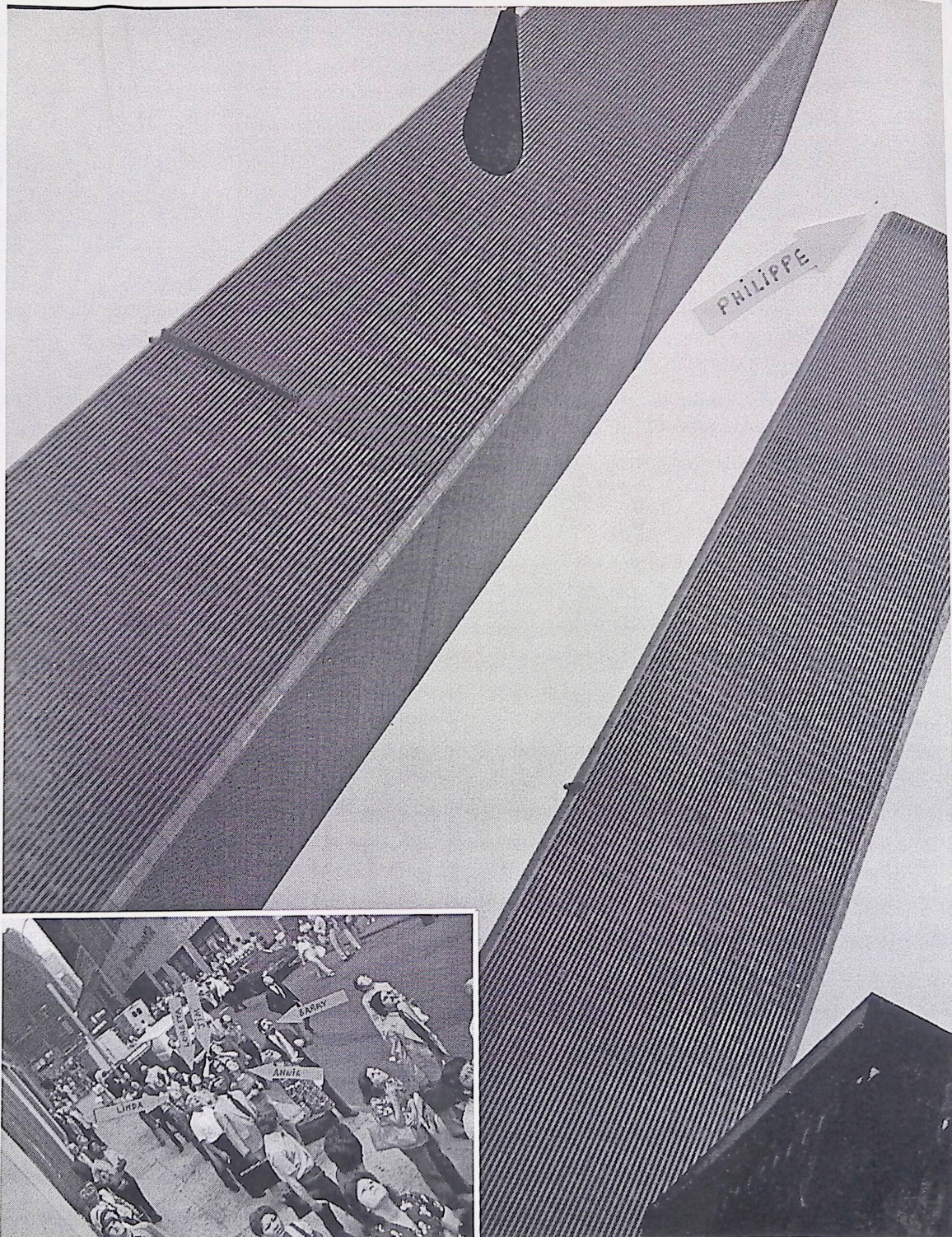
An inner howl assails me, a wild longing to flee.

But it is too late.

The wire is ready.

My heart is so forcibly pressed against the wire, each beat echoes,
echoes and casts each approaching thought into the netherworld.

Decisively, my other foot sets itself onto the cable.





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More than a quarter century before September 11, 2001, the World Trade Center was indelibly emblazoned in the collective imagination when a young Frenchman named Philippe Petit secretly—and illegally—rigged a tightrope between the twin towers under cover of night. At daybreak, he gave the high wire performance of all time, making eight crossings over the course of an hour, a quarter mile above the earth, as a hundred thousand people gathered on the ground to watch.

In *To Reach the Clouds*, Petit re-creates his six-and-a-half-year quest to realize this dream, an adventure as thrilling as the walk itself. In a cascade of unforgettable scenes, he conspires, connives, improvises, and insists his way to his "coup," abetted by a motley crew of accomplices, the occasional miracle, and his own unflagging passion. He reveals himself to be not only a virtuoso of the air but also a bold and inspired performer on the page. Animated by dozens of never-seen photographs and Petit's ingenious sketches, *To Reach the Clouds* is a tour de force of imagination as well as a serenade to his beloved towers and the unfettered aspiration they expressed.



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**God Rest You, Merry Gentleman
Donald Healey
August 26, 2005**

“The Lord appeared to Solomon in a dream‘Ask something of me and I will give it to you.’ Solomon answered‘Give your servant, therefore, an understanding heart.’... God said to him: ‘Because you have asked for this – not for a long life for yourself, nor for riches, nor for the life of your enemies I give you a heart so wide and understanding that there has never been anyone like you up to now and after you there will come no one to equal you.”

- First Kings, 3, 5-7

If you know anything about Don Healey you know that he loved life in general and that he loved life at St. Maarten’s Condominium in Naples, Florida, in particular. He and Maureen contributed greatly to its being a neighborhood more than a building. But he had a measure of Irish foreboding and preferred not to analyze the place’s seeming wonder. He refused to talk about it, explaining his caution through telling how Marco Polo used to describe the wonders of Venice to Kublai Kahn. The entranced ruler demanded that the explorer tell him of Venice every evening. Finally, Marco Polo refused, saying, “I’m afraid if I tell you about Venice one more time it will disappear.”

If you know anything about Don Healey you know that he was so busy praying for others all the time that he didn’t have much time to think about himself. He used the laps he swam at the pool at St.

Maarten's as others do a rosary, melding with each stroke a prayer for somebody on his long list of those in need.

No wonder that the Lord said to him, "Because you have asked for this – not a long life for yourself, nor for riches, nor for the life of your enemies I give you a heart ... wide and understanding."

If you know anything about Don Healey, you know how right it is that we gather today by the seaside. For Don so loved the sea and lived so close to it and in it for great parts of his life that it is impossible to think of him in the shadows. He appears to me crinkling his eyes in the full sunlight, just emerging from the deep, streaming with salt water.

If you know anything about Don Healey you know that the sea twinkled in his pale blue eyes, the deep blue sea that he entered so confidently. The sun is the symbol of eternity and the waters are the symbol of our human depths. Few men lived their lives so fully in time and yet on such easy terms with the eternal; few have been as wise and knowing about our human depths as Don Healey.

If you know anything about Don Healey you know that he had the gift of understanding others when they needed to say out loud something that they silently felt inside themselves. Don would nod like a wise confessor and absolve them of their concerns without imposing any

penance on them. And he knew exactly how to ratify some feeling that we might express by saying gently, “Well, that’s it ...”

He said that one night when my wife and I were visiting the Healey’s and I mentioned that marriage takes the restlessness out of one’s life. “That’s it,” Don said, not as punctuation but in his gentle way of affirming something profoundly human. Understanding, this time Maureen’s understanding of Don, was the point of the story he then told us of his first meeting her.

“I said my name was Healey - H-E-A-L-E-Y – and told her, ‘Remember how to spell it because I intended to marry you and then it will be your name, too.’”

Maureen was already good at spelling and, lucky for Don, she understood this tall handsome suitor with the big city style right from the start and all through their adventurous life together.

We still feel the magnetic attraction of this love-at-first-sight story; we feel its gentle pull right now. You could never speak of Don *or* Maureen but only of Don *and* Maureen. They were married as the flavors in a salad are said to be married, intermingled so subtly that you cannot distinguish them one from the other.

If the mystery of a name began their relationship, we discover that Don's baptismal name not only describes him but carries within it, as a gene does our destiny, his own calling in life.

Don is the title that means *gentleman*. If you know anything about Don Healey, you know that he was a gentle man, a gentleman.

Don comes from *deme*, the root of both the Latin *Dominus* that means *Lord* and *Master* and of *domus* that means *home*. And you know that this array describes a man comfortable at home, a husband, a father, a host, a *major domo* of hospitality, made so, of course by the understanding Maureen and her uncommon everyday magic. The understanding Maureen always made it look easy, as in taking care of Don, raising a family in Paris, Rome, and Hong Kong and, on short notice, graciously entertaining four or forty guests at sundown.

Don is also the title given to the "head, tutor, or fellow" at Oxford College. The Jesuits sensed and wanted Don to join their great teaching order. He felt a calling no less noble and took on teaching as part of his mission as a leader in the Central Intelligence Agency in which he served as Head of Station in such important places as Rome and Tokyo but also as a mentor and coach to generations of younger officers and staff members.

If you know anything about Don Healey you know that he taught all his life. He did so in special classes and universities in Florida in courses in which he shared his great knowledge of international matters, especially of the Far East. I recall his wry, life-is-like-this-smile when, after teaching one Florida winter for an extension division of a northern Catholic college, he held up the embossed T-shirt that they gave him as compensation. He was expert at transforming such low moments of comic opera into high moments of human comedy. His keen Irish wit made life easier to take, making the unbearable bearable for the rest of us.

You may not know that Don's vocation of service and patriotism is first described in the Old Testament Book of Numbers: "The Lord said to Moses, 'Send men to reconnoiter the land of Canaan.... So Moses dispatched them (and) said to them, "Go up there ... into the highlands and see what kind of land it is. Are the people living there strong or weak, few or many? Is the country in which they live good or bad? Are the towns in which they dwell open or fortified?"

And Don reconnoitered the world and became an expert at subtly finding out what kind of land it was and whether the people living there were strong or weak, few or many, and whether the country in which

they lived good or bad, open or fortified. If because of his friendship we are all enriched, because of his service to the United States we are also all more secure.

He maintained his skills even after retirement and could relieve people of information as skillfully as a pickpocket could remove their wallets. They never felt a thing. A few years ago the Healeys and the Kennedys were in Key West gazing at a ten story tall cruise ship moored a hundred yards away smugly keeping its secrets. Don sauntered over casually, chatted briefly with a ship's officer at the gangplank and returned in a few moments with the origin, destination, number of passengers, itinerary, and incidental cargo, everything from the officer but his gold watch. He never felt a thing.

He never used the word *spy*, preferring *agent* that refers to somebody who gets things done. That describes Don, of course but he nonetheless did like to wear a black T-shirt that proclaimed in red letters, **DENY EVERYTHING**. And the word *spy* is not without relevance for it comes from the old French word *spek* that means *to watch, to catch sight of, to observe*. In the Latin *spex* describes *one who sees*, and in the Greek *scopus*, *one who watches*. Don Healey was a true observer, a man who could not only see but could see into men and

events not as a harsh judge but as that understanding man who did not miss anything but never used any of it against you.

We are happy to be here this morning to remember Don who even in the full glory of the eternity is true to his calling and is not only watching but watching out for all of us. Of course, eternity began on that night half a century ago in time when he told Maureen how to spell his name. And it continues in their love for each other and for their children - Brian, Dan, Lisa, and John - and for their children as well. As a man of the sea and the sun Don looked into the depths of creation and entered the eternal every day. He was waved across the border between time and eternity without any need to show his passport. St. Peter knew that Don had nothing to declare but his goodness and his loving and understanding heart.

If you know anything about Don Healey you know that he is not at rest but, much as at the cruise ship, is subtly relieving many historical figures, including St. Peter, Marco Polo, and Kublai Kahn, of information he has always wanted to find out about them. They don't feel a thing.

Don, the gentleman, the leader, the master, the one sent out to reconnoiter for the rest of us, God rest you, merry gentleman.

And if you know anything about Don Healey you know that he is here, standing right next to me with one hand on my elbow, the other adroitly relieving me of my manuscript. Stop now, he whispers in my ear, stop now because if you tell anymore about me, it may all disappear.

Donna L. Orth
Prof. A. Tilghman
ARH-343
November 8, 1995

A Real Allegory of a Brothel Scene

At first glance, Gustave Courbet's L'Atelier: A Real Allegory of Seven Years of My Artistic Life (1855, Louvre) and Pablo Picasso's Les Femmes d'Alger (O. J. Version O) (1907, The Museum of Modern Art, New York) seem to have little in common. These enormous oil paintings seem quite polar in style, subject matter, and content, but a closer look reveals the astonishing possibility of a shared theme: Just as Courbet portrays himself as the central figure of his work, so does Picasso. The other figures that surround either self-portrayed artist represent all that has influenced and preoccupied each, and within his painting each artist strives to define himself and his direction in his art.

That the subject of Les Femmes d'Alger is purely an allegory of a brothel scene is evident in that the central figure, ^{and so,} appears to be male, ^{and so,} can hardly be considered a "demoiselle." The brothel scene, a popular art subject during that period, serves as a suitable vehicle for Picasso to present his sources of inspiration and to try to resolve pictorial difficulties they posed to him. All of the figures and their relation to space within the composition show stylistic characteristics of predecessors and contemporaries Picasso admired. To these he adds his own interpretations, and thus with this painting the beginnings of his original style emerge.

One such significant contributor to Picasso's creative development is Courbet himself, and the influence of Courbet's Realism can be seen in Les Femmes d'Alger, historically considered the first Cubist work. In their volume Cubism (1911) Gleizes and Metzinger, Cubist painters and theorists, wrote, "To evaluate the significance of Cubism we must go back to Gustave Courbet."

The critic Guillaume Apollinaire stated in his book The Cubist Painters published in 1913: "Cézanne's last paintings and his watercolors appertain to Cubism, but Courbet is the father of the new painters."¹ The qualities Picasso has chosen to draw from Courbet's Realist style will be explained in comparing L'Atelier and Les Demoiselles.

The statement each artist makes by portraying himself in the very center of his enormous painting is the starting point of comparison. In the elaborate L'Atelier; A Real Allegory of the Past Seven Years of My Artistic Life, Courbet is seen seated at his easel. A crowd of figures to his left represents villagers from his native Ornans who had previously served as models in his Burial at Ornans (1849-50, The Louvre). This grouping of provincial figures depicting relatives and friends from Courbet's past contrasts with the gathering of urbane Parisians, shown on the right side of the painting, who were Courbet's friends and contemporaries. *All of these figures in their daily life were subjects of his* On the easel is a canvas of a landscape in progress. A nude female model is at ~~his~~ *the artist's* side. *Paintings* Even some animals are about. All of this symbolizes Courbet's love of nature as the source of his artistic inspiration. A figure of a small boy looking up to the artist as he paints symbolizes nature seen through the innocent eyes of a child, and also shows the artist as teacher.

A few clues hint that Picasso portrays himself as the central figure in Les Demoiselles. The other figure which most closely resembles this one in form is pictured just to the left. Note the difference in the lines of the breasts in these two figures. On the left figure they are completely rounded; on the right figure they are distinguished as angular, and the fact that one breast protrudes a little from the body is consistent with the many broken, faceted areas throughout the painting. The central figure's waist is distinctly thicker than in all of the other figures. Also, all of the surrounding figures have

¹Douglas Cooper, The Cubist Epoch (London; Phaidon, 1970), p. 17.

long dark hair.¹⁴ Only the central figure's hair is up; together with the line of the crook of the elbow over it, it more resembles a beret perched jauntily than a chignon. The head is larger than that of the figure to the left, even though the left figure is presented forward of the middle figure and therefore closer to the viewer, as often men have physically larger heads. I propose that this male figure is Picasso himself because of the meaning of the work which, like Courbet's, reveals his sources of inspiration and his struggle to achieve his own pictorial vision. Perhaps Picasso wanted us to guess this painting to be of himself because the facial features recall those in his self-portrait of 1906. The pose and gaze of the figure seem to say, "I am all of this. This is who I was, am, and will be."

To briefly describe some of Picasso's sources of inspiration in addition to Courbet which are represented in Les Demoiselles, it is easiest to begin with the most obvious influence, that of Cézanne. In all of the subject figures his geometrizing is taking place, especially in the spherical, conical, and cylindrical forms in the second figure from the left, and modeling is done with color. The still life of fruit in the bottom center is a tribute to Cézanne, with his manner of flattening space to show multiple perspectives and use of heavy dark outline to convey volume. Other influencing artists alluded to include Matisse and the Fauves, particularly in the shaping of the lower leg and foot of the far left figure evoking Matisse's Blue Nude (1907, The Baltimore Museum of Art) and the vivid colors and distortions in the figures on the right. The primitivism and symbolism of Gauguin appear within the head of the far left figure, and some of the broken planes of the blue drapery being opened on the upper right by the primitive figure resemble pieces of the sky with clouds and sun, as if the figure has opened up the sky and is looking down through it. Picasso's strong interest in ancient Egyptian art is seen in the frieze-like far left figure,

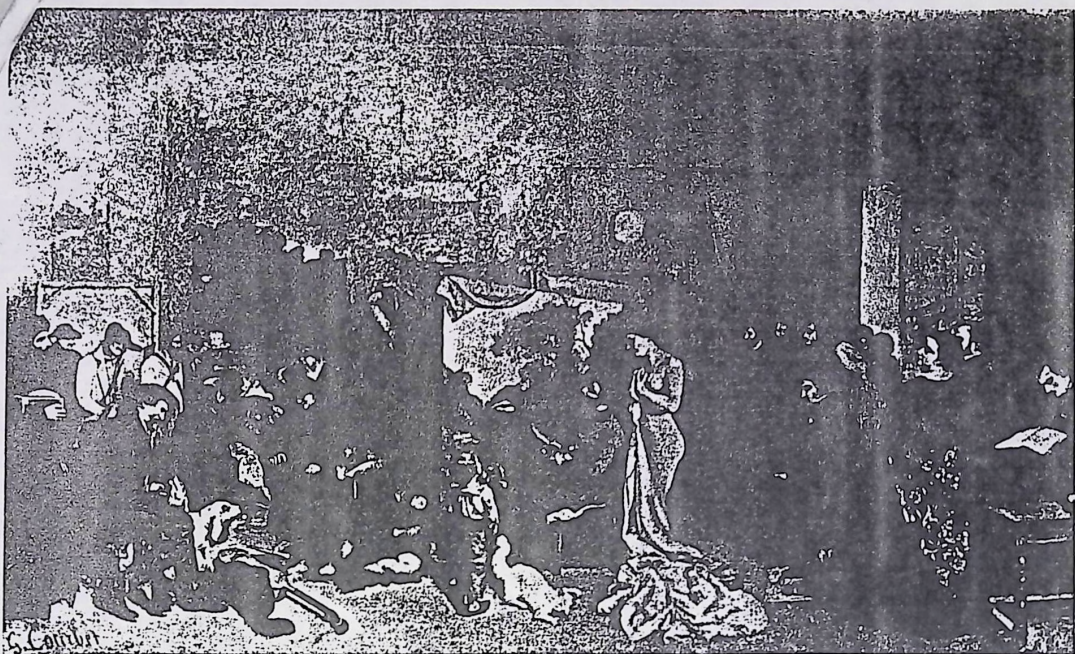
eye drawings, and low-relief-like sculpting overall. His admiration of African sculpture is seen in the two masklike faces of the right-hand figures. Picasso recalls his own past pink and blue periods in the unifying color scheme. Of course, in this painting alone Picasso takes all of these influential aspects to a much higher level. He seems to be implying that he will blend past, present, and future to invent an entirely new alternative in depicting reality, a spirit he shares with Courbet.

Courbet's L'Atelier displays his exacting method of modeling his subjects in the Renaissance tradition of one-point perspective. He utilizes *trompe l'oeil* to create his own vision of representing the times in all natural aspects, the trivial and mundane with the extraordinary, the ugly and the beautiful, the full range of society caught in a moment of time, just as these appear to him. His title, "A Real Allegory," suggests that he is painting a scene from his imagination, an idea, in his impeccably naturalistic manner.

Picasso's representation of reality as begun in Les Demoiselles is much less conventional and more conceptual than Courbet's. In fairness to Courbet, Picasso did have the benefit of the experiences of artists of the past fifty years, starting with Courbet, who had begun the process. Picasso's figures are simplified. There is no definite light source. The viewpoint is multiperspectival, especially in the extremely convoluted bottom right seated figure. This figure appears to be gazing over the shoulder at us, but the head is twisted completely backwards. The leg that we can see has so little detail and is so flat that the knee could be projecting toward us or pointing away from us, the thigh could be inner or outer, and the leg could be the subject's left or right. The amorphous arm which rests on it looks more like the figure's right than left with its wristlines, or appears to be attached backwards; the outline in the armpit does not belong on a back view. The other arm is completely flat and ambiguous but suggests a

back view of the right arm together with the back and seated buttocks. The odd shape that obscures the neck and cradles the head can only be a grossly distorted hand. Most unusual is the face, masklike and savagely inhuman, distorted to show a frontal view with a profile of the nose. Picasso has completely freed himself from the limitations of traditional academic technique and revolutionized reality in modern art.

The cold stares of Picasso's subjects in the allegorical brothel scene at the viewer challenge us to enter. This unresolved and abandoned work offers a glimpse into Picasso's mind as he struggles toward his vision to present reality just as it is in a completely new way. It is a quest. In Courbet's allegorical studio scene, there is a smugness about its finished quality, a celebration of the artist's summation of his work.



77. GUSTAVE COURBET. *L'Atelier: A Real Allegory of Seven Years of My Artistic Life*. 1855. Oil on canvas, 11' 10" × 19' 7 3/4". The Louvre, Paris

1000 B.C.

THE EMBALMING

A hook went into my nose, battered through the gate at the roof of the nostril, and plunged into my brain. Pieces, gobbets, and whole parts of the dead flesh of my mind were now brought out through one aperture of my nose, then the other.

Yet for all it hurt, I could have been made of small rocks and roots. I ached no more than the earth when a weed is pulled and comes up with its hairs tearing away from the clods of the soil. Pain is present, but as the small cry of the uprooted plant. So did the hooks, narrow in their curve, go up the nose, enter the head, and poke like blind fingers in a burrow to catch stuffs of the brain and pull them away. Now I felt like a rock wall at the base of which rakes are ripping, and was warm curiously as though sunlight were baking, but it was only the breath of the first embalmer, hot with wine and figs—how clear was the sense of smell!

Still, an enigma remained. How could my mind continue to think while they pulled my brain apart? They were certainly scooping chunks of material as lively as dry sponge through the dry tunnels of my nose, and I realized—for there was a flash in my cranium when the hook first entered—that one of my lights in the Land of the Dead had certainly stirred. Was it the Ba, the Khaibit or the Ka that was now helping me to think? And I gagged as a particularly caustic drug, some wretched mixture of lime and ash, was poured in by the embalmers to dissolve whatever might still be stuck to the inside of my skull.

How long they worked I do not know, how long they allowed that liquid to dwell in the vault of my emptied head is but one more question. From time to time they lifted my feet, held me upside down, then set me back. Once they even turned me on my stomach to slosh the fluids, and let the caustic eat out my eyes. Two flowers could have been plucked when those eyes were gone.

At night my body would go cold; by midday it was close to warm. Of course I could not see, but I could smell, and got to know the embalmers. One wore perfume yet his body always carried the unmistakable pungency of a cat in heat; the other was a heavy fellow with a heavy odor not altogether bad—he was the one with breath of wine and figs. He smelled as well of fields and mud, and rich food was usually in him—a meat-eater, his sweat was strong yet not unpleasant—something loyal came out of the gravies of his flesh. Because I could smell them as they approached, I knew it was daylight so soon as the embalmers arrived, and I could count the hours. (Their scent altered with the heat of the air in this place.) From midday to three, every redolence, good and bad, of the hot banks of the Nile was also near. After a time I came to realize I must be in a tent. There was often the crack of sailcloth flapping overhead, and gusts would clap at my hair, a sensation as definite in impression as a hoof stepping on grass. My hearing had begun to return but by a curious route. For I had no interest in what was said. I was aware of the voices of others, but felt no desire to comprehend the words. They were not even like the cry of animals so much as the lolling of surf or the skittering of wind. Yet my mind felt capable of surpassing clarity.

Once I think my mother came to visit, or since it is likely the tent was on family grounds, it is possible she strolled through the gardens and stopped to look in. Certainly I caught her scent. It was Hathfer-titi, certain enough; she gave one sob, as if belief in the mortal end of her son had finally come, and left immediately.

Somewhere in those first few days they made an incision in the side of my belly with a sharp flint knife—I know how sharp for even with the few senses my Remains could still employ, a sense of sharpness went through me like a plow breaking ground, but sharper, as if I were a snake cut in two by a chariot wheel, and then began the most detailed searching. It is hard to describe, for it did not hurt, but I was ready in those hours to think of the inside of my torso as common to a forest in a grove, and one by one trees were removed, their roots disturbing veins of rock, their leaves murmuring. I had dreams of cities drifting down the Nile like floating islands. Yet when the work was

made its clarion call. A powerful aromatic (as powerful in the kingdom of herbs as the Pharaoh's voice) was the myrrh laid into the open shell of my body. Next came cinnamon leaves, stem, and cinnamon bark to sweeten the myrrh. Like rare powders added to the sweetmeats in the stuffing of a pigeon were these bewildering atmospheres they laid into me. Dizzy was I with their beauty. When done, they sewed up the long cut in the side of my body, and I seemed to rise through high vales of fever while something of memory, intoxicated by these tendrils of the earth, began to dance and the oldest of my friends was young while the children of my mistresses grew old. I was like a royal barge lifted into the air under the ministrations of a rare Vizier.

Cleaned, stuffed, and trussed, I was deposited in a bath of natron—that salt which dries the meat to stone—and there I lay with weights to keep me down. Slowly, over the endless days that followed, as the waters of my own body were given up to the thirst of the salt (which drank at my flesh like caravans arriving at an oasis) so all moisture, with its insatiable desire to liquefy my meats, had to leave my limbs. Bathed in natron, I became hard as the wood of a hull, then hard as the rock of the earth, and felt the last of me depart to join my Ka, my Ba, and my fearsome Khaibit. And the shell of my body entered the stone of ten thousand years. If there was nothing I could smell any longer (no more than a stone can be aware of a scent), still the hardened flesh of my body became like one of those spiraled chambers of the sea that are thrown up on the beach yet contain the roar of waters when you hold them to your ear. I became not unlike that roar of waters, for I was close to hearing old voices that passed across the sands—if now I could not smell, I could certainly hear—and like the dolphin whose ears are reputed able to pick up echoes from the other end of the sea, so I sank into the bath of natron, and my body passed farther and farther away. Like a stone washed by fog, baked by sun, and given the flavor of the water on the bank, I was entering that universe of the dumb where it was part of our gift to hear the story told by every wind to every stone.

Yet even as I was carried on these voyages, I must have stirred in sleep, or gone through a space in the travels of sleep. I felt my body descend, breath by breath, into the case of the mummy, yes, sink into it as if the hard case were only a soft and receiving earth, yes, was laid into the case of the mummy. Once more I felt the ministrations of the embalmers, and lived through the hours when they washed the natron from my hardened body with the liquor of a vase that held no less than ten perfumes, "O sweet-smelling soul of the Great God," they in-

done, I felt larger, as if my senses now lived in a larger space. Was it that my heart and lungs had been placed in one jar, and my stomach and small intestines in another? Leave it that my organs were spread out in different places, floating in different fluids and spices, yet still existing about me, a village. Eventually, their allegiance would be lost. Wrapped and placed in the Canopic jars, what they knew of my life would then be offered to their own God.

How I brooded over what they would know of me once my organs were in Their jars. The God Qebhsenuf would dwell in my liver and know of all the days when my liver's juices had been brave; as well would Qebhsenuf know of the hours when the liver, like me, lived in the fog of a long fear. A simple example, the liver, but more agreeable to contemplate than my lungs. For, with all my lungs knew of my passions would they still be loyal once they moved into the jar of the jackal Tuamutef, and lived in the domain of that God, that scavenger? I did not know. So long, at least, as my organs remained unwrapped, and therefore in a manner still belonged to me, I could understand how, once embalmed and in their jar, I would lose them. No matter how scattered my parts might be over all the tables of this tent, there still remained the sense of family among us—the vessel of my empty corpse comfortably surrounded by old fleshly islands of endeavor, these lungs, liver, stomach, and big and little guts all attached to the same memories of my life (if with their own separate and fiercely prejudiced view—how different, after all, had my life seemed to my liver and to my heart). So, not at all, therefore, was this embalming tent as I had expected, no, no bloody abattoir like a butcher's stall, more like an herb kitchen. Certainly the odors encouraged the same long flights of fancy you could find in a spice shop. Merely figure the vertigos of my nose when the empty cavity of my body (so much emptier than the belly of a woman who has just given birth) was now washed, soothed, and stimulated, cleansed, peppered, herbified, and left with a resonance through which no hint of the body's corruption could breathe. They scoured the bloody inside with palm wine, and left the memories of my flesh in ferment. They pounded in spices and peppers, and rare sage from the limestone foundations to the West; then came leaves of thyme and the honey of bees who had fed on thyme, the oil of orange was rubbed into the cavity of the ribs, and the oil of lemon balm the inside of my lower back to free it of the stubborn redolence of the viscera. Cedar chips, essence of jasmine, and branchlets of myrrh were crushed—I could hear the cries of the plants being broken more clearly than the sound of human voices. The myrrh even

toned, "You contain such a sweet odor that Your face will never change or perish," words I did not hear, but their cadence had been heard before, I understood what was said, and never had to sniff the unguent with which they rubbed my skin and smeared my feet, laid my back in holy oil, and gilded my nails and my toes. They laid special bandages upon my head, put the bandage of Nekheb on my brow, and Hathor for my face, Thoth was the bandage over my ears, and folded pieces within the mouth and a cloth over the chin and back of the neck, twenty-two pieces to the right of my face were laid in, and twenty-two to the left. They offered up prayers that I might be able to see and hear in the Land of the Dead, and they rubbed my calves and thighs with blackstone oil and holy oil. My toes were wrapped in linen whose every piece had a drawing of the jackal, and my hands were bandaged in another linen on which were images of Isis and Hep and Ra and Amset. Ebony gum-water was washed over me. They laid in amulets as they wrapped, figures of turquoise and gold, of silver and lapis-lazuli, crystal and carnelian, and a ring was slipped over one gold-painted finger; its seal filled with a drop of each of the thirty-six substances of the embalmer. Then they laid on flowers of the *ankham* plant, and widths and windings of linen, narrow strips longer than the length of a royal barge, and folded linens to fill my cavities. I heard the sound of prayers, and the soft breath of the artists as they painted my burial case and sang to one another in the hot tent beneath the moving sun, and on a day I came to know at last the sounds of paving stones thundering beneath a sledge while I was dragged with all the weight of my case to the tomb where I would be put away in my enclosing coffins, and I could hear the quiet sobbing of the women, delicate as the far-off cry of gulls and the invocation of the priest: "The God Horus advances with His Ka." The coffin case bumped on the steps of the tomb. Then hours passed—was it hours?—in a ceremony I could neither hear nor smell, but for the grating of vessels of food and the knocking of small instruments and the sound of liquors being poured upon the floor, but that resounded through the stone of me like an underground river in a cavernous fall, and then the blow of a rock fell on my head and was followed by the grinding of chains, but it was only the scratch of an instrument upon my face. Then I felt a great force opening my stone jaws, and many words flowed into my mouth. I heard a roaring of the waters of my conception, and sobs of heartbreak—my own? I did not know. Rivers of air came to me like a new life—and the forgotten first instant of death also came and was gone as quickly. Then was my Ka born, which is to say I was born

again, and was it a day, a year, or not for the passing of ten Kings? But I was up and myself again apart from Meni and his poor body in the coffin.

Yes, I was separate, I was aware of myself, but I was ready to weep. For now I knew why Meni was my dearest friend and his death an agony to me, yes, my dim memory of his life was now nothing but the dim memory of my own life. For now I knew who I was, and that was no better than a ghost in a panic for food. I was nothing but the poor Ka of Menenhetet Two, yes, the Ka, the most improperly buried and fearful Ka who now must live in this tomb, oh, where was I now that I knew where I was? And the thought of the Land of the Dead opened to me with all the recognition that I was but a seventh part of what had been once the lights, faculties, and powers of a living soul, once my living soul. Now I was no more than the Double of the dead man, and what was left of him was no more than the corpse of his wrapped body, and me.

From *Ancient Evenings* (1983)

The Short Fiction
of
Edgar Allan Poe



an annotated edition
by
Stuart and Susan Levine

The Bobbs-Merrill Company, Inc.

Indianapolis

Norm,
As promised,
Poe's imaginary
dialogue

All best,
Mike L.



4. Occult Fantasies

There is no way to separate the "serious" Poe from the playful Poe or the commercial Poe. "Silence" is supposed to be a satire—we have Poe's own word (see note 1) for that—yet its evocative and ritualistic language works so well that we think of it less as a satire than as Poe's demonstration that he could use another author's materials better than the author could. "Valdemar" contains very high-grade commercial Gothic horror; it capitalizes on topics of current interest, and is even a hoax. But what it says about transcendence is too central in Poe's philosophy not to be taken seriously.

Indeed, these stories are philosophically consistent in that each contains an occult vision. But Poe's emphasis upon the vision varies from one story to the next. For understanding Poe's philosophy and Romanticism in general, there is no more important document than "The Power of Words." In "A Tale of the Ragged Mountains," on the other hand, the mystical "equivalences" are obvious, but might be present primarily to make the plot seem clever.

The Power of Words. Carlyle's essay on "Boswell's Life of Johnson" dates from 1832, and Poe's "The Power of Words" appeared in print in 1835. The essay could well provide a motto for the tale: "Nothing dies, nothing can die. No idlest word thou speakest but is a seed cast into Time, and grows through all Eternity!" Poe knew Carlyle's work well, and this particular idea is consistent with Poe's most frequently held philosophical stance. The quasi-scriptural tone of the Carlyle passage also may have its echoes in Poe.

For the reader who wants to understand Poe's metaphysics, this is his most important story. The passage at note 6 is the center of the story and in a sense the center of the romantic movement in literature. Modern critics generally make the mistake Oinos makes. Seeing a literary symbol, they interpret it as simile—it is "like" what it represents. Even when they interpret it as a metaphor, they assume that it merely "represents." But romantics of Poe's sort, men as different as Blake, Shelley, and Whitman, were attempting to restore to art its ancient properties of science, magic, and prophecy. Oinos is about to learn that the flowers are not like "a fairy dream"; the volcanoes are not like "the passions of a turbulent heart." They are literally "unfulfilled dreams" and "passions." That romantic authors are serious when they say such things is hard for us as Western rationalists to grasp, but Poe is unerringly consistent

in the matter, and other authors have always taken him seriously. This is the basic reason, for example, for the enthusiasm for Poe among French symbolist poets. If the idea is hard to grasp, your editors recommend John Senior's admirable book *The Way Down and Out: The Occult in Symbolist Literature* (Cornell University Press, 1959) as a reliable introduction to the field.

The Conversation of Eiros and Charmion. Modern Western societies distinguish art clearly from science, and both from religion. But the scriptural "poet" was at once priest, prophet, artist, and scientist, a position for the artist which Poe and many of his contemporaries—notably Shelley—wanted to restore. Thus it is not surprising to find Poe writing a story about the literal truth of biblical prophecy, complete even to a "scientific" account of the mechanism by which the earth is to be destroyed by fire. The fact that there was a great deal of popular scientific discussion of comets in Poe's day undoubtedly played its part in suggesting the subject to Poe; Halley's comet had been seen in 1835. As usual, in short, the serious Poe and the commercial Poe turn out to be the same man.

Critics of Poe have recently been making the point that Poe is a "fundamentalist." We agree only up to a point. This story does argue that a biblical prophecy is literally true, but one must remember Poe's context: first, prophecy is and always has been a gift of true poets; second, the fulfillment of prophecy and, indeed, any understanding of the workings of the universe will be based on "materialistic" grounds. There will, in short, be a physical explanation for all that happens. Note also the absence in this tale of any explicitly "fundamentalist" or even Christian theological concern. Neither Eiros nor Charmion says anything about being saved because of belief in Jesus; indeed, Poe selected names which suggest the occult religions of Roman times. Iras and Charmion (see note 1) called on Egyptian gods. Poe was, however, skeptical of modern religious liberalism with its optimistic view of human nature.

What this story says about reason and inspiration is important: reason is wrong. "Superstition," to the extent to which it is based upon inspiration, is more likely to be right. The approach of the comet, Eiros tells us, made all men respect reason and made learned men "pant" for truth. But this did no good; reason alone will not solve problems. Compare this story to the detective stories involving Dupin. His rival, the Prefect of Police, uses only deductive logic and gets nowhere. Dupin retires to his study, puffs his pipe, and *intuits* the truth. The present tale, operating on a more cosmic scale, also argues the role of inspiration. Compare also the satires on nineteenth-century pride in the accomplishments of rational science and technology—for example, "The Thousand-and-Second Tale of Scheherazade" or "Mellonta Tauta."

The Colloquy of Monos and Una. Note 3 locates a key passage for understanding Poe's philosophical point of view. The poetic intellect, responding with imagination to analogy, is the real source of truth about the universe; "the unaided reason," in contrast, is impotent. "Progress" is illusory. Poe daringly

calls the biblical story of Eden a "mystic parable" because an occultist or mystic believes that real truth cannot be *told* or "explained." The initiate must have the experience himself: it is not something which can be codified, but rather the total perception of the unity and sanctity of the world. Hence mystical scripture speaks in parable, not scientific prose. Critics who argue that Poe is a fundamentalist tend to ignore passages such as this.

The paragraph above note 4 seems to attack "Art." We must note first that by "Art" Poe here means not the fine arts but rather human skill in "dominion" over nature and, second, that Poe feels that our culture defines the role of the artist (in the usual sense of the word) too narrowly. In cultures which view the universe as sacred, the "artist" is also priest, prophet, and scientist. This is why Poe, when he describes a golden age (in the paragraph at note 3), speaks of a time when the human view was unitary, not compartmentalized.

The detailed record of sensations after death in the passage above note 8 is consistent with Poe's philosophy. Two other factors should be mentioned, however, because they also play a part: (1) Poe's contemporaries were obsessed with death. A tale which assumes that consciousness goes on beyond death is thus potentially comforting and even inspiring. The more details the better. (2) Poe says playfully in "How to Write a Blackwood Article" that if you should ever get killed, be sure to take good notes of your sensations, because they will make valuable magazine copy. Both Poe's serious intentions—artistic and philosophical—and his commercial attitude must be kept in mind before deciding what to make of his fiction.

Shadow. Pollin (12) demonstrates that "Shadow" is built on a chapter of Thomas Moore's *The Epicureans*; one can call it a satire. But that word is used too loosely in Poe criticism: as Pollin notes, the tale's poetic evocation of the voices of the departed is too "beautifully wrought" not to be compelling even for the reader who knows what game Poe is playing. We think Poe here, as in "Silence," is deliberately writing a virtuoso piece, demonstrating how well he can take another man's materials and make them work for him.

The other basic source of "Shadow" suggests as much: Jacob Bryant's *Mythology*. We are certain that Poe connects Bryant to this story (see note 3 especially); he also praises Bryant elsewhere. Bryant's work presents, in its analysis of ancient myth, the philosophical and mythical framework of Poe's tale; it also contains much of Poe's language and even the proper names Poe uses—including the "foul Charonian canal" which has hitherto puzzled scholars.

