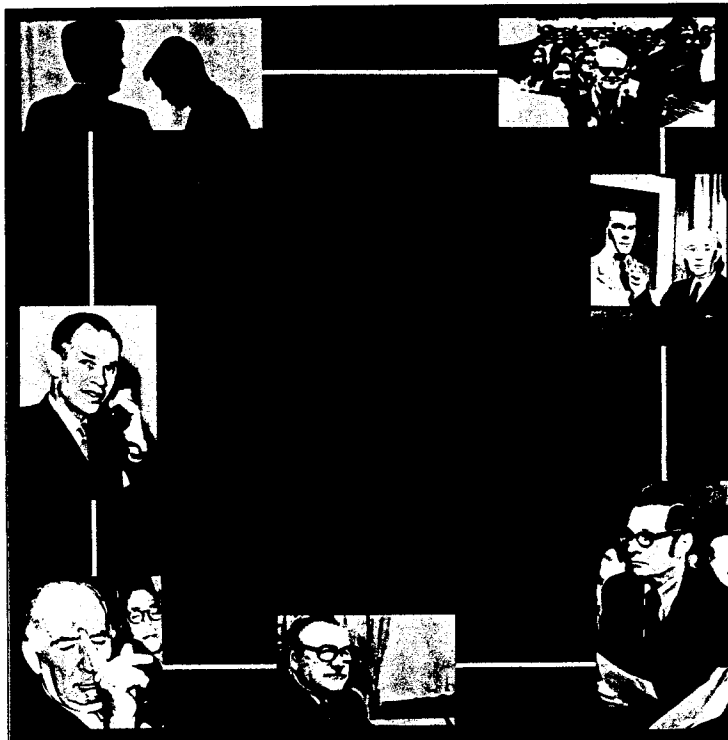


States Of Intrigue



Collage by Allen Appel

Clockwise: John and Robert Kennedy, Arthur Bremer, Robert Welch with portrait of John Birch, assassination sleuth Bernard Fensterwald, CIA prober Nelson Rockefeller, John Mitchell, Alger Hiss, and, at center, Jack Ruby shooting Lee Harvey Oswald to death.

One Nation, Conceived in Conspiracy

By Henry Allen

"Sure they knew." Practice saying this line. Say it with a tone of fatigued annoyance. "Sure, they knew." It will come in handy in Washington, where cynicism has dwindled to anachronism, and what we once scorned as paranoia has now become common sense, survival instinct.

Conspiracy! That's the word now.

Watergate? The oil price hikes? The CIA files on 10,000 Americans? "Sure, they knew!" The "they" being the usual establishment that we praise and blame for everything from drought to traffic congestion. "They were in on it from the beginning, don't kid yourself." The FBI's sabotaging of political groups? Rockefeller's Goldberg book? The plane crash that killed Mrs. Howard Hunt? Conspiracy! Ploes! Listen, pal, if they'd let James Earl Ray talk...

Continued on page 34

Henry Allen is a staff writer with Potomac.

Bringing the Balkans Back Home

By Dan Morgan

It was in the Balkans — the stereotypical model for political conspiracy, from Eric Ambler to Agatha Christie — that I first began to reflect on the nature of intrigue in high places in America. The place was the café of the Hotel Metropole, a grim, Stalinist structure brightened inside by a clientele of tourist officials, foreign visitors and an occasional secret policeman on pension. Aleksander Rankovic, one of Yugoslavia's former top conspirators, often ate Sunday lunch there, relatively unnoticed.

The Metropole was where I went to buy my copy of *Time* and *Newsweek* once a week. And it was in the Metropole's gloomy café that I became acquainted with Ehrlichman, Haldeman, Dean and the others, as I read my magazines and sipped a Turkish coffee and mineral water.

Continued on page 31

Dan Morgan is a former Balkan and Eastern European correspondent for *The Washington Post* and is now on the national news staff of the newspaper.

They're Breaking Up That Old Gang Of Mine

A "loyal alumnus" looks at his embattled alma mater, the CIA

Commentary

By Miles Copeland

"Bewildered, just plain bewildered." That is how a CIA "old boy" described the reaction he and his colleagues feel to the "McCarthyism in reverse" the CIA has been suffering. We had just been to a farewell party in honor of the agency officers whom attacks on the agency had forced into retirement, and were in my rooms in the Mayflower boozing and reminiscing. "In the old days we sometimes leaked information to let the public know what a good job we were doing," he moaned. "These new kids at the agency leak the same kind of stuff to show what monsters we are. I'll be lucky to find a job."

He's probably right about the job. At the time of our meeting, I was doing a bit of talent scouting for international corporations. I thought I might make good use of my old friends in the agency, but I was informed by two of my clients that they "wouldn't touch those boys with a 10-foot pole." Their personnel offices had received telephone calls from stockholders protesting "reports" that they were "taking on CIA agents," and they had heard enough from their counterparts in other companies to convince them that there was some kind of systematic drive to make retiring CIA officials unemployable. In these days when all "instruments of the establishment" are targets, the major corporations as well as the CIA and the FBI, they can't afford to take chances.

We talked about old times, and how we used to be proud of doing what is now regarded as criminal. It was I who took the agency into its honeymoon with "colonels," a generic term we used to use for military regimes of all sorts. First there were Husni Zaim and Adib Shishakli in Syria, then Nasser in Egypt, then much later two comparatively liberal military leaders in the old "NEA" (near East and Africa) division's area whose names I must withhold because they are still functioning.

But those of us who continued to argue the advantages of military dictatorships (on the grounds that they were manageable, inevitable in most of the Third World whether we liked it or not, and

Miles Copeland, resigned from the Central Intelligence Agency in 1957. His books, The Game of Nations and Without Cloak or Dagger, have been the subjects of praise and controversy.

comparatively immune to the corruption which was rampant in the pseudo-democratic regimes which were popping up all over the place) were all assigned to the Farm teaching "background courses."

But there were no hard feelings. Despite the rivalry and the internal politics, we liked each other both professionally and socially. We were indeed, as James Schlesinger accused during his brief stay as director, a "gentlemen's club" and we were proud of it. Those of us who remained on in the agency until recently (I became a "loyal alumnus" in 1957) never could understand why Mr. Schlesinger actually "made a big deal out of not being a gentleman."

"At the meeting at Secretary Dulles' house where we discussed the final plans for 'AJAX,' the operation to help the Shah of Iran to prevent a Communist takeover of his country . . . we took a 20-minute break to catch the races at Belmont on television."

