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DRAGONS HAVE TO BE KILLED

William Colby, the Colorless CIA Director, Was Tired of Battling James Angleton, the Agency's Mysterious Counterspy. But How Does a Bureaucrat Get Rid of a Legend?

By Burton Hersh

One weekend this May, struggling to maintain some poise but betraying the discomfiture of an assistant headmaster whose chair had been slipped out from under him one time too many, the vice chairman of the Senate Select Committee on Intelligence, Senator Patrick Leahy, whistled in the media to announce his intention to launch an immediate inquiry. Despite the law's requirement and the Reagan administration's statements that at least the chairmen and vice chairmen of both the Senate and House intelligence committees must be adequately informed of all covert activities, the Vermont Democrat was clearly worked up at the extent to which "things have fallen between the cracks."

The detonation the previous week of a car bomb in Beirut that killed more than 80 people was the direct consequence, according to the *Washington Post*, of a late-1984 administration directive to the Central Intelligence Agency to put together native teams for "pre-emptive strikes" against suspected local terrorists. Of this initiative—promptly denied by the administration itself—virtually nothing had reached the ears of Leahy and his fellow Democrats because none of them had enough of an inkling of the administration's covert intentions to frame the right questions during intelligence-committee hearings. As for that car bombing? Under attack from reporters, the magisterial Leahy had pressed for answers and "found out about it on my own." To preclude subsequent bushwhacking, Leahy announced, "We're going to review six or seven operations. I do not want my side to get caught on a Nicaraguan-mining type problem."

It's been a decade since cataclysm came close to obliterating the Central Intelligence Agency; Senator Leahy's public desperation was itself a measure of how far Agency leadership had vitiated the oversight-and-disclosure process and returned the clandestine establishment to business as usual.

Ten years ago, responding to the public's outrage at reports of broad-scale domestic mail-opening programs, drug travesties, and decades of bungled assassination plots, the post-Watergate Congress set up its first sweeping investigation of the CIA since authorizing the Agency in 1947. Down bureaucratic rat holes, like so many fire-hose nozzles, the Pike and Church Committees seconded by the Rockefeller Commission let loose a torrent of investigators and depositions and conscience-stricken case officers and subpoenas and discovery documents and unfriendly witnesses until month by month the deepest catacombs of the intelligence community were swamped to the rafters. Out into the publicity of the hour there streamed an incredible proliferation of espionage mavens and subversion impresarios, species rarely identified before, many bobtailed and indignant at such a historic interruption.

Least unhappy-looking, friends of the intelligence community kept noticing, was the Agency's tidy little director. It was William Colby, after all, whose slips to newsmen had all but sounded the alarms; now he seemed blithe enough, and forthcoming at all times before the swarming investigative bodies. "Bill, do you really have to present all this material to us?" a heavy-

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breathing Nelson Rockefeller once drew the director aside to stress with pointed charm. Henry Kissinger descended, punishingly: "Bill, you know what you do when you go up to the Hill? You go to confession."

The extravaganza of secrets splattering around the committee-room walls and careers ending abruptly led few intelligence professionals to regard Colby's disclosures with Kissinger's seeming aplomb. One of the first prizes was the Agency's counterespionage pioneer, James Jesus Angleton. On December 22, 1974, two days after Colby's wide-ranging interview with the *New York Times*' investigative ace, Seymour Hersh, the Sunday *Times* bannered an extended scoop by Hersh that alluded a number of times to references by "well-placed government sources" to "CIA domestic activities during the Nixon administration . . . directed . . . by James Angleton, who is still in charge of the Counterintelligence Department, the Agency's most powerful and mysterious unit. . . ." Its "deep snow section," Hersh wrote, reflected Angleton's "spook mentality," which over the years had reduced blameless employees of the Agency to a state of chronic "fear and awe." This alerted other reporters. Now, day by day, tug by tug, a representation of the counterintelligence chief was emerging in the press—wily, resistant, paranoid, and as convoluted as a night crawler. Overexposed and defenseless, Angleton would resign momentarily.

Colleagues had no doubt as to where the blame should attach. William Harvey, for many years the booze-soaked pistol-packin' organizer of some of the biggest of the Agency's subversion capers and regularly an antagonist of Angleton's people because of the "noise" his high jinks tended to make, wrote the beleaguered Angleton from his sick bed to berate the "posture and actions of Colby specifically and the administration generally as . . . an evil compound of arrant cowardice, crass abdication of responsibility, and an almost incredible stupidity." By then the damages were clear; the emerging question soon became *why* Colby had targeted the victim he had.

"Our differences," William Colby will concede now, half swallowing his words as if to take them back to a certain extent, "were of long standing. . . ." A professionally colorless man behind his translucent oyster eyeglass frames, Colby has never quite shaken the operative's patterning of shrugs and roundabout phrasings and sidelong furtive glances despite more than a decade at this point of lying back, practicing law. Hearing Colby explain things—modestly, and with patience—one senses the encroachment of so much more than he had decided to reveal. From time to time an irrepressible moving twitch, a reflux of absurdity at what's going on, crosses Colby's rabbity deadpan in a wave: the overflow of other, remembered forces.