"Zoilus" is likely Poe's rendition of Jacob Bryant's "Coilus" which "... in the original acception certainly signified heavenly. . . . [Coilus] was . . . a sacred or heavenly person" (Bryant, Vol. I, 140).

Bryant also seems to be the source of the name Oinos. In a complicated explanation, he equates the Dove from the Ark with Ion, Ionah [Jonah], and Oinas of the Greeks, "the interpreter of the will of the Gods to man." Bryant identifies Oinas with Eanus (Janus), whom he consequently equates with other deities—Apollo, Diana, Helius, Dionysus, and Saturn.

Bryant describes Janus as having "two faces"—one toward the past and one toward the future—and as representing "the end and the beginning of all things." He presides, Bryant says, "over everything that could be shut or opened; and . . . [is] the guardian of the doors of Heaven." In rites in honor of both the gods Saturn and Dionysus, originally a sacrifice was made, representing the end of one period and the beginning of another. (Dionysus is, in fact, listed in Greek dictionaries as one of the meanings of *αἰνός*.) The name Oinos, its form in Poe, is identical to an archaic Latin form for the modern *unus*, "one." With or without the classical word-play, clearly Poe had in mind the idea in Dionysian rites that life and death lead into each other as one.

If the names Oinos and Zoilus are given meanings based on references in Bryant, "Shadow," like "Eiros and Charmion," and "Monos and Una" may be read as a myth of rebirth. The reading might go as follows: Zoilus, the heavenly one, is dead. The planets are in a period of Saturnian darkness. Oinos (and possibly the seven men as a whole, if we take into account the magical properties of the number seven) is perhaps equated with Dionysus—the new representation of a God—or with the Dove which reveals God's will. In this dark period the group is passing "through the Valley," the abyss (symbolically represented in the story by the bottomless image reflected in the surface of the ebony table), Hell, "Helusion," the place from whence the Shadow comes and from whence the voices of the dead are heard, and is suffering the rite of purification which, as we see in "The Colloquy of Monos and Una" must be endured before resurrection. Death leads to life. The motto added to the story in its 1840 version suggests that another beginning is to take place. Death must be experienced but is not to be feared because there is "something" beyond—a continuation.

Another possibility, given Poe's capacity for irony, is that Poe, while he admires Bryant's erudition, also sees the humor in the seemingly unending chain of connections which Bryant is able to make from any given proper name. In "Four Beasts in One," a story first published just six months after the first publication of "Shadow," Poe first makes jokes based upon antiquarian etymologies and then concludes "—what great fools are antiquarians!" The time was ripe for making fun of Bryant. In Chapter 176 of *The Doctor* by Robert Southey, Doctor Daniel Dove was delighted ". . . when in perusing Jacob Bryant's Analysis of ancient Mythology, he found that so many of the most illustrious personages of antiquity proved to be Doves, when their names were truly interpreted or properly understood!" Southey carries the derivation of the name Dove through Bryant's explanation to its comical extremes. Poe could not have seen the passage: he was probably reading the first two volumes of the novel at about the time he wrote "Shadow," for his review of it appeared soon after, but the version of it Poe read did not contain the Bryant passage. What this proves is the intimacy of Poe's ties to the intellectual world of the British magazines.

Silence. The Folio Club tales were to have been the work of "Dunderheads." "Silence," like the others, uses material from then-current prose. Its tone

seems undeniably serious; we would suggest that Poe's intention is not so simple. Poe does not seem just to be making fun of his sources or using them to tease popular editors or authors. A number of scholars noticed, for example, that Bulwer's "Monos and Daimonos, A Legend" is a source for "Silence." Many elements in "Silence"—even whole sentences—come from Bulwer. The Bulwer story is about a man whose father lived on a rock; it contains a sentence which begins, "As the Lord liveth, I believe the tale that I shall tell you . . ." while Poe writes, "As Allah liveth, that fable which the Demon told me . . .," and so forth. Yet "Silence is not only a spoof of Bulwer's "Monos and Daimonos"; it is at least partially a lesson in how powerful a tale one could produce from the same materials Bulwer used.

Moreover, the Bulwer story is not all that Poe uses; clear echoes of Jacob Bryant's *Mythology* (See Preface to "Shadow") are audible, too: (1) Bryant explains the ancient custom of worshipping on a stone or upon high places: ". . . there is in the history of every oracular temple some legend about a stone; some reference to the word Petra." "Petra," indeed is in the "first ages" a name for the Sun Deity, Bryant explains, later applied to the Deity's temple, then to the other temples, then to temples erected on a rock, and finally to the rock itself. (2) Bryant says, ". . . the whole religion of the ancients consisted in . . . the worship of Daemons: . . . the souls of men deceased." These demons were supposed to have existed in the time of Cronus and were "guardians of mankind." (3) Poe's hippopotamus and water lilies (the lotus is a water lily) are explained in Bryant: "Hence the crocodile and the hippopotamus, were emblems of the Ark; because during the inundation of the Nile they rose with the waters, and were superior to the flood. The Lotus, that peculiar plant of the Nile, was revered upon the same account. . . ." (4) In related Egyptian rites, according to Bryant, there is "a person preserved in the midst of waters." (5) Many other details—"Libya," "Dodona," "Magi" and "Sybils"—as well as those named above are discussed prominently in Bryant. By themselves they would not be convincing, since they might appear in any book on myth and ancient religion. In conjunction with the others, they are. Poe both admired and poked fun at such antiquarianism: see "Four Beasts in One" for a good example of humor based on such teasing.

One must be careful in claiming that one work is the "source" of another. The poetic fragment from which Poe takes his motto seems a sure source of Poe's ideas, but in fact Poe originally used a motto from a poem of his own which also matches the ideas in "Silence." (See note 2 for details.) The Alcman quotation might be the source of both. Poe, when he wrote "Silence," might not have had it handy, and decided for other reasons to use his own equally appropriate lines. Or he might have found Alcman later, been struck by its appropriateness, or attracted by the chance to show erudition, and replaced his with it.

We conclude first that the idea was in circulation, and second, that one must be very cautious in interpreting all aspects of "Silence."

Different scholars reach different conclusions about which member of the Folio Club tells this tale. Hammond thinks it was Poe himself, possibly be-

cause, among other things, "Siope" (Poe's first title, Greek for "Silence") is an anagram: "is Poe," and because "Silence" uses imagery from Poe's own poetry.

A Tale of the Ragged Mountains. Perhaps the equivalences at the close of this tale seem too "tricky" to us, and make the story less effective. But if we take them seriously, this tale is another working-out of a mystic's cosmology. Physical death is less important an event in many non-rationalistic cultures; to the mystic, prior incarnation is no more remarkable than any other kind of "equivalence." Note that Poe sets his tale partially in India and that he writes at a time when literary magazines were filling their pages with accounts of oriental beliefs.

Bedloe's ambiguous age—he seems young, yet, the narrator says, at times could pass for very old—is mentioned as part of a passage designed to set up the idea of his prior incarnation as Oldeb. This is, however, another of those odd recurring ideas in Poe; he says pretty much the same thing about his character Ritzner Von Jung in "Mystification."

Boyd Carter points out that many details in "A Tale of the Ragged Mountains" are similar to details in Charles Brockden Brown's *Edgar Huntley* (1799). G. R. Thompson, a critic who does not take the equivalences at the close of Poe's tale seriously, uses Carter's observations as evidence that Poe is likely "burlesquing, even parodying, *Edgar Huntley*" in much the same way that he parodies other works (Thompson 4).

"A Tale of the Ragged Mountains" also contains a plagiarized passage. Poe had read Thomas Macaulay's review in the October 1841 *Edinburgh Review* of the *Memoirs of the Life of Warren Hastings, First Governor-General of Bengal*, compiled by G. R. Gleig, and he swiped a number of passages from it almost *verbatim* for his description of the fight in Benares (Pollin 5; Le Breton).

The Facts in the Case of M. Valdemar. The cool tone of Poe's narrator at the opening of this tale is designed to heighten credibility. In a sense, the story is a hoax; Poe would be pleased if the reader considered it true or at least suspended judgment until Poe brought off his big effect, the rotting of M. Valdemar. Poe has going for him a number of factors:

1. The magazines in which he published contained articles as well as stories and generally did not distinguish one from the other through format. It was possible to fool the reader by pretending, as Poe did here, that a story was an article.

2. Interest in science was very high, and literary magazines often ran articles on science, especially when they touched on issues which had to do with certain philosophical matters. In this story, for instance, the possibility that scientific proof has at last been found of the existence of life after death would have been of great interest, not merely on theological grounds, but also because romantic artists wanted to believe that there was "something out there" with which the inspired mind was in contact. In the back of the minds of many romantic artists was the idea that science was on the verge of discovering the force that unifies the universe, thus giving "inspiration" a physical

basis (see note 2, "magnetic"). Many thought it electrical in nature. Thus a literary magazine, for instance, carried accounts of the work of the French researcher Magendie on electrical stimulation of the brain, and others noted in 1837 that Andrew Crosse of the London Electrical Society seemed to have created life through the application of electricity to "silicate of potash," HCl, and iron oxide.

3. The line between science and pseudo-science was often ill-defined. Phrenology (reading personality and analyzing psychological problems through examination of the shape of the head) and mesmerism (hypnotism) were both taken seriously. When both "sciences" fell into the hands of quacks, phrenology died peacefully. Mesmerism, as hypnotism, is still very much with us as a serious field of investigation although it is much less prominent in the popular press than it was in Poe's time.

4. Poe's care in "documentation," as in the passage at note 5: Poe and other magazinists frequently claim to be quoting from diaries, notebooks, and other sources. Poe, having pretended that he's out just to set the "facts" straight, and having "identified" Valdemar and diagnosed his symptoms, brings in not one but two doctors, two nurses, and an intern as witnesses, and then "copies" from the intern's notes.

When the story was published in England in 1846, the publishers sought to capitalize on its credibility. They changed the title to

Mesmerism
"In Articulo Mortis"
An
Astounding and Horrifying Narrative
Shewing the Extraordinary Power of Mesmerism
in Arresting the
Progress of Death

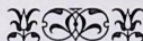
and included an "Advertisement" which suggested that the events described were believed to be true.

As for the horror itself: the passage following note 8 is perhaps Poe's deepest penetration into what is called "Gothic horror." There can be no doubt that sensationalism, the "vivid effect" and horror are his main concerns here, but note that the tale is philosophically consistent with his other fiction and with his aesthetic aims in short fiction; and that his detachment from the horrid materials he is using is very clear: he "plays games" with Valdemar's identity, fusses with story-telling devices to maintain credibility, and uses to the end a vocabulary and sentence structure more scholarly than passionate.

The last paragraph is as gruesome as anything in Poe. But before concluding that the man was mad to concern himself with such subjects, (1) Examine the contents of magazines of his day to see how common such episodes were in articles and in fiction (though Poe was far more craftsmanlike than most peddlers of horror); (2) Note that the tale is presented in the language of an eighteenth-century scientific paper; (3) Consider the care with which the mechanics of credibility and the "hoax" are handled; (4) Compare the tale to

what seem to your editors to be much more deeply-felt passages of horror in, say, Hawthorne and Melville; for example, the scene in *The House of the Seven Gables* in which a fly walks across the open eye of a corpse, or that in Melville's *White Jacket* in which a character pretends to relish the taste of cancer tissue.

Mesmeric Revelation. If the use of mesmerism in this tale is more evidence of Poe's response to topics of popular interest, the tale's mysticism shows as clearly his ties to romanticism, and the seriousness of his occult beliefs. Compare this story to "The Facts in the Case of Mr. Valdemar"—in the latter, Poe tantalizes us with the possibilities of using hypnosis to explore the afterlife; in this, he actually does so.



The Tales

THE POWER OF WORDS

Oinos. Pardon. Agathos,¹ the weakness of a spirit new-fledged with immortality!

Agathos. You have spoken nothing, my Oinos, for which pardon is to be demanded. Not even here is knowledge a thing of intuition.² For wisdom ask of the angels freely, that it may be given!

Oinos. But in this existence, I dreamed that I should be at once cognizant of all things, and thus at once be happy in being cognizant of all.

Agathos. Ah, not in knowledge is happiness, but in the acquisition of knowledge! In for ever knowing, we are for ever blessed; but to know all, were the curse of a fiend.

Oinos. But does not The Most High know all?

Agathos. That (since he is The Most Happy) must be still the one thing unknown even to Him.

Oinos. But, since we grow hourly in knowledge, must not at last all things be known?

Agathos. Look down into the abysmal distances!—attempt to force the gaze

down the multitudinous vistas of the stars, as we sweep slowly through them thus—and thus—and thus! Even the spiritual vision, is it not at all points arrested by the continuous golden walls of the universe?—the walls of the myriads of the shining bodies that mere number has appeared to blend into unity?

Oinos. I clearly perceive that the infinity of matter is no dream.

Agathos. There are no dreams in Aiddenn—but it is here whispered that, of this infinity of matter, the sole purpose is to afford infinite springs, at which the soul may allay the thirst to know which is for ever unquenchable within it—since to quench it, would be to extinguish the soul's self. Question me then, my Oinos, freely and without fear. Come! we will leave to the left the loud harmony of the Pleiades,³ and swoop outward from the throne into the starry meadows beyond Orion, where, for pansies and violets, and heart's-ease, are the beds of the triplicate and triple-tinted suns.

Oinos. And now, Agathos, as we proceed, instruct me!—speak to me in the earth's familiar tones! I understood not

what you hinted to me, just now, of the modes or of the methods of what, during mortality, we were accustomed to call Creation. Do you mean to say that the Creator is not God?

Agathos. I mean to say that the Deity does not create.

Oinos. Explain!

Agathos. In the beginning *only*, he created. The seeming creatures which are now, throughout the universe, so perpetually springing into being, can only be considered as the mediate or indirect, not as the direct or immediate results of the Divine creative power.

Oinos. Among men, my *Agathos*, this idea would be considered heretical in the extreme.

Agathos. Among angels, my *Oinos*, it is seen to be simply true.

Oinos. I can comprehend you thus far—that certain operations of what we term Nature, or the natural laws, will, under certain conditions, give rise to that which has all the *appearance* of creation. Shortly before the final overthrow of the earth, there were, I well remember, many very successful experiments in what some philosophers were weak enough to denominate the creation of animalcula.⁴

Agathos. The cases of which you speak were, in fact, instances of the secondary creation—and of the *only* species of creation which has ever been, since the first word spoke into existence the first law.

Oinos. Are not the starry worlds that, from the abyss of nonentity, burst hourly forth into the heavens—are not these stars, *Agathos*, the immediate handiwork of the King?

Agathos. Let me endeavor, my *Oinos*, to lead you, step by step, to the conception I intend. You are well aware that, as no thought can perish, so no act is without infinite result. We moved our hands, for example, when we were dwellers on the earth, and, in so doing, we gave vibration to the atmosphere which engirdled it. This vibration was indefinitely extended, till it

gave impulse to every particle of the earth's air, which thenceforward, *and for ever*, was actuated by the one movement of the hand. This fact the mathematicians of our globe well knew. They made the special effects, indeed, wrought in the fluid by special impulses, the subject of exact calculation—so that it became easy to determine in what precise period an impulse of given extent would engirdle the orb, and impress (for ever) every atom of the atmosphere circumambient. Retrograding, they found no difficulty, from a given effect, under given conditions, in determining the value of the original impulse. Now the mathematicians who saw that the results of any given impulse were absolutely endless—and who saw that a portion of these results were accurately traceable through the agency of algebraic analysis—who saw, too, the facility of the retrogradation—these men saw, at the same time, that this species of analysis itself, had within itself a capacity for indefinite progress—that there were no bounds conceivable to its advancement and applicability, except within the intellect of him who advanced or applied it. But at this point our mathematicians paused.

Oinos. And why, *Agathos*, should they have proceeded?

Agathos. Because there were some considerations of deep interest beyond. It was deducible from what they knew, that to a being of infinite understanding—one to whom the *perfection* of the algebraic analysis lay unfolded—there could be no difficulty in tracing every impulse given the air—and the ether through the air—to the remotest consequences at any even infinitely remote epoch of time. It is indeed demonstrable that every such impulse given the air, must, *in the end*, impress every individual thing that exists *within the universe*,—and the being of infinite understanding—the being whom we have imagined—might trace the remote undulations of the impulse—trace them upward and onward in their influences upon all particles of all matter—

upward and onward for ever in their modifications of old forms—or, in other words, *in their creation of new*—until he found them reflected—unimpressive *at last*—back from the throne of the Godhead. And not only could such a being do this, but at any epoch, should a given result be afforded him—should one of these numberless comets, for example, be presented to his inspection—he could have no difficulty in determining, by the analytic retrogradation, to what original impulse it was due. This power of retrogradation in its absolute fulness and perfection—this faculty of referring *at all epochs, all effects to all causes*—is of course the prerogative of the Deity alone—but in every variety of degree, short of the absolute perfection, is the power itself exercised by the whole host of the Angelic intelligences.

Oinos. But you speak merely of impulses upon the air.

Agathos. In speaking of the air, I referred only to the earth; but the general proposition has reference to impulses upon the ether⁵—which, since it pervades, and alone pervades all space, is thus the great medium of *creation*.

Oinos. Then all motion, of whatever nature, creates?

Agathos. It must: but a true philosophy has long taught that the source of all motion is thought—and the source of all thought is—

Oinos. God.

Agathos. I have spoken to you, Oinos, as to a child of the fair Earth which lately perished—of impulses upon the atmosphere of the Earth.

Oinos. You did.

Agathos. And while I thus spoke, did there not cross your mind some thought of the *physical power of words*? Is not every word an impulse on the air?

Oinos. But why, Agathos, do you weep—and why—oh why do your wings droop as we hover above this fair star—which is the greenest and yet most terrible of all we have encountered in our flight? Its brilliant flowers look like a fairy dream

—but its fierce volcanoes like the passions of a turbulent heart.⁶

Agathos. They *are!*—they *are!* This wild star—it is now three centuries since, with clasped hands, and with streaming eyes, at the feet of my beloved—I spoke it—with a few passionate sentences—into birth. Its brilliant flowers *are* the dearest of all unfulfilled dreams, and its raging volcanoes *are* the passions of the most turbulent and unhallowed of hearts.

THE CONVERSATION OF EIROS AND CHARMION

Ἠῆρ σὺν προσώῳ.

I will bring fire to thee.

Euripides, *Andromache*¹

Eiros. Why do you call me Eiros?

Charmion. So henceforward will you always be called. You must forget, too, my earthly name, and speak to me as Charmion.

Eiros. This is indeed no dream!

Charmion. Dreams are with us no more,—but of these mysteries anon. I rejoice to see you looking life-like and rational. The film of the shadow has already passed from off your eyes. Be of heart, and fear nothing. Your allotted days of stupor have expired, and, to-morrow, I will myself induct you into the full joys and wonders of your novel existence.

Eiros. True—I feel no stupor—none at all. The wild sickness and the terrible darkness have left me, and I hear no longer that mad, rushing, horrible sound, like the “voice of many waters.”² Yet my senses are bewildered, Charmion, with the keenness of their perception of *the new*.

Charmion. A few days will remove all this,—but I fully understand you, and feel for you. It is now ten earthly years since I underwent what you undergo—yet the remembrance of it hangs by me still. You have now suffered all of pain, however, which you will suffer in Aidenn.³

Eiros. In Aidenn?

Charmion. In Aidenn.

Eiros. Oh God!—pity me, Charmion!—I am over-burthened with the majesty of all things—of the unknown now known—of the speculative Future merged in the august and certain Present.

Charmion. Grapple not now with such thoughts. To-morrow we will speak of this. Your mind wavers, and its agitation will find relief in the exercise of simple memories. Look not around, nor forward—but back. I am burning with anxiety to hear the details of that stupendous event which threw you among us. Tell me of it. Let us converse of familiar things, in the old familiar language of the world which has so fearfully perished.

Eiros. Most fearfully, fearfully!—this is indeed no dream.

Charmion. Dreams are no more. Was I much mourned, my *Eiros*?

Eiros. Mourned, Charmion?—oh deeply. To that last hour of all, there hung a cloud of intense gloom and devout sorrow over your household.

Charmion. And that last hour—speak of it. Remember that, beyond the naked fact of the catastrophe itself, I know nothing. When, coming out from among mankind, I passed into Night through the Grave—at that period, if I remember aright, the calamity which overwhelmed you was utterly unanticipated. But, indeed, I knew little of the speculative philosophy of the day.

Eiros. The individual calamity was, as you say, entirely unanticipated; but analogous misfortunes had been long a subject of discussion with astronomers. I need scarce tell you, my friend, that, even when you left us, men had agreed to understand those passages in the most holy writings¹ which speak of the final destruction of all things by fire, as having reference to the orb of the earth alone. But in regard to the immediate agency of the ruin, speculation had been at fault from that epoch in astronomical knowledge in which the comets were divested of the terrors of flame. The very moderate density of these bodies had been well established. They had been ob-

served to pass among the satellites of Jupiter, without bringing about any sensible alteration either in the masses or in the orbits of these secondary planets. We had long regarded the wanderers as vapory creations of inconceivable tenuity, and as altogether incapable of doing injury to our substantial globe, even in the event of contact. But contact was not in any degree dreaded; for the elements of all the comets were accurately known. That among *them* we should look for the agency of the threatened fiery destruction had been for many years considered an inadmissible idea. But wonders and wild fancies had been, of late days, strangely rife among mankind; and, although it was only with a few of the ignorant that actual apprehension prevailed, upon the announcement by astronomers of a *new* comet, yet this announcement was generally received with I know not what of agitation and mistrust.

The elements of the strange orb were immediately calculated, and it was at once conceded by all observers, that its path, at perihelion,² would bring it into very close proximity with the earth. There were two or three astronomers, of secondary note, who resolutely maintained that a contact was inevitable. I cannot very well express to you the effect of this intelligence upon the people. For a few short days they would not believe an assertion which their intellect, so long employed among worldly considerations, could not in any manner grasp. But the truth of a vitally important fact soon makes its way into the understanding of even the most stolid. Finally, all men saw that astronomical knowledge lied not, and they awaited the comet. Its approach was not, at first, seemingly rapid; nor was its appearance of very unusual character. It was of a dull red, and had little perceptible train. For seven or eight days we saw no material increase in its apparent diameter, and but a partial alteration in its color. Meantime, the ordinary affairs of men were discarded, and all interests absorbed in a

growing discussion, instituted by the philosophic, in respect to the cometary nature. Even the grossly ignorant aroused their sluggish capacities to such considerations. The learned now gave their intellect—their soul—to no such points as the allaying of fear, or to the sustenance of loved theory. They sought—they panted for right views. They groaned for perfected knowledge. *Truth* arose in the purity of her strength and exceeding majesty, and the wise bowed down and adored.

That material injury to our globe or to its inhabitants would result from the apprehended contact, was an opinion which hourly lost ground among the wise; and the wise were now freely permitted to rule the reason and the fancy of the crowd. It was demonstrated, that the density of the comet's *nucleus* was far less than that of our rarest gas; and the harmless passage of a similar visitor among the satellites of Jupiter was a point strongly insisted upon, and which served greatly to allay terror. Theologists, with an earnestness fear-enkindled, dwelt upon the biblical prophecies, and expounded them to the people with a directness and simplicity of which no previous instance had been known. That the final destruction of the earth must be brought about by the agency of fire, was urged with a spirit that enforced everywhere conviction; and that the comets were of no fiery nature (as all men now knew) was a truth which relieved all, in a great measure, from the apprehension of the great calamity foretold. It is noticeable that the popular prejudices and vulgar errors in regard to pestilence and wars—errors which were wont to prevail upon every appearance of a comet—were now altogether unknown. As if by some sudden convulsive exertion, reason had at once hurled superstition from her throne.⁶ The feeblest intellect had derived vigor from excessive interest.

What minor evils might arise from the contact were points of elaborate question. The learned spoke of slight geological disturbances, of probable alterations in cli-

mate, and consequently in vegetation; of possible magnetic and electric influences. Many held that no visible or perceptible effect would in any manner be produced. While such discussions were going on, their subject gradually approached, growing larger in apparent diameter, and of a more brilliant lustre. Mankind grew paler as it came. All human operations were suspended.

There was an epoch in the course of the general sentiment when the comet had attained, at length, a size surpassing that of any previously recorded visitation. The people now, dismissing any lingering hope that the astronomers were wrong, experienced all the certainty of evil. The chimerical aspect of their terror was gone. The hearts of the stoutest of our race beat violently within their bosoms. A very few days sufficed, however, to merge even such feelings in sentiments more unendurable. We could no longer apply to the strange orb any *accustomed* thoughts. Its *historical* attributes had disappeared. It oppressed us with a hideous *novelty* of emotion. We saw it not as an astronomical phenomenon in the heavens, but as an incubus upon our hearts, and a shadow upon our brains. It had taken, with inconceivable rapidity, the character of a gigantic mantle of rare flame, extending from horizon to horizon.

Yet a day, and men breathed with greater freedom. It was clear that we were already within the influence of the comet; yet we lived. We even felt an unusual elasticity of frame and vivacity of mind. The exceeding tenuity of the object of our dread was apparent; for all heavenly objects were plainly visible through it. Meantime, our vegetation had perceptibly altered; and we gained faith, from this predicted circumstance, in the foresight of the wise. A wild luxuriance of foliage, utterly unknown before, burst out upon every vegetable thing.

Yet another day—and the evil was not altogether upon us. It was now evident that its *nucleus* would first reach us. A

wild change had come over all men; and the first sense of *pain* was the wild signal for general lamentation and horror. This first sense of pain lay in a rigorous constriction of the breast and lungs, and an insufferable dryness of the skin. It could not be denied that our atmosphere was radically affected; the conformation of this atmosphere and the possible modifications to which it might be subjected, were now the topics of discussion. The result of investigation sent an electric thrill of the intensest terror through the universal heart of man.

It had been long known that the air which encircled us was a compound of oxygen and nitrogen gases, in the proportion of twenty-one measures of oxygen, and seventy-nine of nitrogen, in every one hundred of the atmosphere. Oxygen, which was the principle of combustion, and the vehicle of heat, was absolutely necessary to the support of animal life, and was the most powerful and energetic agent in nature.⁷ Nitrogen, on the contrary, was incapable of supporting either animal life or flame. An unnatural excess of oxygen would result, it had been ascertained, in just such an elevation of the animal spirits as we had latterly experienced. It was the pursuit, the extension of the idea, which had engendered awe. What would be the result of a total extraction of the nitrogen? A combustion irresistible, all-devouring, omniprevalent, immediate,—the entire fulfilment, in all their minute and terrible details, of the fiery and horror-inspiring denunciations of the prophecies of the Holy Book.

Why need I paint, Charmion, the now disenchained frenzy of mankind? That tenuity in the comet which had previously inspired us with hope, was now the source of the bitterness of despair. In its impalpable gaseous character we clearly perceived the consummation of Fate. Meantime a day again passed—bearing away with it the last shadow of Hope. We gasped in the rapid modification of the air. The red blood bounded tumultuously

through its strict channels. A furious delirium possessed all men; and, with arms rigidly outstretched towards the threatening heavens, they trembled and shrieked aloud. But the nucleus of the destroyer was now upon us,—even here in Aidenn, I shudder while I speak. Let me be brief—brief as the ruin that overwhelmed. For a moment there was a wild lurid light alone, visiting and penetrating all things. Then let us bow down, Charmion, before the excessive majesty of the great God!—then, there came a shouting and pervading sound, as if from the mouth itself of HIM; while the whole incumbent mass of ether in which we existed, burst at once into a species of intense flame, for whose surpassing brilliancy and all-fervid heat even the angels in the high Heaven of pure knowledge have no name. Thus ended all.

THE COLLOQUY OF MONOS AND UNA

Μέλλοντα ταῦτα

These things are in the near future.
Sophocles, *Antigone*¹

Una. "Born again?"

Monos. Yes, fairest and best beloved Una, "born again." These were the words upon whose mystical meaning I had so long pondered, rejecting the explanation of the priesthood, until Death himself resolved for me the secret.

Una. Death!

Monos. How strangely, sweet Una, you echo my words! I observe, too, a vacillation in your step—a joyous inquietude in your eyes. You are confused and oppressed by the majestic novelty² of the Life Eternal. Yes, it was of Death I spoke. And here how singularly sounds that word which of old was wont to bring terror to all hearts—throwing a mildew upon all pleasures!

Una. Ah, Death, the spectre which sate at all feasts! How often, Monos, did we lose ourselves in speculations upon its nature! How mysteriously did it act as a

check to human bliss—saying unto it “thus far, and no farther!” That earnest mutual love, my own Monos, which burned within our bosoms—how vainly did we flatter ourselves, feeling happy in its first upspringing, that our happiness would strengthen with its strength! Alas! as it grew, so grew in our hearts the dread of that evil hour which was hurrying to separate us forever! Thus, in time, it became painful to love. Hate would have been mercy then.

Monos. Speak not here of these griefs, dear Una—mine, mine forever now!

Una. But the memory of past sorrow—is it not present joy? I have much to say yet of the things which have been. Above all, I burn to know the incidents of your own passage through the dark Valley and Shadow.

Monos. And when did the radiant Una ask any thing of her Monos in vain? I will be minute in relating all—but at what point shall the weird narrative begin?

Una. At what point?

Monos. You have said.

Una. Monos, I comprehend you. In Death we have both learned the propensity of man to define the indefinable. I will not say, then, commence with the moment of life's cessation—but commence with that sad, sad instant when, the fever having abandoned you, you sank into a breathless and motionless torpor, and I pressed down your pallid eyelids with the passionate fingers of love.

Monos. One word first, my Una, in regard to man's general condition at this epoch. You will remember that one or two of the wise among our forefathers—wise in fact, although not in the world's esteem—had ventured to doubt the propriety of the term “improvement,” as applied to the progress of our civilization. There were periods in each of the five or six centuries immediately preceding our dissolution, when arose some vigorous intellect, boldly contending for those principles whose truth appears now, to our disenfranchised reason, so utterly obvious

—principles which should have taught our race to submit to the guidance of the natural laws, rather than attempt their control. At long intervals some master-minds appeared, looking upon each advance in practical science as a retrogradation in the true utility. Occasionally the poetic intellect—that intellect which we now feel to have been the most exalted of all—since those truths to us were of the most enduring importance and could only be reached by that *analogy* which speaks in proof-tones to the imagination alone, and to the unaided reason bears no weight—occasionally did this poetic intellect proceed a step farther in the evolving of the vague idea of the philosophic, and find in the mystic parable³ that tells of the tree of knowledge, and of its forbidden fruit, death-producing, a distinct intimation that knowledge was not meet for man in the infant condition of his soul. And these men, the poets, living and perishing amid the scorn of the “utilitarians”—of rough pedants, who arrogated to themselves a title which could have been properly applied only to the scorned—these men, the poets, ponder piningly, yet not unwisely, upon the ancient days when our wants were not more simple than our enjoyments were keen—days when *mirth* was a word unknown, so solemnly deep-toned was happiness—holy, august, and blissful days, when blue rivers ran undammed, between hills unhewn, into far forest solitudes, primæval, odorous, and unexplored.

Yet these noble exceptions from the general misrule served but to strengthen it by opposition. Alas! we had fallen upon the most evil of all our evil days. The great “movement”—that was the cant term—went on: a diseased commotion, moral and physical. Art—the Arts—arose supreme, and, once enthroned, cast chains upon the intellect which had elevated them to power. Man, because he could not but acknowledge the majesty of Nature, fell into childish exultation at his acquired and still-increasing dominion

over her elements. Even while he stalked a God in his own fancy, an infantine imbecility came over him. As might be supposed from the origin of his disorder, he grew infected with system, and with abstraction. He enwrapped himself in generalities. Among other odd ideas, that of universal equality gained ground; and in the face of analogy and of God—in despite of the loud warning voice of the laws of gradation so visibly pervading all things in Earth and Heaven—wild attempts at an omniprevalent Democracy were made. Yet this evil sprang necessarily from the leading evil—Knowledge. Man could not both know and succumb. Meantime huge smoking cities arose, innumerable. Green leaves shrank before the hot breath of furnaces. The fair face of Nature was deformed as with the ravages of some loathsome disease. And methinks, sweet Una, even our slumbering sense of the forced and of the far-fetched might have arrested us here. But now it appears that we had worked out our own destruction in the perversion of our *taste*, or rather in the blind neglect of its culture in the schools. For, in truth, it was at this crisis that taste alone—that faculty which, holding a middle position between the pure intellect and the moral sense, could never safely have been disregarded—it was now that taste alone could have led us gently back to Beauty, to Nature, and to Life. But alas for the pure contemplative spirit and majestic intuition of Plato! Alas for the *μουσική* which he justly regarded as an all sufficient education for the soul! Alas for him and for it!—since both were most desperately needed when both were most entirely forgotten or despised.⁴

Pascal, a philosopher whom we both love, has said, how truly!—"que tout notre raisonnement se réduit à céder au sentiment"; and it is not impossible that the sentiment of the natural, had time permitted it, would have regained its old ascendancy over the harsh mathematical reason of the schools. But this thing was not to be. Prematurely induced by intem-

perance of knowledge, the old age of the world drew on. This the mass of mankind saw not, or, living lustily although unhappily, affected not to see. But, for myself, the Earth's records had taught me to look for widest ruin as the price of highest civilization. I had imbibed a prescience of our Fate from comparison of China the simple and enduring, with Assyria the architect, with Egypt the astrologer, with Nubia, more crafty than either, the turbulent mother of all Arts. In history of these regions I met with a ray from the Future. The individual artificialities of the three latter were local diseases of the Earth, and in their individual overthrows we had seen local remedies applied; but for the infected world at large I could anticipate no regeneration save in death. That man, as a race, should not become extinct, I saw that he must be "born again."⁵

And now it was, fairest and dearest, that we wrapped our spirits, daily, in dreams. Now it was that, in twilight, we discoursed of the days to come, when the Art-scarred surface of the Earth, having undergone that purification which alone could efface its rectangular obscenities, should clothe itself anew in the verdure and the mountain-slopes and the smiling waters of Paradise, and be rendered at length a fit dwelling-place for man:—for man the Death-purged—for man to whose now exalted intellect there should be poison in knowledge no more—for the redeemed, regenerated, blissful, and now immortal, but still for the *material*,⁶ man.

Una. Well do I remember these conversations, dear Monos; but the epoch of the fiery overthrow was not so near at hand as we believed, and as the corruption you indicate did surely warrant us in believing. Men lived; and died individually. You yourself sickened, and passed into the grave; and thither your constant Una speedily followed you. And though the century which has since elapsed, and whose conclusion brings us thus together once more, tortured our slumbering senses

with no impatience of duration, yet, my Monos, it was a century still.

Monos. Say, rather, a point in the vague infinity. Unquestionably, it was in the Earth's dotage that I died. Wearied at heart with anxieties which had their origin in the general turmoil and decay, I succumbed to the fierce fever. After some few days of pain, and many of dreamy delirium replete with ecstasy, the manifestations of which you mistook for pain, while I longed but was impotent to undeceive you—after some days there came upon me, as you have said, a breathless and motionless torpor; and this was termed *Death* by those who stood around me.

Words are vague things. My condition did not deprive me of sentience. It appeared to me not greatly dissimilar to the extreme quiescence of him, who, having slumbered long and profoundly, lying motionless and fully prostrate in a midsummer noon, begins to steal slowly back into consciousness, through the mere sufficiency of his sleep, and without being awakened by external disturbances.

I breathed no longer. The pulses were still. The heart had ceased to beat. Volition had not departed, but was powerless. The senses were unusually active, although eccentrically so—assuming often each other's functions at random.⁷ The taste and the smell were inextricably confounded, and became one sentiment, abnormal and intense. The rosewater with which your tenderness had moistened my lips to the last, affected me with sweet fancies of flowers—fantastic flowers, far more lovely than any of the old Earth, but whose prototypes we have here blooming around us. The eyelids, transparent and bloodless, offered no complete impediment to vision. As volition was in abeyance, the balls could not roll in their sockets—but all objects within the range of the visual hemisphere were seen with more or less distinctness; the rays which fell upon the external retina, or into the corner of the eye, producing a more vivid

effect than those which struck the front or anterior surface. Yet, in the former instance, this effect was so far anomalous that I appreciated it only as *sound*—sound sweet or discordant as the matters presenting themselves at my side were light or dark in shade—curved or angular in outline. The hearing at the same time, although excited in degree, was not irregular in action—estimating real sounds with an extravagance of precision, not less than of sensibility. Touch had undergone a modification more peculiar. Its impressions were tardily received, but pertinaciously retained, and resulted always in the highest physical pleasure. Thus the pressure of your sweet fingers upon my eyelids, at first only recognized through vision, at length, long after their removal, filled my whole being with a sensual delight immeasurable. I say with a sensual delight. All my perceptions were purely sensual. The materials furnished the passive brain by the senses were not in the least degree wrought into shape by the deceased understanding. Of pain there was some little; of pleasure there was much; but of moral pain or pleasure none at all. Thus your wild sobs floated into my ear with all their mournful cadences, and were appreciated in their every variation of sad tone; but they were soft musical sounds and no more; they conveyed to the extinct reason no intimation of the sorrows which gave them birth; while the large and constant tears which fell upon my face, telling the bystanders of a heart which broke, thrilled every fibre of my frame with ecstasy alone. And this was in truth the *Death* of which these bystanders spoke reverently, in low whispers—you, sweet Una, gaspingly, with loud cries.

They attired me for the coffin—three or four dark figures which flitted busily to and fro. As these crossed the direct line of my vision they affected me as *forms*; but upon passing to my side their images impressed me with the idea of shrieks, groans, and other dismal expressions of

terror, of horror, or of woe. You alone, habited in a white robe, passed in all directions musically about me.

The day waned; and, as its light faded away, I became possessed by a vague uneasiness—an anxiety such as the sleeper feels when sad real sounds fall continuously within his ear—low distant bell tones, solemn, at long but equal intervals, and commingling with melancholy dreams. Night arrived, and with its shadows a heavy discomfort. It oppressed my limbs with the oppression of some dull weight, and was palpable. There was also a moaning sound, not unlike the distant reverberation of surf, but more continuous, which, beginning with the first twilight, had grown in strength with the darkness. Suddenly lights were brought into the room, and this reverberation became forthwith interrupted into frequent unequal bursts of the same sound, but less dreary and less distinct. The ponderous oppression was in a great measure relieved; and, issuing from the flame of each lamp (for there were many), there flowed unbrokenly into my ears a strain of melodious monotone. And when now, dear Una, approaching the bed upon which I lay outstretched, you sat gently by my side, breathing odor from your sweet lips, and pressing them upon my brow, there arose tremulously within my bosom, and mingling with the merely physical sensations which circumstances had called forth, a something akin to sentiment itself—a feeling that, half appreciating, half responded to your earnest love and sorrow; but this feeling took no root in the pulseless heart, and seemed indeed rather a shadow than a reality, and faded quickly away, first into extreme quiescence, and then into a purely sensual pleasure as before.⁸

And now, from the wreck and the chaos of the usual senses, there appeared to have arisen within me a sixth, all perfect. In its exercise I found a wild delight—yet a delight still physical, inasmuch as the understanding in it had no part. Motion in

the animal frame had fully ceased. No muscle quivered; no nerve thrilled; no artery throbbed. But there seemed to have sprung up in the brain, *that* of which no words could convey to the merely human intelligence even an indistinct conception. Let me term it a mental pendulous pulsation. It was the moral embodiment of man's abstract idea of *Time*. By the absolute equalization of this movement—or of such as this—had the cycles of the firmamental orbs themselves, been adjusted. By its aid I measured the irregularities of the clock upon the mantel, and of the watches of the attendants. Their tickings came sonorously to my ears. The slightest deviation from the true proportion—and these deviations were omniprevalent—affected me just as violations of abstract truth are wont, on earth, to affect the moral sense. Although no two of the timepieces in the chamber struck individual seconds accurately together, yet I had no difficulty in holding steadily in mind the tones, and the respective momentary errors of each. And this—this keen, perfect, self-existing sentiment of *duration*—this sentiment existing (as man could not possibly have conceived it to exist) independently of any succession of events—this idea—this sixth sense, upspringing from the ashes of the rest, was the first obvious and certain step of the intemporal soul upon the threshold of the temporal Eternity.