As my drinking companion reminded me, it was a great feeling to wake up in the morning knowing that all day we would be involved in operations which, we sincerely believed, were vital to the nation's security unknown to the great American public. Most important, we were definitely not "fanciful cold warriors." We were more "M.A.S.H." than "Dr. Kildare"—or, to be more accurate, we were something in between. At the meeting at Secretary Dulles' house where we discussed the final plans for "AJAX," the operation to help the Shah of Iran to prevent a Communist takeover of his country, many of us wore tennis clothes and lounged on easy chairs and on the floor. If I remember correctly, it was this meeting in which we took a 20-minute break to catch the races at Belmont on television because Frank Wisner had a horse named "Ovaltine" running in the fifth.

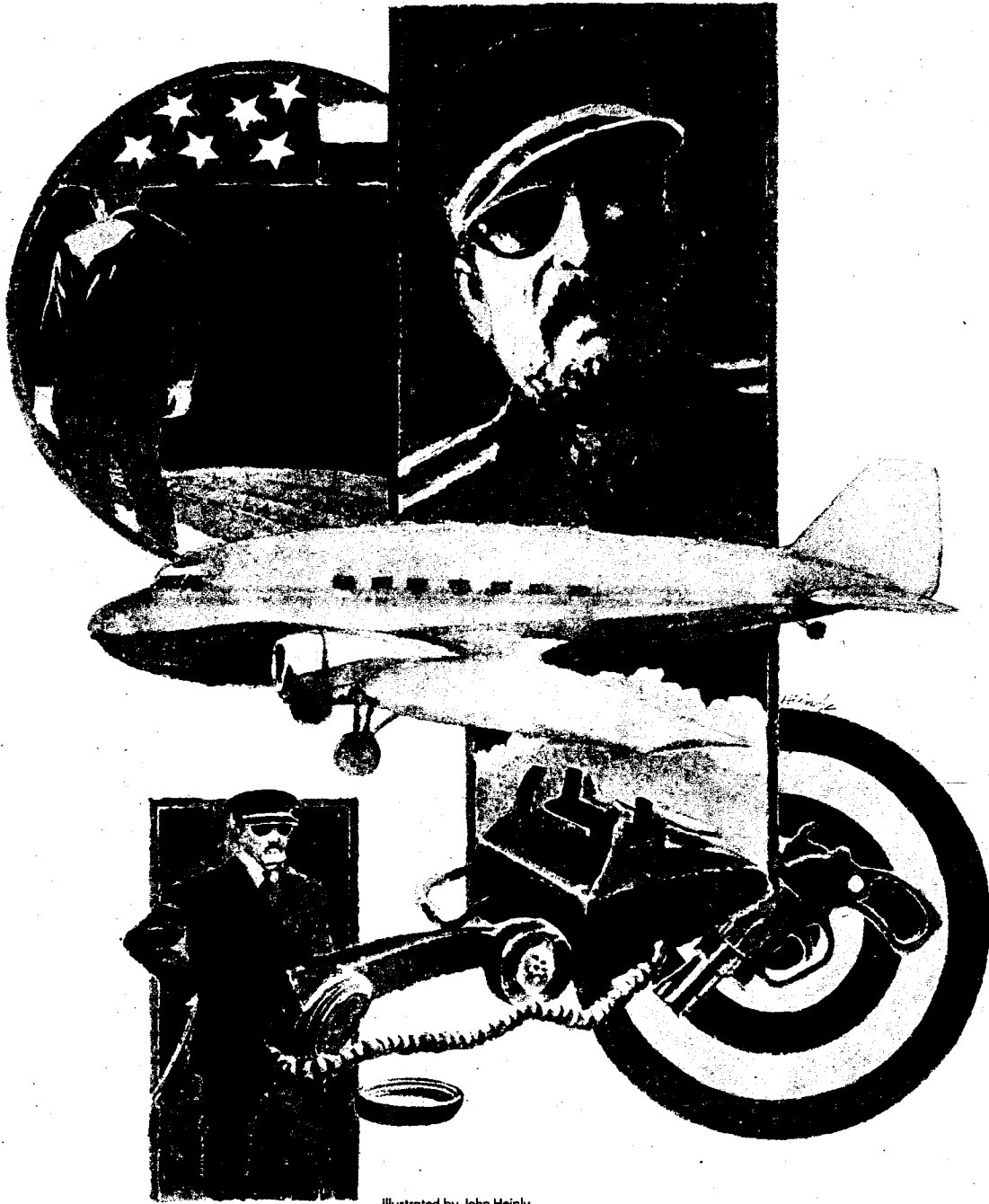
Anyway, this and other reminiscences are now

for recalling around campfires in Maine, on the beaches of the Riviera, in the salons of London and at other places to which those unemployable gentlemen of the CIA will retire. The CIA was not begun until 1948, when most of us in the middle- and upper-middle level grades were in our late 20s and early 30s. Thus, this batch of retirees is the first. There is no tradition of retirement, and not yet any favorite watering holes for those who have gone into it. While CIA pensions are high by government standards, so are the costs of the gentlemen's living habits.


The CIA's agents—its spies—are rarely American citizens. In Russia they are Russians, in Cuba, Cubans, and in China (such as they are) Chinese. Long ago the agency gave up the notion that it would take a red-blooded American boy from Ohio, put him through an intensive course in Russian, teach him to eat with his fork in his left hand and otherwise behave like a Russian, then send him to Moscow to spy on the Kremlin. Such an agent would be promptly caught not because of peculiarities in his accent (the CIA's language school had turned out "case officers," as opposed to "agents," who speak flawless Russian), not because he forgets himself and dips caviar with his fork in his right hand, not because his clothing, pocket contents and identity documents aren't perfect, but simply because he is an outsider. "Why send in a boy from Ohio when it is the dream of half the officials in Moscow to moonlight for the CIA, and to build up an escape fund in some Swiss bank?"