Those decades of chafing seem inexorable in retrospect, heat generated by role reversal. There were biographical similarities—both William Colby and Jim Angleton were of an age, both law-school graduates, both Catholics, both blooded during World War II in units of the Office of Strategic Services (OSS). That told very little; it was like forcing a comparison between Richelieu and Uriah Heep.

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The contrast seemed that stark, particularly during earliest years. The youthful William Colby was resolutely, almost *doctrinally*, unprepossessing; contemporary impressions of foot-soldier plainness, even mousiness, shaded slowly after a while by the aptitude he indicated for raw physical risk, those jumps his Jedburgh unit specialized in behind enemy lines. Self-contained, something of a mumbler, Colby required long association before even casual acquaintances were permitted to gather how idealistic and New Deal-struck he genuinely still was.

At even that stage of the war, Angleton was already an intelligence legend. An austere and painfully self-possessed stripling with another generation's preference for funereal haberdashery and a disquieting habit of turning almost any question back against its originator, young James Jesus Angleton showed up in London at precisely the midpoint of hostilities. Recently finished with Harvard Law, Angleton flushed through London as part of the OSS delegation Malcolm Muggeridge would characterize as "arriving like *jeunes filles en fleur* straight from a finishing school, all fresh and innocent, to start work in our frowsty old intelligence brothel."

Angleton picked up the game fast—Kim Philby stayed close to the gangling American as the one trainee in the lot prescient enough to shrug off his crowd's prevailing "Anglomania." Before 1944 was out, Jim Angleton slipped unnoticed into the political dissolution of central Italy, which was threatened as the Germans collapsed by widespread civil war between devotees of senile Victor Emmanuel and Communist-directed partisan armies.

Angleton pursued old leads—his father, the peripatetic J.H. (Hugh) Angleton, had bought out the National Cash Register dealership for Italy when James was sixteen, so that his tall son in effect commuted from Milan to Malvern College in England and Yale and Harvard Law. Staying on in Rome as head of the postwar caretaker regiment in Italy, the unearthly young espionage novice did business out of a fusty, piled-up little office on the Via Archimede, never in the best of health but almost always more than competent to summon up one final cutting implication, imaginative to the point of fantasy, temperamentally suppressed yet daring.

Those luckless years before the war, Hugh Angleton had been a linking figure in the US expatriate community throughout Italy, for some stretch the president of the American Chamber of Commerce. He, too, bobbed up in Rome near the end of the fighting, a major in the OSS who resuscitated his excellent connections throughout Italian industry to promote the ultramontane Marshal Badoglio, conquerer of Addis Ababa. Royalist associations were more than a help to his ambitious son, who demonstrated an older man's eye for the future by

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systematically bribing all the key officers in the national *carabiniere* "as they were being put back together." Unhappy at being forced to relinquish an asset like the head of German counterintelligence for northern Italy, Georg Sessler, to British occupying forces, James Angleton arranged a jailbreak for the Nazi and tucked him away behind a second identity in the south of France. Angleton tipped the Vatican's code clerk $100 a week for extra copies of the Holy See's worldwide intelligence reports.

As the rubble settled, Angleton kept bumping into legmen from the surviving Jewish underground, tenaciously pipelining the leftovers of the camps through Italy into Palestine. "While gathering evidence for the Nuremberg war trials," Angleton was later quoted, "I came upon the horrifying proof of the extermination of 6 million Jews." Angleton's revulsion at collectivism now blended with his increasing regard for the nervy, dedicated Zionists scavenging among the remains of a people. Should Israel be established, Angleton foresaw, there would be the potential for an invaluable slag of information and documents as Soviet Jews poured in from Russia. The young spy nurtured these associations, locking up the future "Israeli account."

By 1953, when Bill Colby turned up in Rome, purportedly as an economic attaché but actually to serve as bagman for the Agency's high-priority political-action operation, James Angleton had long before relocated to Washington to set up his hush-hush Counterintelligence Staff.

It wasn't in Angleton to relinquish his grip. Colby hadn't been involved long, parceling out those US millions across the Liberal/Christian-Democratic spectrum, when he became conscious of a knowledgeable Italian-speaking "singleton" checking out the operation. This charmer was a familiar of "some of the OSS veterans who also had operated in Italy during the war and later had helped to form CIA," Colby would later specify, "in particular, James Angleton. They had asked him to return to Italy from time to time to keep in touch with his old friends and report to Washington on their views and hopes." An amateur medievalist with enviable ruling-class contacts, Angleton's delegate was presently sending back lively, personalized reports by way of the counterintelligence clique, at one juncture, Colby maintains, slipping into Foster Dulles's limousine to enlighten the Secretary of State.

The undisguisedly peeved Colby countered the effect of these select reports by protecting the singleton's identity while distributing his "product" so openhandedly around the intelligence community as effectively to water its glamour. The skirmishing had started.