It was midnight; and you still sat by my side. All others had departed from the chamber of Death. They had deposited me in the coffin. The lamps burned flickeringly; for this I knew by the tremulousness of the monotonous strains. But, suddenly these strains diminished in distinctness and in volume. Finally they ceased. The perfume in my nostrils died away. Forms affected my vision no longer. The oppression of the Darkness uplifted itself from my bosom. A dull shock like that of electricity pervaded my frame, and was followed by total loss of the idea of contact. All of what man has termed sense

was merged in the sole consciousness of entity, and in the one abiding sentiment of duration. The mortal body had been at length stricken with the hand of the deadly *Decay*.

Yet had not all of sentience departed; for the consciousness and the sentiment remaining supplied some of its functions by a lethargic intuition. I appreciated the direful change now in operation upon the flesh, and, as the dreamer is sometimes aware of the bodily presence of one who leans over him, so, sweet Una, I still dully felt that you sat by my side. So, too, when the noon of the second day came, I was not unconscious of those movements which displaced you from my side, which confined me within the coffin, which deposited me within the hearse, which bore me to the grave, which lowered me within it, which heaped heavily the mould upon me, and which thus left me, in blackness and corruption, to my sad and solemn slumbers with the worm.

And here, in the prison-house which has few secrets to disclose, there rolled away days and weeks and months; and the soul watched narrowly each second as it flew, and, without effort, took record of its flight—without effort and without object.

A year passed. The consciousness of *being* had grown hourly more indistinct, and that of mere *locality* had, in great measure, usurped its position. The idea of entity was becoming merged in that of *place*. The narrow space immediately surrounding what had been the body, was now going to be the body itself. At length, as often happens to the sleeper (by sleep and its world alone is *Death* imaged)—at length, as sometimes happened on Earth to the deep slumberer, when some flitting light half startled him into awaking, yet left him half enveloped in dreams—so to me, in the strict embrace of the *Shadow*, came that light which alone might have had power to startle—the light of enduring *Love*. Men toiled at the grave in which I lay darkling. They upthrew the damp

earth. Upon my mouldering bones there descended the coffin of Una.

And now again all was void. That nebulous light had been extinguished. That feeble thrill had vibrated itself into quiescence. Many *lustra*⁹ had supervened. Dust had returned to dust. The worm had food no more. The sense of being had at length utterly departed, and there reigned in its stead—instead of all things—dominant and perpetual—the autocrats *Place* and *Time*. For that which was *not*—for that which had no form—for that which had no thought—for that which had no sentience—for that which was soulless, yet of which matter formed no portion—for all this nothingness, yet for all this immortality, the grave was still a home, and the corrosive hours, co-mates.

SHADOW

A Parable

*Yea! though I walk through the valley
of the Shadow:*

Psalm of David¹

Ye who read are still among the living; but I who write shall have long since gone my way into the region of shadows. For indeed strange things shall happen, and secret things be known, and many centuries shall pass away, ere these memorials be seen of men. And, when seen, there will be some to disbelieve, and some to doubt, and yet a few who will find much to ponder upon in the characters here graven with a stylus of iron.

The year had been a year of terror, and of feelings more intense than terror for which there is no name upon the earth. For many prodigies and signs had taken place, and far and wide, over sea and land, the black wings of the Pestilence were spread abroad. To those, nevertheless, cunning in the stars, it was not unknown that the heavens wore an aspect of ill; and to me, the Greek Oinos, among others, it was evident that now had ar-

rived the alternation of that seven hundred and ninety-fourth year when, at the entrance of Aries, the planet Jupiter is conjoined with the red ring of the terrible Saturnus.² The peculiar spirit of the skies, if I mistake not greatly, made itself manifest, not only in the physical orb of the earth, but in the souls, imaginations, and meditations of mankind.

Over some flasks of the red Chian wine, within the walls of a noble hall, in a dim city called Ptolemais, we sat, at night, a company of seven. And to our chamber there was no entrance save by a lofty door of brass: and the door was fashioned by the artizan Corinnos, and, being of rare workmanship, was fastened from within. Black draperies, likewise, in the gloomy room, shut out from our view the moon, the lurid stars, and the peopleless streets—but the boding and the memory of Evil, they would not be so excluded. There were things around us and about of which I can render no distinct account—things material and spiritual—heaviness in the atmosphere—a sense of suffocation—anxiety—and, above all, that terrible state of existence which the nervous experience when the senses are keenly living and awake, and meanwhile the powers of thought lie dormant. A dead weight hung upon us. It hung upon our limbs—upon the household furniture—upon the goblets from which we drank; and all things were depressed, and borne down thereby—all things save only the flames of the seven iron lamps which illumined our revel. Uprearing themselves in tall slender lines of light, they thus remained burning all pallid and motionless; and in the mirror which their lustre formed upon the round table of ebony at which we sat, each of us there assembled beheld the pallor of his own countenance, and the unquiet glare in the downcast eyes of his companions. Yet we laughed and were merry in our proper way—which was hysterical; and sang the songs of Anacreon—which are madness; and drank deeply—although the purple wine reminded us of blood. For

there was yet another tenant of our chamber in the person of young Zoilus. Dead, and at full length he lay, enshrouded,—the genius and the demon of the scene. Alas! he bore no portion in our mirth, save that his countenance, distorted with the plague, and his eyes in which Death had but half extinguished the fire of the pestilence, seemed to take such interest in our merriment as the dead may haply take in the merriment of those who are to die. But although I, Oinos, felt that the eyes of the departed were upon me, still I forced myself not to perceive the bitterness of their expression, and, gazing down steadily into the depths of the ebony mirror, sang with a loud and sonorous voice the songs of the son of Teios. But gradually my songs they ceased, and their echoes, rolling afar off among the sable draperies of the chamber, became weak, and undistinguishable, and so faded away. And lo! from among those sable draperies where the sounds of the song departed, there came forth a dark and undefined shadow—a shadow such as the moon, when low in heaven, might fashion from the figure of a man: but it was the shadow neither of man, nor of God, nor of any familiar thing. And, quivering awhile among the draperies of the room, it at length rested in full view upon the surface of the door of brass. But the shadow was vague, and formless, and indefinite, and was the shadow neither of man, nor of God—neither God of Greece, nor God of Chaldæa, nor any Egyptian God. And the shadow rested upon the brazen doorway, and under the arch of the entablature of the door, and moved not, nor spoke any word, but there became stationary and remained. And the door whereupon the shadow rested was, if I remember aright, over against the feet of the young Zoilus enshrouded. But we, the seven there assembled, having seen the shadow as it came out from among the draperies, dared not steadily behold it, but cast down our eyes, and gazed continually into the depths of the mirror of ebony. And at

length I, Oinos, speaking some low words, demanded of the shadow its dwelling and its appellation. And the shadow answered, "I am SHADOW, and my dwelling is near to the Catacombs of Ptolemais, and hard by those dim plains of Helusion which border upon the foul Charonian canal."³ And then did we, the seven, start from our seats in horror, and stand trembling, and shuddering, and aghast: for the tones in the voice of the shadow were not the tones of any one being, but of a multitude of beings, and, varying in their cadences from syllable to syllable, fell duskily upon our ears in the well remembered and familiar accents of many thousand departed friends.

SILENCE

A Fable¹

Εὔδοισιν δ' ὄρειον κορυφαί τε καὶ φάραγγες
Πρώονες τε καὶ χαράδραι.
The mountain pinnacles slumber; valleys,
crags and caves are silent.

Alcman.²

"Listen to me," said the Demon, as he placed his hand upon my head. "The region of which I speak is a dreary region in Libya, by the borders of the river Zaire.³ And there is no quiet there, nor silence.

"The waters of the river have a saffron and sickly hue; and they flow not onwards to the sea, but palpitate forever and forever beneath the red eye of the sun with a tumultuous and convulsive motion. For many miles on either side of the river's oozy bed is a pale desert of gigantic water-lilies.⁴ They sigh one unto the other in that solitude, and stretch towards the heaven their long and ghastly necks, and nod to and fro their everlasting heads. And there is an indistinct murmur which cometh out from among them like the rushing of subterranean water. And they sigh one unto the other.

"But there is a boundary to their realm—the boundary of the dark, horrible,

lofty forest. There, like the waves about the Hebrides, the low underwood is agitated continually. But there is no wind throughout the heaven. And the tall primeval trees rock eternally hither and thither with a crashing and mighty sound. And from their high summits, one by one, drop everlasting dews. And at the roots strange poisonous flowers lie writhing in perturbed slumber. And overhead, with a rustling and loud noise, the gray clouds rush westwardly forever, until they roll, a cataract, over the fiery wall of the horizon. But there is no wind throughout the heaven. And by the shores of the river Zaire there is neither quiet nor silence.

"It was night, and the rain fell; and, falling, it was rain, but, having fallen, it was blood. And I stood in the morass among the tall lilies, and the rain fell upon my head—and the lilies sighed one unto the other in the solemnity of their desolation.

"And, all at once, the moon arose through the thin ghastly mist, and was crimson in colour. And mine eyes fell upon a huge gray rock which stood by the shore of the river, and was lighted by the light of the moon. And the rock was gray, and ghastly, and tall,—and the rock was gray. Upon its front were characters engraven in the stone; and I walked through the morass of water-lilies, until I came close unto the shore, that I might read the characters upon the stone. But I could not decypher them. And I was going back into the morass, when the moon shone with a fuller red, and I turned and looked again upon the rock, and upon the characters;—and the characters were DESOLATION.

"And I looked upwards, and there stood a man upon the summit of the rock; and I hid myself among the water-lilies that I might discover the actions of the man. And the man was tall and stately in form, and was wrapped up from his shoulders to his feet in the toga of old Rome. And the outlines of his figure were indistinct—but his features were the features of a deity; for the mantle of the night, and of



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Espionage versus Journalism

by John R. Mapother

In this election year, we should all contribute, wherever possible, to the lowering of national anxieties. Let me make a few suggestions for this purpose on the topic of journalists as spies, a matter now causing cries of indignation and concern without so far producing much, if any, illumination.

Espionage and journalism do not mix. Spies are outwardly modest, preferably obscure, persons with unimpeded access to privileged information and a motive for disclosing it. Journalists prance in the forum, pursue a parallel role as information gatherers, but collect, almost exclusively data its sources wish to broadcast or disseminate. Rarely does a journalist gain access to secret information, although my experience suggests that some like to pretend they do so.

Intelligence officers sent by their governments to learn about the world abroad are also not spies, although their efforts to gather information can include the recruitment and management of spies. Real spies are rare, even in the intelligence

business. The gathering of useful intelligence does not require the employment of spies, but a good spy, with access to an important target, can deliver jackpots of intelligence.

Security agencies of all nations assume that foreign reporters, being professional judges and collectors of information, may properly be regarded as potential seekers of information that is classified. No statement by the U.S. government, its Congress, or America's leading editors and publishers will erase that fact. In reality, these security suspicions are not baseless, because low-budget intelligence services that pretend to capability in all foreign capitals of interest have been known to use members of the press, their own and other nationals, as a cheap way to claim "our man in Havana," or Baghdad, or Bombay. To deplore this dubious practice will not wish it away.

As cover, the position of foreign correspondent is surely one of the least effective. To the suspicions of host security

services is added the intense scrutiny of professional colleagues. American reporters abroad entertain each other over cocktails by assuming that colleagues not present have intelligence links and trying to strip their cover. Very few correspondents who are not full-time reporters of public information can withstand such scrutiny.

These are merely general ground rules. My experience during the Cold War showed that in rare cases exceptions to an anti-journalist rule could prove useful, with minimal risk, assuming a reporter and case officer of special knowledge and discretion. Yet the CIA, as a rule, disapproved such operations from the time I joined it in 1952. The so-called ban on the use of foreign correspondents, after the Great Intelligence Fox Hunt of the 1970s, was probably just another fanfare of reform.

The 1970 inquiries were driven by reporters and congressional staffers asking surcease from the frights of the Cold War. These young men and women felt that the bumbles who had made, rather than found, the world perilous must depart. Unlike their colleagues from World War II and the early East-West clashes, they distrusted intelligence and sought distance from it.

Washington bestowed absolution on them: they went forth unsullied.

John R. Mapother served as an intelligence officer in Vienna and Bonn.

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Formerly Foreign Intelligence Literary Scene—FILS



A Topic of Hushed Discussion

by Bruce Fein

It seems an open secret. Statistics regarding standards of recruitment into the Central Intelligence Agency are classified at least in part because of their explosive political ramifications.

The quality of new recruits is too important, however, to be shielded from exacting scrutiny. They are the lifeblood of the agency. All the sophisticated satellite and other technology undreamed of at the agency's birth cannot save it from rigor mortis without an elite corps of professionals animated by a missionary devotion to their work and objectives.

The evidence of Darwinian retrogression at the agency is an educated conjecture but is nevertheless unnerving. During its youth, recruits flocked to the

agency from acclaimed colleges and universities intent on a permanent career in intelligence and inspired by tasks they believed were worthy. No pecuniary rewards were expected for long hours of overtime, and the idea of suing for breach of contract, unfairness, or censorship would have been received as deranged.

As the agency approaches its fiftieth anniversary, its professional corps and recruits seem both less lapidary and less bonded by esprit. Overtime pay and other prerequisites are expected for keeping more than banker's hours. The incidence of career change has spiraled. Lawsuits against the agency have multiplied and allege a variety of theories of discrimination or unlawful prepublication review

of manuscripts exemplified by the Snapp and Marchetti cases.

In sum, the agency today seems more an unromantic bureaucracy than the Knights of the Round Table that emblazoned its heyday under legendary Director Allen Dulles. Indeed, recent rapid rotations of directors smacking of the French Fourth Republic seem to confirm a disesteemed status for the office.

Resuscitating the agency to its erstwhile luster will be no easy task. The disintegration of the Soviet Empire has moderated the urgency and exhilaration of its operations thus lessening its attractiveness to patriotic and talented would-be recruits. A national security mission that rivals containment and overthrow of Communism needs cogent definition if the agency is to avoid descent to the commonplace. How about preventing another Pearl Harbor, the creed of the agency's birth certificate?

Bruce Fein is a lawyer specializing in international and constitutional law. He is also a syndicated columnist.

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Books in Review

Covert Action and Counterintelligence

by Scott D. Breckinridge

Roy Godson. *Dirty Tricks or Trump Cards: U.S. Covert Action and Counterintelligence*. Washington, London: Brassey's Inc., 1995. 255 pp. \$24.95.

Roy Godson, who has done so much over the years to draw together and present a coherent and rational picture of government secret intelligence activities, has made yet another solid contribution to literature on the subject. Practitioners may take issue with portions of the book—people actually involved in the work being jealous of what they knew or thought they knew—but in the main it is a valuable contribution to writing on the unusually complex fields of counterintelligence and covert action.

The Four Fields

The book first offers definitions of the four generally recognized areas of specialization in intelligence—analysis, collection, counterintelligence, and covert action. He might have added an interesting fillip to his comments on covert action, which he describes as “an American term-of-art,” had he informed the reader that the term emerged in the budgetary bureaucracy in early post-World War II days; the need for bureaucratic simplification produced the term to provide a single line item in lieu of the several categories of activity lingering in the terminology from the war.

Having acknowledged a separateness of the four fields by giving definitions of them, he then rightly emphasizes the significant interdependence among them, the degree depending on circumstances.

Analysis needs collected information to study. Analysts discern gaps in knowledge to be collected. Counterintelligence—protecting secrets and operating against unfriendly forces—produces reporting for analysts. Covert action—influencing developments by secret means—places the operators where the action is, which produces reporting as well. The complexities of each type of work and the endless permutations of their relationships appear in Godson's discussions.

Treatment of Counterintelligence and Covert Action

Godson does not complicate his treatment by reviewing the legal contentions that consumed so much attention in the 1970s about the right to conduct counterintelligence and covert action operations. They are treated as established elements of intelligence, the emphasis being on what considerations applied to when and how to engage in them. Accepting their place in the overall system, Godson's task was how to treat them, being as graphic as possible by providing historical context and examples.

The book reveals its author's extensive reading, providing a focused bibliography for those needing a substantive guide on where to look for broader sourcing on the two main topics—counterintelligence and covert action.

If there is a weakness here it is the tendency to cite sources uncritically. There has been more than a little dubious writing on the subject, and some valiative commentary is warranted on occasion.

For instance, reference to the so-called Pike Committee report¹ overlooks the fact that the draft report submitted to the House of Representatives was rejected on substantive grounds. The so-called report was a version leaked to the press and not an official document approved by the Congress. Not that it was all bad, but significant portions violated standards of professional responsibility. A caveat is therefore appropriate when it is cited in scholarly literature.

It was interesting to this reviewer to note that the Rockefeller Commission report² (published by the presidential commission formed to look into CIA's activities inside the United States) is overlooked. It has been politically correct in some circles to dismiss the Rockefeller report as a whitewash of the CIA, which any reading of it will show was not the case. In fact, Church committee findings essentially confirmed the Rockefeller findings. Godson correctly cites the *New York Times* allegations in December 1974 as leading to the inquiries of 1975-1976. Had he referred to the Rockefeller report he could have added that the charges were without foundation.

Historical Record

While noting the question of sources, one might wonder why early writers such as Dulles and Kirkpatrick were omitted from historical review. What they had to say as of the time they wrote offers unique historical perspective in the historical treatise Godson undertook.

Doing a definitive treatment of intelligence, especially on subjects that

have suffered the distortions of dramatic controversy, is a major undertaking. Godson is correct in presenting a history of counterintelligence and of covert action over the ages.

Historical perspective has a place in the real world for such subjects, and he has gathered an impressive record that helps make his case that they are part of any government's tools on the global scene. While both counterintelligence and covert action have a reduced role—the latter more than the former—now that the Cold War is behind us, they will continue to be assigned tasks in the world of today and tomorrow.

Godson might have broadened the perspectives he offered had he included Wriston's book on the role of American executive agents from early times.³ There were clandestine elements even in the foreign policy of that famed liberal Thomas Jefferson.⁴ I also noted that occasionally there appear in the book operational examples without cited sources; I assume that this reflects the author's extensive contacts with authoritative practitioners.

Evaluation of Study

The book first presents separate chapters on histories of counterintelligence and covert action. Then it presents two more chapters on the nature of each activity, with additional historical examples. It can seem a bit repetitious and with some break in continuity. Whatever a reader's reaction to the wealth of historical reference, the approach not only shows the sort of issues involved, but it also provides a broad field for teachers and speakers looking for examples to make points. This reviewer suggests reading chapters 2 and 4 in sequence, and chapters 3 and 5 similarly. The material is there and will prove most useful to the serious student.

The last chapter, "Pursuit of Effective Intelligence," is a necessary part of a book such as this one. That has long been the goal of those involved in and with the work. Given the current flux, as executive

and legislative committees have been grappling with theory, practice, and organization, this section is somewhat by-passed so far as practical application is concerned, although it does record thoughts with which exception cannot be taken. It offers a general statement of principles for those seeking such guidance.

Overall, this is a useful book, especially for teachers, those new to the field, and those who have occasion to write or speak on the subject. It will fit comfortably into the libraries of those who already have a sampling of writing on the field.

Scott D. Breckinridge served with the CIA for more than twenty-six years, both overseas and in Washington. His assignments included sixteen years in the Office of the Inspector General, ending as Deputy Inspector General.

Notes

1. U.S. Congress. House Select Committee on Intelligence. *Recommendation of the Final Report of the House Select Committee on Intelligence*, chaired by Otis G. Pike. Washington: Government Printing Office, 1976. (Printed for use of the Select Committee on Intelligence. Drafts of the report were leaked to *The Village Voice*, 16 and 23 February 1976.)

2. U.S. Commission on CIA Activities Within the United States. *Report to the President*. Washington: U.S. Government Printing Office, June 1975. (This commission was chaired by Vice President Nelson Rockefeller during the Ford administration.)

3. Henry Merritt Wriston. *Executive Agents in American Foreign Relations* (Gloucester, Mass.: Peter Smith, 1967).

4. Stephen F. Knott. Thomas Jefferson's Clandestine Foreign Policy, *International Journal of Intelligence and Counterintelligence*, 4, no. 3 (Fall 1990): 325-55.

Not Necessarily Intelligence

by Patricia A. Karl

Hussein Sumaida with Carole Jerome. *Circle of Fear: My Life as an Israeli and Iraqi Spy*. Washington, London: Brassey's Inc., 1994. 304 pp. \$23.95.

Hussein Sumaida's account of his life as an Israeli and Iraqi spy is a fascinating and horrifying description of how and why he became ensnared with the Mukhabarat and Mossad. This book reads like a Tom Clancy novel, action packed with high-profile personalities, escapades and escapes, and portraying its protagonist as the ultimate unbalanced youthful risk taker. Central casting could not have created a better character or story line. If the events in this book are true, this cat has more than nine lives.

The autobiography is especially intriguing in light of the fate of Saddam Hussein's sons-in-law after their defection to Jordan in August 1995 and their return to Baghdad in February 1996. Divorced from their wives upon returning to Iraq, the brothers Hussein and Saddam Kamel were gunned down. This raises a key question not credibly answered by the author. Why, after Hussein Sumaida confessed his work for Mossad, did Saddam Hussein grant him a pardon? Long before the recent family defections, Saddam Hussein was notorious for brutally eliminating Ba'thist Party, Mukhabarat, and military rivals and members of opposition groups like the Kurds and Iranian-backed Da'wah.

The author tells us that his life was spared because his father, Ali Mahmoud Sumaida, was a founder of Iraq's Ba'thist Party, a key official in the Mukhabarat, and one of Saddam Hussein's top diplomats. The pardon is curious in light of the fact that, according to the junior Sumaida, his

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father abused him as a child and signed his death warrant after the Mossad connection was revealed. There must be more to this story. It is plausible that Hussein Sumaida worked for the Mossad. It is less clear that he became a Mukhabarat agent after he worked for the Israeli intelligence service. Given Sumaida's erratic activities, why would the Iraqi security apparatus think it could keep him on a leash?

Growing up Iraqi

Hussein Sumaida was born and raised in the Iraqi intelligence elite. His childhood friends included Saddam Hussein's sons, Oday and Kusai, and his father held key positions in the domestic and foreign policy arenas. At the beginning of this story, the author tells us that his hatred for his father motivated his future actions.

Rebellion and revenge dictated almost everything I did in future years. He is like a turbulent shadow, looming over my shoulder. And so he remains in this telling of my tale. But if he remained a distant and awful enigma, the greater power that he represented became clearer to me over the years. My father was the embodiment of the brutal Ba'thist regime of Saddam Hussein. And I turned my hatred of him into hatred of Iraq's rulers. (p. 5)

In 1969, his father was head of the Department of Censorship and censored publications from the average Iraqi but maintained a private, illicit library at home. The young Sumaida raided this treasure trove. He tells us that one of his favorite books was about the life of Eli Cohen, the Israeli spy. He also traveled extensively, as his father held diplomatic posts in Poland, Zimbabwe, Brussels, New York, and Manila. He studied computer electronics in Manchester, England, and engaged in black-market activities as a somewhat successful scam artist back in Baghdad. In short, he lived life in the fast lane of Ba'thist Iraq.

The Boy Spy

Hussein Sumaida's flirtations with the Mukhabarat occurred at age seventeen while in England. Determined to join one of the anti-Saddam Hussein groups, he focused on and then became disillusioned with the Da'wah. He concluded that this rebel group was no better than Saddam Hussein's Ba'thist regime. He then became an informer for the Mukhabarat inside of the Da'wah.

His initial contacts with the Mossad seem almost naive. There is, of course, no way to confirm or to verify his stories regarding his frequent encounters with the Mukhabarat, the CIA, or Canadian intelligence officials. This reviewer suspects that the author has embellished these and other activities such as informing on the Palestine Liberation Organization, reporting on the Iraqi Embassy in Brussels, where his father was stationed, and recruiting Syrians in England.

Intel or No Tell

Much of the information in this book is accurate, but most of it is not new. The degradation of re-engineered weapons systems, for example, was known or suspected at the time of the Persian Gulf War. Iraq's efforts to stockpile chemical and biological weapons and Saddam Hussein's nuclear program were well known inside intelligence circles before the Gulf War. The 1981 Israeli attack on Iraq's Osirak nuclear power plant, the Iraqi attack on the *USS Stark*, and the Iraqi chemical attacks on the Kurds have been well documented by government analysts and scholars who follow Persian Gulf politics or the proliferation issue. The author also provides a parade of personality profiles on terrorists, intelligence agents, and major Iraqi officials. Intelligence analysts who do psychological profiles may find these interesting, but the assessments and descriptions of potential successors to Saddam Hussein have been widely discussed in intelligence and academic communities.

Circle of Fear also raises questions about who actually wrote this book, and when and why it was written. The story is interesting, entertaining, and smoothly written. The style and language of the book do not suggest to this reviewer that this young Iraqi alone wrote it. Perhaps Carole Jerome prevailed in the finished product. Hussein Sumaida tells us that his mother was his protector and defender when he was growing up. It is odd that he seems unconcerned about possible Iraqi government retaliations against her or other family members. Then, too, there is the question of the timing of the book. The original copyright date is 1991 (Toronto: Stoddart Publishing Company), and one wonders if the publication occurred during the time the author was seeking political asylum in Canada. This book would certainly suggest that its author would be on an Iraqi hit list, if not Baghdad's public enemy number one.

Questions Unanswered

I recommend *Circle of Fear*, especially to those who are unfamiliar with the Mukhabarat. But although spiced with tidbits on events and personalities, it should be read with a grain of salt. The author gives us an interesting insight into the culture of fear in which he grew up. "For in our unique system of logic, a theory believed is a fact. There is no intermediary analytical thought. My theory is my belief, therefore a fact" (p. 40). Perhaps he wants us to believe this was one of his intentions in writing this story. We have all read allegedly genuine accounts of people's lives and the historical events around them that have left us with questions unanswered, where there is something not quite right in the story, and yet we are unable to put our finger on the reasons. This is one of those books.

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Year of the Rat Redux

by Gary Stoces

Dale Andradé. *Trial by Fire. The 1972 Easter Offensive, America's Last Vietnam Battle*. New York: Hippocrene Books, 1995. 600 pp. \$24.60.

Twenty-four years ago, as the winter monsoon ended, U.S. and South Vietnamese officials were asking each other if Hanoi was planning a spring offensive and, if so, what was its likely intensity? At the same time national security adviser Henry Kissinger was holding a series of secret talks with North Vietnamese officials hoping to negotiate a settlement. So confident was President Richard Nixon that peace was at hand that on 25 January 1972 he announced a highly conciliatory eight-point plan on national television.

Hanoi's Easter Offensive

As Dale Andradé cautiously deduces in his well-documented and superbly written book *Trial by Fire*, Hanoi had other ideas. If a militarily crippling blow could be delivered by the North Vietnamese before the United States completed its troop withdrawal, four key objectives could be achieved: a wrench could be thrown in President Nixon's reelection plans; Beijing and Moscow could be shown that Hanoi still had "a credible fighting machine"; the advances made by Saigon's highly successful rural pacification program could be reversed—and most important—the military balance in South Vietnam could be altered. "A resounding defeat of Saigon's army would demonstrate the futility of Vietnamization and weaken the American position at the Paris peace talks" (p. 43).

To achieve these ambitious ends over the Easter weekend of 30 March 1972, Hanoi launched an all-out attack in three of South Vietnam's four northernmost military regions. Spearheaded by armor

and supported by massive artillery barrages, elements of the North Vietnamese Army (NVA) attacked directly south across the previously sacrosanct Demilitarized Zone, while other units attacked from the west from staging areas in supposedly neutral Laos. But as former Gurkha commander John Masters once penned, at the very top and very bottom of a chain of command the orders given are simple. It is "between the extremes" where "the orders become considerably more complicated."¹ Masters could have added, "as do the results," a point Andradé so convincingly illustrates.

U.S. Intelligence Warnings: A Credibility Gap

In January 1972, when President Nixon addressed the nation it was not as if he had not received prior warning. Using fresh sources, the author points out that during the previous month the Defense Intelligence Agency (DIA) had acquired aerial reconnaissance photographs showing large concentrations of armor poised near the meeting point of the North Vietnamese, South Vietnamese, and Laotian borders. DIA analysts also noted an unusual number of NVA soldiers heading south down the Ho Chi Minh Trail. Rock-solid evidence from other sources also indicated Hanoi was about to shift back to what it called "main-force warfare" (p. 26). So what happened? The Nixon administration, like its predecessor, was plagued by a credibility gap.

In early December 1971, Secretary of Defense Melvin Laird had been told by officials of the U.S. Military Assistance Command (MACV) in Saigon that NVA activity in 1972 was expected to be "low to moderate." But shortly after his return to the Pentagon he learned that "everything had changed and an entirely new

intelligence estimate was in order" (p. 25). The evidence was clear, the briefing officer argued, that a "major enemy campaign will soon erupt in South Vietnam," supported by a "widespread use of armor." The officer recalled that Laird "cast a baleful eye on me and seemed annoyed about what I was reporting" (p. 27).

Differing Views on Quang Tri

Equally startling are the author's revelations that after nearly a decade of overt involvement the United States and South Vietnamese were still far from being of one mind on strategic issues. In a discussion over the wisdom of trying to wrestle Quang Tri City back from its NVA occupiers, who had captured it in the 1972 spring offensive, Laird argued that the South Vietnamese should "forget the provincial capital" and concentrate instead on trying to control more territory. But other U.S. officials saw the city as "a bargaining chip," one that would be discussed at the Paris peace talks. And when it was, said one official, "we wanted to have it in our hands" (pp. 218–19).

In the eyes of the South Vietnamese commander, Lieutenant General Ngo Quang Truong, to withdraw from Quang Tri province without reclaiming the capital would be tantamount to "admitting total defeat" (p. 218). However, by this point in the war the MACV commander, General Creighton Abrams, had so little confidence in the South Vietnamese military that he would only allow its elite Marine units to be equipped with the latest weaponry, wire-guided antitank missiles. He wanted to make certain that these sophisticated weapons would not be captured by the North Vietnamese forces who had built overlapping rows of bunkers protected by armored vehicles on the approach to Quang Tri City.

Winners or Losers

The U.S. Easter counteroffensive launched on 28 June exposed a deep, serious flaw in the administration's plans for Vietnamization—South Vietnam's near-pathological reliance on massive U.S. air support.² In one of the early battles in July to retake Quang Tri City "U.S. aircraft flew 5,461 tactical sorties and 2,054 Arc Light (B-52 bomber) strikes" (p. 212).

In a war that produced the oxymoronic expression, "We had to destroy the village to save it," the concept of victory is at best nebulous. Thus, the final decision as to who actually emerged victor when the guns went silent and the Easter offensive finally ended at noon on 16 September 1972 is left to the reader to decide.

The author merely provides the salient factors in a highly detailed but easily understood fashion. The same cannot be said of the maps that accompany the text, however. That seems to be the fault of most U.S. publishers, not of the authors. That is the only shortcoming in what is an extremely gratifying and valuable book on this previously ignored phase of the Second Indochina War.

Gary Stoces, former Marine Staff NCO, served in Vietnam from 1965 to 1967 and is the author of *Civic Action, which for years was the Marine Corps's handbook on pacification*.

Notes

1. John Masters, *The Road Past Mandalay* (London: Michael Joseph, 1961), 88.
2. In chapter 2 (pp. 238–50) of *Trial by Fire*, the author gives full credit to John Paul Vann for preinvasion intelligence and planning of the war. If anybody had come to personify U.S. involvement in Vietnam it was Vann, who in one capacity or another had spent nearly a decade in the country. The subject of an award-winning, 800-plus-page biography, entitled *A Bright Shining Lie*, by *New York Times* correspondent Neil Sheehan, the exploits of this former Army colonel who became

the civilian equivalent of a major general are given their proper due in *Trial by Fire*. Equally important, so are his shortcomings. But it was at Kontum in the Central Highlands that Vann's reputation as an innovative battlefield commander was secured. For it is generally agreed upon by those who were there that "It was Vann who wielded the bombers, Vann who conceived battle strategy, Vann who kept his South Vietnamese commanders in line" (p. 362).

Vann's fame, however, proved fleeting. On 9 June 1972, nine days after his victory, Vann was killed in a helicopter crash. Although a colleague referred to him as "the heart and soul" of Kontum, with unintended prescience his proper epitaph had been written decades earlier and could be found on a plaque in the lobby of the American embassy in Saigon: "It is better they do it imperfectly than you do it perfectly. For it is their war and their country and your time here is limited" (Tiziano Terzani, *Giai Phong! The Fall and Liberation of Saigon*, New York: Ballantine Books, 1977, p. 73).

In Memoriam

Ray Steiner Cline

June 4, 1918–March 15, 1996

An Insider's Portrait of Hoover

by W. Raymond Wannall

Cartha D. "Deke" DeLoach. *Hoover's FBI: The Inside Story by Hoover's Trusted Lieutenant*. Washington, D.C.: Regnery Publishing, Inc., 1996. 440 pp. \$27.50.

"In Washington headquarters we often forgot that to the rest of the country Hoover was larger than life, a folk hero as awesome as a movie star or a president" (p. 182). These are the author's words.

Cartha D. DeLoach sets out to show the full spectrum of J. Edgar Hoover's character and personality and has accomplished his purpose with a powerful presentation of factual data and well-documented conclusions. His marshaling of details was culled from more than six thousand separate items from FBI files, secured through Freedom of Information Act requests, and from what he describes as "a pretty good memory." As exciting a recounting of an investigation as you will ever read is his story of the Mackle kidnapping case as presented in chapter 14, "Buried Alive!" (p. 319 et seq.).

The book is laced with Hoover's humor (pp. 93–95) and amusing incidents involving prominent people (pp. 106–9), members of Congress (pp. 357–63), and White House personnel (pp. 391–92).

The Real Hoover

For one who served for more than twenty-eight years in the FBI, in his final assignment as number-three man (only Hoover and his associate director outranked him), the author has presented an unbiased portrait of J. Edgar Hoover. His faults are clearly defined—"proud and vain, perpetually concerned with covering his own rear, and not above abusing his

© 1996 W. Raymond Wannall.

power. He could be petty and vindictive. He stayed in office too long, and in so doing, he helped damage the reputation of the FBI he had virtually invented and perfected" (p. 21).

The Record

DeLoach has presented facts that explain and vindicate decisions and actions by Hoover that have been interpreted by his detractors in such derogatory and vilifying terms as blackmail, personal vendetta, undue influence, and freewheeling. These included, but were not limited to, matters relating to allegations of racial bigotry (pp. 90-92); the John Kennedy assassination (pp. 141, 148-49, 161); the Martin Luther King, Jr., investigation and Robert F. Kennedy's role in wiretapping King (pp. 200-03, 213-18); Hoover's dislike of Senators Joseph McCarthy and Estes Kefauver (pp. 352, 354); and the bugging of White House areas at the request of Lyndon B. Johnson (pp. 380-81).

DeLoach has hit head-on the allegations of homosexuality and cross-dressing on the part of Hoover set out by Anthony Summers in his 1993 book based on information supplied by a convicted perjurer. Chapters 4 ("The Gay Director") and 5 ("Hoover the Man") put the lie to the slurs, which DeLoach describes as "an amazing accomplishment" by a "disingenuous biographer"—and does so effectively in this reviewer's opinion.¹

Rival Successors

William C. Sullivan, who was forced into retirement after insubordination and who became an outspoken antagonist of Hoover (p. 295), is characterized by DeLoach as having "more ambition than was good for a man, combined with a slight deficiency in principle." Among other matters that became causes célèbres placed—and placed squarely—in Sullivan's lap were the mailing to Mrs. Martin Luther King, Jr., of a tape recording of King's sexual activities and the counter-

intelligence programs known as COINTELPROs (pp. 211-12, 270-71). Sullivan had visions of succeeding Hoover as FBI director (p. 295). His frustration over his failure to do this led to a vicious attack against Hoover and bitter claims as to his ability and ethics.

"Deke," whom Sullivan despised, twice declined to be considered for the directorship. As Hoover's seventieth birthday approached, and with it compulsory retirement, he had "Deke" seek its waiver by LBJ. The president said that if he did this, "I won't be able to name you (DeLoach) director of the FBI." It was a position "Deke" wanted, but he would not betray the trust Hoover had placed in him, and Johnson waived the compulsory retirement age (pp. 110-12).

DeLoach again declined to be considered for the position immediately following Hoover's death on 2 May 1972, after he had retired from the FBI and become vice president of PepsiCo (pp. 415-16).

Final Assessment

People under forty years of age do not remember the stature Hoover attained as a patriot who served his country under eight presidents and sixteen attorneys general for forty-eight years. This book is a portrait of the man, warts and all, by one who worked closely with him, put up with his idiosyncracies, and admired him and his ability. It makes for "don't put me down" reading and should dispel many of the wild rumors that thus far have denied Hoover his proper niche in American history.

W. Raymond Wannall, a retired director of the FBI, headed the intelligence division with overall responsibilities for FBI counterintelligence operations.

Note

1. Anthony Summers. *Official and Confidential: The Secret Life of J. Edgar Hoover* (New York: G.P. Putnam's Sons, 1993).

Much Ado About Little

by Paul John Rich

Mike Frost as told to Michael Gratton. *Spyworld: Inside the Canadian and American Intelligence Establishments*. Toronto, Ontario: Doubleday Canada Limited, 1994. 280 pp. \$29.95.

This is the whining account of Michael Frost's inconsequential nineteen-year stint with Canada's Communications Security Establishment (CSE). He begins by writing, "Why did I decide to co-operate fully in writing this book when so much of the information I divulge may seem harmful to the employer I gave my body and soul to for almost twenty years of my life?" (p. 7).

In fact, Mr. Frost displays little sense of obligation or restraint, and much of what he says is rambling supposition. He argues that there must be a high-placed Russian mole in the CSE because, "If there is no mole at CSE, it would mean that CSE is the only intelligence agency in the free world that has not been penetrated by the former Soviet Union. And that doesn't make sense" (p. 88). He does not have proof, but his feeling is that the CSE "went to the Americans, to NSA [National Security Agency], asking them to do some intercepts against France-Quebec communications with their Talent-Keyhole satellites" (p. 96).

This is not the story of a James Bond whose recruitment was to "catapult him into the world of international intrigue and espionage" (p. 14). In actual fact, a post at the inquiry desk at the New York Public Library would have been more exciting most of the time.

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Brown - Rudman Report

Harold Brown and Warren B. Rudman. *Preparing for the 21st Century. An Appraisal of U.S. Intelligence. Report of the Commission on the Roles and Capabilities of the United States Intelligence Community*. Washington, D.C.: U.S. Government Printing, Superintendent of Documents, March 1, 1996. 151 pp. plus appendices of 70 pp. \$19.00. Available without charge on the Internet through the U.S. Government Printing Office.