This statement was made to me just weeks ago by a frustrated middle-level officer who was squirming under Victor Marchetti's statement that "the CIA has no agents in Moscow," an assertion which was subsequently (for opposite reasons) "confirmed" by a former head of the CIA's Russia division. There is money and fame to be had these days in spilling the CIA's secrets in print, but once the President's "Blue Ribbon Commission" hearings and the congressional investigations are over we are certain to have a swing of the pendulum from "the public has a right to know" back to tough new secrecy laws. At least, agency employees think so. Meanwhile, any one of them with anything on his chest can easily get it off. In the course of my own inquiries I found no shortage of agency employees and alumni who are normally


Continued on page 35





Illustrated by John Heinly




SPOOK


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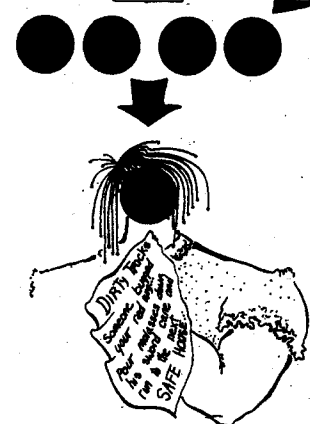

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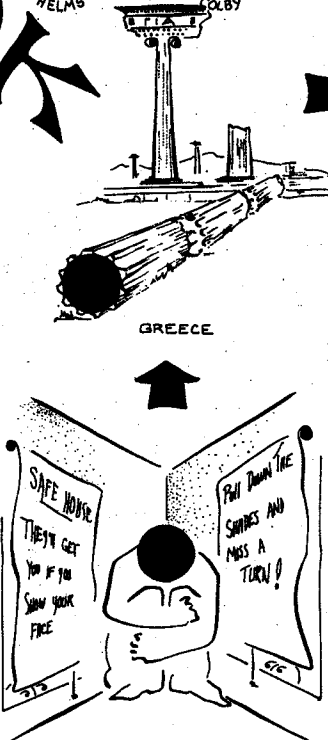
VIET NAM

By Laurence Stern and Susan Dooley

Intelligence has dazzled the imagination, fattened the purses and plundered the secrets of man since the earliest wars of conquest. The Egyptian Pharaohs sent out "King's Messengers" to scout the remote provinces of empire and also employed Babylonian businessmen to report on the doings of the Assyrians and the Hittites—a prototype of the CIA's Domestic Contact Service. Homer committed some of mankind's first intelligence leaks in recounting the covert operations of Odysseus against the Trojans. More recently the public fascination with the cloak and dagger has made rich men of John LeCarre, E. Phillips Oppenheim and Graham Greene. It has made folk heroes of such men as British double agent Kim Philby, Soviet double agent Oleg Penkovsky and America's pre-eminent counterespionage James Angleton. It has, more recently, brought discomfiture to CIA Director William E. Colby and his predecessor, Richard M. Helms. It has provided both money and discomfiture to former Bay of Pigs and Watergate operative, E. Howard Hunt.

In hopes of making the craft of intelligence a participatory experience, Posomac Magazine presents to its readers in this issue—SPOOK.

