

Capital Comment

THE BARD OF WHITTIER: You May Be Hearing More of Him

The one aspect of the Watergate debacle that has been overlooked until recently is the literary distinction that lies buried in the transcribed Watergate tapes. The pathos, the insight into human character, the sheer poetry of the historic remarks has been preserved in *The Poetry of Richard Milhous Nixon* (Cliff House Books, \$1), a slim volume that deserves notice:

Consider the mnemonic resonances, unusually skillful for a fledgling poet, that the author strikes in one of the book's first poems:

I Can't Recall

You can say I don't remember
You can say I can't recall.
I can't give any answer
To that
That I can recall.

The stark simplicity of another poem is perfectly suited

to the poet's withering view of the human condition, to his understanding of the essential loneliness of a world in which each man is truly an island:

Let's Face It

Nobody
Is
A friend
Of ours.
Let's
Face
It.
Don't worry
About
That sort
Of thing.

It is disturbing to see in "Consideration" the depths to which the poet must have gone to discover his true feeling in dealing with the adversaries that plague all of us from time to time:

Consideration

I
Don't
Want
Anybody
Shown
Any
Consideration
Whatever.

Contrast, if you will, with the knowledge of a world gone mad, what the poet is able to capture in the few words of "Who Are They After?"

Who Are They After?

Who
the Hell
are they after?
They
are
after
us.

The final poem in the selection in many respects may be the best. Harrowing in its pre-

science, possessed of a conviction that the world always ensures that we come to the same end, it shows the poet at the height of his powers:

In the End

In the end
We are going
To be bled
To death.
And in the end,
It is all going
To come out anyway.
Then you get the worst
Of both worlds.

The editor, Jack S. Margolis, points out that the poems are taken entirely from the Watergate transcripts with no additions or deletions of words or punctuation, making it an even more remarkable discovery to find a first poet with such confidence in the great oral tradition of English literature.

—JAMES SEYMORE

JAMES ANGLETON: The Spy Forced in from the Cold



One summer evening several years ago, five men stood casting for trout in a secluded Midwestern river. Four were Americans; all practiced anglers. The fifth was a Russian, obviously an amateur. His line kept snagging on boughs, yet he enjoyed himself hugely, standing rubber-booted in the swirling water and nipping vodka from a flask.

The host was James Angleton, who recently resigned after 31 years as chief of counter-espionage for the Central Intelligence Agency. The Russian was a high official of the KGB (Soviet secret service), who had defected to the US. The others were CIA.

In such tranquil spots Angleton, a keen student of human psychology, often has reaped his richest rewards. Defectors are fearful of pursuit and assassination, torn by conflicting loyalties. Angleton, a soft-spoken yet firm man, spends months helping them unwind, winning their confidence—and eventually extracting valuable information. It was through defectors that he uncovered such top-grade British KGB spies as Kim Philby and George Blake.

"Jim's forte is patience," said a veteran colleague. "I've seen him in a river at dusk, the rain coming down, casting slowly hour after hour, trying different flies until the trout strikes. He outwits and outwaits them—as he does with spies."

A few weeks ago Angleton and his three top deputies—representing among them 120 years of combined counter-espionage experience—were forced out following *New York Times* charges that the CIA had staged "massive" and "illegal" intelligence operations against American anti-war dissidents during the early Nixon years. More than 10,000 files on Americans were compiled, the paper claimed. Angleton's counter-espionage branch was singled out as the culprit.

Angleton has steadfastly denied that his relatively small staff had any reason—let alone the manpower—for the time-consuming, onerous task of running surveillance on Americans inside the US. Un-

der the law, he has told friends, only the FBI has the authority and the resources for such work. "He could have cared less about the kids protesting the Vietnam war," one CIA watcher said.

However the CIA, in accordance with its statutory responsibilities, did keep an eye abroad on dissident groups, such as the Black Panthers, who were tracked from Algiers to Moscow to North Korea, where they took demolitions training before filtering back into the US and going underground. Such Americans were reported to the FBI, Angleton has insisted.

As to the charge of compiling 10,000 files, CIA colleagues have pointed out that the agency has automatic access to all FBI files—more than 100 million—and would have voluminous files on all Americans who have ever had contacts abroad with enemy or friendly intelligence services.