The task of the Commission on the Roles and Capabilities of the United States Intelligence Community was to consider two questions:

1. Are intelligence capabilities still needed given the radically changed global environment in the post-Cold War world?
2. If so, can their efficiency and effectiveness be improved?

The commission, under the chairmanship of Harold Brown and Warren B. Rudman assisted by fifteen members appointed by the president and the Congress, began work in March 1995. It received testimony from eighty-four witnesses whose opinions are reflected in fourteen chapters. The major conclusions are

1. The United States should continue to maintain a strong intelligence capability. Its performance can be improved. It can be made more efficient.
2. A capability for covert action should be maintained to provide the president with an option short of military action when diplomacy alone fails.
3. A two-tier structure should be created in the National Security Council to carry out its institutional roles.

A. A high-level committee on foreign intelligence, including the director of Central Intelligence, the deputy secretary of Defense, and the

deputy secretary of State, should be formed to provide broad semiannual guidance on major issues.

B. A consumer's committee, comprising representatives of the major consumers and producers of intelligence, should provide guidance for collection and analysis and assess the performance of the intelligence agencies in meeting the needs of the government.

4. A committee on global crime, chaired by the assistant to the president for National Security Affairs and including, at a minimum, the secretaries of State and Defense, the attorney general, and the director of Central Intelligence, should be established to counter threats to national security. For the operations of this committee to be effective the relationship between intelligence and law enforcement must be substantially improved.

In the "Epilogue," the commission acknowledged that it "discovered a huge reservoir of talented, thoughtful people, both inside and outside the Government, who earnestly wanted to be of help. . . . We were continually impressed by the quality and quantity of their contributions. The Intelligence Community should find a way to harness such talent to the ongoing process of evolutionary change" (pp. 147-48).

Seven appendices provide not only biographical information on members of the commission and witnesses who appeared before the commission but also overviews of the intelligence community. Appendix A details the history of intelligence from the Revolutionary War to the Ames spy case, 1775 to 1994.

Note

The report is dedicated to the memory of Les Aspin, who served as chairman of the commission from 3 February 1995 until his untimely passing on 21 May 1995.

Post-Cold War Agenda

David A. Charters, A. Stuart Farson, and Glenn P. Hastedt, eds. 1995. *Intelligence Analysis and Assessment. Intelligence and National Security*, 10, no. 4 (October): 3-228.

In this collection of essays well-known scholars and practitioners have contributed their understanding of the role of intelligence in protecting U.S. national interests and security in the post-Cold War world. After describing the complexity of multiple threats that have arisen, the authors explain their concepts of the adjustments necessary in the following areas:

1. Introduction: Shifting paradigms, and shifting gears: Alan E. Goodman
2. National assessment systems, focusing on the United States, Great Britain, Germany, and Australia: Michael Herman, Harold P. Ford, Harald Nielsen, and A. D. McLennan
3. The producer/user interface as observed in the United States, Great Britain, and the CIA: Christopher Andrew, Philip H. J. Davies, and John A. Gentry
4. New analytical priorities concerning proliferation and arms control, peacekeeping, and the global environment: Paula L. Scalingi, Sir David Ramsbotham, and Simon Dalby
5. The open source revolution as in electronic dissemination and private enterprise: Peter Sharfman and Robert David Steele

Dr. Goodman, in his final paragraph, warns: "None of these steps, by themselves, will assure that intelligence judgments will always be right or delivered in time for policy makers to prevent adverse threats to American interests from materializing. But they are bound to help at a time when there is so little of which even the most diligent analyst—or politically secure DCI—can be certain" (p. 8).

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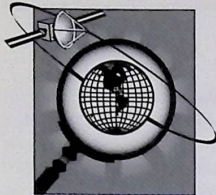
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WORLD INTELLIGENCE REVIEW

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Pirates

by William M. Carpenter

Captain Hook is back! This time he does not have a hook coming out of his coat sleeve; instead he has a grappling hook that enables him to climb aboard the stern of an unsuspecting merchant ship steaming along in the predawn darkness. As soon as he and his small band are on board, they rush to the bridge where they wave their weapons in the faces of the men on watch. They take over the ship by routing out the captain and the crew and locking them in a compartment; then they proceed with their piratical plan.

The Asian Shipowners' Forum Safe Navigation Committee stated in 1995, "In some cases, the attackers do not resemble what was considered to be traditional pirates, but were instead observed to be well-armed, trained, and highly organized in their operations."¹

About half of these modern incidents of piracy are occurring in Southeast Asia. Owners of the new pleasure ship *Star Pisces*, which operates out of Hong Kong, believe that "piracy is the biggest threat to safety on the open areas."²

These late-twentieth-century pirates pursue one of three general modes of seizing the loot:

(1) a quick haul of the cash in the ship's safe, plus any portable valuables such as watches, cameras, or jewelry; after which they disappear into the night

(2) theft of the entire cargo, either taking it away in their ship or forcing the crew to proceed to some prearranged port or anchorage where they unload the cargo

(3) "disposal" of the crew, casting them adrift in boats or rafts, or perhaps forcing them to jump overboard, and then taking the ship and its entire cargo to a black-market customer

The last scenario continues with the pirates reregistering the ship in some port where procedures are lax. They then seek another victim and may repeat the same process. These pirates must be well acquainted with the international shipping trade, have ready cash for bribing officials at appropriate points, and have contacts with a variety of black-market customers who will purchase stolen goods.

International Action

The International Maritime Organization of the United Nations, established in 1958, created the Global Maritime Distress and Safety System in 1992. It collects and disseminates information on the frequency and kinds of piratical attacks. One of its most valuable services is to advise ship owners or captains of measures for self-protection, because (1) ships now operate with very small crews compared to the practice of a few years ago; and (2) ships carry highly valuable and easily disposable cargo, such as TVs, VCRs, video cameras, radios, and computers.

In June 1992 the London-based International Maritime Bureau (IMB) of the International Chamber of Commerce defined piracy as "an act of boarding any vessel with the intent to commit theft or other crime and with the capability to use force in the furtherance of the act."³

In October 1992, using this definition, the IMB established the Regional Piracy Center in Kuala Lumpur, to collect and disseminate information on incidents of piracy worldwide, to broadcast warnings of suspicious movements of seagoing craft, and to maintain liaison with law enforcement agencies. The Kuala Lumpur center is funded by the shipping industry, but all its services are free to recipients.

International concern for the security of merchant ships was immediately justified. In December 1992 pirates boarded

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Judge, Jury, and Prosecutor

by Bruce Fein

In giving birth to the Office of Inspector General (IG) for the CIA, Congress seemed inspired by a memorable couplet from *Alice's Adventures in Wonderland*: "I'll be judge, I'll be jury," said the cunning old Fury; "I'll try the whole cause, and condemn you to death."

The travesty of Richard L. Holm, retired former chief of station in Paris, speaks volumes of the necessity of holding the IG accountable to due process norms if agency esprit and boldness are to be maintained.

The IG is empowered by statute to investigate complaints not only of suspected illegalities, but of "mismanagement" or "abuse of authority." Nothing guarantees the target will be treated any more fairly or ceremoniously than the countless who fell

under the baleful tribunals of the Spanish Inquisition.

The Aldrich Ames fiasco created the combustible elements that ultimately consumed Mr. Holm and destroyed his career. The French security service had doubled an agency informant working for an officer who had herself been compromised. Holm, a savvy and tested veteran of more than thirty years, made a judgment, without knowing the informant had been doubled, that more energetic use of the turncoat should be attempted. That decision led to the compromise of three agency operations.

In February 1995 domestic French political intrigue precipitated a protest over the CIA's spying to the U.S. ambassador.

The IG launched an investigation of alleged "mismanagement" by Holm with a team inadequately lettered in the arts of field operations. After thirteen months, he issued a 400-page indictment against Holm and two others charging inadequate security measures and substandard integration of counterintelligence information. Holm's 340-page rebuttal was, in effect, discounted. The director sent Holm a disparaging letter for his asserted mismanagement, which the latter refused to accept. Holm's two co-victims of the IG investigation have been shuffled off into dead-end jobs.

At present, the IG enjoys omnibus powers that could not safely be entrusted even to a Mother Teresa. Either by statute or regulation, the IG should be required to conduct investigations with reasonable dispatch and with a team experienced in the matter under scrutiny. The IG mission is too important to invite derailment from time-tested due process tracks.

Bruce Fein is a lawyer specializing in international and constitutional law. He is also a syndicated columnist.

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the Bahamian-flag, Danish-owned *Baltimar Zephyr* at sea about 150 miles north of Jakarta and demanded the contents of the ship's safe. The master either angered the pirates by refusing to open the safe, or they found the safe contained only a few hundred dollars. In either case, the pirates murdered the British master and the Filipino first officer, and threw them both overboard. During this episode the ship was unmanned and steamed along for several miles with no one at the helm.⁴

The aftermath of this crime was also disturbing. The second officer, in command, sent distress signals to area stations, but he received no response. Then, the Global Maritime Distress and Safety System's center in Stavanger, Norway, responded by relaying the call for help to stations in Southeast Asia, which again did not respond.

Next, the second officer radioed to Singapore for an escort to port. He waited for two days and no escort arrived. By then an Indonesian patrol boat had forced the officer to head for Bintan, an island near Singapore, where the Indonesians held him and his crew hostage for six days, eventually requiring him to sign a document stating the incident at sea was mutiny, not an act of piracy.⁵

In 1991 and 1993 Chinese pirates, wearing uniforms of the People's Republic of China, speaking Chinese, and carrying Chinese weapons, boarded so many Russian merchant ships that the Russian Navy sent its cruiser *Petropavlovsk* to ward off attacks. The Japanese, in addition, reported seventy cases. When confronted with all these allegations, the Chinese acknowledged only three.⁶

By early 1994, Russia, Japan, and Korea made so many protests to China that Beijing authorities, forced to respond, blamed "rogue elements" of the customs and security forces, denying that the People's Liberation Army or Navy were involved in piracy.⁷ The Chinese authorities in effect said, "We haven't done anything, but we won't do it any more!"

The reality was that, for whatever reason or by whose authority, the "Chinese" pirates stopped ships, took them into port, fined them up to \$150,000, and confiscated the cargoes, as well as the ships themselves. Few of the Chinese plunderings are detected, but the discovery of the *East Wind*, a 310-foot Panamanian-registered freighter, became a headline story in January 1993, when it was found adrift by the U.S. Coast Guard with a cargo of 527 Chinese refugees, who hoped to be smuggled into the United States.⁸

In September 1995 thirty masked Chinese pirates hijacked the *MV Anna Sierra* in the Gulf of Thailand. They cast the crew adrift on makeshift rafts and proceeded with a cargo of sugar worth four million dollars to Beihai, China. On the way they had changed the ship's name to *Arctic Sea*. They sold the sugar at well below its value—it is believed that the buyer had paid one million dollars in advance. A legal battle continues over the ownership of the cargo, and the Chinese authorities have not yet returned the ship to its rightful owners in Cyprus.

U.S. Protective Measures

The United States, for its own protection, has set up several government authorities to respond to what appears to be a growing threat. The U.S. Navy, the U.S. Coast Guard, the Maritime Administration (MARAD), the Department of Energy, and the Defense Mapping Agency (DMA) monitor piracy actions. DMA distributes information on its Navigation Information Network (NAVINFONET) and in its Anti-Shipping Activity Messages (ASAMs). MARAD, in addition to issuing periodic advisories warning of pirate incidents, provides an awareness and training program at the U.S. Merchant Marine Academy at Kings Point, New York. On occasion U.S. Navy Sea-Air-Land Teams (SEALS) assist in making the training realistic by conducting mock pirate attacks on a merchant ship located at Kings Point. The objective is to teach merchant crews to

prevent pirates from boarding and how to act if boarded.

Since merchant ships do not, and probably will not, carry weapons on board, the preventive measures include use of sensitive short-range radar, barriers to boarding (typically concertina wire strung along the ship's rail), and fully charged fire hoses to repel boarders climbing up the side. Even if the crew has time to call for help, the question remains as to which government is willing to respond and, further, if it has a naval vessel or police craft in position to depart without delay for the distressed ship.

Despite the fact that the Regional Piracy Center reported 94 incidents in 1994 and 170 incidents in 1995,⁹ the U.S. Navy does not yet consider combating piracy a high priority. However, in 1793 it was the raids upon American merchantmen by the Barbary pirates of North Africa that inspired the new U.S. Congress to pass the Navy Act of 1794, creating the United States Navy of six frigates. As the U.S. Navy enters its third century, it may have to cope with an old threat gone modern.

Notes

1. *Reuters*, 4 December 1995.
2. *South China Morning Post*, 14 June 1994, p. 12.
3. International Maritime Bureau (IMB). *Special Report: Piracy*, June 1992.
4. *Wall Street Journal*, 2 June 1993, p. A1.
5. U.S. Dept. of Energy. *Piracy: The Threat to Tanker Traffic*, March 1993, p. 12.
6. *Far Eastern Economic Review*, 16 June 1994, p. 28.
7. *Reuters*, 8 March 1994 and *Far Eastern Economic Review*, "Gunboat Diplomacy," 16 June 1994, p. 23.
8. *Wall Street Journal*, 2 June 1993, p. A1.
9. IMB, Regional Piracy Center. *Annual Report*, January 1996.

William M. Carpenter retired as a captain in the U.S. Navy in 1966. He now serves as a senior consultant on strategic studies and national security policy at SRI International. He specializes in Asian and Pacific affairs, maritime strategy, and arms control.

Books in Review

The Espionage Toyman

by Hayden B. Peake

H. Keith Melton. *The Ultimate SPY Book*. Forewords by William E. Colby and Oleg Kalugin. London: Dorling Kindersley, Limited, 1996, 176 pp. \$29.95.

In 1992, editors at Dorling Kindersley, Limited, began planning a book called *Special Military Forces*. As with other books by that publisher, this one would use exquisite color photographs as the primary descriptor of the entries. The accompanying narrative, while parsimonious, would provide the official nomenclature and essential detail. The decision to include chapters on military intelligence, wartime secret agents, espionage, and codes sent the staff in search of the defining hardware in those categories. While they did not realize it at the start, their destination was Bossier City, Louisiana, the home of Naval Academy graduate, McDonald's entrepreneur, and premiere private collector of intelligence toys, H. Keith Melton.

Only a relatively few of Melton's nearly ten thousand toys appear in the book, but its success and the existence of all the toys that were not used—KGB surveillance cameras, Dutch cigar concealment devices, invisible detection powders, and encryption machines, to name a few—aroused the editors' interest. Clearly, there were enough espionage toys remaining in the Melton collection for a separate volume. And thus was born *The Ultimate SPY Book*.

The dual forewords by former adversaries, the late William Colby and Oleg Kalugin, make it clear that what follows is a precedent-setting book that

could not have been written before the end of the Cold War. *The Ultimate SPY Book* does not claim to be comprehensive, but it is intriguingly selective with examples of equipment used in various forms by all intelligence services. There are some references to Chinese, Japanese, and Israeli espionage organizations, but the emphasis is clearly on the Cold War adversaries.

Discerning Features

Structured in a rough functional-chronological order, the book's first three sections discuss what motivates spies, how they do their job, and what can be expected from them in the future. Here we find some familiar case exemplars—George Blake and Aldrich Ames—and some less well known, for example, Canadian professor Hugh Hambleton and Hitachi engineer, Kenji Hayashi.

These sections are followed by brief chapters on selected "Famous Spying Operations"—from Sun Tzu through the Cold War—and on the "Equipment and Techniques" spies use on the job. The final section, "How To Be a Spy," looks at recruitment and training (CIA and KGB), networks, cover, legends, and the fates of spies once caught. There are toys pictured on every page (except in the index and acknowledgements), and the accompanying historical narrative covers the intelligence agencies that produced them and in many cases the agents involved in their use. Careful attention is paid to definitions—no calling Aldrich Ames a double agent here.

There are a number of espionage toys that appear for the first time in *The Ultimate SPY Book*, several from the former KGB. Perhaps the most unusual

example is the KGB rollover camera—shown concealed as a book, which copies up to forty pages before reloading. Then there is the microvideo camera that records through cotton shirts, the microdot equipment used by KGB agent Robert Thompson, the buttonhole movie surveillance camera, and the "Bulgarian umbrella" developed with the help of the KGB and similar to the one used by a Bulgarian assassin to end the life of Georgi Markov. Also in the first-time-shown category are the emblem of the KGB First Chief Directorate (foreign intelligence), Checka, OGPU, and SMERSH credentials, the "single-shot cigar," the "lipstick pistol," and rectal concealment devices.

Faces and Cases

In the sections on World War II and the Cold War, Melton has included some familiar faces and cases, as well as several that will be new to many readers. In the former category we find commentary on, and pictures of, Admiral Canaris (head of the German Abwehr); Violette Szabo (member of the French resistance); Alan Turing of Enigma fame; the Cohens/Krogers with their trap door in the kitchen; the Falcon and the Snowman (Christopher Boyce and Andrew Daulton Lee); Philip Agee, the former CIA officer who revealed much to the other side; and, of course, Walker and Ames.

The less well known group includes "Anna," the code name for West German parliamentarian Alfred Frenzel, coerced into spying for the Czech StB and caught by the German BfV when his free spending drew suspicion. Here too is Willis George, the OSS's surreptitious entry and furtive letter opening expert, shown with the tools

he invented. Likewise, there is Major John Brown's picture with the suitcase radio (MK III) he invented. There are also photos of and commentary about Jacqueline Nearne, the radio operator for the SOE in France; Maria Knuth, recruited by Polish intelligence to work against West Germany using her seduction skills; young Peter Deriabin, the KGB major who defected to the CIA in 1954; Mordecai Louk, the man in the trunk; and Walter Zapp, inventor of the Minox camera. Although the point is not made explicitly in the book, all but a few of the more than six hundred toys shown come from the Melton collection. The exceptions are the silencers and some of the weapons.

Implicit Provenance

At some point the reader of *The Ultimate SPY Book* is going to ask, Is all this true and does this book really reveal "some of the best-kept secrets of espionage" as the flyleaf commentary proclaims? How does one know that these toys did not come from Sharper Image, or that the Delco 5300 radio, for example, was used by the CIA in the 1960s?

As to the first question, the answer is clearly in the negative—no secrets are revealed here! Claims to the contrary must be attributed to editorial gas and excess, for which there is ample precedent in blurbs on intelligence books generally.

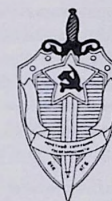
The narrative and hardware raise a different problem. There are neither footnotes nor a bibliography; nor is there a discussion of how Melton acquired his toys. There are some errors in the narrative, though surprisingly few. For example, the account of the Zimmermann telegram states that the British were able to break the German high-grade cipher only after breaking another version of the message in a low-grade cipher. The fact is the high-grade decryption came first. The absence of citations does not, however, imply they do not exist; those interested can obtain them from the author.

The tantalizing question remaining concerns the origin of the toys. As with any reputable collector, Melton has a paper trail for each item—receipts, drawings, training manuals, and the like—but that is not always enough. How can he be sure, for example, that the Minox camera he bought from John Vassall was the one given to Vassall by the KGB and used in his espionage? In this case, Vassall made the sale in person and explained that he had asked MI5 through his lawyer to return it to him after his release from jail. They did, and the serial number was correct. Further checks by Melton with knowledgeable authorities confirmed this account.

When it comes to KGB toys, Melton has been able to have their authenticity verified by former KGB officers and in some instances personally compared his items to those in the KGB museum at the Lubyanka. (He has some early KGB shields that are not in the KGB collection.) A similar approach applies to former Stasi toys and those of other services, including the OSS and CIA. Questions concerning particular toys in the volume should be directed to the author.

In sum, despite the exclusion of detailed documentation, Melton has gone to extraordinary lengths to make his collection and this book authoritative, and he has succeeded admirably. *The Ultimate SPY Book* is a wonderful historical reference guide to important intelligence operations and equipment—an unusual combination. There is much here for professional and amateur alike.

Hayden B. Peake is adjunct professor at the Joint Intelligence College.



The Brothers Childs

by Roger Fontaine

John Barron. *Operation Solo: The FBI's Man in the Kremlin*. Washington, D.C.: Regnery Publishing, Inc., 1996, 368 pp. \$24.95.

John Barron's *Operation Solo* is a must-read for anyone even remotely interested in intelligence, counter-intelligence in particular, the history of the American Communist Party (CPUSA), and oh yes, Soviet-American relations between 1958 and 1977.

Operation Solo details the astonishing story of Morris and Jack Childs, who as members of the CPUSA in the 1920s and 1930s became disillusioned with Bolshevism and agreed to work with the Federal Bureau of Investigation. For more than two decades, the brothers—Morris in particular—were this country's longest lived and most reliable human political intelligence resource on the Soviet Union and China. Administrations from Eisenhower to Reagan depended on them.

After becoming inactive members of the party the brothers ostensibly returned to the fold in the late 1950s, this time, however, working for the Bureau. Suspecting nothing, their former comrades gave them the assignment of being bagmen. That is, the brothers would no longer be open members of the party, but instead would perform the delicate mission of hand-carrying the CPUSA's cash subsidy from the USSR. In the course of some fifty-seven missions to Moscow and other Eastern Bloc capitals, the brothers carried nearly \$30 million that kept the struggling CPUSA alive during the Cold War.

More importantly the brothers became (again, especially Morris) intimates of the Soviet Union's top leadership after Stalin. Just why these Communist officials should have trusted these Americans is something of a mystery, which the careful Barron

rightly does not speculate on. Perhaps they were impressed that the brothers seemed above and beyond the incessant interne-cine quarrels that were a part of party life.

But trust them they did. Khrushchev, Brezhnev, Suslov, and especially Boris Ponomarev—the leader of the Communist Party Central Committee's International Department—not to mention top officers from the KGB, all confided in them. Morris, who first visited the Soviet Union in 1930, was all the more effective because he understood Russian, a fact he had always concealed from the Soviets even in his true believer days.

Morris, the calmer and more patient of the brothers, listened as the Soviet Politburo pooh-bahs went on and on about their trials and tribulations, their relations with the Chinese in particular. Morris also had the good sense to bring items that the Soviet elite really prized, such as American cigarettes, cosmetics, and aspirin. Ponomarev was especially fond of Contac and apparently went about the Kremlin praising its wonders as a cold medicine.

On crucial occasions Morris would give—but only when asked—his own appraisals of American intentions and capabilities. He offered nothing more than what an attentive reader of U.S. newspapers might have given, but for the Soviet leadership this was a gold mine of American insiderism.

In my distant graduate school days, we amateur Kremlinologists argued about how much the Soviet Politburo really understood about the United States. The consensus, I recall, was not much. If *Operation Solo* is to be believed, we were right, but more so than any of us really imagined. From the accounts of Morris and Jack, the Kremlin's ignorance of the outside world was stupendous. No one in Moscow believed that Nixon was in trouble over Watergate until almost the end. Everyone was shocked that Jimmy Carter beat Gerald Ford. Many leaders also believed, laughably enough, that the CPUSA was a major force in American

politics and responsible for the anti-Vietnam War movement. Closer to home, they didn't seem to grasp the most basic elements of economics either, or to understand nearly to the end, that the Soviet economy was locked in an unstoppable cycle of decline. That problem the leadership only admitted to Morris on Mission 54, in the late winter of 1976, an admission Morris passed on to the Bureau.

Over the decades, Morris, known as Agent 58 to his handlers, accumulated a steady stream of intelligence scoops. According to *Operation Solo*, Washington got some of the first hard evidence of the extent of the Sino-Soviet split from information Morris gathered as he shuttled between Moscow and Beijing in the late 1950s. This intelligence bolstered the Sino-American rapprochement, a setback that Soviet diplomacy never overcame.

The Soviets also gave Morris details on their assistance to the North Vietnamese and their determination not to do Washington any favors in Southeast Asia, a favor more than returned when they fell into their own Vietnam—Afghanistan.

Even these insights into the peculiar inner world of the communist elite pale in comparison to the revelations of the efforts the Bureau took to protect Solo. The Soviets never caught on to the double-cross, and the scam went on for an astonishing length of time. Barron is especially good at describing the nerve-racking toll on the brothers as well. At one point, Morris was suddenly called back to Moscow while in Prague, after having just been to the Soviet capital. He presumed he would be arrested on the spot and shot. Instead, he was awarded the Order of the Red Banner at a banquet presided over by Leonid Brezhnev. A decade later President Ronald Reagan would give both brothers the Medal of Freedom. The Bureau's counterintelligence boys must still be chuckling over that one.

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Reform of the U.S. Intelligence Community

by J. Foster Collins

Roy Godson, Ernest R. May, and Garry Schmitt. *U.S. Intelligence at the Crossroads: Agendas for Reform*. Washington, London: Brassey's, 1995, 287 pp. \$25.95.

This book's subtitle, *Agendas for Reform*, describes its overall content accurately and explains why it is very timely. It was certainly available to the Commission on the Roles and Capabilities of the United States Intelligence Community during its meetings in 1995. In fact, two of the book's editors and several of the chapter authors testified before the commission and probably also in hearings before the House Permanent Select Committee on Intelligence during its recent study of how the intelligence community should organize and prepare itself for the twenty-first century.

Many of the book's chapters are taken directly from working papers prepared for and discussed by the Working Group on Intelligence Reform—a group of practitioners and scholars of intelligence convened by the National Strategy Information Center in Washington over the past several years. The group includes a number of senior officials from the CIA, FBI, the departments of State and Defense, and leading academic figures such as Joseph Nye and Abram Shulsky. For someone who has been teaching courses on intelligence, as I have, the book is a welcome collection of reading material already being used.

Almost all of the issues concerning intelligence that have been debated over the past several years are covered, as well as some that have been around for a long time. In the latter category are the opening chapters on the definition of intelligence.

Jennifer Sims defends the thesis originally put forward by Sherman Kent in the immediate post-World War II years that it should include all information needed by national decision makers, no matter how acquired. Sims recognizes, however, that faced with the end of the Cold War and the "information explosion," new customers for intelligence must be carefully selected and solutions to the problems involved in organizing open source data must be aggressively pursued.

Abram Shulsky, on the other hand, argues the view presented in his book *Silent Warfare*, that more satisfactory results for the decision makers might result from limiting the definition of intelligence to that acquired secretly and focusing the intelligence community on that area, where it can make a unique and vital contribution.

While acknowledging that the United States will have to draw more widely than in the past on other government and nongovernment sources and analysis, he believes the suggestion that a single center on which the government would place primary reliance in determining the entire range of its national security policies is utopian.

Reorganization versus Change

Wisely, I believe, the book does not attempt to present any overall plan or wiring diagram for a reorganization of the intelligence community or the Central Intelligence Agency. The editors have instead chosen to include a thoughtful chapter by James Q. Wilson, a well-known authority on government organization and public policy issues, "Thinking about Reorganization." He quotes a point made by a fellow expert in public affairs that "repetitive reorganization without proper initial diagnosis is like repetitive surgery without proper diagnosis." He lists several fundamental questions about intelligence collection, counterintelligence, and analysis, which he thinks need to be looked at before anyone attempts to reorganize.

Wilson's points are buttressed by a brief chapter by Ernest R. May who argues that the Boren and McCurdy bills of 1992 looked backward and did not address the new global situation and problems of the intelligence community. Wilson also expresses the hope that the usual pressure from politicians to do something dramatic can be resisted. My first reading of the commission's report is that it did not succumb to this temptation, though any action on its report and other studies still needs to run the gauntlet of Congressional consideration.

Evolutional change rather than dramatic reform is the theme of most of the chapters, perhaps because they have almost without exception been written by practitioners who know how difficult it is to make basic changes in the way an organization works. A good example is the article, "The Tradecraft of Analysis," by Douglas J. MacEachin, who became deputy director for intelligence at CIA after holding many senior posts in that area. He starts by examining one of the questions posed by Wilson, that is, What does the Directorate of Intelligence (DI) at CIA really do, and how does it do it? He suggests redefining the analytical approach to emphasize "facts" and "findings" rather than the opinion or judgment of the analyst. Surveys indicate that the user or consumer wants to be told clearly "what is known, how it is known, and with what level of reliability, and what is not known that could have important consequences."

Analyst—Policymaker

While the feasibility of exposing DI analysts directly to the needs of the policymaker has been recognized at least since the establishment of small support and liaison offices in the departments of Treasury and Commerce in the 1970s, its implementation has required a major cultural change that has now been accelerated by the end of the Cold War.

MacEachin's chapter has other informed comments on changes that are

already underway but which still need to be embedded in the professional ethic of the DI. I applaud his comment that "the only guard against politicization lies in the integrity of the supervisors and analysts." He also believes that the new approaches to analytical tradecraft provide a standard that is inherently resistant to skewing. Comments by three persons who have held senior positions in policymaking areas of government confirm that the changes described by MacEachin are on the right track.

Detailed commentary on all of the subjects touched on in this comprehensive book would make this review much too long. But I think it would be useful to those who want to know whether the book is worth their hard-earned dollars to list the topics and authors of the chapters which caught my attention:

"Estimating the Future" by Joseph Nye; "Denial and Deception: The Lessons of Iraq" by David Kay; "The FBI's Changing Mission" by Patrick Watson; "Covert Action: Neither Exceptional Tool nor Magic Bullet" by Roy Godson; "Economic Espionage" by Randall Fort; "Fighting Proliferation" by Henry Sokolski; "Angleton's World: Lessons for U.S. Counterintelligence" by William Hood; "Intelligence and Law Enforcement" by Britt Snider; and "Intelligence and the Revolution in Military Affairs" by James FitzSimonds.

Any and all of these are worthy of separate comment and should be read in their entirety by anyone interested in intelligence. I think that many of the ideas presented in this book were incorporated in the *Report of the Commission on the Roles and Capabilities of the U.S. Intelligence Community* and will form a good substantive basis for the Congressional and public discussion of reform of the intelligence community.

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Operation Watchdog

by Tod Hoffman

Dean Beeby. *Cargo of Lies: The True Story of a Nazi Agent in Canada*. Toronto: University of Toronto Press, 1996, 214 pp. \$29.95.

If successful intelligence operations depend upon precise planning, attention to the most minute detail, and readiness for all contingencies, the Nazi agent Werner Alfred Waldemar von Janowski was condemned to failure from the start. Landed by U-boat on Quebec's Gaspé Peninsula in November 1942, Janowski's arrival in the small town of New Carlisle out of tourist season, sporting clothes obviously not tailored in Canada, and speaking good, but accented English was sure to stand out in a community keenly alert for the telltale rumblings of prowling U-boats and the possibility of infiltration by German spies. When he paid for a bath and breakfast at the local hotel with outdated bank notes, claimed to have come in on a bus the locals knew not to be running, and displayed a box of Belgian matches that lacked an excise stamp, he sealed his fate.

Within twelve hours of his landing, Janowski was in custody. Thus began Operation Watchdog, Canada's first foray into the nebulous realm of the double agent, and so begins Dean Beeby's *Cargo of Lies*, a gripping account that succeeds in capturing the ambiguities and unassailable doubts that invariably surround the handling of a double agent. Beeby exhibits a deft touch in his telling of the story, playing it out with suspense worthy of a novel.

The Royal Canadian Mounted Police's (RCMP's) nascent security service, which took jurisdiction of the case, had absolutely no experience with such affairs, and the officer assigned to head the case, future Commissioner Clifford Harvison, had "virtually no knowledge of German intelligence" (p. 66). Beeby is

harsh in his appraisal of Harvison's performance. He condemns Harvison for taking at face value the story Janowski gave during his initial interrogation, a story of an unwilling spy, who was coerced into undertaking the mission to Canada after being discovered in a relationship with a girl who was a quarter Jewish. Harvison's own brief account of Watchdog indicated that Janowski had come clean as a result of his skillful questioning (see *The Horseman*, Toronto: McClelland and Stewart, 1967, pp. 105–21).

RCMP Failure

Harvison appears to have succumbed to the classic pitfall of the inexperienced handler: getting too close to his source, and ending up defending him and believing in him at the expense of his operational judgment. Beeby contends that everyone else who came into contact with Janowski disliked him intensely. For Harvison, however, he represented a once-in-a-career triumph.

In fact, Beeby gives much credit to MIS's Cyril Mills, who was called in to consult with the RCMP because of the experience and success British intelligence had enjoyed in running doubles against Germany. After reading Harvison's initial reports, Mills "was incredulous that a so-called intelligence officer could be so easily duped" (p. 67). It was only under tough questioning by Mills, and only in mid-February, that Janowski provided a truthful—to the extent it could be verified, at any rate—version of his life. It then became clear that he was not at all unwilling, but was every bit the loyal Nazi, and a seasoned intelligence operative.

Janowski revealed that his mission was to make his way to Montreal and from there to determine points of landing for teams of German saboteurs expected during the

spring of 1943. The RCMP's intention in exploiting him as a double agent was to induce the Germans to send out these saboteurs, who would quickly fall into their waiting hands. Needless to say, any such operation was dependent on Janowski's arrest being kept absolutely secret. The slightest whiff that he had fallen under RCMP control would cause the Germans to abandon him.

Herein emerged a problem that would plague Watchdog. Though strict censorship was in effect, New Carlisle was such a small place, and the arrest of a German spy such big news, that far too many people gained an inkling of what had occurred.

The first news leak was in Memphis, Tennessee, of all places. Though garbled, it was clear enough to have let the Germans know that it was Janowski who had ended up in the hands of the police. Subsequent stories surfaced in *Newsweek* and several Canadian papers, in varying contexts. Oddly, in his memoirs, Harvison congratulated the press for maintaining complete silence about the affair.

Like Harvison, the RCMP as a whole does not fare well in Beeby's eyes. True, they were amateurs at running counterintelligence gambits. Undoubtedly, they pushed Watchdog because it represented "a chance for Canada to get in on the game" (p. 72). Though Beeby acknowledges that the force's main concerns fell within the police realm—arresting saboteurs and identifying Nazi agents in Canada—he criticizes their lack of sophistication in handling Janowski and their poor understanding of how to maximize the intelligence output of a double agent operation. He overstates the case when he argues that Watchdog had "consequences that have reverberated down the decades" (p. 4), securing for Canada a junior partnership in Cold War espionage as their

allies became convinced that the RCMP was incapable of managing the complexities of counterintelligence. If anything, the Canadians ensured this place for themselves by stubbornly insisting that counterintelligence be carried out as a function of domestic police work. In confirmation of this fact the author points to an internal RCMP history that states, "internal security was still seen as a minor although necessary responsibility of the Force" (p. 189). This situation remained unchanged until 1983 when intelligence collecting was given to a civilianized—although still exclusively domestic—service, the Canadian Security Intelligence Service.

Loose Ends Still Dangle

Although it is clear that Janowski was not a successful double, whether he was actually tripled by the Germans remains somewhat murkier. One RCMP post-mortem concluded that Janowski was so sloppy that he must have been tasked to get arrested so as to tie up police resources or to ascertain what feed information would be passed through a double, thereby cluing the Germans in to other agents acting under Allied control. Beeby dismisses this view as "extreme" (p. 184). Janowski could have used any conceivable sign in the messages he sent to signal that he had been captured. Or the press leaks could have come to the Germans' attention.

In writing this definitive account of Watchdog, Beeby, a Canadian press reporter in Halifax, obtained thousands of pages of classified documents through Canada's Access to Information laws. The fact that loose ends continue to dangle and questions remain more than fifty years later only serves to demonstrate that counterintelligence cases never seem to reach a definitive conclusion.

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A Century of Espionage Recounted in Fast-Food Style

by Paul Rich

Jeffrey T. Richelson. *A Century of Spies: Intelligence in the Twentieth Century*. New York: Oxford University Press, 1995, 534 pp. \$30.00.

This is a fast-paced, engagingly written account of intelligence operations during the past one hundred years. It is handsomely printed and well indexed. That there are inherent problems in any such summary does not take away from Jeffrey Richelson's accomplishment. Specialists will not agree with the extravagant jacket description that "It is an essential volume for anyone interested in military history, espionage and adventure, and world affairs," nor with the wild claim that "Anyone who wants to learn about espionage in the twentieth century needs this book."

Having made those caveats, let me hastily add that Richelson, who is the author of such books as *America's Secret Eyes in Space*, *The United States Intelligence Community*, and *Sword and Shield: The Soviet Intelligence and Security Apparatus*, is a fine writer and knows his subject. His decision to divide intelligence history in the twentieth century into three periods of 1900–1939, World War II, and the Cold War era and after, makes a great deal of sense. He also seems justified in giving more than half the book to the post-World War II period.

Intelligence in the twentieth century began in an atmosphere in which it was considered ungentlemanly to read other people's mail. In 1885 the secretary of war of the United States, William C. Endicott, was jolted when he discovered his request for information could not be answered, and there was no way to get such information. Endicott then sanctioned the establishment

of the Military Information Division (MID), but it had only a single officer and a clerk.

A British military attaché of the late nineteenth century remarked, "I would never do any secret service work. My view is that the Military Attaché is the guest of the country to which he is accredited, and must only see and learn that which is permissible for a guest to investigate. Certainly he must keep his eyes and ears open and miss nothing, but secret service is not his business, and he should always refuse a hand in it" (p. 5). This decorous attitude was definitely not shared by other European powers, and in fact by 1901 the Germans had 124 intelligence officers in posts in Belgium, Switzerland, Luxembourg, Italy, Spain, Denmark, Sweden, and Romania (p. 7).

The British finally organized the Secret Service Bureau in 1909, and in 1910 its domestic and foreign activities were divided and given to the Home Office and the Admiralty. The foreign section was headed by Captain Sir Mansfield George Smith-Cummings, a naval officer whose career had been curtailed by his propensity to acute and prolonged sea sickness. Cummings installed himself in a London flat where he wrote only in green ink and would stab his wooden leg with a knife when he wanted to make a strong point. He thought intelligence was "capital sport" and set up networks that produced information about the German *Hochseeflotte* (High Seas Fleet).

One of Cummings's agents, Sidney Reilly, perhaps as eccentric as he was, became the inspiration for numerous books and even a twelve-part television series. Some have claimed that he "wielded more power, authority, and influence than any

other spy" and "possessed eleven passports and a wife to go with each." In Richelson's judgment the "reality is less sensational" for "much of what has been written by or about Reilly is myth" (p. 12).

In a volume trying to cover so much territory, only passing reference can be made to some of the most famous episodes. Mata Hari, for example, gets one short paragraph (p. 26). On the other hand, some of the more complicated situations are amazingly well told despite the constraints of space. An example is the story of the decipherment and exposé of the Zimmermann telegram, in which Germany proposed that Mexico be brought into World War I by a promise of assistance in recovering Texas, New Mexico, and Arizona (pp. 43-46). The main sources Richelson cites for the Zimmermann telegram are William F. Friedman and Henry F. Schorreck. This account is a model of clarity. So too is the well-organized description of the events leading up to Pearl Harbor (pp. 115-23).

Nevertheless, anyone with more than the most casual interest in intelligence will find the necessary condensations and the rush to get through the decades irritating. It is all very well to be told that the U.S. MI8 unit worked hard over the codes of Latin American intelligence services and that Mexico's code was not cracked until after World War I, but where these statements lead we are not told. A page later we are hastening on to the Washington Conference proposing to limit tonnage of capital ships of the United States, Great Britain, France, and Italy—all primarily land powers—and pondering Japan's efforts as a seapower to get a favorable ratio of tonnage in the agreements (pp. 72-75).