**Patent Pending*

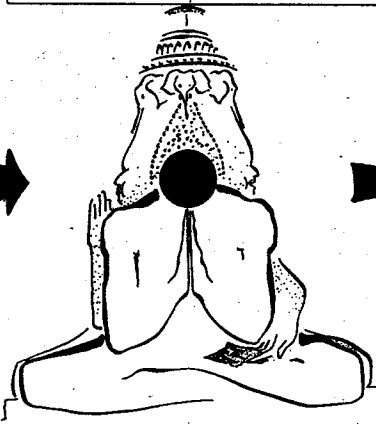


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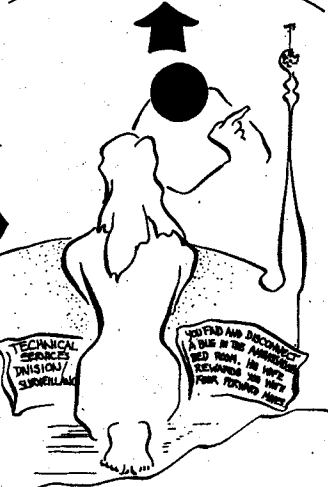
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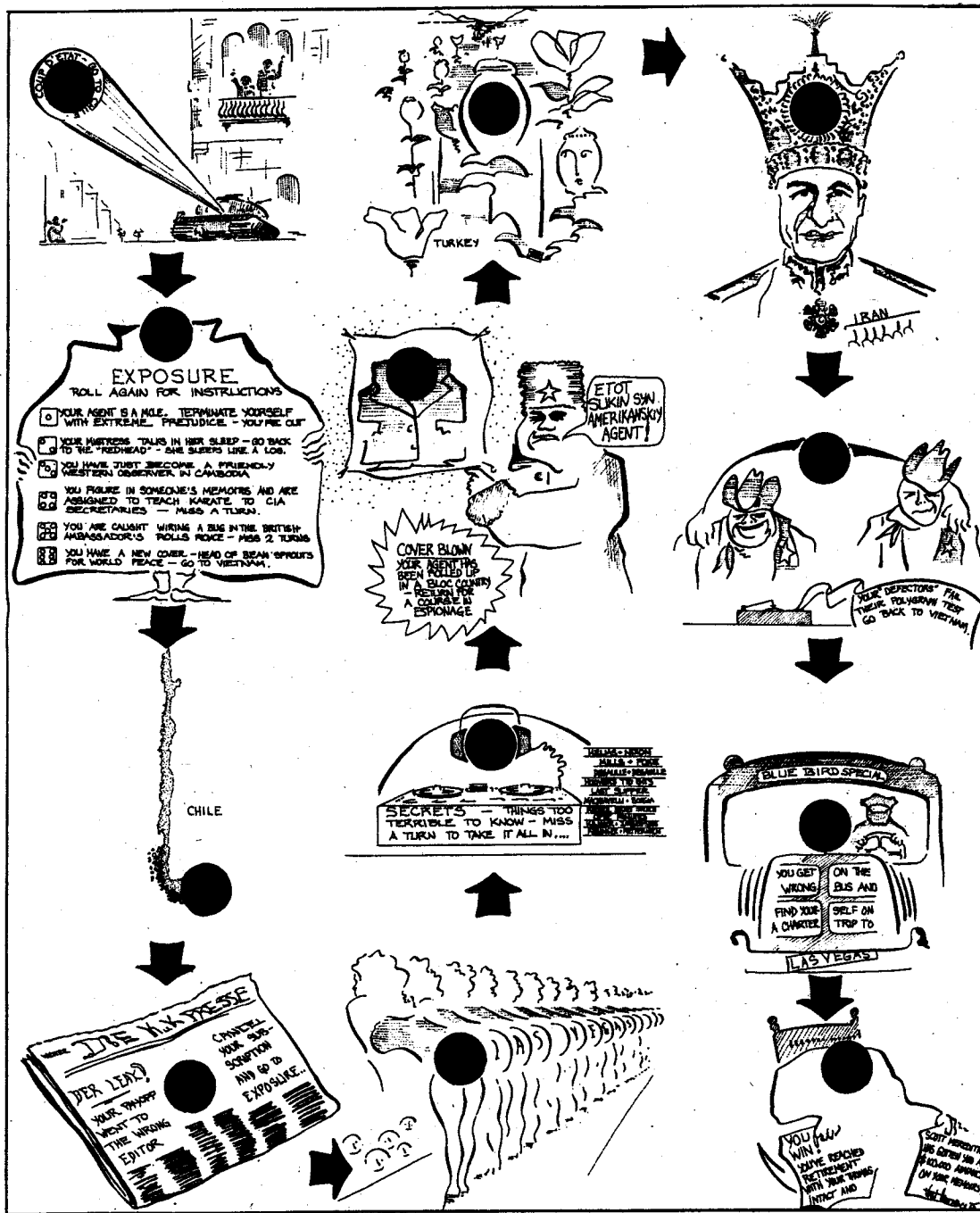
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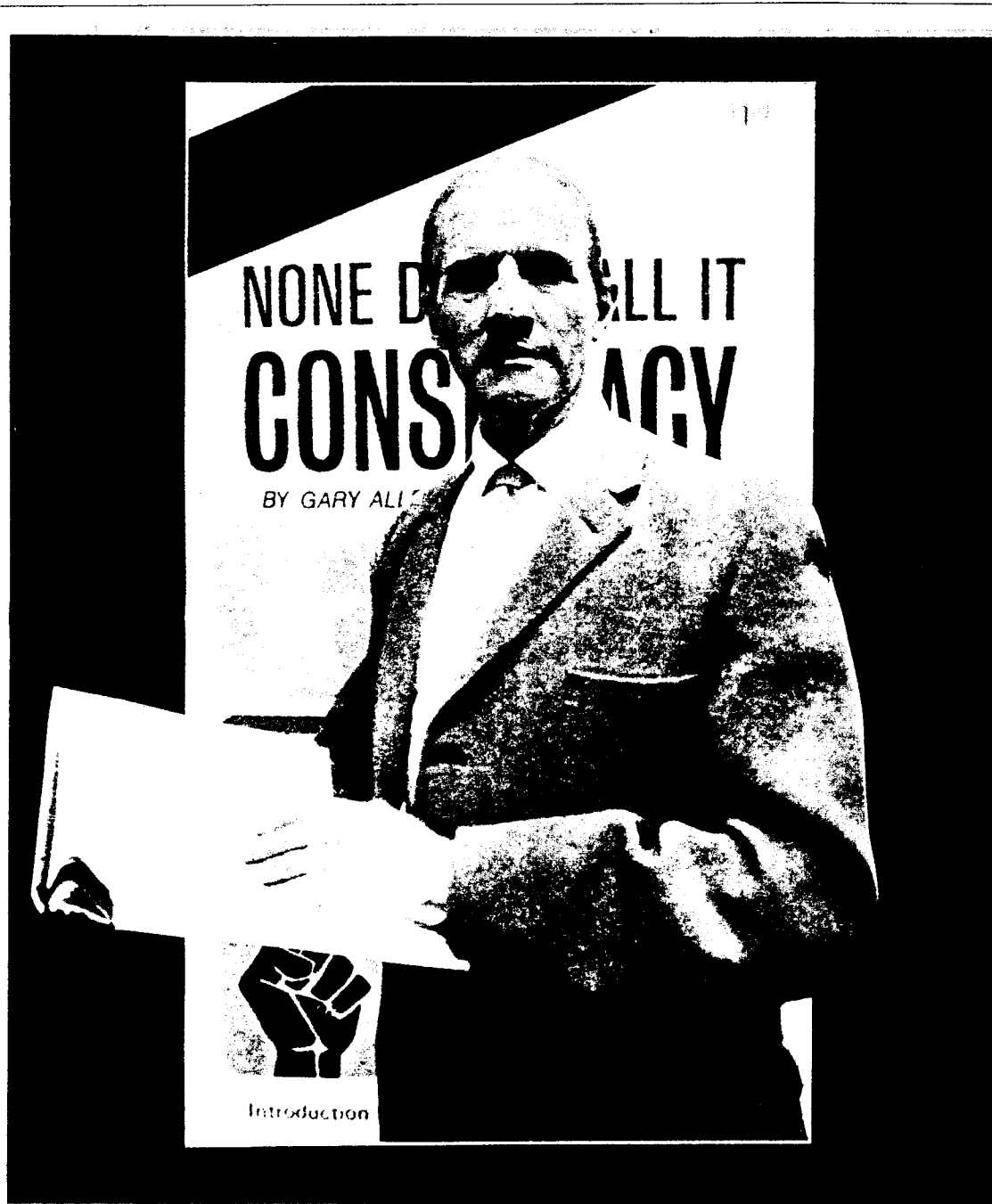
YOUR CHANCE CAPSULE TURNS OUT TO BE A MILTOWN - CREEP TO THE NEAREST SAFE HOUSE.	YOUR COMPUTER THREE HON LOVED MESSAGES IN MICROPHONE ONE DAY DEVELOPS A FEELING OF FLYING MISS TWO THROUS WHILE HE WALKS ON IN...	YOU TROUBT THREE HON AIR THROUS VACATION LOOK UP OLD FROM CHANGING IN GREECE	YOUR COVER COMPANY, TREE-A-SH AIR THROUS YOUR MESS A TOLLING (FINDING) JUMP TO LAS VEGAS	THE RUSSIAN ENGLISH IS BEHIND THROUGH DELIGHTS - GET TO TURKEY FAST	YOU MURDER THE CODE T-SPY IN THE SON, TO THE CONDUCT. HE SIBED WHO IN THE USE. IT'S "RE- DUNNY, RE- MISS A TURN.
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CAMBODIA







Collage by Allen Appel

Balkan, from page 11

One column by the late Stewart Alsop in *Newsweek* interested me especially. Lucid as always, Mr. Alsop was making the point that Watergate was different from other political scandals because the stakes were power, not money, i.e., I thought, Watergate sprang from a Balkan mentality.

The United States and the Balkans clearly reached the stage of intrigue from opposite directions. Five hundred years of foreign occupation, most of it by Turks, provided a natural breeding ground for plotters in Southeastern Europe. Deprived of any opportunity for normal political expression, plots were hatched in secret as a substitute. When the Turks were finally kicked out it was hard to break deeply rooted habits, as the subsequent conspiracies, coups, and bloody assassinations showed. The United States, once the freest of all societies, is being made politically conspiratorial by the steady growth of government and state power — a form of occupation in its own right.

