

Dear Joe,

8/2/91

Thanks for Saffire's interesting column on Angleton and Golitsyn. Too bad so gifted and articulate a man as Saffire is the captive of his strange political beliefs and allows them to determine fact and truth for him when what he wants to believe and say is neither factual nor truthful.

He refers to Yuri Nosenko as the "supposed defector" where what he disclosed to the CIA eliminates all possible doubt. Including the location of about 50 KBG bags in our embassy.

He disputes the diagnosis that Golitsyn was paranoid -is. All you have to do is read his stuff. Mangold did not use it all. I think he limited himself to what the CIA wanted him to use. Golitsyn is really crazy and he wrote really insane memos.

I think he was told to look me up and persuade me that Nosenko was a phony. In any event a man of his general description started phoning me using the name "Mr. Martin" as soon as I got interested in the Nosenko FBI reports at the Archives and when I was not discussing it with anyone. I also at that time filed a FOIA request with the CIA that it ignored. There came a time he said he wanted to meet me, I invited him up, he did not want to come here, and once when I knew I'd be in Rockville we met there. It was a very large chain hardware store, Hechinger's. I made some purchases, ranging from seed to a trailer for my riding mower. He bought a packet of tomato seed. We had lunch across the street and he spent all his time badmouthing Nosenko.

Frankly, I'm surprised to learn from Saffire that Golitsyn is still on the CIA payroll and that he was awarded our government's Medal for Distinguished Service, in addition to Britain's C.B.E.

Saffire says he is "history's most decorated defector." He is certainly the craziest, the most hurtful and the least dependable. He wrecked the CIA's counterintelligence then and I suspect for years thereafter if not still.

Saffire describes his memos as "anti-conventional." He and they are rabid.

Kennedy's alleged lady friend ^{who} was the "former wife of a C.I.A station chief" was named Meyer. The story is well-known. I think she was the daughter or grand-daughter of Gifford Pinchot, whose ^{widow} wife was a customer of ours. I doubt that Angleton searched her quarters in JFK's interest. He more likely had other interests, including anything she had that she'd gotten from her former husband. He could have suspected, as Saffire says, Soviet complicity, ^{notional as it is} but there'd have been no evidence in her home. She was killed on a ~~ten-~~ path along the C and O canal when jogging or walking.

If "Mr. Martin" is Golitsyn, then he also is "A Cat Named Gourmand" from his ~~stomach~~ rotundity. Saffire's reference to his resemblance to Akim Tamiroff suggests he is.

Thanks and best,

Harv

Essay

WILLIAM SAFIRE

A Cat Named Gourmand

by Tim 85 7/29/91

A talented and beautiful artist is murdered on the towpath along the canal in Georgetown. She is the former wife of a C.I.A. station chief and the illicit love of the President of the United States.

Partly to investigate what he suspected may have been Soviet complicity in the murder (unsolved to this day) but primarily to protect the President's reputation, the chief of counterespionage for the agency — an angular warrior who reads poetry and raises orchids — rushes to her home ahead of the police. He searches for, and at last finds, the woman's diary. He slips it into his pocket, later to read its private revelations and then to consign it to a fire. He starts to leave, but then is startled by the sound of crying.

A hungry kitten appears. Rather than let the victim's pet starve, the cadaverous counterspy scoops it up and takes it with him into the night.

How's that for a grabber of a lead? I was drawn to write it, and you were hooked to read it, by our mutual fascination with espionage — a surreal but real world replete with mystery, violence, hall-of-mirrors deception, the suspension of morality and the interplay of human intelligence.

The 1962 episode above — at least 90 percent true — was called to mind by a book and television show attacking the record of James Jesus Angleton, the longtime protector of our intelligence system from the Soviet penetration agents that riddled other Western agencies, and his most trusted K.G.B. source, the 1961 defector Anatoli Golitsin.

Nothing splits our spooks like the matter of Golitsin. If you believe his story and adopt his strategic vision, as Angleton did so fiercely before he was fired in 1974 by Director William Colby, you see the Soviets embarked on a long campaign of disinformation. It began with the dispatch of a possible "dangle" — the supposed defector Yuri Nosenko, who arrived after the Kennedy assassination to dissociate Moscow from Lee Harvey Oswald — and continued through the cold war, misleading the F.B.I.'s J. Edgar Hoover with the U.N.'s "Fedora," who supported Nosenko's story.

On the other hand, if you disbelieve Golitsin, you see the late James Angleton as a paranoid counterspy, ruining careers of loyal spies on mis-

placed suspicion and even returning real defectors to their death. Most Langley bureaucrats, and all those

What will defectors do after the cold war ends?

driven out of the service and seeking vengeance, hold that view today. Their mindset gains credence by the kooky-sounding assertion by Angleton and Golitsin that the whole Sino-Soviet split was part of a master deception.

Overly suspicious Jim Angleton was, but in one former intelligence chief's words, "no Soviet penetrations took place on his watch," and he was right to suspect the Brezhnev detente. Since his kindred spirit, Golitsin, was being pronounced "clinically paranoid" by a former C.I.A. shrink with a curious set of medical ethics, I asked to see the defector, who has never given a press interview.

We met the other day, I can't say where because he still thinks the Russians are after him. He reminds you of the actor Akim Tamiroff after a rough night. Amiably manipulative, he refused to answer such direct questions as "Was there ever a mole in the C.I.A. higher up than Larry Wutai Chin?" He'll save that for his memoirs but expounded freely on the continuing strategy of Moscow maneuvering, making me feel like a euphoric Gorbamaniac, which is not easy.

My new source Anatoli remains on the C.I.A. payroll, contributing anti-conventional memos that are read by analysts holding them with tongs, and must be useful: only a few years ago, he was secretly awarded the U.S. Government's Medal for Distinguished Service; added to Britain's C.B.E., that makes him history's most decorated defector.

Does he ever think of Jim Angleton and the cold war days of debriefings and roses?

"He once gave me a kitten," the defector mused, "said he saved it from starvation. Such a picky eater it was, we named it Gourmand. That cat lived with us for 16 years. Still miss her."

Correction: In a column about B.C.C.I., I applied the code name "Tumbleweed" to a former Saudi spymaster; investigators say it refers to a banking operation. □