Sometimes the distinction between fast-paced and frenzied becomes blurred, and the omissions are gratuitous. The Indian Political Service gets no mention and so, not surprisingly, when Kim Philby is introduced the significance of his nickname, drawn from Kipling's greatest

novel, is not explained—although his family's Indian background is mentioned (p. 91). The treatment of the Alger Hiss case is superficial (p. 95) and not reflective of the importance of the Hiss-Chambers confrontation. Chapter 10, on aerial spies, is almost entirely based on Constance Babington-Smith's *Air Spy: The Story of Photo Intelligence in World War II*. In its seventy-five chapter notes there are fifty "ibids."

On the other hand, chapter 20, on the recent technical revolution in espionage, employs a wide variety of sources. It includes results of several interviews, the research that supports Richelson's own writings on satellite data systems, and a fine understanding of Desmond Ball's work—which this reviewer has previously detailed (see *World Intelligence Review*, 13, no. 4 [1994]: 5-8).

The last chapter, entitled "A New World of Disorder," will be read with attention given the fact that it is founded on the thought that went into the preceding four hundred pages and into the author's other books. He quotes James Woolsey to the effect that the threat of the dragon has been replaced by a jungle of poisonous snakes, and he believes that nuclear proliferation is at the top of the list of current problems:

However, there are reasons to be cautiously optimistic. The demise of the Soviet Union has made it possible for the United States to devote a greater share of intelligence analysis and collection (human and technical) to the problem. In addition, U.S. space reconnaissance capabilities are considerably more extensive today than they were in the 1986-1988 period, when Iraq was undoubtedly building many of the facilities that were discovered after the Persian Gulf War. (p. 430)

Espionage is full of anecdotes and every aficionado has favorites. There was the incident at the Frankfurt air show in 1939 when General Albert Kesselring, chief of Berlin's Tempelhof Airport, demanded to be taken for a ride in the British version of the Lockheed 12A, which was

equipped with spy cameras. The Royal Air Force pilot took him up and turned the cameras on so that Kesselring blithely flew over his own installations as the cameras were clicking away. Kesselring asked what the flashing light that indicated pictures were being taken signified and was satisfied when he was told that it showed that the fuel lines were functioning smoothly (pp. 99-100). In recalling these stories, Richelson is not an Escoffier—king of the cooks—but a Colonel Sanders. There is no shame in that.

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In Memoriam William Egan Colby 1920-1996

"a man of extraordinary integrity"
Ambassador Vernon A. Walters
Washington Times, May 15, 1996

"Colby raised quiet heroism to an art"
Warren Rogers
Washington Times, May 7, 1996

"the spymaster who led the Central Intelligence Agency through its worst days in the mid-1970s"
Tim Weiner
New York Times, April 30, 1996

"One of the last breed of gung-ho gentleman spies"
R. Jeffrey Smith
Washington Post, May 7, 1996

"he was a lightning rod in real life"
Warren H. Nilberg
Washington Post, May 21, 1996

"recollections...testify to his remarkable civility and unpretentiousness"
John H. Hedley
Washington Post, May 21, 1996

"Colby was not a spy during World War II but a genuine American hero whose gallantry won him the Silver Star"
Chuck de Caro
Washington Post, May 16, 1996

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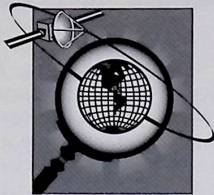
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The Cold War Crusade

by Richard W. Shryock



Robert M. Gates. *From the Shadows: The Ultimate Insider's Story of Five Presidents and How They Won the Cold War*. New York: Simon and Schuster, 1996. 604 pp. \$30.00.

The author of this volume, Robert M. Gates, was director of central intelligence (DCI) under President George Bush and a prominent denizen of the White House under, among others, President Ronald Reagan. Gates was by his own account a faithful aide to those two presidents and to Gerald Ford and Jimmy Carter as well, and he claims to have served them all as a skillful bureaucrat, crack interagency coordinator, prescient intelligence analyst, and wise and patient counselor. Not bad for a self-styled "mild-mannered kid from Kansas" (p. 478), who first arrived in Washington in 1966 with nary a clue as to how the nation's capital really worked.

Gates's approach to weighty affairs of state is, however, more than a mite flawed. His story is often excessively self-centered and subjective, and his recounting of Cold

War history is from time to time marred by omissions and dubious argumentation. Yet there can be no blinking at the fact that the man was indeed *there*—an insider who was eyewitness to great happenings—and fortunately he is eager to tell us about it.

A Peculiar Amalgam

Gates informs us in his introduction that he wants to write about "what really happened" during his many years in Washington, hopes to "challenge the proliferation of myths and revisionism" about the Cold War, and wishes to let the reader know about "the real CIA," its mission, its culture, and its legitimate position within the U.S. government (pp. 15–16).

He succeeds in this, up to a point, but goes about it in an odd sort of way. His book is, in fact, a strange amalgam of memoir, historical review, and tendentious textbook. It is also very much a defense of his own record as seer and executive and, near the end, a bitter personal attack on those who in 1991 opposed his nomination to become DCI.

The author's ego is also something of a problem, shining through many of these pages with distracting and annoying light.¹ He duly admits occasional errors of judgment but for the most part seems to concentrate on saluting his own successes and recounting instances of his own estimative acumen.² Partly because of this and partly because of the book's broad scope and jumbled organization, repetition is a problem as well. He repeats, for example, his view of the growing Soviet threat to the United States in the 1960s and 1970s at least fourteen times in the course of the book's first 172 pages.³

Gates in addition pretends to a level of detachment that most other Cold War memoirists do not, which of course makes his claim all the more conspicuous and irritating. When he implies that, unlike his authorial competitors, he has no record to defend, axes to grind, or scores to settle, candor has crumbled into dust. The man, by his own account, has an abundance of axes to grind—*vide* his repeated assaults on George Shultz—and in no reasonable way can he be accepted as genuinely nonpartisan. Of George Bush, whom he venerates as a master of tactics, Gates says that he "was my President and my friend," and, when he was in danger of losing the 1992 election, "I ached for him" (p. 574). So much for nonpartisanship.

Remarkably, Gates at one point describes himself as merely the "proverbial fly on the wall . . . listening, watching,

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Formerly *Foreign Intelligence Literary Scene—FILS*



A Do Nothing CIA

by Bruce Fein

The Central Intelligence Agency is plotting a course that canonizes do nothing agents, something akin to King Louis XVI's anointment of uncerebrating advisers that provoked Talleyrand's riposte: "Never to have said anything or done anything is a great power, but it ought not to be abused."

It is not that the unbrained have directly promised Olympian rewards for officers who take no risks greater than planning that the sun will rise in the East and set in the West. But the rules of the game have been imbalanced to make risk-taking as risky as an investment in Manchu dynasty bonds.

Spurred by a 28 June 1996 "Report on the Guatemala Review" prepared by the Intelligence Oversight Board and con-

trived congressional outrage that a few of the CIA's assets in Guatemala were slated for time in purgatory for human rights sins, DCI John Deutch has embraced a litany of "accountability" rituals for officers.

Congress, the State Department, and ambassadors will be alerted to allegations against foreign assets of human rights abuses. The probability of maintaining secrecy of such banner headline information is nil (ask Colonel Julio Roberto Alpirez), thus making foreign assets a museum piece of United States intelligence.

Human rights definitions are so amorphous and allegations of abuse so easy to fabricate that human rights disinformation from enemy nations is certain to mushroom and destroy the CIA's collection capa-

bility. The DCI does not contemplate any due process hearing, or even a kangaroo court, to determine whether an allegation is true despite the certainty that a hefty percentage will be false, such as Alpirez's alleged presence during the murder of Michael DeVine.

Derogatory information on CIA contacts, including allegations of human rights abuses, is now a key feature of their evaluation. Agents who have allegedly sinned will be terminated unless absolved by senior officials (in special cases the national security adviser or the president) dictated by vital national security interests. Exceptions will be grudging at best because protecting intelligence sources and methods will generally muzzle any public defense of an allegedly unsavory asset. Media and public acclaim, however, is what politicians crave.

The agency's marquee needs rewriting: "Nothing succeeds like doing nothing."

Bruce Fein is a lawyer specializing in international and constitutional law. He is also a syndicated columnist.

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observing" (p. 19), earnestly performing his duty from the shadows. But here Gates misleads us. He is not at all reluctant, in fact, to praise his own prowess as a *participant* in events and not the least bit shy about touting his own talents as a mover and shaker. He even begins his book with a series of eleven photographs, ten of them featuring himself not in the shade but very much in the spotlight.

The Gates world view was not especially complex. He shared Ronald Reagan's belief that the United States was facing an "evil empire" and that, short of engaging in a hot war between the principals, it was vitally necessary to combat that evil and that empire whenever, wherever, and however circumstances seemed to demand. Implicit in this position for Gates—though not Reagan—was the conviction that all Soviet leaders, Mikhail Gorbachev included, were locked into an outlook and a set of goals that would never change in their essentials.

Gates was surely correct about the nature of the Soviet beast (it was even worse, he points out, than we thought). He may have been right or partly right about how best to fight and conquer the beast (the jury is still out), but he was wrong, dead wrong, about the possibility of imminent and significant change in the attitude and behavior of the beast.

Gates does reluctantly confess that in 1987 and 1988 he personally "underestimated how far [Gorbachev] was prepared to go" with reforms and "was slow to appreciate his dramatic change of course in . . . foreign policy and willingness to leave behind the Communist Party" (pp. 565-66). But he also says he was "right on the mark" about Gorbachev's economic, political, military, and Middle Eastern policies for at least the first three years of his rule, was "consistently correct" about his inability to reform the Soviet system, and still believes that his primary goal was to restore the USSR as a militarily strong, "communist superpower" with "global interests and ambitions" (p. 566).

In essence then, Gates wants to minimize his mistakes and accept credit for his sagacity, while at the same time suggesting that the few errors he and other hardliners made were not all that important and didn't do any damage anyhow. Many, of course, would dispute that contention, George Shultz prominently among them.

The Insider's Brzezinski

Whatever his faults, Gates can be an entertaining teller of tales, an occasionally shrewd judge of character, an insightful commentator on the problems of intelligence, and sometimes even a perceptive (if euphemistic) chronicler of events, both large and small.

He enjoys poking fun at Zbigniew Brzezinski's lust for the limelight. In 1976, Gates accompanied President Carter's notoriously vain national security adviser on an advance trip to Cairo, where the two men visited the pyramids. When an ABC-TV crew found them and began filming, Gates accidentally got between Brzezinski and the cameraman. Later, when back home and after Brzezinski had seen the tapes he "put a hand on my shoulder and told me that I was a bright young man who would undoubtedly go far, but not if I ever again got between him and a TV news crew" (p. 71).

Gates was fascinated by "Zbig" and sufficiently impressed by his "disciplined mind," manifold talents, and "realistic" strategic view of the Soviet Union (p. 70) to place him in the company of "three of the most effective senior U.S. officials during the period [1969-1991]" (p. 570). But Gates by no means lionizes the man, pointing out *inter alia* that he was sometimes mean and petty and that his "combative instincts" could adversely affect his judgment (p. 70).⁴

The Sad Tale of Turner

Gates paints an unflattering portrait of Stansfield Turner, whom Carter hired as DCI to clean house at Langley. Not

wanting to accept the appointment, Turner quickly isolated himself from the organization, brought in a phalanx of naval officers to protect him from untrustworthy old hands, and hired other outsiders for several coveted top positions. He was arrogant enough to want to run CIA "the way a captain is in charge of a ship," but of course he could not (p. 137). He found frequent fault with all manner of agency methods, traditions, and even jargon, apparently in part because he simply preferred the Navy way.

The Turner story is a sad one, Gates leads us to believe, for although the man sought to the utmost of his ability to please a very demanding president, and did his best to restructure and reinvigorate an institution in need of serious reform, he essentially failed on both counts. He could not exercise the kind of influence on Carter that he had yearned for and anticipated, nor could he in the long run win the fight with entrenched interests at the agency. Carter in fact quickly tired of his overly energetic admiral, and the bulk of the changes Turner managed to push through at CIA did not outlive his tenure.

Advisers and Secretaries

Gates knew quite a few national security advisers and is disposed to mull over the vices and virtues of most of them. In effect, he rates them for their performance. Kissinger and Brzezinski stand near the top of their class, each seeming to receive a solid four stars; at an even loftier level, Bush adviser Brent Scowcroft—whom Gates almost idolized and considered a close friend—appears to get five. Near the bottom of the list—one star maybe—comes hapless Bill Clark, one of the six advisers Reagan hired during his two terms. Clark, Gates notes, was a "terribly nice man" and well-intentioned but hopelessly miscast (p. 219).

Concerned secretaries of state, Gates has mixed reactions but on the whole finds more sinners than saints. He is not at all enthusiastic about Cyrus Vance or

Alexander Haig and skewers Baker. Baker, he notes, demanded "more loyalty of . . . President [Bush] than he gave in return," took "credit that belonged to the President," and every now and again tried to distance himself from Bush when he was "in difficult circumstances" (p. 456). Baker's "formidable temper," on occasion even exploded into crude obscenities and threats of violence (against Jack Kemp, no less). Baker, Gates decides, "was a real piece of work" (p. 456).

The Heavyweight: George P. Shultz

Gates's favorite target by far, however, is George Shultz, the secretary of state under Ronald Reagan. Gates concedes that some of Shultz's and his department's diplomacy during the Reagan era was sensible and effective and that the secretary—whom Gates claims he both "liked and admired"—was tough, powerful, and farsighted. Shultz, however, in Gates's view was frequently mistaken and misguided in his policies and, moreover, tried more than once to get Gates fired, so that Gates sometimes felt as if the secretary's "knife was being drawn across [his] throat" (p. 280).

The secretary, Gates thinks, was all too often on the wrong side during the political and policy battles in Washington over where the Soviet Union and Gorbachev were headed. Gates says he and his analysts presented a realistic picture of what was happening in Moscow—until 1987 nothing fundamental—while Shultz and his assistants held rosier, unrealistic views for fundamental change. Hence, Gates complains, we in CIA "were in the uncomfortable position of having to point out" the truth and as a result were unfairly labeled "troglodytes" (p. 378).

Gates is not consistent when pondering the effects of bureaucratic and substantive rivalries in Washington, of the kind he and Shultz carried on for four years. He acknowledges on the one hand that "infighting, quarreling, back-biting, and

jockeying for advantage" caused "endless trouble" and indirectly "vicious internal conflict" (pp. 193, 284–85). But he claims, on the other hand, that the brouhahas within the national security community not only did not weaken the presidency, "they represented, in fact, a healthy contention that . . . helped Presidents make better and more balanced decisions . . ." (p. 570).

Ronald Reagan and Wild Bill Casey

Gates has enormous respect for Ronald Reagan, both as a man and—until late in his second term—as a master international strategist. He believes that certain members of Reagan's inner circle misunderstood his grand vision of a world that would one day be free of the evil empire and viewed him, his ideas, and his intellect with some condescension (see pp. 281–82).

Still, according to Gates, Reagan was hardly fault free. He unnecessarily coddled George Shultz, appointed a large number of quarrelsome and "often incompetent" national security advisers and aides (p. 284), and allowed his senior subordinates to "pull him this way and that" on foreign policy issues. "His desire to be accommodating to people usually produced more conflict than it avoided" (p. 292). And, most disturbing, "Reagan began to fade bit by bit beginning in late 1985–early 1986," to the point where—though "he was still on top of issues, at least the major ones" (emphasis added)—his memory was visibly deteriorating (p. 573).

For many reasons, most of them presumably inadvertent, Reagan's DCI, William Casey, often did not help his boss's principal causes. Although basically an admirer of Casey as a consummate cold warrior, Gates, to his credit, offers us a portrayal of the whole man. Casey, in Gates's mind, was brilliant, widely read, innovative, perceptive, enterprising, tough, dedicated, and a "true original" (p. 215). But he was also

careless, disorganized, eccentric, suspicious, naive, bureaucratically inept, aggressive, and overly hostile to Congress. He could be "politically blind," a maverick, a zealot, and a bully (see pp. 249, 395). He could play "at the edge of the law" and perhaps beyond (p. 395), and his activities (concerning the Contra campaign in Nicaragua), illegal or not, did at a minimum "put the President and CIA . . . in political jeopardy and CIA officers in harm's way" (p. 401).

Gates is aware of the issues here but he tiptoes around the question of Casey's culpability, claims there was little he could do about Casey's infractions anyhow, and offers us no meaningful solutions to a problem that may one day be with us again.

That Damned DO

Of all Gates's institutional targets, the Directorate of Operations (DO) may receive the most unfriendly treatment. Gates obviously did not approve of the DO's relative independence within the agency, its stodginess and insular outlook, and its disinclination to cooperate with other, lesser directorates and even on occasion the DCI. He also faults the DO for operational bungling, some of it minor and silly, some of it gross and damaging.

But from Gates's point of view, as the then deputy director of intelligence, perhaps the worst of all the DO's transgressions were its refusal to cooperate with DDI analysts and its efforts in the early 1980s to produce, in effect, its own intelligence assessments concerning Central America (see p. 248).

All in all, Gates assembles a fairly persuasive case against a DO that he describes as too often confused and disorganized. He mocks the philosophy of those DO officers who believed that if "information isn't stolen, it isn't worth having" (p. 209). He chides those who neglected security when its requirements turned out to be inconvenient (p. 224), and in general criticizes the DO leadership for being so maddeningly set in its ways.

Heroes and Villains

Gates, though he professes great respect for a wide variety of people, does not have many heroes. He does favorably discuss Presidents Bush, Ford, and Carter, and—equivocally—Reagan. In the agency, he has good things to say about John Bross—representing "the best of the 'old boy network'" (p. 222)—and William Webster, a DCI of strong and "sterling character" (p. 419). He also has kind words for a few subordinates, including his stalwart deputy DDI and DCI, Dick Kerr, and a number of able Soviet gurus, such as Bob Blackwell, Grey Hodnett, and Kay Oliver. But Gates clearly prefers to write about villains, both institutional and individual.

He rarely misses an opportunity to complain about Congress (though he supports congressional oversight of CIA), and he is made unhappy by a sizable parcel of folk, ranging in rank from cabinet members, national security advisers, and DCIs down to such lesser fry as assistant secretaries, directors of operations, and national intelligence officers. He also seems to mistrust professional historians (because they are too often Cold War revisionists). At the same time, he chooses for the most part to ignore the horde of "mattress mice" who do the work at lower levels in the various national security bureaucracies.

In addition, Gates names and criticizes a wide variety of prominent people: President Richard Nixon, DCI and later Secretary of Defense James Schlesinger, High Frontiersman and onetime DIA head Daniel O. Graham, CIA Director of Operations John Stein, CIA counterintelligence chief James Angleton, and Casey's super operator around town and abroad, Oliver North.

Conflicts of Interest

There is a body of opinion in Washington that holds that the director of central intelligence should be an "outsider" of national stature, a wise man or woman who

is unconcerned about status, who is politically and financially independent, and who when necessary can tell the emperor that he has no clothes. One past DCI, John McCone, met most of these criteria, in fact, and he was considered one of the best.

Bob Gates obviously would not have qualified if these exacting standards had applied when he was nominated to be DCI in 1991. He was among other things too beholden to the president to serve him as an independent counselor or independent manager of CIA. This is not to say that he deliberately corrupted intelligence at the behest of policymakers. Still, when intelligence was slanted by a DCI, Gates seems to have done little about it, neither blowing the whistle nor retarding the pace of the wrongdoer (Casey).

Ordeal of Confirmation

Gates of course is very sensitive (and sore) about charges that he was guilty of altering intelligence to suit his superiors. He not only denies them, he tears into those who made the accusations. He was, he writes, "sucker punched" during his DCI confirmation hearings in 1991 by "two old friends [and colleagues] who had turned against me" (p. 548). He was at the same time, he says, the victim of attacks by an assortment of malevolent lawyers, partisan and prejudiced senators, and much of the scandal-seeking media.

And in truth, these hearings, both open and closed, of the Senate Select Committee on Intelligence were a terrible ordeal for Gates. (He had, for example, to answer some 900 questions—some fair, some foul—in open session.)

But on the whole Gates did pretty well, maintaining his composure and, as it turned out, successfully rebutting the extravagant charges brought against him. The committee voted 11 to 4 to recommend that he be confirmed. (Despite concern and rage, Gates does not for some reason speculate about the motives of his accusers.)

The Verdict

Dick Cheney is quoted on the dust-jacket as saying that *From the Shadows* is "the definitive account of the end of the Cold War," but it is not—we will have to wait a few more years for that. Nor is the book, as the subtitle advises, *The Ultimate Insider's Story*, though of the two exaggerations the second seems much closer to the truth than the first. Nevertheless, in the struggle against the Soviets, a lot of people fought the good fight, and Gates pays many of them proper homage. It may not have been the "glorious crusade" he thinks it was (p. 575), but this work should be counted, all things considered, a worthwhile addition to the ever-expanding literature of the Cold War.

Notes

1. Thus, unblushingly, Gates puts himself in the company of Bush, Baker, Scowcroft, Cheney, and Powell, the people who brought about "a revolution in world affairs" (p. 461). He writes that he had "expertly handled foreign policy crises for years" (p. 461). And he suggests that his expert "management of the interagency process" contributed in an important way to, among other things, "the final collapse of the Soviet Union" (p. 461).

2. Gates is sometimes disinclined to share credit for perceptive analyses. He does not always distinguish between those estimative papers or statements he wrote or contributed to in a major way and those prepared by other analysts, whom he generally does not name.

3. See pages 29, 43, 64, 69, 75, 78, 80, 83, 105, 106–108, 124, 131, 148, 170–72.

4. The reviewer is grateful to CIA retiree Mark Sullivan for pointing out that while Gates pays a lot of attention to Brzezinski, Brzezinski in his memoirs pays virtually none to Gates. See Zbigniew Brzezinski, *Power and Principle: Memoirs of the National Security Adviser 1977–1981*. (New York: Farrar, Straus, Giroux, 1983) p. 76.

Richard W. Shirley served in the intelligence community for twenty-seven years, about half of that time in the CIA's late Office of National Estimates.

The Truth Was the Only Casualty

by W. Raymond Wannall

Harvey Klehr and Ronald Radosh. *The Amerasia Spy Case: Prelude to McCarthyism*. Chapel Hill & London: The University of North Carolina Press, 1996. 266 pp. \$29.95.

The authors have covered a complex and involved subject with a large cast of personae in a very readable and understandable book. This is more like two books in one: an explanation of the *Amerasia* case itself, which involved numerous leaks of classified government documents, and the portrayal of its aftermath, which included two highly politicized congressional hearings.

The case and the hearings might best be described as resembling a sandlot baseball game, a choosing up of sides with the conservatives at bat and the liberals in the field. These were prime examples of rolled-up-sleeve, down-to-earth politics, and the devil take the hindmost. Conservatives favored prosecution, for conspiracy to commit espionage, of six American citizens, three of whom were U.S. government employees whose sins would rest in the nests of the Franklin D. Roosevelt and Harry Truman administrations. Liberals denounced prosecution and liberal commentators decried it. The New York Newspaper Guild condemned it, describing any such action as an attempt to stifle the sources necessary to "responsible journalism and intelligent public discussion" (p. 100), a precursor to the oft-heard phrase, "the people's right to know."

After giving the facts and analyzing actual or perceived culpability, Harvey Klehr, a leading authority on American communism, and Ronald Radosh, coauthor of *The Rosenberg File*, the definitive book on the Julius Rosenberg spy case, concluded, "[T]he whitewash that did occur certainly gave right-wingers a ready-made

cause célèbre and deep suspicions about the loyalty of government employees and the willingness of the U.S. government to prosecute betrayals of its secrets" (p. 215).

Amerasia was a pro-communist magazine, edited by Philip Jaffe and Kate Mitchell. Its subscribers topped 1,700, with about a third of the copies going to U.S. government offices. Another three or four hundred copies were sold individually. During a 1937 trip to China, Jaffe had audiences with Mao Tse-tung, Chu Teh, and Chou En-lai, the three most important figures in the Chinese Communist Party. His visit moved him deeply and cemented his respect for the Chinese communists.

Some eight years later, Joseph Milton Bernstein, a journalist and author who admitted to having been an agent of the Soviet Union for many years, asked for and received Jaffe's help. Bernstein's appearance on the scene inspired Jaffe to expand his Soviet network, for he reasoned that "Tass no doubt forwarded summaries of the contents of *Amerasia* to Soviet leaders anyway" (p. 68).

Following Bernstein's arrangements, three government employees and a journalist sent Jaffe a continuous flow of documents and information from "virtually every government agency except the FBI" (p. 30). Jaffe subsequently used some of the top secret documents as the basis for articles in *Amerasia*. The entire collection was seized by the government during searches of both the magazine's and the State Department's offices.

John Stewart Service, one of the so-called China Hands at the State Department, was a key figure in the case. He was accused of favoring the victory of Mao Tse-tung's communists and working to undermine Chiang Kai-shek's Kuomintang. Because of his involvement, the case was linked to the 1949 triumph of

communism in China (p. 11). When he threatened "to raise a stink at his trial" (p. 110), FDR's administrative assistant Lauchlin Currie, for whom Service was the "designated leaker," came to Service's aid. He enlisted the advice of the capital's premier fixer, Thomas Corcoran, known as "Tommy the Cork."

Currie's motives may not have been completely altruistic. It was certainly to his advantage to avoid a public trial linking him to leaks of White House information. It was only three years later that Elizabeth Bentley, a courier for a Soviet espionage ring, identified Currie as a source of information and "a friend at court" (p. 111).

Tommy the Cork's pressure tactics and his wheeling and dealing to throw a monkey wrench into the prosecution of the *Amerasia* case make for enlightening reading. His usual mode of operation was said to be a "triple play" (p. 12), arranging for two clients to trade favors while he received compensation in some tax-free, untraceable, roundabout manner. The way in which he succeeded in saving Service from prosecution as related by the authors is a study in pressure politics and mutual back scratching (pp. 112-22).

When Robert Hitchcock, the U.S. government appointed prosecutor, presented this highly publicized espionage conspiracy case to the grand jury, all but two of six defendants escaped punishment. As a result of plea bargaining, Jaffe received a fine of \$2,500, and Emmanuel Larsen, an employee of the Office of Naval Intelligence whose work with the Chinese had been shrouded in mystery, received a \$500 fine. A maneuver involving political pressure resulted in exoneration of Kate Mitchell. The others, including Service, were cleared. In less than six months after the grand jury hearings, the prosecutor left the government to join the law firm of Mitchell's wealthy uncle (p. 172).

Had the *Amerasia* case cropped up some thirty years later, it certainly would have been christened *Amerasia-gate*. And there would be at least two more acts to follow: the Hobbs Committee hearings in the House of Representatives in 1946 and the Senate hearings conducted under the chairmanship of Millard E. Tydings of Maryland, following Senator Joseph R. McCarthy's February 1950 denunciation of the State Department as a nest of spies.

Less than two weeks after the disposition of the case, Congressman George Dondero, charging that the case had "all the earmarks of a whitewash" (p. 136), called for a congressional investigation. Despite the consternation this caused in the Department of Justice, and Tommy the Cork's influence in an unsuccessful attempt to prevent it, the action was approved by a better than two-to-one vote in the Democratic-controlled House.

The hearings degenerated into a private complaint bureau. The witnesses hurled charges against one another, many self-serving or unsupported by the facts. The majority report, released in October 1946, served only to put a new coat of whitewash on the case and "merely provided more fuel for the fire that was sure to ignite when the American public became incensed about the Communist triumph in China" (p. 147).

The cover-up in the botched *Amerasia* case, the second perjury trial of Alger Hiss, and the arrest of atomic physicist Klaus Fuchs rekindled interest in what conservatives called the "State Department espionage case" of 1945 (p. 161), and the Senate Tydings Committee was created.

Democrats on the Tydings Committee, which began hearings in March 1950, clearly expected to "expose the wild inaccuracy" of McCarthy's charges and "finish him politically" (p. 164). They had no interest in uncovering any Justice Department malfeasance, but Senator Millard Tydings could not resist pressure to undertake a full-scale, six-week investigation of the *Amerasia* affair.

However, he ordered that most of the testimony regarding it be taken in executive session (pp. 164, 174). Republicans rejected the final report of the committee after Senator William Jenner complained that the section of the report on the *Amerasia* affair was "a whitewash of a whitewash" (p. 201).

The criminal case, with its ramifications implicating officials of the White House, State Department, and other executive branch departments, all controlled by Democrats, was tried under a Department of Justice more concerned with protecting the administration than prosecuting conspirators in an espionage ring. The congressional hearings were conducted while Democrats were in the majority in both the House and the Senate. The results of the disposition of the criminal charges and the politically motivated congressional investigations offer strong support for Americans who advocate that the executive and legislative branches of our government provide the checks and balances written into our Constitution only when neither the Democrats nor the Republicans control both branches at the same time. They also attest to the wisdom of the practice of appointing special prosecutors to look into the various "gate" incidents as they occur.

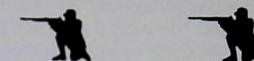
As the authors concluded: "While various politicians scrambled to gain political advantages from the affair and bureaucrats duelled to secure position, the truth was the only casualty" (p. 219).

This book is recommended for all who followed the history of the *Amerasia* case and its aftermath as it unfolded. It should also prove educational for those who did not live through, or have forgotten, that somewhat amorphous period which is referred to, often with derision, as the McCarthy Era. The book's subtitle, "Prelude to McCarthyism," is well chosen.

W. Raymond Wannall, a retired director of the FBI, headed the intelligence division with overall responsibilities for FBI counterintelligence operations.

Secrets from America's "Forgotten War"

by Gary Stoces



William B. Breuer. *Shadow Warriors: The Covert War in Korea*. New York: John Wiley & Sons, 1996, 260 pp. \$27.95.

In the closing sequence of the movie classic *The Man Who Shot Liberty Valance*, James Stewart advises viewers that in the Old West legend often replaced truth. The same can be said of war. For example, in his novel *The Hunt for Red October*, Tom Clancy penned this about an actual clandestine CIA operation that took place during the Korean War and involved a Norwegian "mercy ship" that had been carrying a cargo of medical supplies bound for North Korea: "It had been a bloody operation. All of the Chinese personnel and all of the Norwegian crewmen had vanished. It was a bargain in the simple mathematics of war, but the morality of the mission was another matter."¹

Facts and Fiction

In William B. Breuer's most recent endeavor, *Shadow Warriors: The Covert War in Korea*, the veteran military historian documents and deftly paints an entirely different and far less dramatic picture of the incident. A band of Chinese mercenaries supplied by Chiang Kai-shek intercepted and boarded the freighter in question in international waters north of Taiwan. Instead of a massacre, the boarding party merely "kept the Norwegian crew at gunpoint, and transferred the medical goods and equipment onto one of the unmarked Chinese ships. Then the freighter was permitted to continue its journey, knowing only that it had been



raided by a cutthroat band of Oriental pirates" (p. 129). The whole incident had been carefully planned by a CIA officer to keep the medical supplies on the freighter from reaching North Korea, its supposed destination.

Regarding a second factual distortion, the author debunks a version currently holding sway on several college campuses. Fostered by revisionist historians it claims the Chinese entered the Korean War as an act of self-defense prompted by General Douglas MacArthur's "sabre-rattling" pronouncements as the forces under his command began moving northward toward the Yalu River in late fall of 1950.

Citing several documents Breuer shows that Mao's decision to send thirty-nine divisions of Chinese troops "to congregate on the north bank of the Yalu" was made on 20 October 1950, after North Korean Prime Minister Kim Il Sung explained to General Peng Teh-huai, one of Mao's closest confidants, that despite its initial successes the North Korean army had been "virtually decimated" by the Americans and now consisted of "only three divisions and two regiments." When advised that the North Korean forces were near collapse Mao ordered Peng to "sneak his armies over the Yalu under cover of night and deliver a crushing blow against the oncoming Americans" (p. 92).

A CIA agent slipped into Manchuria, spoke with old friends who were now officers in Mao's army, and shortly thereafter reported that 300,000 Chinese troops were currently poised along the northern regions of the Yalu River awaiting orders to move south.

Intelligence Dismissed

But it is no accident that "military intelligence" usually tops any list of oxymorons. In this instance it was General Charles Willoughby, MacArthur's own G-2, whose actions give credence to the ranking. In late October 1950, Willoughby received a personal report from Eighth

Army commander General Edward Almond, chief of staff of the Far East Command, that his unit had recently captured sixteen Chinese prisoners. Willoughby dismissed these and other such prisoners as "stragglers." He also ignored numerous reports by U.S. pilots that there was an unusual amount of traffic moving south on the six bridges that spanned the Yalu River. In spite of this and other evidence of massive Chinese infiltration, Willoughby told Pentagon planners that "it seemed illogical . . . that the Chinese would plunge into war so late and in the face of the victorious Eighth Army" (p. 108).

"Despite what would seem to be compelling evidence that the Chinese were over the Yalu in large numbers," the author finds no evidence that MacArthur's intelligence officers changed their view until they heard that the Chinese soldiers had followed Mao's order and had crossed the river on foot at night (p. 108).

The Philby Link

But perhaps the most instructive material contained in this small but well-documented book is the devastating impact the Kim Philby spy ring had on the initial conduct of the Korean War. Thanks to Philby—whose position as British liaison officer allowed him to speak directly to the CIA director—and Guy Burgess who also operated out of the British Embassy in Washington, Kim Il Sung knew firsthand "the glaring weaknesses of MacArthur's troops in Japan," as well as the Truman administration's reluctance to supply South Korea with tanks, artillery, or combat aircraft. This intelligence emboldened Kim Il Sung to invade his neighbor (p. 101).

Equally disastrous, as MacArthur's forces began advancing northward towards Manchuria, General Peng "knew in advance MacArthur's plan for his end-of-the-war offensive." Thus, concludes the author, the Chinese "would feel secure in the knowledge that there would be no surprise amphibious landing to their rear,

such as the masterpiece MacArthur had pulled off at Inchon that temporarily changed the course of the war" (p. 111).

Rhee and the Armistice

But what has to be the most bizarre incident in a book chock-full of amazing schemes and hair-raising anecdotes was the contingency plan calling for the forcible removal of South Korean President Syngman Rhee. Hatched in the spring of 1953 by Eighth Army commander General Maxwell Taylor—who a decade later would play a similar role in the demise of the Diem government in South Vietnam—the plan called for Taylor's forces to seize control of the South Korean government and replace it with a military junta should the acerbic Rhee refuse to accept the terms of the armistice that was nearing completion at Panmunjom. This plan, of course, was never put into operation. Instead the Eisenhower administration promised Rhee long-term economic assistance and a mutual security pact.

While not a definitive history of the Korean War, this one-volume, highly readable book reveals secret operations that set the record straight with regard to many incidents conducted by "shadow warriors." It is valuable for laymen and experts alike insofar as it provides much behind-the-scenes information and documentation about events that altered the course of the war and helped shape its inconclusive outcome.

Note

1. Tom Clancy. *The Hunt for Red October*. (Annapolis, Maryland: Naval Institute Press, 1984) p. 78.

Gary Stoces, former Marine Staff NCO, served in Vietnam from 1965 to 1967 and is author of Civic Action, which for years was the Marine Corp's handbook on pacification.



Factually Challenged

by Ward Warren

Roman à clef: French. A novel that represents real events and characters under the guise of fiction.

Frank Dux. *The Secret Man: An American Warrior's Uncensored Story*. New York: Regan Books, 1996, 316 pp. \$24.00.

Frank Dux apparently tried to write a *roman à clef* but got confused and ended up writing a book that represents real events and characters under the guise of fact. Many of his facts are accurate, but many more are not. His story of James Bondian panache interspersed with Ramboesque flamboyance carries the same ring of truth as does one of its literary predecessors, *Sidney Reilly: Ace of Spies*.¹ None. Not since Fletcher Prouty² overran Vietnam and implicated the CIA in the assassination of John F. Kennedy have the agency and its people been more distorted.

CIA Stories False

A list of mistakes from the book presented to prove its mendacity would be even longer than the book itself; a few examples should suffice.

Let's look at Dux's description of himself as one of the "Soldiers of the Twilight, a title coined by spymaster Richard Bissell during the founding days of the Office of Strategic Services (OSS), the predecessor of the CIA" (p. 3). Bissell worked for the Combined Shipping Adjustment Board during World War II, was not a member of OSS, and did not join the Central Intelligence Agency until 1954.

Later, Dux describes his first meeting with Bill Casey: "In walked a short, balding old man with white tufts of hair in disarray around huge ears" (p. 20). Old, yes; white tufts of hair, yes; short, no. Working with Casey all those years, Dux apparently never noticed that Casey was over six feet tall. In high school, according

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to Casey's biographer, Joseph Persico, "The undersized twelve-year-old had sprouted to over six feet by the time he was sixteen."³ The chief of Casey's security detail assures me that he had not shrunk by the time he became director. Then, further on in *The Secret Man* Dux describes Casey as over six feet; its almost as if two different persons wrote the book.

PLO Penetration?

Bob Ames, conveniently dead, played a leading role in handling Dux, even though Ames was an analyst. In 1979, this analyst "secretly penetrated the PLO by recruiting Ali Hasan Salamch, who went under the code name Red Prince" (p. 130). The recruitment did not come to much however, since the "Agency failed to take the Mossad (Israeli intelligence) into its confidence" and "the Red Prince . . . was supposedly killed by the Israelis in a reprisal, depriving U.S. intelligence of its most important source of information concerning PLO activities" (p. 130).

This all came about because, according to Dux, "in 1979, DCI Helms was not as willing as Casey to share intelligence information with the Israelis" (p. 130). Dux apparently missed Helms's resignation as DCI on 2 February 1973. He also missed Yasser Arafat's approval for Salamch to work with Ames. It wasn't much of a "secret penetration" if Arafat and most of the Middle East knew about it.

"At a party in a swank Hong Kong penthouse . . . several Soviet diplomats had also been in attendance" (p. 238). The

British have never allowed Soviet or other communist diplomats in Hong Kong because the mainland Chinese government did not want them there. Even Soviet ships, when they had to use Hong Kong harbor for emergency repairs, had to keep their crews aboard. No liberty was allowed.

"I knew a bit about Phoenix, and most of what I knew wasn't very attractive. General Singlaub headed the project" (p. 140). The Phoenix program was started by Robert Komer and Bill Colby. Singlaub was never associated with it.

"Get your ass in gear, Frank," Casey barked over the phone. "We've got KGB in Hollywood. I want you there" (p. 70). In the next chapter the KGB man is killed in a shootout: "the KGB's reputed number-three man in the United States, considered one of the finest senior operatives in the KGB's history . . . and Brian Chapman distinguished himself as the only police officer in L.A. history to have killed a known KGB agent while in the line of duty" (p. 77). Since Dux gives no dates, again the information is hard to check, but the hushed-up death of a KGB man seems far-fetched even for California.

Hogwash

The list of examples is far more extensive than what I have provided here, but clearly Dux is so factually challenged that little in his book can be believed except the generalities that could have been gotten from books or newspapers. Hogwash is a totally inadequate term for *The Secret Man*. The story purports to describe the career of a martial arts expert (perhaps true, but irrelevant to the validity of the book), who is recruited by Bill Casey, who needs someone willing to live outside the confines of the normal intelligence bureaucracy and to undertake odd jobs. Dux accepts these assignments in the true

tradition of *Mission Impossible* and proceeds to save the Free World. Along the way, a serial killer is "offed" in the name of democracy, and an anthrax-like chemical is shown to be a Russian mafia scam. Oliver Stone, call your office. Frank Dux is sitting in your chair.