But looking back on the Balkans now it strikes me as unfair to ascribe totally Balkan properties to the politics of Washington . . . unfair, that is, to the Balkans.

Conspiracy and intrigue were part of the Eastern and Southeastern Europe I covered as a foreign correspondent. But President Tito of Yugoslavia, at least, knew the difference between a climate of intrigue and its logical extension: a climate of paranoia. Tito tolerated the former, as any authoritarian leader who holds power closely must. But he rejected paranoia more emphatically than the Nixon White House ever did.

When political paranoia began to envelop his regime too blatantly in 1966, he crushed it swiftly and cleanly. Tito caught Rankovic, then his top policeman and heir apparent, bugging the bedrooms of top party officials (including, supposedly, Tito's own) for "national security reasons." He sent him and many of Rankovic's UDBA (secret police) allies into early retirement. Tough old political rogue that he was, Tito wasn't prepared to accept that kind of funny business.

There's no doubt that what

passes for intrigue in Eastern Europe's less than open societies is also practiced right here at home. Politics is what goes on between government departments, between parties, between countries; intrigue is what goes on within them. We have had plenty of the latter lately: sudden military alerts, precautions against military coups, Haldeman-Kissinger feuds as related by William Safire: that is the home town that I came back to in the summer of 1973.

Since then, I've received a number of phone calls from U.S. government officials which begin: "I am calling from a pay phone . . . I would prefer not to give my name, but . . ." I know that at least one of my stories has caused the security agents of a government department to question friends in the bureaucracy about the sources of the story. Of course, they had nothing to do with it — or did they? (Figure it out gumshoes.) It's nothing unusual, colleagues say. And the Big Apple of government intimidation — a full scale FBI investigation of friends and sources — hasn't occurred, that I know of.

Those kinds of things didn't seem to happen a few years ago. Now, government departments in Washington seem to be full of career security men looking for something to keep them busy until they can draw their pensions. The ministries of Eastern Europe are also full of such types . . .

Gordon Liddy-like people, though less imaginative. They got their foothold during the peak of Stalinism and the Cold War. They make up the rent-a-crowds who show up when some important Western visitor comes to town. I once saw a whole square full of them when President Nixon arrived in Warsaw. It's no easier for "Balkan" governments to dismantle the monster security apparatus than it is for ours. Even Tito was taking risks when he challenged Rankovic. And the security agents were still there in Eastern Europe after various periods of liberalization — just as they are still here in Washington after the purges of Watergate.

I've had other chances to reflect on paranoia parallels between Washington and closed societies. A few days after homecoming, I sat in the Senate Watergate Committee

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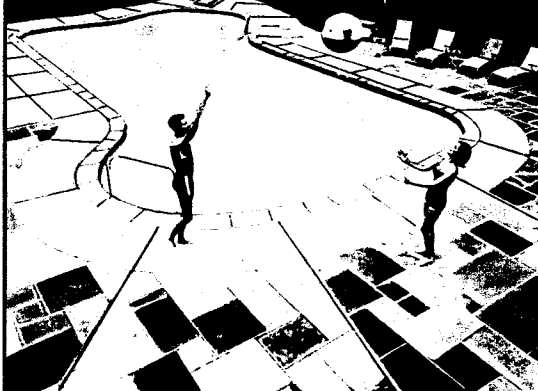
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hearings listening to Ehrlichman describe his strange encounter at San Clemente with Ellsberg trial judge Matthew Byrne.

Ehrlichman made clear to Byrne that he was the White House favorite to be director of the FBI. Or was it all more sinister? Was the job offer a form of political direction, from the very top, a way of letting Byrne know, as they surely do in Eastern Europe, that this was a political trial which the leadership felt was important — and not to use this particular verdict to show off our "constitutionality" for the world press? It was one of the nastiest bits of testimony of the hearings.

Something else brought back Eastern Europe . . . the bit about Ehrlichman walking off with Byrne into a park, "out toward the cliffs," and presumably away from any microphones.

The security of the great outdoors, I thought: A paranoid's paradise. Remembrances of British master spy Kim Philby's account in *My Secret War* of ditching the evidence of his espionage in the Virginia woods. He parked the car, strode into the trees, disposed of his papers and came back, "buttoning up my fly."

Personal remembrances, too, of meetings with a writer-friend in a particularly "controlled" East European country. We met in a predetermined park, walked back and forth on a path to make sure "Sam" (nickname for the secret police) was not following. Only then did we select a park bench at which to conduct our conversation.

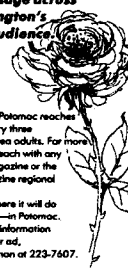
It may be that the Balkans and East Europe hold lessons as well as parallels for Washington. It is folk wisdom there that if you enter politics, you must also be prepared to enter jail.

In the new atmosphere of Washington politics, it may help to heed another old Balkan political saw: ask not who a man is, but who stands behind him. It increases the chances for survival in the political jungle immensely, and avoids many unpleasant surprises.

There may even be a comforting example for Richard M. Nixon in the old Yugoslav police boss dining in the Metropole Hotel, in the glow of the golden years — unrehabilitated.

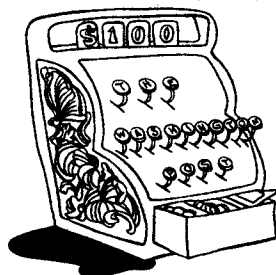
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The Washington Post

Well, maybe it's just another goodbye to the golden '50s, when like's smile told us everything was okay, after Joe McCarthy's scowl told us that if it wasn't okay, you could blame those pinko intellectual spy finks, of whom years of fevered investigation uncovered just about none worth talking about.

We don't like to think we're a conspiratorial country. Fair and square, a day's work for a day's pay and all that. Just the idea of politicians getting together to win a convention raises the dreadful image of the "smoke-filled rooms." To Americans, the name Machiavelli means something close to Satan. To Italians of his era, he was probably regarded as a political Thomas Edison.

Henry L. Stimson, Secretary of War under Roosevelt, abolished a code-breaking operation in 1939, claiming that "Gentlemen do not read each others' mail." Woodrow Wilson buying into the slick, old poker game of European politics after World War I, said

he thought the game should be played with all the cards face up: "Open covenants, openly arrived at." Ideals, not deals.