The identification of Angleton's unit in the original *New York Times* story of December 22 had the earmarks of authoritative guidance from highly placed sources within the CIA. Since then, however, the *Times* appears to have shifted the focus of its charges to another CIA unit—the Domestic Operations Division—with which Angleton and the counter-espionage staff have no connection.

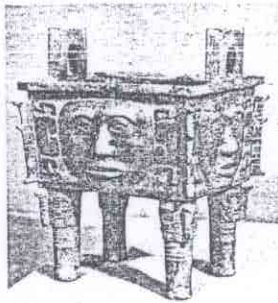
There are grounds for believing that Angleton's dismissal caps 18 months of growing tension between him and new CIA director William E. Colby. Colby's CIA career has been spent primarily in covert labor activities and in the Far East. He has told his staff that he must devote 95 percent of his time to briefing the White House, Congress, and the news media. He is said to have little time for or interest in the complexities of counter-espionage.

Congress, in creating the CIA in 1947, specifically barred it from "police, subpoena, law-enforcement powers or internal-security functions." These were reserved for the FBI. But at the same time, with characteristic imprecision, Congress ordered the CIA to "protect" intelligence sources and methods and to perform at the National Security Council's request additional services of "common concern" and "such other functions and duties" as the NSC might require. The gray areas here are obvious.

Since spies and other subversives are travelling increasingly in and out of the US, the system works only when CIA-FBI liaison is good. For 20 years Angleton worked closely with his friend Sam Papich, the FBI liaison officer. But in 1969 the late J. Edgar Hoover, incensed that President Lyndon B. Johnson had failed to defend him from charges by Senator Edward V. Long of Missouri that the FBI was tapping his phone, preemptively ended virtually all FBI liaison—not only with the CIA but with all other US in-

Art exhibitions are standard equipment in the arsenals of diplomatic weaponry, along with ballerinas and Fulbright scholars. The most recent cultural salvo lobbed into the National Gallery is the current and fabulous Chinese exhibition, 385 archeological treasures unearthed in the People's Republic of China in the last 25 years. The show has been one of the most popular cultural events of recent years in Paris, London, and other cities where it has been shown, and Washington is no exception. Lines have been long, but not unreasonably so. The National Gallery has installed a special phone (737-4221) to tell you when lines are shortest.

There have, of course, been other Chinese exhibitions in America, not to mention the first-rate collections in US museums, most notably the Freer. But one generally sees only a small segment of Chinese art—ritual bronzes, for example, or blue and white porcelains. Rarely have so many of the arts of



A Shang Dynasty (twelfth century BC) cooking vessel at the National Gallery.

China—pottery, bronzes, jades, ceramics, textiles, and even some fresco painting—been exhibited all together and covering such a vast time span—8,000 years.

It is possible here to trace the development of China's peerless ceramic tradition from a beautifully shaped pottery vessel of 6,000 years ago to the luscious thirteenth-century Sung and Yuan dynasty porcelains. It be-

comes clear that the Chinese artisan, since the beginning, has had a unique gift of devising classic and elegant forms as well as abstract decorative embellishment. His patience and skill often are astonishing.

In terms of sheer effectiveness the Chinese exhibition is a more successful bit of cultural oneupmanship than last year's "Impressionist and Post-Impressionist Paintings from the USSR," also shown at the National Gallery. As exciting as that event was, both in terms of art and *détente*, it told us little about the Soviets except that they, too, admire the art of France. The Chinese show, however, conveys the awesome sweep of Chinese history and culture from paleolithic times through the fourteenth century in the forms of masterfully shaped neolithic stones implements, bronzes contemporary with the Trojan War, and the jade burial suit, bronze horses, and gold acupuncture needles from before Christ.

The show continues through March 30 and is open daily 10

to 5, Sunday 10 to 9. For those who want more information than the free leaflet and labels provide, the exhibition's two-part catalog is a good investment at \$4. For a broader survey still, there is a fine and heavily illustrated book suitable for both students and laymen called *The Arts of China* by Michael Sullivan (University of California, \$5.95), available at Discount Books. Poster collectors should have a look at four posters prepared for exhibition. Though overpriced (\$1.75 to \$3.25) they probably will become collector's items.

—JO ANN LEWIS



telligence agencies.