Some of *The Secret Man* is true. World War II did take place. Bill Casey lived and served as Director of Central Intelligence. Bob Ames was killed in the bombing of the Beirut Embassy. The checkable facts are credible; Dux's relationship to them is not. If he were to be asked for details, his story would quickly fall apart since Casey's time was logged almost to the minute when he was outside his Langley office. Supposedly Dux met with Bill Casey at the Century Plaza Hotel in Los Angeles, date and time unknown. Had he provided the date and time of the meeting, a check could show Casey somewhere else at the time. That's why no such details are included in Dux's story.

As a suggestion, the genesis of *The Secret Man* probably came when Dux met a writer in Hollywood, where he was working with the filming of *Bloodsport*, based on Dux's presumably true experience in martial arts. That writer and he then concocted the story of *The Secret Man*. But however the book came about, nothing Dux writes of his work for the CIA is true.

The Agency Reacts

To emphasize this point, the CIA departed from its usual "no comment" policy regarding personnel queries and when asked about Dux, issued the following statement: "He has never been employed by, or affiliated with, the CIA . . ." The book is "sheer fantasy, a work of fiction." "[Dux's] claims are so preposterous that we thought [comment] was necessary and appropriate."⁴

None of this would matter if it were not that some readers will believe this is the real intelligence community. The ghostwriter using Dux as a front has mixed

John le Carré's moral ambiguity and Voltaire's *Candide* into a cautionary tale that taints the honest people who work in the intelligence community. Throughout the book, a kind of amoral sleaze is subtly attributed to the CIA, with accusations of unpunished and unreported killings and with implications of drug cooperation in South and Central America, Burma, Thailand, Hong Kong, and various countries of the Middle East. The mixture of observable truth and palpable falsehood is clever, but the end result is a total misrepresentation of the CIA and the people who work for it. Dux would have been better off with a real *roman à clef* involving martial arts, which he knew something about. The world of global intelligence is *terra incognita* to him.

Notes

1. Robin Bruce Lockhart. *Reilly: Ace of Spies*. (London: Quartet Books, Ltd., 1992).
2. L(eroy) Fletcher Prouty. *JFK: The CIA, Vietnam, and the Plot to Assassinate John F. Kennedy*. (New York: Birch Lane Press via Carol Publishing Group, 1992).
3. Joseph E. Persico. *Casey: From the OSS to the CIA*. (New York: Viking Penguin, 1990) p. 15.
4. The statement was made by CIA spokesman, Mark Mansfield on 24 May 1996 and cited in Alexander McColl's review of the book, 1996. Full Mental Jacket. *Soldier of Fortune*, August, 37.

Ward Warren is a retired CIA case officer currently serving under contract as curator of the Historical Intelligence Collection.



Briefly Noted

In From the Cold: The Report of the Twentieth Century Fund Task Force on the Future of U.S. Intelligence. Background Papers by Allan E. Goodman, Gregory F. Treverton, and Philip Zelikow. New York. The Twentieth Century Fund Press. 1996. 275 pp. \$18.00.

In From the Cold is a report of eighteen members of a task force chaired by Ambassador Stephen W. Bosworth published in June 1996. The study was undertaken in an attempt to assess the nation's foreign policy priorities, the needs of senior government officials, and the effectiveness of intelligence in assisting decisionmakers in formulating foreign policy in the post-Cold War era.

The Twentieth Century Fund Task Force's central conclusion is that "the intelligence community is not fulfilling its mission." The report further states the policymakers often receive unwanted or unhelpful information that may lack context or insight. And policymakers fail to communicate their intelligence needs and make poor use of resources.

"First and foremost," the report states, that "a more equitable balance must be struck between military and civilian needs." To achieve this balance the task force recommends four essential changes:

1. reinvigoration of atrophying analytic capabilities
2. better interaction between the intelligence community and senior civilian and military officials who make foreign policy decisions
3. improvement and streamlining of the clandestine services
4. upgrading and focusing of economic intelligence to better understand the influence of economic forces on political and social developments.

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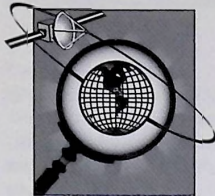
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Committed to improving public, academic, and journalistic understanding of intelligence in the American Political Process, this bimonthly publication covers literature pertaining to intelligence as a national security arm of the United States, in particular, and of other nations when information is available. Its subscribers include former intelligence officers, teachers, and students of foreign affairs. Each issue features informative articles by former intelligence officers, book reviews, and "Periodicals and Documents," a valuable listing of current resources by region.



WORLD INTELLIGENCE REVIEW

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New Zealand's Intelligence Under Review

by Dalton A. West

Since Christmas 1995, the parliamentary Select Committee has had under discussion new legislation to protect New Zealand's national security. Approved by parliament in August 1996, the legislation revises oversight and some aspects of operations of the Security Intelligence Service (SIS) and Government Communications Security Bureau (GCSB), amends the existing Security Intelligence Service Act of 1969, and clarifies the definition of "security" in the light of post-Cold War realities.

During six months of deliberation the Select Committee gave clear recognition of the need for the continuation of SIS, established in 1947, and the GCSB, established in 1977, but broadened their responsibilities to include "contributing to" New Zealand's "international well-being and economic well-being." In June 1996 the committee concluded that "New Zealand needs to protect its interests and to protect the interests of the countries with whom it shares information The case for a secret service is compelling. The skill

lies in devising legislation that enables the nation's interests to be protected."

Proposed Changes

The legislation proposes one minor and two major changes. The first is that the SIS and the GCSB will be placed under a parliamentary oversight committee to include the "Leader of the Opposition and three other members of the Parliament, as well as the Prime Minister."

This change mirrors standard practices in other western countries and should help in two regards. It will broaden the base of leadership experience with intelligence matters and could point the way to better use of the country's intelligence assets. Under the old system, if the minister in charge (the prime minister) was disinterested, inexperienced, or hostile to the services, New Zealand's national interests suffered.

The second change provides for an Inspector-General, who will be given wider jurisdiction over "the activities of the

SIS and the GCSB and to whom any member of the public can inquire if that citizen believes he or she is being victimized in some way by the secret services." The Inspector-General's role is reserved for an experienced judge and, while this new office resembles the former role of the Ombudsman, the Inspector-General's authority is broader.

These changes to the oversight of New Zealand's intelligence services and modification of the Security and Intelligence Service Act of 1969 bring New Zealand more in line with prevailing international norms. They also represent a political nod to specific New Zealand circumstances. Very few countries with comparable institutions or a comparable history are as concerned about civil liberties as New Zealand—paradoxically, a nation with less reason for concern than most countries.

The reasons for the current changes extend back at least a decade. In July 1984 the national election brought a new generation to power when the Opposition Labour Party won decisively over the National Party. David Lange, an Auckland lawyer and a protestant lay pastor, won, in large part because of his media charisma and oratorical skills, qualities much appreciated and even critical to the efficient operation of New Zealand's Westminster style of government. As the Labour Party leader, he became prime minister as well as minister in charge of New Zealand's SIGINT and HUMINT organizations. He

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Formerly *Foreign Intelligence Literary Scene*—FILS



Tempting Treason

by Bruce Fein

There seems something instinctively rotten and obtuse in permitting a handsome financial bonus for an intelligence officer guilty of treason. Yet that is what the British High Court of Justice has endorsed for traitor George Blake.

From 1944 Blake served with the Secret Intelligence Service (SIS), but was turned by the Soviet Union in 1951. Until his arrest in 1960, he betrayed Great Britain by disclosing secret information to the Soviet enemy. In 1961, he was sentenced to forty-two years of imprisonment for violating the Official Secrets Act of 1911, but escaped to Moscow five years later.

In 1989 from his Soviet den, Blake penned an autobiography entitled *No Other Choice*. Substantial parts pivot on infor-

mation acquired as an SIS officer, but none remained confidential according to the British government.

Blake's remuneration from a British publisher approached \$500,000. The Attorney General sued to recover the sum on the theory that Blake had violated his duty to the British Crown to desist from profits derived from his SIS service.

On 19 April 1996, the High Court of Justice spurned that plea. The Vice-Chancellor, the Right Honorable Sir Richard Scott insisted that to deny Blake his Judas-like silver would infringe the rights of free expression safeguarded by Article 10 of the Convention for the Protection of Human Rights and Fundamental Freedoms.

Article 10 creates an exception for restraints "necessary in a democratic society in the interests of national security." But Scott myopically concluded that Blake's bonanza held no national security implications.

The Crown, however, was not seeking to prevent Blake from publishing his autobiography. It was seeking to prevent the payment of money. If he had not deceived the Crown about his treason, Blake would not have been able to write his book.

Aren't treasonous deceptions by intelligence officers encouraged by the tempting prospect of gold for uncurtaining the espionage thrills and details that ensued, even if the revelations are non-confidential?

Shouldn't Congress explicitly write into the charters of each United States intelligence agency a prohibition on financial exploitation by officers to ensure against the Blake travesty?

Bruce Fein is a lawyer specializing in international and constitutional law. He is also a syndicated columnist.
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was one of the first post-Cold War leaders to reflect the electorate's concern for the primacy of domestic affairs at the price of more historical, but devalued, cosmopolitan relations.

Labour's Position

Riding a wave of well-deserved New Zealand pride in its "Pacific heritage," Lange's Labour supporters were intent on taking full advantage of the post-Cold War "peace dividend" and wanted to capitalize on it. In the Labour Party's view, too much money was being spent on defense, a consequence of New Zealand being too closely associated with the United States and the Western alliance. The party contended the ANZUS treaty relationship between Australia, New Zealand, and the United States distorted New Zealand's foreign, defense, and intelligence policies. New Zealand should be more "neutral" and oriented toward the South Pacific rather than the Western alliance. Nuclear weapons played no justifiable role in deterrence or in maintaining the peace. There was no requirement for U.S. intelligence facilities. New Zealand, the party thought, was strategically "irrelevant."

As for intelligence agencies, the Labour Party faithful generally regarded them as being too secretive, elitist, and antidemocratic, too closely associated with the military, and too often targeted against Labour supporters such as left-wing trade unionists, Maori (native) leaders, and social activists. Few Labour leaders, including David Lange, came to the public defense of the nation's security apparatus. That Prime Minister David Lange, as minister in charge of intelligence, should fail in this respect must be regarded as one of the sadder episodes in the history of Westminster-style governments.

Indeed, within the Labour Party as a whole, internal political dynamics determined that if Lange were to pursue what he and other members of the leadership saw as necessary changes in domestic social and economic policy, and if they were to

reorient New Zealand's foreign policies toward its Asia-Pacific neighborhood, the changes likely would be at the expense of some traditional external relationships, including security and intelligence capabilities. From the beginning of his tenure, David Lange and the leadership of the Labour Party had refused to consider that the likely consequences would be to degrade the country's security and intelligence functions.

In fact, during contemporaneous conversations with this author, and in many subsequent public manifestations, Lange revealed that he knew very little about the security organs of state power and their role in a democratic society. Neither did he know anything about national security issues, and he didn't particularly care.

Lange led his party to a second parliamentary victory in August 1987, in which his party's anti-ANZUS, anti-U.S., and antinuclear policies played a significant though not determining role. In the months following this victory the Labour Party lost public confidence, and Lange resigned as Prime Minister in August 1989, a full year before the next probable election. He remained in Parliament as an elected member from the populous Auckland area until recently, when he announced his decision to resign from elected office.

Lange's Response

In Lange's statements before the Select Committee during August 1996, he came as close as possible to a public admission that as a novice prime minister he largely failed to appreciate the significance of the nation's security and intelligence apparatus. He did not admit to having failed in his constitutional responsibility or to having mistreated the security services.

Lange has also indicated that he was not adequately informed during his tenure as prime minister. In his foreword to a new study by political campaigner Micky Hager entitled *Secret Power*, he wrote, "It

is an outrage that I and other ministers were told so little. This raises the question of to whom those concerned saw themselves ultimately answerable."

Lange acknowledged that the intelligence services were "quite a vital New Zealand type of service." He even suggested, in an apparent reference to extreme protests, land occupations, and calls for violence by Maori radicals, that these might be considered "subversive" and hence surveillance could be justified. Aiming his insights directly at one of Labour's long-standing shibboleths, Lange admitted that the country's SIS was often "overly fussy" about making sure its activities were "acceptable."

At one point in his testimony he commented that at GCSB he heard "crickets scratching their legs somewhere in the South Pacific" but that he did appreciate the system's ability to allow him to listen to the news on national radio! If the GCSB was not properly targeted, he has nobody to blame but himself.

Lange also complained about the SIGINT functions of the GCSB—similar in function to the U.S. National Security Agency and other U.S. government organizations involved in SIGINT. In this regard, David Lange's testimony found a certain resonance in the United States. This concerns the usefulness, necessity, indeed, perhaps even the "legitimacy" of central intelligence organizations. It is in these regards that the post-prime ministerial David Lange of 1996 has clearly climbed the mountain and seen the light.

However, having seen the light, Lange admitted that the SIS had been "diligent" in its efforts at domestic security but that its intelligence penetration of subversive groups had been low. Successful penetration requires specific recruitment, training, and support—all of which he failed to provide as the responsible minister. In the Westminster system this includes political support in Parliament and in Cabinet, something that is the prime minister's direct, personal responsibility.

New Zealand's services, Lange concluded, have probably been overly concerned and overly timid. The fact that legal changes were deemed necessary to broaden oversight and to strengthen a channel of redress for presumed infringements of civil liberties are testimony to the continuing impact of Labour thinking about national security and intelligence. Whether a "decent balance" has been struck between operational and civil priorities will depend ultimately on the ability of the new parliamentary committee to use the services "intelligently."

As for Lange the lay pastor, one can only remark that absolution is a wonderful thing but as the final transition approaches no amount of last-minute recanting of past excesses and failures will change the fact that the "vital New Zealand type of service" will be a long time recovering from his stewardship.

It is doubtful that New Zealand will soon, or ever, regain the level of expertise, be able to maintain the physical systems, or gain access to the information from its overseas partners that it was privileged to receive when Lange took office; however, thinking on this subject will always remain speculation.

David Lange of 1984 came to office with political will, an established social conscience, leadership persona, and a willingness to restructure the socialized economy. His prevailing mindset about security and intelligence could be summed up in a few concepts founded in negativism, misinformation, and provincial thinking. One can only speculate what would have happened if, as well, he had brought a firm understanding and appreciation of the central organs of government, and acceptance of his personal responsibility for the direction of intelligence and security. What if... what if...?

Dalton A. West was formerly a professor of International Relations at Massey University in New Zealand (1972-1986). He is currently chairman of the U.S. Global Strategy Program.

Books In Review

In Defense of Intrepid

by Tod Hoffman

Thomas F. Troy. *Wild Bill and Intrepid: Donovan, Stephenson, and the Origin of CIA*. New Haven & London: Yale University Press, 1996, 259 pp. \$30.00.

Somewhere between the covers of Thomas Troy's *Wild Bill and Intrepid* lies an interesting bit of historical data. Unfortunately, after wading through more than 200 pages of text, one emerges feeling that material that would have made for a useful article in a scholarly journal has suffered a great deal from being stretched precariously thin.

While a staff officer in the CIA, Troy was assigned the task of writing an essay for internal circulation about the role played by Sir William Stephenson and his British Security Coordination (BSC) in the creation of the Coordinator of Information (COI), the predecessor to the Office of Strategic Services (OSS), which in turn would spawn the CIA. That document, completed in 1970 and only publicly released in 1987, forms the centerpiece of the book. As might be expected from any government document, it is dry fare.

Stephenson's Search

Troy's thesis is of considerable interest: "Credit has always been given the British for their assistance in the organization and operation of COI and OSS. Here I have extended that credit for assistance to the conception and establishment of COI. Stephenson has, in fact, spoken of BSC as 'the parent' of COI" (p. 132) [italics in original]. This is quite a departure from the CIA legend, which has it that the genesis of American intelligence, in the

words of former Director of Central Intelligence William Casey, was "with a New York lawyer who saw his country facing a deadly menace and knew that it was unprepared and uninformed." That visionary was Wild Bill Donovan, "a one-man CIA for President (Franklin) Roosevelt" (p. 3).

Stephenson, who would later find fame as a former intelligence officer, and later still infamy as the man called "Intrepid," was sent to New York by Winston Churchill to keep track of fifth column activities in the Western Hemisphere and to protect American supplies bound for Britain. Concern over America's neutrality convinced Britain of the need to have some means for conducting intelligence in the United States.

Stephenson had liaison with the FBI, but he was not content merely to funnel information to them. Britain believed the United States needed to develop an offensive organization capable of investigating threats against its interests abroad. To this end Stephenson's wartime mission was "to find a man and an organization with which he could collaborate" (p. 210).

Troy argues that he found this man in the industrious, well-connected Donovan. Indeed, Stephenson referred to Donovan, once he was confirmed to head up COI, proprietarily as "our Man" (p. 130). The British cultivated Donovan by granting him audiences with the heads of their intelligence services and even Churchill himself. Stephenson claimed to have arranged for him to be supplied with secret information to take to his superiors so as "to build up his candidacy for the position I wanted to see him achieve here" (p. 121).



A photograph of this OSS lapel badge appears in Keith Mellon's *The Ultimate Spy Book*.

In essence, then, the BSC first worked to convince the highest authorities in the American government that they needed an offensive intelligence capability and then proceeded to maneuver Donovan into a position wherein he would be the best choice to run it.

The Author's Thesis

Troy's presentation of the evidence in support of his thesis is rather confusing. The exact sequence of events is crucial to his case because it allows for the establishment of a time-line that illustrates the development of relationships between the principals. However, he does not lay out his tale in chronological order, telling it as he concludes it to have occurred, explaining away the contradictory evidence as he goes along. Instead, he jumps here and there, picking apart a variety of sources in turn, rather than within the context of the points he is trying to prove. The reader is brought back and forth across time so often as to end up with a jumble of dates and meetings and memoranda that is most difficult to keep straight. Too often—and maddeningly—Troy begins a point only to advise that he will get to it later on.

Troy dedicates much space to rehabilitating Stephenson from the damage done to his reputation by the fiasco surrounding *A Man Called Intrepid*, a hyperbolic account of his career that has muddled his true role. Troy argues that he was not the minor figure to which his critics have tried to reduce him. Beyond convincing us that Stephenson has been overly maligned, Troy never brings the man to life. Nor does he bring Donovan to life. Was Donovan being manipulated by the

BSC, in effect a witting or unwitting agent of their interests? Or was he the beneficiary of a convergence of interests, whereby he could take advantage of their wishes to further his own desire for an expansion of American intelligence?

British Role

It becomes clear that the British thought of Donovan as *their* man and that his appointment as head of COI was a triumph for Stephenson. From their perspective, Troy writes, Stephenson was "Bill Donovan's case officer" and Donovan was "one of the most potentially valuable agents of influence [they] could desire" (p. 186). *Wild Bill and Intrepid* could have gone on to deal with the implications of this situation. If the British were able to exert such influence on the establishment of COI, what was their influence over American intelligence once they entered the Second World War? If Donovan recognized any debt to the British and Stephenson for his appointment, what was his relationship to them once he was in a position to gather secret information? Speculation about, if not actual responses to questions, which flow so naturally from the book's thesis, are begged.

Scholars may be drawn to this work because it includes a previously classified CIA document on the origins of America's entry into offensive intelligence. It offers an interesting twist on the conventional wisdom surrounding Donovan and his role as the creator of the OSS. This book needed a stronger editorial hand to reorganize it, focus it better, and guide it toward some conclusions regarding the broader ramifications of Britain's influence on Wild Bill and the formative months of his ascent to the highest ranks of American intelligence.

Tod Hoffman served with the Canadian Security Intelligence Service for eight years. He is now a freelance writer who regularly reviews books on intelligence and international affairs.

The Sweep of History

by John R. Mapother

John H. Waller. *The Unseen War in Europe: Espionage and Conspiracy in the Second World War*. New York: Random House, Inc., 1996. 395 pp. \$35.00.

Few Americans, even the history buffs of World War II, understand the dreams of the German resisters. They could not accept or serve the Third Reich, sought to inform and achieve common purpose with Germany's enemies, and eventually failed, on 20 July 1944, to assassinate Adolf Hitler. Author John Waller sets out to explain the role of intelligence in history, and engages the reader in an engrossing account of German intrigues designed to influence the outcome of the war.

This inquiry into German resistance is possible because of the accumulation of published accounts, some quite recent. Waller also relies on the books of wartime leaders, data from obscure intelligence journals, the record of the Nuremberg Trials, and records in the U.S. National Archives. Assembling the story was clearly a challenge, one the author surmounted, as displayed by revelations in this book: For example, I was surprised to learn that one of the figures who "prevented German troops from entering Spain, and saved Gibraltar from being attacked" (p. 18), was Admiral Wilhelm Canaris, chief of the German military intelligence, Abwehr.

The first chapter describes Canaris's rescue by a German submarine off the coast of Spain, during World War I. The final chapter tells how the Abwehr chief was executed in Flossenbürg concentration camp in April 1945, shortly before Allied troops arrived. The execution was directed by Ernst Kaltenbrunner, a chieftain among the evil men who staffed the Main Reich Security Office (RSHA). At Nuremberg,

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where Kaltenbrunner was later executed by the Allies, one charge against him was complicity in the death of Canaris.

The master criminal of the RSHA, of course, was Heinrich Himmler, who readers will be astonished to learn went out of his way to spare Canaris retribution between the time RSHA files on the Abwehr spelled treason—in 1942 at the latest—and the bomb of 20 July 1944. After that blast, there was no opportunity to protect the enemies of Hitler, and Canaris probably knew as much as anyone about plots to assassinate the tyrant. It is ironic that Canaris, who opposed Hitler from the beginning, distrusted the young, activist officer, Klaus Schenk von Stauffenberg, who planted the bomb that failed.

Approach to West

The basic question of the resisters, in the midst of the war, was which enemy to accommodate. Most German enemies of Hitler favored an arrangement with the West. Under Neville Chamberlain lines from Berlin to the appeasers in Britain (the author uses the word “defeatists”) were warm. Even after such exchanges were forbidden by Winston Churchill, the appeasers did not avoid chances to discuss common purpose with Germans. Waller presents a good sketch of the flight of Rudolf Hess to Scotland, plus Joseph Stalin's obsession that it signified a deal was being made at his expense.

Citing an Armenian joke that Adolf Hitler was the only man Stalin ever trusted, Waller gives an illuminating and plausible explanation of why the Soviet leader never acted on the many warnings, from sources of British, American, and his own Soviet intelligence, that foretold Operation Barbarossa, the German attack on the Soviet Union. A persuasive insight into Stalin's thinking at the time is attributed to Nikita Khrushchev.

The German resistance, its members fearful of deep Soviet incursion into Europe, sought to play off the enemies east and west against each other. Those who

sought cooperation in the west railed against Allied policy of unconditional surrender, although this may have been the essential clamp that held the unlikely alliance of Germany's enemies together.

The Grand Alliance

In early 1943, after the Soviet victory at Stalingrad, “Moscow lost interest in German peace overtures” and triggered “a mockery of Soviet agreements with the Western Allies” (pp. 301–02). Roosevelt's initiatives in Teheran in late 1943 attempted to assuage Stalin's turn from the Grand Alliance. Waller confirms the president's concern. In reference to Operation Sunrise, Waller states that, “[Allen] Dulles's daring initiatives . . . provoked expressions of Stalin's fundamental animosity toward the Western democracies and revealed his intentions to pursue postwar policies hostile to the United States” (p. 390).

“Roosevelt, who thought he could handle ‘Uncle Joe’ had had high hopes for a continuation of the Grand Alliance, now expressed himself as being ‘in general agreement’ with Churchill's suggestion that the Western Allies try to meet the Red Army as far to the east as they could and, if possible, be the first to take Berlin” (p. 383).

With every ending, a new beginning, in this case an enhanced Soviet role in Europe that Dulles and the bulk of the German resistance had harped on and the author regrets. Their word in the ear of God, as some Germans might say.

There are some rough patches in this edition of the book. For example, it can be accepted that Reinhard Heydrich, the SS neopagan whose assassination in the German Protectorate of Czechoslovakia is well described, was separated from the German navy in 1929, but not on “April 31” (p. 225). Nor was Josef Müller (known widely as “Ochsensepp”), who was Canaris's contact to the Vatican, among the resisters who would not be liberated by the Allies (p. 392). The “Ox” survived to play a role in Bavarian politics, until his

venturesome approach to life affronted that state's conservatives. I talked to Ochsensepp as recently as 1951. On the whole, this text needs the attention of a careful proofreader.

The book's focus would be improved by dropping two chapters. Chapter 20, “Tricycle and Pearl Harbor,” describes Dusko Popov, Tricycle, who had been recruited by the Abwehr but was controlled by M15. He arrived in the United States in 1941, with assignments for information collection that included Pearl Harbor. Since J. Edgar Hoover would not permit Tricycle to visit Hawaii, nothing came of that. Chapter 32, “Dulles Plays the Field,” an assessment of Dulles's extensive contacts in Bern, relies heavily on a CIA staff study, dated 1973, and appears to have little relevance to Dulles's main story.

Finally, with appreciation for the variety of sources mustered by the author, there is one bad apple in the barrel. The British historian David Irving, after promising early work, drifted into an infatuation with prominent Third Reich leaders in the 1980s that seems to have put him in touch with isolated groups who might be considered their political descendants. Fortunately, information attributed to Irving is available also from a number of more reliable sources.¹

Nevertheless, John Waller's work represents achievement of a more sophisticated approach to history that students of the foreign news in this country would find stimulating. Americans who think international politics should be played with cards on the table face up will find their ability to appreciate the world of reality improved by perusal of this book.

Note

1. See, for example, a more reliable account in Birger Dahlerus. *The Last Attempt*. (London: Hutchinson & Co., 1945).

John R. Mapother served as an intelligence officer in Vienna and Bonn.

War Is Only Worth It If You Win

by William R. Bode

James E. Parker. *Codename Mule: Fighting the Secret War in Laos for the CIA*. Annapolis: Naval Institute Press, 1995, 193 pp. \$28.95.

This book stands out from all other military books on Laos; it is the only one that is likely to cause you to laugh aloud—not often, just enough to leaven a sad story. That is no mean accomplishment in a tale of brave and honorable men fighting a war that, unbeknownst to them, had been written off long before it had fairly begun. Whereas others might have adopted a tone of glory or pathos, Parker's tone is laconic. He tells his story simply, with minimal commentary, and allows the reader to reach his own conclusions.

Parker's rough humor is reminiscent of the mountain men of Bernard De Voto's *Across the Wide Missouri* and certain American tall tales. It is a brand of humor this reviewer recalls from stories told him in the 1940s and 1950s. The storytellers were men born in the previous century who had prospected for gold in Alaska or had driven cattle from the Sierra Nevada foothills to forage in the mountains over the dry California summer, then gathered them for the return drive, sometimes in fierce, early blizzards. Their stories were neither doleful laments nor boasts of heroic deeds, even when they celebrated strength, resolution, or presence of mind. Often they were cautionary tales of carelessness or simple bad luck with the flavor of “There but for the grace of God go I.”

What is most notable about the tales is the attitude of the teller. The humorous stories of dangerous and even fatal incidents were not *schadenfreude*; nor are they *galgenhumor*. These old-timers had chosen a dangerous life and for the most part they enjoyed that life. They rose to the

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challenges that life threw their way and accepted defeats without being defeated. Or so it seemed to one youthful listener.

CIA in Laos

My excursion to the Wild West is intended as high praise. James E. Parker Jr. and his American comrades-in-arms in Laos had much in common with those second- and third-generation frontiersmen. CIA contract employees in Laos chose a tough life in an exotic and dangerous world. For them, Laos was a kind of frontier, albeit a partially synthetic one created by the Geneva Accords of 1961, which put CIA operatives and their military support beyond the pale of civilization in a land where society's conventions were, at best, attenuated.

In these conditions arose a transient subculture of individualistic American warriors who operated partly within their own culture (Parker commuted to family visits in Thailand) and partly within the traditional cultures of highland and lowland Laos and Thailand, while supporting indigenous ground forces resisting an invasion of the revolutionary forces of North Vietnam and a smattering of Pathet Lao. The resulting CIA subculture was not wholly unique, but it was distinctive, and the longer a man stayed, the more nearly he resembled a mountain man. The story of America's “secret war” in Laos has been told before, most often from the lofty perspectives of Washington, the CIA station in Thailand, and by journalistic critics and historians with varying degrees of experience (including none) of Laos.

Relatively few books, however, have been written by combatants, and a fair share of those are by pilots who flew above the fray (of those, Ernie Brace and Dieter Dengler, were captured and lived to tell about life as prisoners of the Pathet Lao).

To this literature Jim Parker contributes the experience and observations of one man over a relatively narrow period—from late 1971 to early 1975—but that one man is a keen observer, a fine storyteller, and a good example of the breed of “knuckle draggers” who fought in Laos.

On Active Duty

Parker served in South Vietnam as an infantry platoon leader in the U.S. First Division from 1965 until he was wounded in 1966. A master of concision, he compresses his Vietnam tour into a paragraph:

My regiment . . . went ashore by landing craft near the South Vietnamese village of Vung Tau. Within weeks, we were fighting north of Saigon and then moved on to the tunnels of Chu Chi, down to the Delta, and back up along the Cambodian border. We suffered casualties, got replacements, suffered more casualties, and got more replacements. At first, we fought the Vietcong, but we eventually targeted North Vietnamese units and fought them when we could find them. Fighting a war of attrition, we tried to kill more of them than they could of us, and our field operations were planned to maximize contact. Hardened by the experience of leading men in combat, I came of age at twenty-three. (p. 7)

Parker left the Army in 1967 but could not settle into civilian life. He worked for a year, married, and returned to the University of North Carolina to resume studies in political science with an eye to law school. A CIA recruiter changed those plans, and ten months later Parker began a year of training with the Special Operations Group, after which he received orders to Udorn, Thailand, the rear base for the CIA's Lao program. He chafed under desk duties for several months before finagling

a transfer to Long Tieng, CIA's major logistical and operations base. On Parker's arrival, "Hog," the agency's chief case officer, explained the tactics of defense. "When the whistle blows," he said, "it's going to be a local affair, hand-to-hand. Forget about the U.S. Air Force" (p. 37).

In mid-December 1971, the North Vietnamese infantry moved behind tanks and breached all defensive positions in an effort to drive the Hmong from the Plaine des Jarres (widely known as the PDJ). By mid-February 1972, the CIA abandoned Long Tieng and dispersed its units.

For the next three years, Parker's team functioned as the handle of a meat grinder that processed two generations of Hmong men as PDJ hash in a fitful mountainous version of the Battle of the Somme. Parker and his fellow CIA contract employees worked with the best hopes and intentions. The failure in Laos was no more their fault than it was the fault of the Hmong, but it was an utter failure, and the survivors bear the scars.

Reaction from Field

Parker's book does not pretend to be more than a piece of the larger picture, nor does it offer judgments of the men who ran the American side of the war or the policies they pursued. Parker surely has opinions on both, but in this book he avoids bitter reflections and extracts few lessons, and those only implicitly and by example. These might be summarized as, be loyal to friends, keep your commitments, and never lose a war. In this respect, again, he is like the above-mentioned old-timers, who avoided preaching and educated by example, if at all.

One of Parker's few implicit policy judgments, stated early in the book, establishes a theme against which the rest of his story plays out. It is the closest he comes to expressing a lament or a regret. Typically, it is understated and disguised as a reverie: "In war, it's only worthwhile if you win, I thought. Don't fight a war if you're not going to win" (p. 5). It is a lesson

that the American army took to heart (witness the Gulf War) but one that seems to have escaped most politicians.

Parker does not mention whether he kept a diary during his years in Laos. If he did not, then his memory is strong and vivid, because his snatches of dialogue ring true. He especially captures the Hmong General Vang Pao's sharp intellect and terse, staccato speech.¹

Academic Bias

Parker's observations on the war in Laos are sound, but his choice of background material is questionable. While historian William Leary's foreword is a concise and generally useful synopsis, it betrays a common academic bias toward diplomacy that is ill-suited to discussion of revolutionary warfare, in which diplomacy's role is not to resolve differences but to advance the revolutionary agenda.

Herewith a few observations on the politics and consequences of American Indochina policy as it relates to Laos:

A "neutral" Laos open to communist operations made Vietnam and Cambodia all but indefensible in a protracted war in which the communist capital of Hanoi was not threatened. The Viet Minh, like the French, considered Indochina a political and strategic unit and sought (successfully, in the case of the Pathet Lao) to subordinate the region's communists utterly to Hanoi's direction.²

Thus, when Leary says, "[t]he quiet in Laos changed dramatically in the summer of 1959 when fighting broke out between the Pathet Lao and the Royal government" (p. x), it was as a result of decisions taken not in Laos, but in North Vietnam. All successive communist combat operations were conducted in pursuit of Hanoi's grand strategy for Indochina, as were all of the diplomatic maneuvers from 1954 (and before) up to and beyond the Paris Peace Accords of 1972.

President Dwight D. Eisenhower had recognized the centrality of Laos to the

defense of Indochina and was still wrestling with the problem as he left office. Leary states, "Eisenhower, in his last days in office, rejected direct military intervention" (p. xi), thereby providing a false continuity between the Eisenhower and Kennedy policies by implying that a diplomatic solution was inevitable. In fact when Kennedy asked Eisenhower during the transition why he had taken no action Ike answered, "I would have, but I did not feel I could commit troops with a new administration coming to power."³

Why did Kennedy, within a few months of discussing Laos with Eisenhower, first make an unusually strong public commitment to Laos, then within weeks back away to redraw the defensive line in Vietnam, while pursuing a "covert" option in Laos? This question is entangled with much broader issues, on which a substantial library has been written. I would offer here three observations that bear on Leary's background material and on Jim Parker's war. The first relates to Kennedy's management style, the second to his military mind, the third to an influential concurrent event.

In 1961, Kennedy began his term as commander-in-chief by dismantling Ike's policy development apparatus. He enjoyed action and attention and considered Ike's apparatus cumbersome and unresponsive. He replaced it with bright, energetic, inexperienced, intellectual attendants—personal mandarins, and the development of national security policy had an inordinately strong domestic political component.

Kennedy also exhibited one of the unfortunate traits of many politicians: the craving to duck commitment so as to avoid offending constituents. Commitment of armed forces to decisive action does not accommodate that political need. Diplomacy and covert operations, on the other hand, offer the national security equivalent of voting on both sides of an issue.

As to my second point, Kennedy's aptitude for the job of commander-in-chief,

although Kennedy was an intelligent man and a veteran, he lacked a grasp of military affairs and actively distrusted the armed services. Thus, the handicap of dismantling Ike's policy development process was compounded; Kennedy further insulated himself from sound military advice by discounting opinions and proposals of the "hawks" and favoring instead, the inside advice of his brother Bobby and his coterie of admiring and subservient academics. This broadly antimilitary cabal favored nontraditional and, preferably, nonmilitary approaches to solving military problems. These included, in addition to diplomacy and covert action, counterinsurgency, which was the progressive attempt to by-pass combat by attacking the "root causes" of war directly with the weapons of economics and sociology. Thus, by temperament and intellect, Kennedy was inclined to avoid a major American commitment to the defense of Laos.

On my third point, the influence of concurrent events, the defeat of the "covert" invasion of Cuba by the 2506 Brigade so rattled Kennedy that he lost all stomach for taking a stand in Laos and decided to fall back to the more politically stable, hence presumably more defensible, South Vietnam of Ngo Dinh Diem.

According to John Galbraith's widely quoted anecdote, Kennedy stated that "There are limits to the number of defeats I can defend in one twelve-month period. . . I've had the Bay of Pigs, pulling out of Laos, and I can't accept a third." So America took a stand in South Vietnam, having abandoned territory that was key to its defense.⁴

Had Kennedy grasped the strategic importance of Laos, he might have chosen to disengage entirely from Indochina. Instead, he chose the politician's solution of withdrawal under the cosmetics of "neutralization" and immediately redefined the theater of war: it was no longer Indochina but Vietnam.

Leary's foreword takes a familiar diplomatic line on neutralization: "By

early June 1961, both the United States and the Soviet Union had decided to defuse the dangerous situation in Laos. At a meeting in Vienna, President Kennedy and Prime Minister Khrushchev issued a joint statement reaffirming their support for 'a neutral and independent Laos.' At the same time, negotiators met in Geneva, Switzerland, to work out a settlement to the thorny problem" (p. xii). Neutralization did, indeed, serve the purposes of both Kennedy and Khrushchev, but not because they shared the objective of "defusing a dangerous situation." Neutralization served the political strategy of Kennedy and the revolutionary strategy of Khrushchev. Alas, Khrushchev had the broader view of the situation and the more accurate assessment of who actually benefited.

Neutralization

As Parker's experience in the 1970s illustrates, neutralization severely complicated American strategy for the defense of Indochina. An early consequence was that it confused Laotians and the Royal Laotian government itself. The coup that created Kennedy's first national security crisis was staged by Kong Le, a neutralist who opposed an anticommunist regime that had been encouraged by the Eisenhower administration. Kong Le's alliance with the Pathet Lao produced a Soviet airlift to "neutralist" forces that was "apart from the Second World War . . . the highest priority Soviet supply operation since the Revolution," as Deputy Soviet Foreign Minister Pushkin told Averell Harriman at the time.⁵ Throughout the war, Laotian government officials continued to hope for some form of rapprochement with the Pathet Lao and the creation of a genuinely neutral state in the midst of Hanoi's war on the South—clearly an impossible dream, but one that was fostered by American diplomacy and the Geneva Accords. The dream was realized in part when an early coalition government was reconstituted in 1972–73 in anticipation of the American withdrawal. That

coalition lasted only long enough to provide a pretext for American withdrawal.

Neutralization hampered American military operations in ways that did not apply to North Vietnam. As a revolutionary government, Hanoi disregarded all but communist borders and had particular contempt for artificial borders that ignored the "special relationship" between Laos and Vietnam.

The inevitable disclosure of the "secret war" in Laos was politically damaging to the American war effort in its final years. As it happened, the most dramatic "discovery" took place during a Republican administration and led to shrill Democratic criticism of policies and actions set in motion by Kennedy.

Violations of the Geneva Accords from the very beginning by the communist governments of the USSR and North Vietnam put the United States government on notice that the terms of the agreement were largely meaningless. The estimated 10,000 North Vietnamese troops in Laos were not withdrawn, and the country remained split between the communist and noncommunist factions of the coalition government.

The Kennedy administration, however, clung to a tacit agreement described by Norman Hannah as follows:

that both sides accepted the spotty division of power in Laos—which of course nullified the unification as well as the neutralization of Laos which had been the fundamental objectives of the Geneva Accords. Neither side would push for conquest of Laos. Despite violations of specific clauses of the accords, the basic balance in Laos would not be upset pending a settlement in Vietnam. Meanwhile, the war in Laos would be put "on the back burner." (Italics in original)⁶

At no time after 1961 was the American objective to win in Laos. This followed not only from the neutralization of Laos (formalized in 1962) but from the

defensive American strategy for Vietnam. Parker's comment on winning a war implies that he did not understand this to be the case at the time of his assignment to Laos in 1971. The Paris negotiations soon brought the point home.

Endgame

"Ours was a side show, out of the public eye and generally ignored by the media in gauging the progress of the war," Parker states. "The men who worked up-country Laos did not consider their contributions in terms of developing over-all U.S. strategy in the region" (p. 87).