Now, if there'd been no real conspiracies at all in this country, one could understand this idealism as naïveté. Instead, it must have been the American dream, because, waking, we've been conspiring ever since our own Founding Fathers plotted up and down the East Coast to overthrow the divine and ancient rule of the British crown. Then, maybe scared by the devil it had raised, the American government passed the Alien and Sedition Act, to suppress any opponents of that dubious and disastrous bit of chauvinism called the War of 1812.

And there was the Whiskey Rebellion, put down by federal troops, and the Green Corn Rebellion, the slave revolt led by Nat Turner, John Brown seizing the arsenal at Harper's Ferry, periodic threats of secession by practically everywhere, including areas as diverse as Nantucket and the Eastern Shore of Maryland . . . and Benedict Arnold, and the alleged plot-

ting of poor old Aaron Burr, who was acquitted, mind you, of conspiring to turn the Southwest into a private empire. Yet, just coming to trial was enough to render him such a villain in American legend that only a Gore Vidal would dare to stoop to his rescue with a recent novel.

And the coal miners got so feisty and organized during Teddy Roosevelt's presidency that he had to send in the Army to dig the coal. In Pennsylvania, police and mine owners would occasionally feel obliged to open fire when too many miners got together looking disgruntled. Bomb scars still mark buildings in Wall Street, and old timers can recall being scared enough of German spies in our midst that in World War I they flaunted their patriotism by calling sauerkraut "liberty cabbage."

The great trusts of the late 19th century conspired to deprive us of every penny and ounce of sweat they could squeeze out of us—the Carnegies, the Rockefellers, the Fricks and the Morgans. Teddy Roosevelt showed that those fears of tycoon plotting

were true indeed, when he revived the dormant Sherman Anti-Trust Act with history-making ferocity.

Lincoln, of course, had been killed in a plot whose complexity rivaled anything the biggest Kennedy assassination paranoid ever dreamed of, and lobbyists, back then, were not so much persuaders of political opinion as hiring bosses in the halls of Congress. The farmers saw themselves conspired against, and rallied to William Jennings Bryan's free silver campaign. Southerners watched reconstruction blacks take over state governments and joined in the conspiracy of the Ku Klux Klan to make sure it didn't happen again. Lincoln Steffens made his fame by raking the muck of one conspiracy after another, ultimately, however, winning infamy with his statement, on returning from Russia: "I have seen the future and it works."

Bolsheviks! Bearded and Rasputin-eyed, they lurked in the minds of editorial cartoonists, bearing fuming bombs and the demise of Our American Way of Life.

Among the intelligentia, conspiracy theories were linked laughingly with little old ladies in tennis shoes. And certainly, there has been a powerful paranoid streak in American conspiracy theory since the beginning of the republic.

Joe McCarthy, in the great rhetorical tradition of paranoia, told us in 1951 that America was endangered by "a conspiracy on a scale so immense as to dwarf any previous such venture in the history of man."

Still, though, with all this real and unreal history of conspiracy behind us, so many of us found it impossible to believe, in recent years, that our very own government would plot against us; that the Army would keep secret files on Adlai Stevenson III; that the FBI would monitor Martin Luther King Jr.'s sex life, that the Justice Department and the White House would conspire, wittingly or unwittingly (or dim-wittedly, as it turned out, to get radicals out of its hair by charging that, say, 13 Black Panthers had planned to blow up the Bronx Botani-





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cal Gardens. Smelling a rat in all that mess a few years ago would get you lumped in with "the little old ladies in tennis shoes," the kind of right-wing nuts Sen. Thomas Kuchel was talking about when he said in 1963 that 10 per cent of his 6,000 letters a month charged such diverse conspiracies as: "35,000 Communist Chinese troops bearing arms and wearing deceptively dyed powder-blue uniforms are poised on the Mexican border, about to invade San Diego; the United States has turned over—or will at any moment—its Army, Navy, and Air Force to the command of a Russian colonel in the United Nations; almost every well-known American or free-world leader is, in reality, a top Communist agent; a United States Army guerrilla warfare exercise in Georgia, called Water Moccasin III, is in actuality a United Nations operation preparatory to taking over the country."

Washington lawyer Bernard Fensterwald, who is devoting a large part of his life trying to prove conspiracies in the shootings of the Kennedys, Martin Luther King

Jr., and George Wallace, blames our intransigence in the face of what he feels to be the facts on "a very peculiar attitude on the part of Americans. We always think it's lone nuts who do these things. In Europe they always think it's conspiracies. We refuse to believe it even might be conspiracy. We don't think like that. But we're changing. People are less inclined to believe the government since Watergate. Still, anybody who gets into the conspiracy hunting business had better have a tough hide."

But four months after Sen. Kuchel compiled, with some humor, his list of nutball conspiracy theories, President Kennedy was shot to death in Dallas. Since then, the inkling that our conspiratorial past is still with us has grown from paranoia to respectability. Suddenly, members of the liberal crowd, the ones who had laughed at the little old ladies in tennis shoes, were claiming that the CIA killed Kennedy, big oil men killed Kennedy, Lyndon Johnson killed Kennedy . . . whole dinner parties would go down like the Titanic when they collided

with the iceberg of Kennedy conspiracy theories. It was considered naive, at best, to assume that poor little Lee Harvey Oswald, acting alone, did the whole thing. And in a town where social life is office gossip after dark, naivete is unforgivable. And after the shootings of King, Bobby Kennedy and George Wallace, after the obfuscations of Vietnam, the chronic but unproved charges against "radicals," it all became so . . . obvious, to so many people.

Just as the noble Jefferson could sign the Alien and Sedition Act, the . . . well, Nixon or Johnson could resort to whatever sub rosa stratagems fit the needs of the moment.

"It's all a conspiracy, pal. Sure, they knew . . ."

"Watergates reinforce paranoias," says Dr. Norman A. Cameron, of the Yale School of Medicine. "When you have uncertainty, you can get a rise in paranoid disorders."

Well, once burned, twice shy, too. But we get burned and we get shy, and then we forget about it, and it keeps on keeping on. Ah, life. Ah, politics. Ah, conspiracy. ■

CIA, from page 12

secretive, but who now want to counter-balance those of their colleagues who have been leaking information which puts the agency in a bad light. The main item in their repertoire—and there is nothing that the loyalists, out of modesty of the old-timers' sense of security can do to squelch it—is the fact that, yes, the CIA has been successful in its espionage operations into Russia, Cuba and other Communist countries, and at this very moment has literally thousands of "observers" and spotters in their ports and near their military and scientific installations, and literally hundreds of agents right inside their bureaucracies holding jobs which give them access to secret information. (A possible exception is China, I am told, but there are far better ways than espionage to cover a country in which even its own civil servants don't know what's going on.)