"It was a disgrace," said a knowledgeable intelligence source. "Nixon found out about it on taking office but he didn't dare tangle with Hoover, who was popular in the country and on the Hill. Besides, Nixon was more uptight about anti-war militants and rioters in the cities than about foreign spies."

Angleton, the eye of the current storm, is a most unlikely spy-catcher. Six feet tall, stooped, his thick, grizzled hair parted almost in the middle, he gazes out through his bifocals with the courtly, faintly quizzical charm of a New England professor. He dresses conservatively. His voice is quiet, meticulous, but assumes a faint rasp when he's angry.

His character is one of sharp contrasts. Children and animals seem to instinctively love him, but by profession he had to be suspicious of the adult world around him. He was obsessed with the KGB and with preventing any penetration of the CIA by a "mole"—the spy who works his way into an intelligence agency, as described so vividly by John le Carré in the best-selling novel, *Tinker, Tailor, Soldier, Spy*.

He has lunch nearly every day at La Niçoise in Georgetown, preferring fish, particularly fresh flounder, accompanied by a bottle of French wine. Once as a practical joke, someone at the restaurant put a microphone in the flowers on his table. Angleton almost immediately noticed it, looked at his companion with a finger to his lips, and removed the vase.

For years he has moved in an aura of discreet mystery, an enigmatic character even to his CIA colleagues, though his staff swear by him. His wife Cecilie, grown son, and two daughters long have been accustomed to his frequent, unexplained absences. He claims that for years they thought he worked "somewhere high in the Post Office."

As befits one in his curious trade he often works when others sleep. Not infrequently he will drop in on a friend at ten at night, sitting until two AM, chain-smoking, sipping bourbon and water, now and then rubbing a hand over his forehead and eyes, chatting tirelessly, his mind fully alert. He is discretion personified, turning away awkward questions with an elliptical answer. Even at two AM he sometimes will phone an intelligence contact and, in murmured tones, announce his impending arrival.

For weeks he will disappear, then arrive at the home of friends, bearing a magnificent cattleya orchid raised in his own greenhouse in suburban Virginia, or a bit of semi-precious stone he has been polishing, or an intricate trout fly he has made.

Now 57, Angleton got into the spy-catching business by accident. His father, a wealthy executive who ran National Cash Register operations in Italy, joined the OSS during World War II and recommended his son. Young Angleton, with a Yale degree and two years at the Harvard Business School, had just enlisted. He was interviewed, recruited, and after special counter-espionage training in England was sent to Italy in 1943, where he rose to the rank of major in charge of counter-espionage.

It was in Italy after the war that he first met the Jewish underground leaders who then were helping fellow Jews escape Europe for British-ruled Palestine. Their friendship flourished. For the past 20 years Angleton has been the CIA official with whom successive Israeli leaders have preferred to deal. Given the current Middle East situation, these contacts have given him immense responsibility—and also have caused jealousies within the US government. Some observers feel Secretary of State Henry Kissinger and CIA Director Colby have decided to gather liaison with Israeli intelligence into their own hands.

Angleton's critics accuse him of having built a virtually unassailable empire-within-an-empire. There is some truth to this. As steward of the nation's innermost secrets—even the White House tends to leave counter-espionage to career professionals—Angleton has had great authority with all US security agencies. Another charge often heard is that he is a man steeped in hostility to the Communist world, a man who sees spies under every bed.

He makes no secret in his quiet, professional way that he regards *détente* as a risky gamble and the Sino-Soviet split of 1960 as a masterly hoax. "There are installations in China that wouldn't be there," says, "if there were a real split." Since 1959, he insists, the KGB and 26 other Communist intelligence services quietly have coordinated their operations and now pool all intelligence about the US and its NATO allies. Of all US leaders, he believes, Defense Secretary James R. Schlesinger is the only one who truly perceives the growing Soviet military threat.

"In five more years if we go this way," Angleton says, "a crunch will come and the US will have to back down."

But those who challenge Kissinger's dream of *détente* nowadays risk thunderbolts from on high, and Angleton's career, together with those of his deputies, has wound to a close. The key question now is the transition: Who guards the portals while the guard is changing? One who surely will want to know is Juri Andropov, head of the KGB. In the covert war Angleton has lost—not to Andropov but to a Washington weary of the Cold War.

—BENJAMIN WELLES