"We were a closed society of a little more than a dozen men by the end of 1972, and there were no other officers in the pipeline to replace us" (p. 137).

In the context of American policy toward Laos, of the enormous sacrifices of the Hmong troops and families used to attrit North Vietnamese main force units, and of American coolness toward the fate of the Hmong since 1972, the statement of the CIA station chief, Dan Arnold, who closed down Parker's last operation in support of the Hmong rings hollow: "You've gone native, some of you. You smell bad. You think your opinions are the appropriate ones here. You're a little lost in the forest, boys. No one forced the Hmong to fight for us. This is their homeland. We've helped them defend it all these many years. Our job's over, and we have to go. They got along without us for cons; they'll survive" (p. 176).

Thus did the United States government close out a decade of combat with a loyal ally. The Hmong did survive, but just barely. Encouraged and supported by the Vietnamese, who despised the Hmong both for their dark skins and their obstruction of South Vietnam's "liberation," the Pathet Lao government launched a campaign against the Hmong that can fairly be described as genocidal. When the Hmong resisted re-education and redistribution to the lowlands, they were assaulted in their mountain strongholds by infantry and

artillery. When that proved costly and ineffective, they became the first combat victims of chemical and biological warfare in decades (soon to be followed, however, by Afghans and Iraqis). Many Hmong were driven across the border to refugee camps in Thailand. While a very few were able to join privileged friends and relatives who had made it to the United States around 1975, most were doomed to await repatriation to communist Laos.

Jim Parker's story of Americans in Laos inspires pride. The story of America and Laos since Parker left his post inspires only sorrow and shame for America's misuse of the Hmong in war and their abandonment in a hasty retreat disguised as a political settlement. "What I know most from those experiences is that war hurts, good men die, and it's only worthwhile if you win" (p. 5), wrote Jim Parker. It might almost have been worthwhile if other than soldiers shared this view. There is little indication, however, that the political culture of Washington has absorbed this lesson fully. Certainly, the current administration has not.

Notes

1. The reviewer's acquaintance with Vang Pao dates from the mid-1980s and includes two weeks riding and walking with him on his return to Laos in 1987.

2. See Arthur Dommen. *Laos: Keystone of Indochina*. (Boulder: Westview Press, 1985).

3. Richard Reeves. *President Kennedy: Profile of Power*. (New York: Simon and Schuster, 1993) 181-2.

4. Richard M. Bissell, Jr. *Reflections of a Cold Warrior*. (New Haven: Yale University Press, 1996) 151.

5. Norman B. Hannah. *The Key to Failure: Laos and the Vietnam War*. (Lanham, New York, London: Madison Books, 1987) 38.

6. *Ibid.*, 60.

William R. Bode is an independent consultant who served in the Departments of Energy, Defense, and State from 1975 to 1987.

Lao People's Democratic Republic

Capital	Vientiane
GDP	\$4.1 billion
Total Area	236,800 sq. km.
Population	4,701,654 (July 1994, est.)
Ethnic Divisions	Lao 50%, tribal Thai 20%, Phou- heung (Kha) 15% Mco, Hmong, Yao, and other 15%
Religions	Buddhist 85%, animist and other 15%
Languages	Lao (official), French, English*

- 1893—Laos becomes a French protectorate
- 1945—September, Laos declares independence
- 1954—Geneva conference, armistice with France
- 1955—Laos admitted to United Nations
- 1956–1958—Negotiations between Pathet Lao and Vientiane
- 1958—Elections with Pathet Lao winning 9 of 21 national assembly seats
- 1960—Four coalition governments fall; Kong Le stages coup
- 1961—Pathet Lao offensive makes major gains
- 1962—Geneva conference declares Laos "neutral"
- 1963—Cease-fire falls apart
- 1963–1973—War between Pathet Lao and the Royal Laotian army continues uninterrupted
- 1973—Vietnam Paris Peace Accords
- 1975–1976—Communists establish full control

*Source: CIA's *The World Factbook* 1995–1996.

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WORLD INTELLIGENCE REVIEW

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A Life at War

by Gary Stoces

Peter Macdonald. *Giap: The Victor in Vietnam*. New York: W. W. Norton, 1993. 354 pp. \$25. John Colvin. *Giap: Volcano Under Snow*. New York: Soho Press, 1996. 315 pp. \$25.

He helped mastermind and administer the humiliating military defeat of two major western powers, France (1946–1954) and the United States (1961–1975). He authored two international bestsellers on military strategy and has been the subject of countless articles which have been published in newspapers and periodicals around the world. In this country his likeness twice graced the cover of *Time Magazine*, first in mid-1966 and then on 9 February 1968. More recently he was the subject of a feature story, and his photograph appeared on the cover of *The New York Times Magazine* of 24 June 1990.

Yet today, most Americans profess to never having heard of the man whose name appropriately means "Military Literary Champion at the Imperial Contest"

—Vietnam's General Vo Nguyen Giap (pronounced Vo When Zhop). The works of two British authors, Peter Macdonald, a retired brigadier, and John Colvin, a retired diplomat who served in Hanoi during the height of American involvement, should help rectify this situation.

Soldier, Strategist, Statesman

Writing a biography is never an easy task, and this is especially so when the subject is Vietnamese. Unlike most westerners, Vietnamese are extremely reticent about revealing details, discussing their own past activities or accomplishments, even those of friends or family members. This inherent cultural difference is compounded when the subject was for years a member of an underground organization, where secrecy, deceit, and deception are usually tantamount to survival. As both writers discovered, General Giap proved to be no exception. For example, when it came to the general's early years the only thing either author could ascertain with any

degree of certainty was that he was born on 28 August 1911 in the small hamlet of An Xa, near the southern border of what used to be called North Vietnam. The rest of his early life became a matter of conjecture. To Peter Macdonald, Giap claimed his father was executed by French authorities in 1919. But John Colvin discovered Giap's father did not die until 1947. As the story unfolded the truth surrounding the other members of Giap's immediate family fared no better. However, whenever such contradictions did occur both authors were quick to point them out.

But Giap was a man whose life was shaped and overtaken by the major events occurring in his country—events accompanied by decades of armed struggle. Hence, neither book is a biography in the strict sense of the word but more a compact military history of the First and Second Indochina Wars and the pivotal role Giap played in both.

The authors provide ample material on Giap's formative years as a resistance fighter and military strategist, but it was in 1954 at Dien Bien Phu, that the general's name first surfaced and captured the attention of the western world. Although there have been significantly larger battles, such as Kursk in 1943 (following the German defeat at Stalingrad)—when 1,337,000 Russians clashed with 900,000 Germans,¹ Macdonald correctly judges that under Giap's stewardship it was the way Dien Bien Phu developed that "made

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Sir Thomas More?

by Bruce Fein

The public perception of the Central Intelligence Agency peddled by the news media proves Napoleon's maxim that history is a mutually agreed upon fable.

The most recent exhibit swirls around Mr. Richard Nuccio, a senior policy advisor at the State Department seeking to broker an end to civil warfare in Guatemala. Mr. Nuccio lost his clearance for special compartmented information by going outside official channels to unbosom classified information to then-Representative Robert G. Torricelli, a member of the House Select Committee on Intelligence, in March 1995. The secret material disclosed an intelligence source, Colonel Julio Alpiroz, and implicated him in the killings of two Americans.

Mr. Torricelli did not tarry in defaming the CIA. Five days after receiving something akin to fenced goods, the honorable congressman, pledged to secrecy of sources and methods, penned an intemperate letter to President Bill Clinton falsely accusing the agency of "direct involvement" in murder and naming Alpiroz as an informant. To insure that all the world would learn of his sensational charge, Mr. Torricelli faxed the accusatory letter to *The New York Times*.

Mr. Nuccio was no stranger to the congressman's modus operandi. He had previously worked for him as a congressional aide. The nation's most esteemed newspaper has portrayed Mr. Nuccio as a modern Sir Thomas More who suffered

martyrdom for his moral courage. But the heart-clutching portrait seems more a parody than the truth.

Mr. Nuccio's wrongful disclosure came after both the House and Senate intelligence committees had been informed by the CIA of the misconduct allegations against Colonel Alpiroz. He added nothing to the congressional store of knowledge.

Long before Mr. Nuccio's self-described act of heroism, the inspector general of the agency had initiated an investigation into alleged Guatemala reporting deficiencies that resulted in disciplinary action against several officers.

Chairman of the House intelligence committee, Larry Combest (a Texas Republican), importuned for disciplining Mr. Nuccio and voiced no worry that his example would place a tourniquet on classified information Congress needs to perform oversight. As history may say, Nuccio's rogue elephant disparagement of the CIA befits himself more.

Bruce Fein is a lawyer specializing in international and constitutional law. He is also a syndicated columnist.

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it one of the most decisive of all time and propelled the name of Vo Nguyen Giap into the history books" (p. 125). He might well have added that this siege of the 14,000-man Dien Bien Phu garrison by 50,000 Vietminh also marked the end of the First Indochina War, the beginning of the end of French colonialism, and the beginning of U.S. involvement in the internal affairs of Vietnam.

Khe Sanh: Victory or Defeat?

A concise, equally well done reconstruction and analysis of the Tet (the Chinese Lunar New Year) offensive of 1968 is provided by John Colvin—who is one of a small group of writers to grasp how the U.S. build-up at Khe Sanh, a large firebase just below the demilitarized zone, directly affected events that were soon to take place in every other province in South Vietnam. Colvin meticulously explains how in late 1967 Giap's adversary, General William C. Westmoreland, was suckered into believing that "the North Vietnamese divisions now moving against Khe Sanh were intended to create a second Dien Bien Phu" (page 235). Peter Macdonald notes that so great was the specter of another Dien Bien Phu that on 27 January 1968 President Johnson demanded that his Joint Chiefs of Staff guarantee, in writing, that Khe Sanh would not be overrun (pp. 296-97); two days later that demand was met.

But as Giap told Brigadier Macdonald: "[Khe Sanh] was the focus of attention in the United States because their prestige was at stake, but to us it was part of the greater battle that would begin after Tet" (p. 290). Consequently, on 30 January 1968—a mere thirty minutes into the Year of the Monkey—when an all-out assault took place in the coastal city of Nha Trang, the Allied high command in Saigon believed the attack was a ruse. This belief continued until late the following day when Saigon itself was attacked. By that time it was too late. The major cities in the South had fallen to the enemy. "Politically for the United States it was a disaster" (p.266).

Author's Evaluation

But where Colvin, and to some extent Macdonald, understood the significance of Khe Sanh and the crucial role it would play during Tet, neither author grasped the latent consequences of the offensive. For the most part the units that attacked and took temporary control of major cities in South Vietnam were from the home-grown National Liberation Front (i.e., the Viet Cong)—and not the North Vietnamese Army. This distinction is extremely important because in essence what Giap accomplished was twofold: he gained a tremendous psychological victory in the United States when film footage of a partially overrun U.S. embassy compound was broadcast by the three major networks, and without losing experienced men from his own army. Perhaps more important—by using the Viet Cong to carry out the brunt of the attacks he virtually guaranteed that when the time came for the north to subjugate the south the only organization that would have had the wherewithal to resist—the National Liberation Front—no longer existed as an effective fighting or political force.

Another shortcoming both books share—besides the usual British condescension to most U.S. foreign policy decisions—is the maddening lack of footnotes. While the former seems to have become de rigueur, the latter is inexcusable in what were otherwise two well-written and highly informative books on a subject that was in dire need of illumination.

Note

1. Geoffrey Jukes. *Kursk: The Clash of Armor*. (New York: Ballantine, 1968) 78-79.



Gary Stoces, former Marine Staff NCO, served in Vietnam from 1965 to 1967 and is the author of Civic Action, which for years was the Marine Corps's handbook on pacification.

A Cold War Legacy:

Critiques and Confessions

by Richard W. Shryock

Richard M. Bissell Jr., with Jonathan E. Lewis and Frances T. Pudlo. *Reflections of a Cold Warrior: From Yalta to the Bay of Pigs*. New Haven: Yale University Press, 1996. 268 pp. \$30.00.

The remarkable career of Richard Mervin Bissell Jr. (1909-1994) spanned some fifty years and included service—most of it at elevated levels—in more than a dozen different organizations and institutions, both public and private. Bissell is best known, however, for his eight years in the Central Intelligence Agency, especially for his oversight of the U-2 (high altitude reconnaissance aircraft) project in the 1950s and for his management—many, Bissell among them, might say mismanagement—of the CIA-sponsored Bay of Pigs invasion of Cuba in April 1961.

Toward the end of his life, at age eighty-two, a very reluctant and diffident Bissell was persuaded by friends, colleagues, and members of his family to record his reminiscences on tape. Fortunately, as he proceeded to do so over the course of the next two years, he warmed to his task and, with an interviewer (Jonathan Lewis) and an editor (Frances Pudlo), produced this thoughtful, candid, provocative, and ultimately puzzling memoir. He completed his work in 1993, just months before he died at home in Hartford of a long-standing heart ailment.

The Renaissance Man(ager)

According to his publisher, Yale University Press, Bissell was "the most important CIA spymaster in history," a man who "single-handedly led America's intelligence service from the age of Mata



Hari into the space age." Encomiums this exaggerated may help to sell books and perhaps have a certain appeal in New Haven, but they are likely to set teeth on edge among the cognoscenti elsewhere in the world and surely would have made Bissell himself wince more than once. Still, it should be said, there is some truth behind this book jacket puffery: Bissell's stay in the agency was enormously productive and eventful, and the contributions Bissell made to the craft of intelligence were indeed of large and lasting consequence.

This, of course, should not come as any great surprise, for Bissell was not just another New England Brahmin attracted to Cold War work in Washington. He was, to be sure, a child of wealth and privilege, a Groton graduate, a Yale man through and through (B.A. 1932; Ph.D. 1939), and a friend or acquaintance of almost everyone in the capital deemed worth knowing, ranging from Joe Alsop to Averell Harriman to Allen Dulles. But he was much more than merely well connected; he was also—adding insult to injury—conscientious, hard-working, multitalented, and (according to most who knew him) undeniably brilliant.

Thus he was seen early on as destined for great things, if not greatness itself, and for quite some time he did not disappoint. As an economist, for example, he quickly earned a reputation for innovation and independence and was welcome in a variety of settings, including academe (Yale and MIT), a number of World War II planning agencies, and several postwar Marshall Plan offices.

As a manager, he rapidly acquired a broad range of skills and considerable bureaucratic savvy and held demanding, high-ranking positions in a great many

government bureaus and top jobs in a think tank and a major foundation. And in the CIA, as a team-leader and energetic executive, he scored some notable successes, not least being his and Lockheed Aircraft's pioneering, incredibly productive U-2 program, which moved from project approval to first flight over the USSR in but twenty months.

Even Bissell's failures, putative and real, demonstrated to a degree his strengths as a leader: his willingness to make difficult and sometimes risky decisions and to stick to them; his ability during crises to roll with the punches of both allies and adversaries and to persist in the struggle for established goals; his understanding of how to cope with big bureaucracies seeking primarily to advance their own presumed interests; and his apparent knack—despite an often evident arrogance—for inspiring loyalty among subordinates and trust among colleagues and superiors.

Bahia de Cochinos

As might be expected, Bissell devotes a substantial portion of his memoir—about one-fifth of the entire text—to the disaster at the Bay of Pigs in mid-April 1961. He wrestles with all the familiar questions about this ill-fated enterprise, the whos, whats, and whys of failure, not just of the operation itself but of national policy as well. But, after thirty years or so of solemn contemplation and soul-searching, he arrives at no easy or definitive answers. He does, however, inform us that many mistakes were made before, during, and after the invasion and that more than a few of these were made by him.

Indeed, this was a time, he says, when he may have let his strong "desire to proceed [with the operation] override [his] good judgment on several matters," principally because he was too "emotionally involved" in the matter (p. 185). He admits that he and his boss, DCI Allen Dulles, were so committed to the venture that they paid little attention to indications

of impending calamity and neglected to draw up a contingency plan for the evacuation of the invading Cuban-exile brigade. "I have never denied that we were culpable, and I am more than happy to accept the blame personally," he says (p. 172).

But Bissell by no means wishes to bear the ignominy of defeat solo. Firmly, though for the most part politely—as is his patrician preference—he reproaches those who in his view should share the blame, including White House adviser McGeorge Bundy, Secretary of State Dean Rusk, and several members of the Joint Chiefs of Staff. President John F. Kennedy, however—together with his brother, Attorney General Robert F. Kennedy—is the principal culprit. Several of Kennedy's decisions were devastating, Bissell thinks, particularly those that adversely affected both the brigade's seaborne supply line and its land-based air cover. Indeed, he asserts, "Without resupply and [adequate] air cover, the venture was doomed" (p. 187).

That a fair number of people involved in the Bay of Pigs operation made some serious mistakes seems beyond dispute. One primary miscalculation, made in the early stages of planning and apparently widely shared, was that the Cuban people were close to rebelling against Castro's tyranny and would actively support an invasion and/or a guerrilla campaign in the Escambray Mountains. Subsequent changes in the timing and locale of the landing, insisted on by the president, reduced whatever chances there were of a popular uprising, Bissell says, and virtually eliminated the possibility of effective guerrilla action. Despite his strong feelings about these changes, however, Bissell did not, at the time, express his dismay and did not balk at the new presidential directives. He regretted his silence for the rest of his life (see pp. 155, 162, 165, 168–75).



Another, related supposition underlying the Bay of Pigs operation—that Castro lacked any significant base of popular support—also seems to have been quite wrong, born more of hope than of reason.

But Bissell in his memoir clings stubbornly to the notion that Castro could have eventually been overthrown if only Kennedy had made the right decisions at the right times. He happily quotes Dulles's successor, John McCone, to this effect (p. 194). He also argues—rather vaguely and unpersuasively—that if the beachhead had been held, "at the very least [the ensuing] stalemate would have allowed a provisional government to be flown in and a proposal mounted for new elections to be supervised by the Organization of American States. That in itself would have demonstrated Castro's ineffectiveness and meant a major victory for the United States" (p. 195).

While Bissell is able to make a respectable case against what appear to have been the administration's vacillating and perhaps even pusillanimous policies, he fails in his efforts to dismiss or minimize an assortment of shortcomings in his own official behavior, most notably his reluctance to heed cautionary advice from some of his agency and military colleagues and his coincident eagerness to believe some suspiciously optimistic assessments from perhaps unreliable sources.

Bissell's inability to look at all the evidence arrayed against him, his disinclination to face the music, even three decades after the fact, is certainly understandable. The Bay of Pigs fiasco, after all, was the pivotal event in his professional life. (In early 1961, anticipating success in Cuba—and hoping one day to replace Allen Dulles as DCI—he even turned down an opportunity to become deputy undersecretary of state for political affairs, a job he probably would have very much liked [p. 192].) Nevertheless, Bissell's attitude here reveals weaknesses he does not altogether deny, an

overly strong attachment to the causes he favored and a concomitant tendency to dismiss unpleasant news whenever it was convenient to do so.

The Question of Culpability

It is not as if others in Washington could not have provided warning of impending failure. Bissell's own deputy, Richard Helms, suspected that the operation would crumble and apparently did not conceal his skepticism. Other "old professional hands"—including "a large number of former OSS officers" (men who believed Bissell to be an "interloper" and who in a sense constituted an "opposition" within the operations directorate [DO])—agreed with Helms. Their opinions were not solicited, however, and would not in any case have been well received by Bissell (see pp. 177–78).

In the Directorate of Intelligence (DI), headed by Robert Amory, there were more than a few analysts who would have denied the plausibility of the Bay of Pigs script had they been aware of it. Amory, whose efforts to find out about the operation were summarily blocked by Dulles, but who had a pretty good idea about what was going on anyhow, would almost certainly have advised against it. In the event, however, Amory was sufficiently miffed by his rude exclusion to stifle any impulse he might have had to voice his misgivings. Instead, he went home in a huff, saying to himself (as remembered in an interview), "Screw 'em" (see p. 179 and its footnote 31).

In December 1960, the Board of National Estimates (BNE) produced a presciently gloomy Special National Intelligence Estimate (SNIE 85-3-60) concerning the prospects of the Castro regime. (Amory did not sit on the board but almost certainly knew about its deliberations.) According to Bissell, who quotes from a memorandum based on the estimate, the board concluded *inter alia* that the opposition in Cuba was "still generally ineffective," that Castro remained in control and would continue to do so,

and that it could "foresee no development in the internal political situation which would be likely to bring about a critical shift of popular opinion away from Castro" (pp. 160–61).

Bissell must have found these conclusions, which were made available to President Dwight Eisenhower (in office until January), to be thoroughly unconvincing. He was, after all, arguing in effect that Cuba was ripe for rebellion. So, faced with judgments he saw as pessimistic and "unwelcome"—and aware that National Intelligence Estimates were designed to be by far the most authoritative and prestigious of all the intelligence community's many finished-intelligence issuances—he seemingly cast about for ways to diminish the credibility of the special estimate and to deny the accuracy of its findings.¹

He does this in part by citing in rebuttal "a flow of encouraging . . . intelligence reports" received by the agency during March and April 1961. These alleged that there was growing popular disaffection on the island, even regional uprisings, and serious dissidence within the Cuban army and militia as well (see pp. 180–81). He also highlights optimistic comments about Cuban exile forces made by U.S. military advisers assigned to his own operational team.

But he tells us next to nothing about the character of the cited reports—they could well have been raw and unevaluated. Similarly, he avoids any reference to the degree of objectivity he might reasonably have expected from advisers whose careers he pretty much held temporarily in his own hands. Further, he rejects charges that the intelligence side of the agency was "entirely ignored" during the winter and spring of 1961, maintaining that a small, select panel of members of the BNE was secretly convened by Allen Dulles and asked to state its views concerning "everything known about the Castro regime" (p. 163). The panel (which, Bissell says, represented the "collegial opinion" of the board as a whole) issued "two memoranda

addressing the question, 'Is time on our side?'" vis-à-vis Castro and its "answer was an unqualified no" (pp. 163-64).

Even aside from the apparent dubiety of the question—a more appropriate one would have asked the panel to ponder the likelihood of an uprising, given certain contingencies—these statements by Bissell seem almost disingenuous. Since the probability was (as the SNIE of December said) that Castro was gaining strength, not losing it (as Bissell seemed to think), the panel of course responded with a definite no.

Bissell, moreover, does not give us any real idea of the panel's credentials—its qualifications to deal with the issue—and only hints about its assigned function. Did it know enough about the pending operation to make informed judgments, or was it kept pretty much in the dark (on account of Bissell's congenital fear of leaks)? How could this evidently tiny, ad hoc group represent the "collegial opinion" of the board when, one gathers, most members of the board weren't even conscious of its existence?² And how could Bissell imply in his coverage of the episode that the intelligence directorate had been consulted concerning Cuba when in fact—with the single exception of the secret panel, which was subordinate to the DCI, not the DDI—no formal inter-directorate exchanges ever took place?

Bissell's final conclusion about the Bay of Pigs argues that any chance of success the operation had was ruined by the Kennedy administration's needless, last-minute revisions of the plan. There is surely some truth in this contention, but its significance would seem to be merely academic if, as is likely and as indeed Bissell was warned, those chances were so very slight to begin with.³

The Role of the Kennedys

In Bissell's view, domestic political considerations had much to do with John Kennedy's deplorable decisions concerning the Cuban operation, in particular

his refusal to try to rescue the brigade by providing last-minute help from the U.S. Navy (see pp. 186-87). They also had a great deal to do with administration policies after the Bay of Pigs, Bissell contends, policies that reflected the Kennedy brothers' obsession with Castro and their conviction that it would not be politically wise to allow Castro to get away with winning "the first round" in the U.S.-Cuban struggle. Both brothers were extremely bitter and, according to Bissell, "ready to avenge their personal embarrassment by overthrowing their enemy at any cost" (p. 201).

Robert Kennedy's feelings are said to have been especially intense. The attorney general became so involved in organizing and directing Operation Mongoose—the post-Bay of Pigs operational plan to unseat Castro—that, as Bissell comments, he "might as well have been deputy director for plans [DDP]" (p. 201).

Bissell is clearly pained by the sizable resources provided Mongoose by the Kennedys and the strong support given its honcho, Defense Department counter-insurgency specialist Edward Lansdale. "If the Kennedys felt this strongly about waging war against Castro," Bissell observes, "relaxing the constraints that crippled the planners at the Bay of Pigs would have been much easier in the long run—not to mention far less expensive—than undertaking a successor project in the hope of achieving the same results" (p. 203).

Concerning one of the most damaging charges brought against the agency during this period, Bissell maintains that, popular and political belief to the contrary notwithstanding, close supervision of CIA activities by the president and his inner circle of advisers during both the Bay of Pigs and Mongoose operations was a simple (and to Bissell unfortunate) fact of life. "Although some historians may contend that the CIA was a rogue elephant, the intensive oversight . . . demonstrates otherwise. . . . Whether it [Mongoose] was

a good operation . . . is very much open to debate. But it was clearly not a case of the agency's acting independently and without sanction from the top" (p. 203).

Puzzlements

The Cuban misadventure is not the only puzzling episode in Bissell's career.

- What on earth was responsible for Bissell's surprisingly cavalier attitude toward the agency's brief flirtation with the Mafia? Bissell says he did not come up with the idea to use the mob to assassinate Castro and that he did his best not to "become personally involved in its [the scheme's] implementation." Nevertheless, as DDP, he supported the plan and made "the necessary decisions." Not only that, though he later changed his mind, he considered the mob, with its vast experience in Batista's Cuba, to be "a reasonable partner" of the CIA (p. 157).
- Almost as perplexing was his behavior in 1959 or 1960 when, without clearing the matter with the White House, State Department, or even his own agency colleagues, Bissell rashly decided on his own to visit Charles de Gaulle in Paris. His recounting of this mission is quite fuzzy, but Bissell apparently wished France to provide some logistical support for the U-2 program and the two countries to share related items of intelligence, a proposal the French president, to Bissell's astonishment, flatly turned down. When Bissell returned to Washington he (belatedly) discovered American distrust of de Gaulle and found that he could have created a diplomatic brouhaha "if an agreement [with France] had been reached and later had to be broken" (p. 117). What exactly prompted Bissell to take this trip on his own initiative—a truly impressive feat of Brahmin audacity—is nowhere examined.
- Of lesser consequence, though no less mystifying, is Bissell's odd approach to

the familiar problem of the old boy network. Yes, Bissell admits, there was an Ivy League establishment in the CIA and in Washington—"a body of men who had similar backgrounds and knew one another well." And true, this body "had a great deal of influence on public affairs." Yet Bissell did not feel that there was anything wrong with this state of affairs—that these men were pretty much in charge of everything—because "it was not a self-conscious or exclusive grouping," and there was no "deliberate policy of selecting [members] only from a particular social group" [emphasis supplied] (p. 7). Here Bissell seems naively to misapprehend the complaints of critics of the establishment within the agency and elsewhere. Their unhappiness stemmed not so much from fear of a social-register conspiracy as from concern that the course of their careers would be determined more by social class and school connections than by talent and performance.

Frustrations

Over the years, Bissell frequently felt frustrated by the myopia of that amorphous entity known as *official Washington* and stymied by the shortcomings of the many and varied actors and organizations composing it. He is thus not shy about identifying a number of individual villains—such as Secretary of Defense Robert McNamara (p. 236)—or criticizing the actions (and inactions) of several institutional players.

He does not, for example, conceal his disappointment with the U.S. government's disinclination to follow through with more enlightened, prodemocratic policies after the CIA had helped to install an anticommunist regime in Guatemala in 1954 (pp. 90-91). He refers to his resentment at "Washington's inability to understand the ground situation in Laos" and its refusal in 1960 to support a pro-western neutral in the conflict with the Pathet Lao communists (pp. 146-47). He

discloses his anger at the military brass for, among other things, its often hostile attitude toward civilian authorities (p. 235), and he expresses his utter bewilderment at the widespread notion in the press and in some political circles that this country can somehow "run covert activities out of a democratically elected legislature" (p. 223).

He does not spare his own former fiefdom, CIA's operations directorate, either. He is irked by that directorate's reluctance—manifested most dramatically during the Bay of Pigs undertaking—to plan for the "secure termination" of operations that have been overwhelmed by events or that have simply outlived their purposes (p. 211). While appreciating the difficulties involved, he is impatient with the clandestine service's stalling tactics when confronted with the need to come up with better plans for the expansion of deep cover arrangements abroad. He is even more annoyed by the service's habitual resistance to efforts to stop the dangerous weakening of internal and external "compartmentation," as was so evident—though Bissell was not aware of this—during Aldrich Ames's nine years as a Soviet mole (pp. 212-14).

And, in a more general vein—one he has himself worked extensively—he is greatly troubled by the perhaps inevitable tendency of officers at various levels of the service to become champions of the operations they propose and are associated with and to minimize any risks that might attend these operations.

Problems of Presentation

For someone who spent much of his professional life writing memoranda praised for their clarity and persuasiveness, Bissell at times conveys his thoughts in a stiff, disorganized, and even excessively lawyerly manner.⁴ This could be the consequence, of course, of his talking into a machine instead of composing on the old Smith Corona, but surely Bissell read over the material once it was transcribed, and

certainly his collaborators, Mr. Lewis and Ms. Pudlo, reviewed and amended it as well. In any event, the origins of the book's occasional slip-ups and substantive mysteries remain obscure.

Why, for example, this peculiar non sequitur: "Although I had shaken Churchill's hand and seen Roosevelt from a distance, I left Yalta knowing I would never believe Stalin to be an ally" (p. 23). How does it happen that Bissell departs New Haven and the Yale faculty in 1941 for a position in Washington but in 1946 turns out to be on leave from MIT in Cambridge? And in what circumstances in 1959 did Bissell—an outsider—cease to serve as an assistant to Allen Dulles for the overhead reconnaissance project and suddenly become the top dog in the DO?

Other problems include the author's fondness for bureaucratic esoterica, obscure acronyms, and economic minutiae and his penchant for endlessly exploring alternatives to his main lines of argument.

There is, not surprisingly, very little humor in the book, and not much attention is paid to narrative flow. Bissell's English is almost always correct but practically never lively. All too rare are gems like this: "I had a respect for him [Walter Bedell Smith] bordering on the timid" (p. 87).

The index is minimal and omits some obvious entries (e.g., de Gaulle, Yale, etc.). Citations appear to be complete and are helpful, but the notes do not often clarify confusions in the text.

Finis

In March 1962, at the end of his career in CIA, Bissell went to the White House to receive the National Security Medal from John Kennedy. The citation noted, among other things, that "Mr. Bissell's high purpose, unbounded energy, and unswerving devotion to duty are benchmarks in the intelligence service" (p. 204).

Bissell could have hung on at the agency. John McCone offered him a good job (though not one in the operations

director), but the old cold warrior "felt the time to move on had arrived" (p. 203). After an unhappy and unsuccessful two-year stint as president of the Institute for Defense Analyses, he decided to leave Washington and move back to his home town, Hartford, where he joined United Aircraft (UA) and served for ten "unfulfilling" years as a top-level staff officer (p. 239). It was here that he learned that employment in a large corporation—though at times rewarding—could be both dull and disagreeable. He retired from UA in 1974 and then founded a management consulting firm, which kept him busy until the early 1980s. He next turned to largely volunteer work in the community and, in 1991, began to dictate his memoirs.

Bissell's summing up on the last few pages of these memoirs captures the essence of the man and the nature of his quest. "I think it can be said that I was something of an opportunist," he concludes. "I had no grand plan for advancing myself . . . [but] I did want to lead a challenging life and . . . participate in the key issues and events of my time. To attain this end, I seized those opportunities that came my way . . ." (p. 245). The man is also revealed when he confesses that—though this is no longer his creed—his "philosophy during [his] last two or three years in the agency was very definitely that [with regard to the Mafia] the end justified the means" (p. 157).

In contrast, in a chapter exploring the problems and promise of covert action, which divulges his suspicion that the CIA of the 1990s is in decline, Bissell sallies forth with an eloquent (an unexpected) statement of principle: "The agency must again build a culture in which intellectual honesty is valued and professionalism esteemed. Most important, it must always be above politics" (p. 217).

Finally, there is this muted mea culpa: "Some of my accomplishments I am very proud of, others less so, but I take pride in knowing that I did my best" (p. 245).

Notes

1. The Board of National Estimates was a body of senior and experienced officers with backgrounds in universities, the armed forces, or the intelligence community. It was subordinate to the DCI when dealing with substantive matters—mainly associated with the production of national intelligence estimates—but was dependent on the DDI for rations, quarters, and to some extent staffing.

2. One board member at the time, R. Jack Smith (who later became DDI), remembers that "we in the estimative side had not been informed about the CIA operation, nor had we been asked to make any judgment about the success of an American-organized landing." (Russell Jack Smith. *The Unknown CIA: My Three Decades with the Agency*. [McLean, Virginia: Pergamon-Brassey's, 1989] 142.)

3. Dean Acheson, the eminent retired secretary of state, was privately told of the plans for the Bay of Pigs by President Kennedy. Acheson was alarmed and said he hoped the president was not serious. "It is not necessary," Acheson pointed out, "to call in Price Waterhouse to discover that 1,500 [invading] Cubans [aren't] as good as 250,000 [defending] Cubans." (Douglas Brinkley, *Dean Acheson: The Cold War Years, 1953-71*. [New Haven: Yale University Press, 1992] 127-28.) The reviewer is indebted to John Mapother—one of the "old professional hands"—for bringing this quotation to his attention.

4. A sentence on p. 231 illustrates the point: "Rather it [a disagreement] focused on the appearance of an effort to limit the degree to which and the manner in which the IDA management would be permitted to perform normal supervisory and management functions with respect to WSED."

Richard W. Shryock served in the intelligence community for twenty-seven years, about half of that time in the CIA's late Office of National Estimates.

Security Screening:

National Protection versus Personal Privacy

by Tod Hoffman

Larry Hannant. *The Infernal Machine: Investigating the Loyalty of Canada's Citizens*. Toronto, Buffalo, & London: University of Toronto Press, 1995, 330 pp. \$20.00.

Among students of security intelligence, security screening is much neglected. Replete as it is with clerical work, it lacks the glamour of espionage or counterterrorist operations. And yet, it is the cornerstone of effective internal security. Its objective is to prevent those who, through weakness of character (often broadly defined) or ideological conviction, may be predisposed to breach a position of trust involving access to sensitive information or facilities where work of strategic significance takes place. In theory, there are few grounds for challenging the legitimacy of such an endeavor. In practice, however, no reliable method has ever been devised for predicting who will commit acts of disloyalty.

History of Security Screening

Conventional wisdom has it that security screening was first implemented in Canada following the defection of Soviet cipher clerk Igor Gouzenko in September 1945, when the Royal Canadian Mounted Police (RCMP) began screening civil servants and applicants for government jobs as part of their search for Soviet spies. However, in *The Infernal Machine*, Larry Hannant revises this interpretation, showing that systematic screening of government

employees actually began in 1931, and that investigations into the background of applicants for naturalization date back to the 1920s. The RCMP, he argues, was motivated by "the fear of domestic communism. Hatred for communism preoccupied the RCMP and the Canadian state virtually from the moment the Communist Party of Canada was formed in 1921" (p. 242). They were genuinely concerned that the Communist International would inspire infiltration and subversion of the Canadian government.

Technological Innovations

It was as a result of two major technological innovations that made it possible for a comprehensive screening process to be erected:

(1) fingerprinting, which offered a scientific method for establishing identity;

(2) IBM sorting machines that made possible the creation of a central registry wherein masses of prints could be compared and matched.

Fingerprinting was adopted as a means for screening out government applicants who had been convicted of criminal offenses. Many crimes, such as participating in strikes or riots, were associated with radical political activities; others, such as carnal knowledge, suggested poor morals.

By 1941 workers in factories engaged with military contracts were subject to fingerprinting and screening because of the importance of preventing saboteurs from disrupting production.

By 1945, one million Canadian workers had been screened. For all that, there were only two instances during the war where security screening was linked to the apprehension of saboteurs (p. 245). In fairness, Hannant points out that it can never be known how many potential saboteurs may have been dissuaded by the existence and utilization of the effective screening program.



There is, however, no evidence that any organized sabotage plots were foiled. Much of that is because the main targets of screening—Canadian communists—fully supported Canada's war effort once the Nazi-Soviet non-aggression pact was dissolved in 1941.

The Infernal Machine, which emerged from Hannant's University of British Columbia doctoral thesis, offers a social history of the nascent labor movement, as well as the "feeble" (p. 228) civil liberties movement of the time. Public opinion was opposed to fingerprinting, as it was associated with accusations of criminality. Indeed, some members of the RCMP objected to being fingerprinted. But, being that times were unsettled and, then, with the onset of the war, people were loath to complain. Furthermore, refusal to submit to fingerprinting was taken as tantamount to an admission of guilt and could result in loss of employment.

That fingerprinting was patently illegal was somehow ignored. The Identification of Criminals Act stated that a person could only be fingerprinted upon being charged or convicted of an indictable offense. The legislation was never amended to allow for the mass fingerprinting engendered by security screening. No debates were held in Parliament on the issue. Indeed, there was a total abdication of political authority on the matter. Security screening was a function "the RCMP initiated and implemented on its own, outside any political control" (p. 181).

To their credit, the force administered the system "with considerable sensitivity" (p. 231). This was, Hannant argues, primarily because they feared the fall-out should screening become a controversial issue. What they were most sensitive to

was the prospect of being accused of using Gestapo-like tactics in Canada. The charge was raised on occasion, but, for the most part, Canadians acquiesced to the indignity of fingerprinting and the prospect of their employer becoming privy to intimate details of their past.

Hannant shows how the screening program represented the first incursion by the Canadian government into widespread monitoring of its population. He sees this as the initial step in the gradual erosion of personal privacy that has continued to this day. Undoubtedly, no one perceived it as such at the time. That the mass screening campaign was instituted as Canada faced up to a war goes a long way toward explaining why no substantive opposition was raised. The likeliest quarter from which it may have come was the labor movement, but with their reputation for having communist ties, they were particularly sensitive to charges of disloyalty.

"Fingerprinting was a class-based violation of civil liberties," Hannant concludes (p. 238). In its power to deprive working people of their livelihoods, screening was a powerful weapon in the government's arsenal against domestic subversion. At the same time, his book is a finely balanced piece of work. Hannant appreciates the reasons behind security screening and is evenhanded in his portrayal of how the RCMP handled the duty. As a result, his reevaluation of the history of the practice earns credibility.

Tod Hoffman served with the Canadian Security Intelligence Service for eight years. He is now a freelance writer who regularly reviews books on intelligence and international affairs.



Intelligence and the Army of the Potomac

by William A. Tidwell

Edwin C. Fishel. *The Secret War for the Union: The Untold Story of Military Intelligence in the Civil War*. Boston, New York: Houghton Mifflin Company, 1996, 734 pp. \$35.00.

This is a book that every writer of history should read. Ed Fishel has finally written the book that many of us in the intelligence community knew should be written—history without a concern for the flow of information available to generals and decisionmakers does not tell the whole story. Fishel's account of the tactical intelligence function in the Federal Army of the Potomac under George B. McClellan, Ambrose Everts Burnside, Joseph Hooker, and George G. Meade demonstrates that much of the historical studies about the first years of the Civil War need to be rewritten.

The best example that everybody will recognize is the story of Pickett's charge. It has been discussed *ad infinitum*, but nobody has pointed out that because of an efficient intelligence staff General Meade had been expecting an attack by Pickett's division since the previous evening. Warning and preparation for an attack are invaluable assets for a defender!