An indication of the CIA's successes in the principal target, Russia, is the fact that over a hundred Russian-speaking staff officers have the full-time job of sifting, evaluating and coordinating information from Moscow itself. There is more dramatic proof in the form of the agency's most noteworthy "James Bond," an Army colonel named Stephen Meade ("The Whistler") who headed the original "E and E" (Escape and Evasion) team which, prior to his retirement in the early '60s, evacuated 32 agents from Russia, other parts of Eastern Europe, China and North Korea, and is still alive and kicking, prepared to tell his tale.

I quote from a draft manuscript of Meade's book—to be published a year from now, provided the new secrecy laws haven't closed in on him by then, and provided the agency hasn't sent someone down to his home in North Carolina to "infect him with the measles."

Continued on next page



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CIA, from page 35

"You see, the agency takes into account the fact that sometimes the U.S. government must take some action which makes sense to the Russians only against the premise that we are onto some one of their secrets which could only have come as the leak from one specific office in the Kremlin, the one in which the CIA agent is in fact located. Thus, the agency always protects its real agent with a decoy—some poor guy at a nearby desk onto whom, in case of an investigation by the KGB, it can shift the blame.

"One day the KGB starts sniffing around that office, and the CIA agent thinks to himself, 'I've had it,' then he sees his pal at the nearby desk being wrapped up for delivery to Siberia. He breathes more easily for a while, but when this sort of thing happens to him more than once he begins to get ulcers. Then we have to get him out. And his entire family, sometimes consisting of a hysterical wife, four unruly kids, and four senile grandparents."

Meade and his team were once sent into the heart of China to find and evacuate an aging missionary who had been left there years earlier by the CIA's predecessor organization, the wartime "Office of Strategic Services," and who happened to be living in a spot where an important experimental laboratory for biological warfare had just been constructed. Meade went in, found a missionary who, except for the fact that he was half crazy, fitted the description. He escorted the missionary and three female "disciples," also crazy, across 500 miles of wilder China to a CIA "reception committee" on the Burmese border—to learn that he had brought out the wrong man. Only months later he was in Moscow "lifting" a burnt-out CIA agent, and actually got caught—by a KGB officer with whom he had been on friendly terms in Lebanon, and who saw through his disguise as he ran into him on a Moscow street wearing the uniform of the hotel which the CIA was then using as the beginning of its escape "tunnel." Meade brought out not only the CIA agent, but also the KGB officer whom he got to defect by announcing "I know about

that Swiss bank account of yours" and promising to deposit a quarter of a million dollars in it.

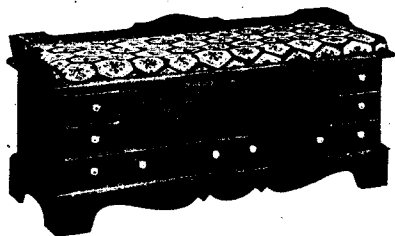
Frank Wisner, then the head of the CIA's clandestine services, thought the price exorbitant but he authorized payment (the CIA never betrays its agents) and forgave Meade for having promised such an outrageous sum merely to save his life. Another E and E episode, however, turned Frank against him permanently. Let The Whistler tell about it in his own way:

"When I meet with this character I expect him to be all jittery like the others, and to fuss about my being 30 seconds late. But no, although he is obviously frightened, he says 'What's the hurry? Let's have a pot of tea.' This is unusual, so I get suspicious—and then it dawns on me that he's set me up with the KGB, and made a deal which will give him leniency in return for turning me in. So I shoot him and leave."

Upon arriving back in Washington, having fled across Russia in freezing temperatures, Meade found that the agent's suspicious behavior was due to the fact that he, Meade, had forgotten the recognition signal, "some fool thing like asking 'Where did you buy that overcoat?' when the meeting was indoors and no overcoat was in sight," and that the agent had thought he was a KGB man who had insinuated himself into the operation. Steve Meade had shot Frank Wisner's favorite agent.

The decline of such operations, now more on a contract basis, is a disappointment for the old-timers from the war-time OSS who stayed on with the CIA "looking for excitement" and who would have quit long ago had it not been for Korea and Vietnam, and the agency's inducing them by pay and other incentives to while away the times in between by teaching those courses at Camp Perry which were so amusingly described by Pat McGarvey in his book, *CIA: The Myth and The Madness*. Incredibly, many of these "old soldiers" are still on the agency payroll,

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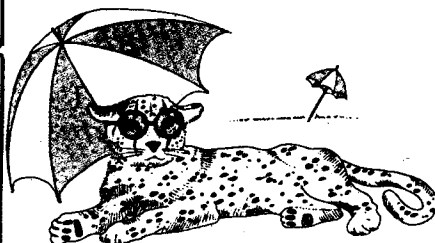
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despite the successive clean-ups of Dick Helms, James Schlesinger and Bill Colby as they took over as Director, Central Intelligence ("DCI"). Some are instructors at Camp Perry, some are in the "Country Library" writing their memoirs (an agency device for insuring that those employees who really have secrets to tell will tell them only to the agency itself, and not to some publisher waving lucrative contracts), and some are "liaison officers," as those officers are called whose job it is to con other government departments into thinking the agency is being frank and open with them when it isn't. "The only ones who are pushed into early retirement," an old friend in Langley told me, "are those who are politically in the way."

Alcoholism, nervous exhaustion, outright lunacy, and various lesser weaknesses will be tolerated of an aging agency employee provided:

(A) His deterioration can be explained in terms of "a lifetime of devotion to duty," preferably in hardship posts.

(B) He remains loyal, not only to the agency itself but to whoever happens to be running it.

(C) He isn't "in the way" politically.

Since he took over from James Schlesinger, Bill Colby has wielded the axe so mercilessly that the older career officers are beginning to yearn for some nice easy-going chap like the late General "Beetle" Smith. But Colby's experience under the mentally harsh conditions of Vietnam has made him exceedingly tolerant towards those who went to pieces under them—even, his critics assert, in the case of some officers who had already gone to pieces before he got around to knowing them.