Army Tactical Intelligence

The Secret War for the Union is the story of the events leading to the formation of the Bureau of Military Information and its development as an effective and professional tactical intelligence organization. When General Joseph Hooker took command of the Army of the Potomac in January 1863, one of his first acts was to persuade Colonel George H. Sharpe of the 120th New York Infantry to head a "secret service" designed to collect and analyze information on the Confederate Army.

Sharpe was a Yale-educated lawyer with some foreign service experience and a talent for leadership. He was assisted by John C. Babcock, an architect who had demonstrated talent and initiative while serving as a mapmaker under McClellan's defunct Pinkerton organization. Together they formed a brilliant team.

The new Bureau of Military Information pulled together information from all sources. It had good luck in recruiting agents in advantageous locations and acquired great skill at interrogating prisoners and deserters, but its chief contribution to the craft of intelligence was its development of rigorous and systematic techniques for the handling of order-of-battle information. This feature led General Meade to recognize, late on the second day at Gettysburg, that Pickett's division was General Robert E. Lee's only unused asset. Without that knowledge Meade might have found it preferable to retreat, and the battle of Gettysburg would have had a different outcome.

Primary Sources

The book is so good, and its dependence on primary sources is so refreshing that some readers have believed that it is a description of Union intelligence as a whole—which it is not. It is a description of tactical intelligence as it was handled in one Union army. It does not concern itself with intelligence as it was handled at the War Department level or at the level of the White House, nor does it consider the important tasks of uncovering Confederate activity in Europe or Canada. Aside from a few hints, it does not deal with tactical intelligence in other Union armies. It is a book with the finite objective of telling the story of intelligence in the Army of the Potomac from the beginning of the war up

through the battle of Gettysburg. This it does superbly.

Other readers are tempted to use *The Secret War for the Union* for assessing which was "better," Union or Confederate intelligence. This temptation should be avoided. The governments had their own objectives and their own solutions. The intelligence people on both sides had their successes and their failures. What is more important is to realize that until we know what the respective intelligence services were doing, we will not be able to know the whole story.

It is clear that Colonel Sharpe's operation developed into a first-class asset. What we do not know is what the Confederates' comparable function was like. The Confederate equivalent of the documents of the Bureau of Military Information that Fishel found in the National Archives was burned on the road to Appomattox. The only surviving documents are several hundred reports from scouts and other sources that were saved among the papers of Lieutenant Colonel Charles Venable in the University of North Carolina Library, and they shed no light on this question. In all probability the Union effort was unique.

The saddest part of this story is that the magnificent work done by Sharpe and Babcock was forgotten after the war. When World War I came upon us, we had to learn the order-of-battle techniques all over again. That should not detract from the value of their work, but it should remind us to keep the lessons that we have learned alive for future generations.

William A. Tidwell was a career intelligence officer and is the author of two books on the Civil War, Come Retribution and April '65.

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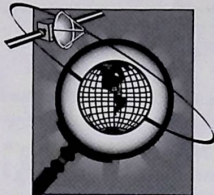
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WORLD INTELLIGENCE REVIEW

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A Question of Reliability

by Scott D. Breckinridge

Loch K. Johnson. *Secret Agencies: U.S. Intelligence in a Hostile World*. New Haven and London: Yale University Press, 1996. 262 pp. \$30.00.

When I started to read Loch Johnson's recent book, *Secret Agencies*, I felt it would be an informative treatment of the post-Cold War ferment in a time when substantial reduction in personnel and reorientation toward a new balance of missions in the government's intelligence system were being pondered. In his opening chapter, the author presents two schematic charts, the first entitled "The Office of the DCI and the Central Intelligence Agency" followed by "The United States Intelligence Community" (pp. 8-10). His discussion of how the functions of the individual offices relate with one another is very general, often almost impressionistic, although the relationship of these groupings is where ideas clash and are worked out. His comments on the Central Imagery Office, established to improve dissemination of photography to

the battlefield, and the National Reconnaissance Office, whose employees collaborate with the nation's weapons laboratories, are merely bare-bones.

Mission Changes after the Cold War

By employing quotations from both practitioners and observers, Johnson conveys a sense of the many ways the U.S. intelligence world is seen since the dissolution of the Soviet Union. On one hand, he discusses the steps to carry out reductions in personnel and programs, yet he lets the reader speculate whether Director of Central Intelligence (DCI) James Woolsey resigned while he was seeking funding for the cost of rearranging the expensive infrastructure of the intelligence community's global intelligence system.

Missing from the book is a comprehensive discussion of the intellectually challenging task of identifying the new missions for the post-Cold War era and of

the shifting personnel and programs to meet the new requirements. The process appears to be ongoing. Here the author offers insightful commentary only on the new dimensions of economic intelligence, where widespread involvement of American entrepreneurs in the international marketplace ensures that private American interests will be targeted from time to time by foreign espionage. The possible ramifications are complex, with all manner of reservations on the part of CIA's policy levels, and final decisions seem to be still in abeyance. (The author apparently leans in the direction of going ahead.)

The author does address the perpetually controversial field of covert action—clandestine intervention in foreign situations resorted to by every national administration during the Cold War days. His treatment does not resolve broad issues of principle. Although Johnson clearly has serious reservations about much of the Cold War use of covert action, he does declare, "While secret intervention abroad may lead to excesses, it may also be the only available course at times" (p. 139).

Oversight of the Budget

Under a section entitled "Accountability," Johnson undertakes to convey his impression of ineffective or "feeble" oversight prior to his broader exposure to it when, in January 1975, he joined the Select Committee to Study Governmental

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Trivializing the CIA

by Bruce Fein

The nomination of Anthony Lake to the once elite and coveted post of director of central intelligence confirms the trivialization of the Central Intelligence Agency during Clinton's administration.

The qualifications of the nominee are suspect. Would a man who continues to hedge on the guilt of Alger Hiss be alert to the imperative of a strong counterintelligence arm to prevent any second editions of Aldrich Ames or Harold Nicholson?

Even more problematic is Lake's prior service as national security adviser of the president. There he was instrumental in forging policies that should command independent and unbiased analysis and evaluation by the CIA, such as turning a blind eye toward Iranian arms shipments to

Bosnia and speaking loudly but carrying a tiny twig towards China's gross human rights violations. As DCI, Lake cannot be expected to denounce his own handiwork as misconceived or counterproductive, and the evidence on that score is persuasive.

Nominee Lake was said to be angered by former Director John Deutch's discrediting of President Clinton's boast that Saddam Hussein's incursion last fall into the Kurdish territory of Iraq was a U.S. success. That boast held all the accuracy of President Jimmy Carter's characterization of the rescue mission to free American hostages in Tehran as an "incomplete success." The Clinton administration's effort to build a viable Kurdish opposition to Saddam Hussein's military forces has

proved a stupendous failure, and the U.S. sponsored unit has fled for their lives.

Lake's dullness to conflicts of interest has been further proven by his illegal neglect to sell energy stocks despite the receipt of two formal directives to do so.

His leadership qualities are more reminiscent of the pastels of Vice Admiral William F. Raborn Jr. than of the prime colors of Allen Dulles or Richard Helms. Lake offers no bold new strategic mission for the CIA after the disintegration of the Soviet empire and displays all the charisma of a bureaucrat's bureaucrat. He is incapable of halting the agency's plummeting morale.

Lake's nomination despite glaring deficiencies corroborates the trivialization of the CIA within the national security establishment. President Clinton treats the DCI post as no different than other high-level offices filled to accommodate his political needs, not the institutions over which they preside.

Bruce Fein is a lawyer specializing in international and constitutional law. He is also a syndicated columnist.

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Operations with respect to Intelligence Activities, chaired by Senator Frank Church. It is worth summarizing how things were prior to his arrival on the scene.

First, after passage of the National Security Act of 1947, the NSC, established under the chairmanship of the president to advise him on security matters, had to organize a structure to support the issuance of multiple directives that spelled out missions and assigned responsibilities among the agencies, fewer then than was the case later. The act clearly stipulated that exclusive power of decision making remained with the president. Yet there were instances known to me when President Richard Nixon bypassed the NSC in intelligence matters, and when the special assistants for national security affairs (Dr. Henry Kissinger and Vice Admiral John Poindexter), in the name of the president, initiated actions not referred to the NSC. Johnson would be correct in those cases that usual forms of "oversight" were inoperative. But that was not the rule, whatever the exception.

Doubts About Oversight

In *Secret Agencies* the author comments that the NSC principals did not see the intelligence budget, although he fails to mention that the NSC was not to engage in the budgetary controversy but to advise the president on policy. In fact, the government budget-making work was done in the White House's budget office (the Office of Management and Budget and its predecessor the Bureau of the Budget). The author states, "Before 1975 no one outside the Community kept close tabs on its activities" (p. 133).

By the time Loch Johnson came to Washington, he points out there had been a change in safeguards of the budget. In contrast to the earlier period, he says, "Since 1975, all important covert-action proposals have had to run a daunting decision gauntlet" (p. 133). It must be apparent that even before 1975, when

major new programs arose, cost was a consideration of the NSC. As a matter of practical workings, the author's passing comment is far from having the significance intended.

Prior to the 1976 and 1977 changes in congressional oversight, the intelligence budgets and programs were reviewed by the intelligence subcommittees of the armed services and the appropriations committees of the two houses of Congress. The long-time general counsel of CIA, whose office was closely involved, told this reviewer that the armed services committees' examinations of funds were in no way perfunctory and that those of the appropriations committees were even more searching and particular. While they did not check every separate project in detail, they understood the overall programs. Of course, separate big-ticket items—such as the so-called secret war in Laos, the overhead reconnaissance programs, and even the famed Glomar Explorer program (to recover a sunken Soviet submarine) were knowingly funded.

In the event of new operational requirements that needed new funding authorization, congressional authority was required to reallocate funds between approved accounts (known as reprogramming) or to request supplemental appropriations. In either case the final approving action constituted congressional involvement. Any competent historian—regardless of later criticisms—knows that there was a very high bipartisan consensus in the earlier phases of the Cold War, typified in congressional support and encouragement rather than negative suspicions. If that consensus began to erode with the Vietnam controversy, it did not change the fact that a knowing Congress approved the U.S. policies of countering perceived Soviet programs, however revisionists may like to depict the process later.

Oversight there was in those earlier times, Loch Johnson to the contrary notwithstanding. When Johnson came to

the Church committee, fevers of the Vietnam controversy still ran high, and he seems to have taken on some of the attitudes prevalent at the time. It must be kept in mind that it was Senator Church who tossed off the raw rhetoric that CIA was a "rogue elephant," out of control. Yet, after nearly a year and a half of wide-ranging inquiry, Church's committee concluded that CIA was essentially "not out of control."

There is still an undercurrent of the Church bias in *Secret Agencies*, as is evident in the fact that Johnson uses the "rogue elephant" term on more than one occasion, rather than being embarrassed by it. The following is a brief passage from the second chapter of his book that permits further attention to this: "Correspondent Seymour Hersh of *The New York Times* reported in a series of articles in December 1974¹ that the CIA had spied on American citizens during the Vietnam War era (Operation CHAOS) and, further, had tried to topple the democratically elected president of Chile" (p. 45).

Johnson seems to endorse these charges, referring to them several times in the book. The immediate result of the news stories was to launch the 1975-1976 committee inquiries.

The Real CHAOS

The New York Times allegations dealt with two types of activity, counterintelligence and covert action. Johnson makes clear, in later comments on the Ames spy case—criticizing CIA's slowness in identifying that traitor—that he accepts counterintelligence activities, even when targeted against Americans. However, the issue in one story of *The New York Times* was CIA's "massive, illegal domestic intelligence operations" on Americans inside the United States. The other story claimed that CIA was "spying on students" in New York, with a variety of organizations and equipment. The accounts are dramatic, especially if true. But what if untrue?

First, what was "Operation CHAOS" named in the book? The term was not mentioned in the news stories, but Loch Johnson's colorful addition. Actually, CHAOS was the name of a CIA counter-intelligence project, which was part of a broader program initiated by the White House, where it was felt that a close similarity between communist propaganda and the rationales of anti-Vietnam protesters suggested possible communist influences in that movement. The FBI was to conduct investigations inside the United States, and CIA was to handle inquiries abroad, in its authorized and recognized jurisdiction. CIA's understanding of its role was that it would receive from the FBI the names of American citizens traveling abroad who were of counterintelligence interest to the bureau. CIA was to follow up abroad. The CIA project specified that there were to be no operations inside the United States, and employees assigned to it were so instructed. CHAOS was closed out by CIA following the 1972 recommendations by the CIA inspector general.

A presidential commission created to inquire into CIA activities inside the United States (chaired by Vice President Nelson Rockefeller) delved deeply into the Hersh charges, concluding as follows: "The commission found no evidence that any [of these activities] have been used for operations against American citizens . . . nor any evidence that the division [a CIA component named in the story] engaged in such activities elsewhere."²

Not that CIA was blameless over the years in all respects, but the dramatic news stories were without foundation in fact. The Church committee left that finding untouched, so it remained the official conclusion to that inquiry. Former DCI William Colby, in his first book, stated his view that the flaws in the stories kept Hersh from receiving another Pulitzer award.

Chile

Johnson also states that the Hersh stories charged that CIA tried to "topple the

Given the open and democratic assumptions on which our government is based, the Committee has given serious consideration to the option of proposing a total ban on all forms of covert activity. The Committee has concluded, however, that the United States should maintain the capability to react through covert action when no other means will suffice to meet extraordinary circumstances involving grave threats to U.S. national security. Nevertheless, covert action should be considered as an exception to the normal process of government action abroad, rather than a parallel but invisible system in which covert operations are routine . . .

The CIA has not been free, however, to carry out covert action as it sees fit. The Committee's investigation revealed that on the whole, the Agency has been responsive to internal and external review and authorization requirements. Most of the significant covert operations have been approved by the appropriate NSC committee.

Church Committee Report, pp. 446-47.

democratically elected president of Chile" (p. 45). That is untrue. The true story is as follows: The president of Chile was overthrown in a military coup in 1973, and far-left propaganda charged CIA complicity in it. In 1970 CIA had been directed to contribute indirectly to opponents of Salvador Allende Gossens in the three-way race for president of Chile. Allende had gained a plurality of a little over a third of the popular votes. There being no majority, the election was to be settled in the Chilean congress. The Nixon administration hoped for a joining of the other two candidates, permitting one of them to be elected instead of Allende, and CIA was directed by the president to explore the possibility of a coup. CIA's investigation led to the conclusion that such a move was infeasible, so no such action occurred.

Subsequently Allende was elected. CIA was then instructed to assist private and democratic elements of Chilean society but was not involved in the 1973 coup.

Following a detailed review of this episode, the Church committee stated its findings in answer to the question: Was the United States directly involved, covertly, in the 1973 coup in Chile? The Committee "found no evidence" that it was.³

Summary Evaluation

Space does not permit treatment of other factual flaws in the book—the summary of how the oversight and coordination process actually was prior to 1975, the facts of CHAOS and the Hersh stories, and the allegations about Chile. However, the problems those subjects presented for this reviewer became the issue of reliability: what should have been—and probably could have been—a useful book is compromised by deficiencies in the foundation on which the author builds his present perceptions.

Notes

1. See *The New York Times*, 22 December 1974.
2. *Report to the President by the Commission on CIA Activities Within the United States*, chaired by Vice President Nelson A. Rockefeller (Washington, D.C.: U.S. Government Printing Office, June 1975), pp. 220-21.
3. U.S. Senate. *Select Committee to Study Governmental Operations with Respect to Intelligence Activities. Final Report*, Book 1, chaired by Senator Frank Church (Washington, D. C.: U.S. Government Printing Office, 1976), 158, no. 40) See also the Senate Select Committee's report, *Covert Action in Chile*, p. 6ff.

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Britain's Post-Cold War Intelligencers

by Nigel West

Michael Smith. *New Cloak, Old Dagger: How Britain's Spies Came in from the Cold*. London: Victor Gollancz, 1996. 338 pp. \$50.00.

Mark Urban. *UK Eyes Alpha: The Inside Story of British Intelligence*. London: Faber and Faber, 1996. 326 pp. £16.99.

With the collapse of the Berlin Wall, the disappearance of the Communist Party, and a cease-fire declared by the Provisional Irish Republican Army (IRA), it really looked as though the Security Service (MI5) and the Secret Intelligence Service (SIS or MI6), would have to fight hard in Whitehall to retain their fiefdoms. For the Security Service, Stella Rimington lobbied tirelessly and persuaded the government that although there was no longer any threat to the realm from Bulgarian spies posing as diplomats, Britain's counterterrorism effort should be centralized and MI5's brief extended to cover money laundering, drug smuggling, and organized crime.

The Future of MI5 and SIS

As for SIS, Sir Colin McColl became preoccupied with the labyrinthine complexities of Lord Justice Scott's inquiry into the Matrix Churchill affair, and his successors have failed to regain the initiative from their colleagues on the north side of the Thames, within a sniper's range of the bizarre new headquarters at Vauxhall Cross. Instead of seizing the opportunity of countering proliferation and the new Russian mafia, SIS has gone into what looks like a budget-led terminal decline.

The transformation of Britain's two best-known intelligence agencies has been documented by two journalists, Michael Smith of the *Daily Telegraph*, himself a military intelligence veteran, and the BBC's Mark Urban, one of the few to write

sensibly about the Provisional IRA, in his *Big Boys Rules*.

Two Views

Smith's account is a self-contained review of all the various parts of the British intelligence jigsaw, covering Special Branch, the Government Communications Headquarter (GCHQ), the Defence Intelligence Staff, and the Joint Intelligence Committee, recalling the background of each organization from its origins to the new era in which the threat from Soviet espionage has been supplanted by the need to identify and assess political personalities in Sarajevo and Belgrade. As a comprehensive guide to Whitehall's secret corridors, *New Cloak, Old Dagger* is well informed, reliable, and illustrated with structure charts of both the Security Service, amended from the document released by the government in 1994, and of the Security Intelligence Service, hitherto unpublished.

Clearly Smith enjoys a wide range of good sources, has developed an impressive cutting file, and has read virtually every book on the subject. His is an uncombative style, strong in substance, with few insupportable assertions that would raise eyebrows among the professionals.

In contrast, Mark Urban takes Mikhail Gorbachev's rise to power as the starting point of his analysis of how the British intelligence machine failed to predict the implosion of the Eastern Bloc and concentrates on what might be termed the political dimension. Some of his claims are somewhat debatable, such as the proposition that the defector Oleg Gordievsky was at one moment investigated as a potential KGB plant, or that Colonel Kutergin's name (as a key defector to the Germans in 1984) has never been disclosed. Similarly, Colonel John Day of

MI5 is categorized as a left-wing agitator, the ill-fated Air India jet that was destroyed by a bomb in June 1985 is cited as an example of a lapse in security at Heathrow (actually its destination, on a flight from Canada), and Sir Anthony Duff (sic), also of MI5, is quoted throughout as a knowledgeable source. Clearly someone took a hasty pair of scissors to *UK Eyes Alpha*, for the name of a senior SIS officer, the Director of Counter-Intelligence and Security, has been deleted from all but one page, where his surname remained, apparently unnoticed.

Agent or Defector

Nevertheless, Urban's version of events is refreshingly iconoclastic and raises some interesting issues. Take, for example, his passing reference to Viktor Oshchenko, the KGB defector who denounced the British defense engineer Michael Smith in 1992 and enabled MI5 to entrap the spy. Colonel Oshchenko served in the London *residentura* between 1973 and 1980, and the question arises about the precise stage when he opted to help SIS. Was he recruited upon his defection in 1992, or was he a long-term mole who escaped detection for many years, perhaps having taken the Queen's shilling in the 1970s?

Certainly provocative, Urban relies upon a narrow group of sources, and the same named individuals are quoted over and over, although one might not necessarily expect a member of the Defence Intelligence Staff to have a detailed knowledge of SIS's operations. Nevertheless, both Urban and Smith are essential reading for the *cognoscenti*.

Nigel West is a military historian specializing in security matters. He is also well known for his many studies of MI5 and MI6.

Understanding the Pope

by John R. Mapother

Carl Bernstein and Marco Politi. *His Holiness: John Paul II and the Hidden History of Our Time*. New York: Doubleday, 1996. 539 pp. \$27.50.

Among the world political leaders of this turbulent century, Pope John Paul II, born Karol Wojtyla at Wadowice, Poland, in 1920, deserves to be in the first rank. He was chosen to lead the Catholic Church in 1978, a time when Soviet dissidents, by then able to choose exile over the gulag, were coming West as heralds of Soviet weakness and decline. Poland was already the central rotten borough of the Soviet empire, and the political wisdom of the new Polish pope would before long prove to be one key to that empire's collapse.

Americans who do not understand how that happened will learn from this book, which tells the story of Karol Wojtyla in detail with clarity and balanced judgment. The book's main sources are firsthand and authoritative, although the Americans who describe collaboration between the United States government and the Vatican are predominantly proponents of Ronald Reagan's administration. This period was, by and large, more apocalyptic about the threat of Communism than most Americans realized. To these sources, the achievements may appear less qualified, grander indeed.

This close intelligence collaboration between Washington and the pope is described, perhaps at the publisher's behest, as "the hidden history of our time." From whom it was hidden, beyond the popular press and their readers or viewers around the world, is not explained. It is unlikely that many governments were unaware that John Paul II and Ronald Reagan shared a view of world Communism that sought to hasten its demise. In

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Moscow, that shared interest between Washington and the church leadership must have been assumed, presumably denounced in *Pravda*, and it was surely confirmed in some detail by Soviet intelligence. Nevertheless, even allowing for an element of historical hype, we are all beneficiaries of what happened while this cooperation was in place.

Steady Hand on the Tiller

Karol Wojtyla was uniquely qualified, by a philosophical grasp of the Polish problem which extended well beyond its ideological battle lines, to be the conceptual leader of overall western policy for supporting and restraining that vibrant nation. American power was necessary to assure the game was played out in orderly fashion, and American intelligence was certainly of great assistance to the Roman pope. He quite possibly calmed the lively spirits of the Reagan team, some of whom took awhile to adjust to the lackadaisical rhythms of the real world. This can be inferred from a quote by the redoubtable Richard Perle: "We had war plans that forced the Poles into a combatant role, whether they wished it or not" (p. 265).

The authors appear to accept the alarmist tone of Reagan-era strategists. Reporting an early White House meeting (1981) on the broad foreign policy goals of the new administration, the book lists one of them as "reversing the Soviet advantage, which [administration leaders] perceived as overwhelming, in nuclear weaponry and delivery systems" (p. 263). Veterans of the Cold War who do not realize that such a

strategic imbalance was permitted to arise by any U.S. administration may find this particular report a bit questionable.

Surely the American inferiority "perceived" at that time was not real. The pessimism may be a flash reflection of the popular conservative legend that all others were less reliable guarantors of the nation's security. Another example of historical conservatism is the description of Poland as "the largest of the countries ceded to the Soviets at Yalta" (p. 281). The Red Army should not be factored out of that judgment, and retrospective angst about the nuclear imbalance is not necessary because readers learn that Reagan himself insisted that "the communist monolith was on the verge of implosion when he took office" (p. 356).

An important player in this dramatic struggle between the forces of liberation and the eastern power that sought to stay the hand of history was General Wojciech Jaruzelski, the Polish leader who enjoyed the trust of key figures in Moscow as well as the respect, for his loyalty to Poland, of the pope in Rome. Jaruzelski is an important source of the authors. He suppressed, but did not extinguish, the resurgent national Solidarity movement under Lech Walesa, and also disputed John Paul II's activist role in Polish affairs, but never broke contact with the Vatican. The Polish general explains to the authors what it was like to be a shuttlecock between the two powers.

Did the Soviets Seek to Kill the Pope?

Intelligence insiders will be surprised to learn that the infamous national study entitled "Agca's Attempt to Kill the Pope: The Case for Soviet Involvement" is judged by its chief CIA creator to be a "compelling study" (p. 306). Many agency analysts found it less than compelling. In

fact, the manner in which this dubious paper was hustled through the estimate process led to a morale crisis. To cope with this, the CIA management selected a panel of respected analysts to review the lengthy controversy over who was behind the Turkish Mehmet Ali Agca's unsuccessful attempt to assassinate John Paul II.

That panel wrote thirty pages of bureaucratic which conspicuously avoided any temptation to excuse management. It also failed to mention that one who provoked the political dustup was a prominent senator, presumably exercising his concept of intelligence oversight. It is a matter of curiosity that the senator's name also does not appear in this book. That omission may signal the desire of the authors to reward good sources by letting them describe their world as the real one, or perhaps it reflects a Washington taboo: speak no evil of members of Congress who meddle in intelligence.

Speculation about who was behind the assassination attempt on the pope provided entertainment for the world press lasting several years. Those who focused on those gossipy news items will be intrigued to learn from this book (p. 306) that Zbigniew Brzezinski and Henry Kissinger were among those who believed the Soviets were probably sponsors of the attempt. That is consistent with the conclusion of CIA's in-house panel that those uppermost in the agency command were more likely to accept the legend of Soviet sponsorship, but relatively uninformed on the details of the case. For the analysts, it was a time of trickle-down policy guidance about which conclusions would be welcome.

Twilight of Pope John Paul II's Papacy

The compelling story in this book is the life and character of Karol Wojtyla. Being a person of unusual spiritual depth, he is not easily described, but the authors explain well what Catholicism means to him and what he has done for the church. As for the pope's role in the final years of

the overextended communist empire, while Moscow still struggled to maintain control, it was a unique demonstration of religious conviction, international intelligence, and political shrewdness.

The story is carried beyond the ending of the Cold War. It becomes apparent that papal leadership in the vanquishing of Communism, especially in Poland, was cherished and respected by Wojtyla's congregation much more than his religious leadership on such topics as reproduction rights and the status of women. Once the burden of state control was lifted and the Polish people began to reexamine their lives in freedom, there developed an unexpected resistance to the message of John Paul II, which came as a shock to him. The cause of anti-Communism, and the pope's effectiveness as its preacher, tended to obscure the bedrock conservatism on which his life was built.

Ronald Reagan, as an instinctual political leader, possesses gifts comparable to those of the pontiff. When they were matching wits on how best to save and uphold Poland, their cause prospered and understanding flourished. John Paul II now confronts a more intractable opposition to his traditional dogma. The church in America, because of its reformist forces, seems to be a growing challenge to his purpose. There are occasions now when John Paul II speaks of the worthy social ideals of Marxism, and he appears more at home with the East, even considering its new western orientation, than with the modernist society that eventually prevailed in the Cold War. Yet Karol Wojtyla has the spirit and the imagination to surmount these problems, if strength permits.

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An Insider's Story

by Bruce Fein

Duane R. Clarridge with Digby Diehl. *A Spy For All Seasons: My Life in the CIA*. New York: Scribner, 1997. 430 pp. \$27.50.

Duane (Dewey) Clarridge possesses an ego and supreme self-confidence more to be marveled at than imitated. The title of his memoir—*A Spy For All Seasons*—speaks volumes. It aims to liken Clarridge to Sir Thomas More (*A Man for All Seasons*), an erudite Catholic theologian and government official martyred by King Henry VIII for unwavering devotion to high principles.

The resemblance between the two, however, seems distant. Clarridge shows himself as a man of dash and action, not of scholarship and reflection, in recounting his life of espionage, covert operations, and bureaucratic intrigue in the Central Intelligence Agency (CIA). Moreover, Clarridge screams and yelps at Independent Counsel Lawrence Walsh's effort to martyr him for innocent involvement in the Iran-Contra fiasco. A pardon from President George Bush saved Clarridge from martyrdom, and the spy master ends his story in the Electronics Division of General Dynamics, not a mausoleum.

Clarridge's declared purpose is to "provide a more fulsome and accurate description to the public of what a Clandestine Services case officer really does" (p. 9). In that objective, the memoir is spectacularly successful, perhaps too successful. It chronicles his service as a case officer in the Directorate of Operations progressing to stations and positions of ever increasing importance: Kathmandu, New Delhi, Madras, an intermezzo in Washington, D.C., Istanbul, Ankara, Rome, Division Chief for Latin America and later Europe, and head of the

Counterterrorist Center. What startles is Clarridge's very detailed descriptions of methods of recruiting informants: psychological, logistical, financial, ideological, and otherwise. Both the law and professional loyalty would seem to frown on his bird's-eye disclosure of intelligence methods. Adversaries would seem able to exploit the knowledge to foil future CIA recruitment of spies. But the CIA's publications review board raised no security objections to the manuscript's publication. I suppose Clarridge should not be reproached for declining to be holier than the pope in Rome.

Evaluation of Leadership

Most outrageous is the maligning of former Director of Central Intelligence Richard Helms: "Richard Helms should go to his grave deploring his lack of courage or misplaced loyalty in his failure to remove [James] Angleton [Chief of Counterintelligence]; at least William Colby rose to the occasion" (pp. 404-05).

The real Richard Helms, during his tenure as director of Central Intelligence (DCI), was responsible for five hundred officers in South Vietnam, was tasked by President Richard Nixon to overthrow Salvador Allende's Chilean government, and was engaged in the highly sensitive Glomar Explorer gambit to raise a Soviet submarine lying at 16,000 feet in Pacific Ocean waters.

The real Helms staunchly rebuffed President Nixon's effort to entrap the agency in the Watergate cover-up, nobly refused to blurt to Congress intelligence sources and methods pertinent to the Chilean operation, and paid a stiff price with a plea of nolo contendere to a misdemeanor. The real director assigned several officers to examine the mole conundrum raised by the Angleton, Golitsin, and Nosenko ensemble. It is a mark of Helms's measured prudence that he did not rush to judgment. Moreover, he had more pressing worries as director than Angleton's tenure.

DCI William Colby, a brave Jedburgh in World War II, is denigrated as lacking courage in confronting the Church-Pike congressional hearings into the "family jewels": "Perhaps, if he had had a bit more courage, he could have fended off some of the more egregious wounds that the CIA suffered during these hearings" (pp. 159-60).

Clarridge intermittently offers glib political commentary that betrays a gross lack of understanding. For instance, he characterizes the Watergate crimes and President Nixon's audacious probes to shred the United States Constitution as a "hubbub" and as being driven by media obsession to bring the powerful into disgrace (pp. 150-51). Another wild assertion, "[Judge] Harold Greene . . . is perhaps best remembered as the one whose decision to dismantle AT&T took the United States from having the best telecommunications system in the world to having a third world one" (p. 394). The decision was taken at the behest of the Justice Department, and the United States telecommunications system is the envy of the world today.

Intelligence Priorities

On the other hand, Clarridge correctly worries that the steady decline in the CIA's prestige has caused a corresponding decline in the quality of recruits. If nothing is done to reenergize the agency with élan and nobility of purpose, that recruiting trend spells disaster. Spymasters and brilliant analysts are made of more ambitious and intelligent stuff.

Clarridge's coda is a disappointing analysis of the clandestine services in the aftermath of the Cold War and a prescription for the future. The most glaring defect is his random list of intelligence priorities that overlooks the inspiration for the CIA, no second edition of Pearl Harbor: "proliferation of weapons of mass destruction and their delivery systems; ethnic and religious mayhem and strife; stability issues in the former colonies

of the Soviet empire and Russia itself; terrorism; plans and policies of radical states such as Libya, Iran, North Korea, and Iraq; economic intelligence; narcotics-crime-human rights; counterintelligence; and the maintenance of a covert action capability" (p. 404). The clear conflicts brewing in Asia between China, Japan, Taiwan, South and North Korea, and Russia that could engulf the United States in a holocaust are denied even a cameo appearance. On the other hand, the national security of the United States will not be seriously endangered by ethnic or religious strife, the state of human rights abroad, the Cali cartel, international organized crime, the stability of Tajikistan, industrial espionage, or the quartet of rogue states enumerated by Clarridge. The clandestine services can never be better than its foremost mission, a truism that seems to have eluded Clarridge.

He also appears too cavalier in dismissing the harm to recruiting informants created by the treason of Aldrich Ames. A dozen or more died because of Ames's betrayal. Clarridge scoffs at the idea that would-be informants might be deterred by the Ames disaster likening them to "a renewable resource, like trees" (p. 407). But the prospect that a man might be hung in a fortnight concentrates the mind wonderfully, to paraphrase British sage Sam Johnson.

In sum, *A Spy For All Seasons* is worth the price of admission, but not a cent more.

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XUE Litai See GONCHAROV.

Theodicy—Justifying the Ways of God to Man

I suspect the branch of theology that has come, in the West, to be called theodicy, existed at least in a primitive form even before human beings. Any creature with enough intellect to stay with the dead body of a fellow member of its species and experience distress or bewilderment, was probably grappling in some way with what we've come to call "the problem of evil." Now, of course, entire libraries exist on the subject. I will be glad to research further the huge—I mean REALLY voluminous—material online if anything especially catches your interest. This is just a very quick summary of some of the major arguments and their rebuttals.

The term "theodicy" actually comes from an essay by Leibnitz by that name (1652) grappling with "the problem of evil," namely, how an all-good and all-powerful God can allow evil. Of course, the problem disappears entirely for the deist, who believes in some kind of impersonal deity who created the universe but takes no further interest in human beings and their individual or collective destiny. To call the deist's god either "good" or "evil" seems beside the point. The more modern and orthodox Christian thinkers grappling with theodicy assume a God who takes an active interest in all creation.

So—we have:

The argument from Free Will—God chose to give at least human beings free will and the capacity to know the difference between good and evil. It is

simply not God's doing if some human beings deliberately choose evil and therefore damage themselves, their fellow creatures, and end up in hell.

a) God can't be all-powerful if he made his poor humans so stupid as to prefer evil or so hopelessly weak that so many of them damn themselves. Such a flawed design argues God doesn't know what he's doing.

b) OR God isn't exactly compassionate if he creates an eternal hell in which to torment people who fall into the errors to which their basic nature inclines them!

Naturally, this problem doesn't exist for those religions who have no truck with eternal hells. For reincarnationists, where sooner or later everyone reaches enlightenment or nirvana or some good resting place, the problems and sufferings of earthly life are just way-stations.

I did once hear an immensely clever argument from an Ursuline nun (third hand story) who told her grammar school class it was an article of Roman Catholic faith that there WAS a hell; it was NOT an article of faith that any human being had ever been sent there (and she's right.) Of course—alas—once again, we either have God creating a useless piece of astral real estate (not perfect) or putting Satan and the other fallen angels in hell (unkind).

Then, there's the omniscience problem—if we assume all-knowing is a vital aspect of all-powerful, then God creates human beings knowing John Smith and Mary Jones are going to make a real botch of their free will and end up in

hell, suffering FOREVER—AND then goes ahead and creates them ANYWAY. Back in the early '60s, a fellow sufferer through Apologetics was very vocal and distraught about this paradox—HOW could she believe in a God cruel enough to do that? The priest had no answer. Just a vague, "there, there, dear—" Poor man couldn't tell her not to take it so seriously—this was a Catholic school and we were supposed to take it with extreme seriousness. There were some mutterings from him about prayer and faith. The rest of the class seemed inclined to side with the kid. Rumor had it the principal told poor Fr. Vaccaro to finish up the wretched Apologetics unit and insist it was a matter of faith—FAITH, I tell you! He quite half-heartedly obeyed. (He didn't teach the following year. He actually encouraged discussion and questions and we know how dangerous that can be!)

The Calvinists tackle this with their predestination theory in that things are a bit mechanistic—from all eternity, old John and Mary's place in the hereafter is known (to God). We know if we're part of the elect by our ability to a) believe in the Calvinist God and b) behave virtuously.

That's one line of thought. Then there's an entire congeries of thinking I group as the "evil isn't really evil" or "you're just not looking at it the right way" and "suffering is good for you" line of argument.

So—"evil isn't really evil" says that since God is all-good and created everything, then he also created what we mistakenly think is evil—but is obviously part of Some Greater Plan that we just don't have the capacity to understand (yet). God is the ocean, we're little droplets, so just can't figure it

out here and now. Maybe someday. . . This is, of course, far, far from Christian orthodoxy. It gets uncomfortably close to pantheism for most Christians.

Similar to this is simply dismissing concepts of "absolute good" and "absolute evil" as meaningless and arbitrary. If a doctor removes a malignant tumor, he has wrecked destruction and true evil on those cells,—but, of course, did a great service to the human patient. If we slaughter all kinds of animals for food—even sport—we may be giving humans food, clothes and even entertainment but—surely from the point of view of the slaughtered, this is entirely evil. And so forth. If we're prepared to take an all-good-God and his Plan as some kind of given, it gets easier (but arbitrary, of course.)

"You're not looking at it the right way" depends on a notion of eternal reward of some kind. All kinds of earthly suffering and travail are simply unimportant next to the backdrop of eternity. The longest human lifespan is nothing measured against eternity in heaven. So the suffering of the baptized innocent sends them straight to heaven—cause for rejoicing! Even the unbaptized innocent go to limbo, which is also very nice. All those people in church killed in the Lisbon earthquake and tidal wave—fast-tracked to heaven, so what can one possibly complain about? Of course, systems with an eternal heaven frequently have eternal hells—and the problem with that one is above.

Closely related to this is "But suffering is GOOD for you!" For the orthodox of various stripes, if you are suffering, it is God's will; submitting to God's

will without complaint is virtuous; your virtue will earn you all kinds of rewards, so—rejoice, already! The argument points out all kinds of lesser suffering we willingly endure, even induce—hard training to master a desired skill, because the benefit of the skill outweighs the pain of learning it. So, surely, we will endure whatever God sends since that's our ticket to eternal bliss. Of course, one could ask how a perfect god makes things so inefficient, but the orthodox answer is we cannot fully understand the mind of God.

The Eastern religions see karma and its suffering not as a vengeful god saying "gotcha" but lesson-learning. God isn't angry if you stupidly stick your hand in a fire and suffer—but fire burns. When you figure out it burns and hurts like fury every time and stop sticking your hand in the fire—the suffering stops. Our various sufferings are simply lessons to be mastered. Till we learn what we're supposed to, we fall into the same dreary lesson over and over. When we "get it," the karma is "fixed" and we move on.

There is, by the way, an entire subsection of theodicy concerning the Holocaust, or "shoah theology." It breaks into two very different schools. One says God obviously isn't perfect, but doing the very best He can in terribly difficult circumstances. The other says "suffering ennobles," so God had some very special destiny in mind for the Jews by putting them through the Holocaust. (I can almost hear some very practical Jewish elders exclaiming, "This special I don't need to be!")

Then there's the "suffering and really, all earthly life is an illusion" answered—flippantly, I admit, but perspicaciously, by the following:

There was a young mystic of Dheel
 Who said although pain isn't real,
 If I sit on a pin
 And it punctures my skin
 I dislike what I fancy I feel.

Of course, most of the schools of thought with the "it's all illusion" theory also teach any number of practical techniques for transcending, using, getting beyond, suffering—or at the least, latching onto a better class of illusion!

Finally, theology with its endless talking and nattering may be the wrong tack to take. Small children, most animals, and a few mystics simply "get it," at least occasionally. From Zen's blunt, "chop wood, carry water," to the Sufi "sell your cleverness and buy bewilderment," to Teresa of Avila's "Let nothing disturb thee, let nothing fright thee, God is all, and God suffices," we are urged over and over to do more, be more and argue less. Be concerned with being good humans—our job—and let God worry about being God. Of course, mystics tend to be a bit suspicious of theologians. It is a saying from one of the Hindu (I think) masters with which I wrap this up, a question he suggests should always be asked of oneself before speaking: "Is it kind? Is it beautiful? Is it necessary? Does it improve the silence?" Unless you can answer at least one in the affirmative, you should keep quiet. One does have to wonder how much theological writing passes that test.