It has been the agency's Vietnam veterans who have given it an image of ruthless cunning. These "old soldiers" are conspicuous (many of them have been called by name in the left-wing press), they look tough, and they act mysterious. Their toughness, it happens, is that of *Guys and Dolls* rather than *The Godfather*, and their mysterious behavior is to cover the fact that they are largely idle—before, during and after Vietnam.

The number of personnel in the agency's "Clandestine Services" (which, incidentally, now operate administratively under a misleading new name) has not been released to the public—by Victor Marchetti or anyone else. My own estimate, based on field personnel I know to be in place and on what old friends have implied to me in late at night gossip sessions, would be that there are less than 1,000—less, that is, than 1/17th of the agency total—who are directly involved in clandestine operations (as staff officers, "case officers," and their secretaries) as opposed to those who integrate espionage information with information from "overt" sources and provide what is loosely called "administrative support."

All the same, in this age of "man bites dog" newspaper reporting, it is this group of less than a thousand personnel who are its genuine career officers, who give the agency its panache, and whose names get leaked to the newspapers—and thence to the Russian, Chinese, Cuban and all other foreign intelligence services with budgets sufficiently large to allow the purchase of American newspapers—as the basis for sensationalist stories about the agency. It is a matter of some annoyance to many aging alumni, including myself, that they are not as dashing—as villainous, if you like—as they appear in these stories.

I say this with nostalgia, because the agency officers who were responsible for all those much publicized operations of the '50s and '60s, from the overthrow of Mossadegh in Iran to the Bay of Pigs fiasco, were gentlemen whose originality and daring arose from a sense of adventure combined with a strong sense of patriotism, and in no way from any Machiavellian desire to "protect the interests of the multinational corporations" or any of the other nonsensical motives which have recently been attributed to the CIA. I have in mind Kermit Roosevelt, Dick Bissell, Desmond Fitzgerald, Tracy Barnes and, of course, the late Frank Wisner—all those whom Stewart Alsop called "Bold Easterners." These are long gone—

long before the current attacks on the CIA. Those who are left, I'm afraid, spend so much time worrying about the possibility that they might do something wrong that they have little time left over to think about doing something right. "The reason I know that the CIA had nothing to do with installing those colonels in Chile," says my favorite British news analyst, Robert Moss, "is that they *did* get in." My sentiments exactly.

There are still some of the younger "Bold Easterners" around, of course, but these, I am afraid, are losing their zip. I have just lunched with a now middle-grade officer who was recruited by Tracy Barnes 15 years ago. When he worked under me, during my last official year at the agency, he once came into my office to tell me that "Frank is unhappy about the way things are going in Kabul."

"Frank?" I asked. "Frank who?"

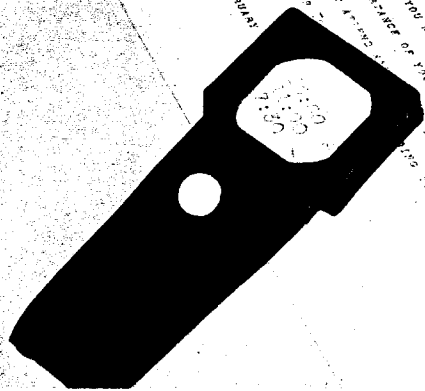
"Frank Wisner, of course," he said.

I hit the ceiling. Frank Wisner was my boss—or, more accurately, my boss's boss. For an underling of mine to be holding discussions with him without first clearing with me was intolerable even under the loose disciplines of the CIA. But the young man had a perfectly acceptable explanation. On the evening before he had attended the same dinner party as Wisner, and the conversation about Afghanistan had come up naturally along with the cigars and cognac. Moreover, the young officer and Wisner were often at the same dinner parties. They moved in the same circles, as did a dozen or so more young officers who had been brought in by the Bold Easterners.

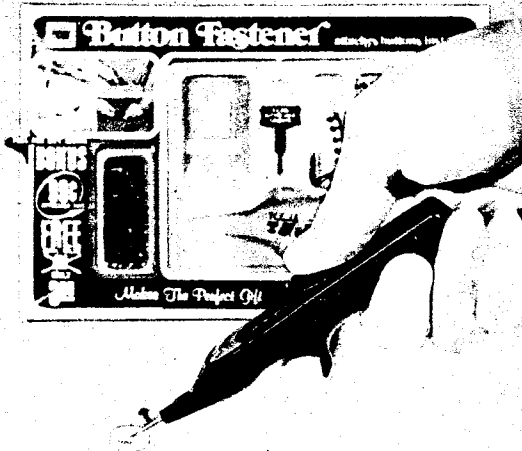
Now that their patrons are gone, these officers "maintain low profiles," even to the extent of staying out of sight of the director and other top officers until they are old enough and senior enough to have grown into the top positions naturally. "Do you know Bill Colby?" I recently asked the young officer who used to dine so frequently with Frank Wisner. "Look," he said, "I make it my business not to know Mr. Colby. The longer he and I stay out of sight of

Continued on page 40

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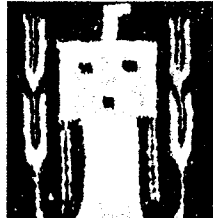
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CIA, from page 38

one another the happier we'll both be."

So it goes with the middle-grade officers, but there are the youngsters. I am told that in the months before Dick Helms resigned as DCI to become ambassador to Iran, a young officer was so confident that Helms wouldn't recognize him that he gave Helms a thorough chewing out, as one motorist to another, on the highway passing the CIA headquarters in Langley, Virginia. On his way to a costume party in Fairfax, sitting in the back seat of his chauffeur-driven Cadillac, he spotted Helms, along with a dozen or so other people, standing on the highway observing bloody bodies which had just been thrown out of an overturned automobile.

Wearing a monocle and a Nazi general's uniform two sizes too large for him, he got out of his car, strode angrily up to Helms, and shouted at him in a stage German accent, "You fool! You've exceeded your instructions!" Then, walking a few paces away, he shouted back over his shoulder, "report to my office in half an hour!" and rode away.

Helms simply thought he was some playboy nut, not one of his underlings, and he shrugged off the incident as one of those things that happen from time to time on Virginia highways. The incident survives only as a story to illustrate how the agency's remaining rich boys, in the present mood of "low profile," manage to lead double lives.

I am not at all sure of the truth of the story, and I cannot believe that Dick Helms would have failed to recognize the particular rich boy about whom the story is told. It is certain, however, that such an incident would not have passed unnoticed under the new management. Bill Colby believes in a "low profile," but he knows his officers, including those who "make it their business" not to know him, and especially those who are headed toward jobs in which they could cause the agency trouble. ■