By that point, William Colby the intelligence careerist was settling into form: well washed and compact, stolid, with adequate professional ruthlessness when policy and the fate of individuals collided. Yet alongside these virtues there was an offsetting drag on the line at moments, the weight of cold-blooded religiosity and unsurrendered childhood social-betterment notions. During Colby's long involvement in Vietnam, wondering staff officers around the CIA would term him, with some awe, the "soldier-priest," intimidated by his modesty. Colby valued the Agency, but there were superior purposes.

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Colby had taken these in almost before he acknowledged a viewpoint of his own, absorbed attitudes with supper in a family, Colby later wrote, "that had fought hard to stay respectable despite poverty." Theirs was the taxing kind, genteel poverty, the by-product of successive generations of ill-paid college instructing. Colby's free-thinking renegade of a father, Elbridge, had, largely in protest against his stiff Yankee origins, gone over to Roman Catholicism even before he took up a teaching job at the University of Minnesota and settled down with Margaret Mary Egan, flower of the Saint Paul diocese. Margaret Mary was influenced by her father, a participant in the experimental rush of Minnesota politics during the progressive era, its Farmer-Labor tumult.

Support still came hard, so Elbridge joined the US Army in 1920 and did what he could to keep a secondary career going as a reporter and editor and teacher between the training assignments. Bill suffered the dislocations of any other Army brat. Precocious enough for college at sixteen, William Colby later acknowledged that "Princeton was a very social and socially conscious place, still dominated by the snobbish F. Scott Fitzgerald tradition. And I was still very much the middle-class type, the son of an Army officer from a public school, who, to help with his tuition, had to wait on tables in the college dining halls, tutor in some of the courses I did well in, and serve as altar boy in the Catholic chapel. I wasn't invited to join one of the more fashionable eating clubs. And since I wasn't much of an athlete, either—at five feet, eight inches, 130 pounds, and wearing eyeglasses—I wasn't up in the social whirl. No, I remained pretty much the outsider, content to go my own way quietly. . . . Only in ROTC did I achieve any real prominence, as a cadet captain."

After Princeton, Colby started in at Columbia Law School but broke off his studies to activate his commission. From field-artillery training Colby volunteered to learn the new techniques of parachuting, after which a contact man from the fledgling Office of Strategic Services recruited the nearsighted little officer into one of its Jedburgh units, whose mission would be to drop behind German lines and blow bridges and radio out troop positions.

After stints with the marquis in France and a scramble across the top of Norway, Colby returned to Columbia. Before long he married Barbara Heinzen and settled into the early stages of a law practice on Wall Street under OSS founder Wild Bill Donovan, whose eye he'd caught.

Still burdened by a New Deal hangover of social responsibility, Colby took on what little poverty law the firm could afford. He transferred his young family to Washington to accept a staff job with the National Labor Relations Board. When another Wall Street dropout, Frank Wisner (a stocky, wide-ranging driver of a man still haunted by what the Soviets had made of Eastern Europe), moved over from a deputy-assistant-secretary slot at the State Department to found the covert-oriented Office of Policy Coordination, Colby's OSS record virtually jumped from the files. Colby himself dutifully followed.

Like every other first-generation "operator," Colby lip-read his way through his initial peacetime assignment—to pull together a "stay-behind" network of agents in Scandinavia against the gathering tide of Soviet tanks that Berlin commander Lucius Clay expected moment by moment. Rule-breaking was standard procedure, demanded by Wisner himself, who remained, by every rendition, a scattershot administrator who depended for his effects on promptings of temperament, alternately "iron-assed" and beguiling as successive flaps required.

Colby's political finesse in Stockholm quickly qualified him for the Rome assignment. The elections of 1958 were already looking ominous from the way

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the Communists were compounding strength; and there was lots of ground, and across a tremendous political spectrum, the West had better retake. Once he was plowing into this, of course, William Colby attracted James Angleton's interest.

The counterintelligence wizard was reportedly alarmed, even across an ocean, as reports and recommendations from the likes of whey-faced little Colby seemed to be enlisting credence among the administration's policymakers. The Eisenhower administration's ambassador to the Italians, that poised, coiffed Rhinemaiden of the conservatives Clare Boothe Luce, endorsed hard-line view-

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points spontaneously; Colby subsequently found himself tiptoeing around like an unoccupied clerk while resisting where he could such Luce-concocted proposals as excluding from Defense Department procurement everything fabricated in Italian plants in which the union was Communist-involved.

The break-point issue as they approached the elections of 1958 became Socialist Pietro Nenni's "Opening to the Left," a slogan that promised that Nenni and his party were serious about severing their historic ties to the Communists to lend parliamentary support to the Christian-Democrats. This promised a stable, working basis for Italian political life. Colby favored the idea. Elements of the old order—Ambassador Luce, the Church, the US State Department, clandestine-side CIA officers like Angleton—wrote off Nenni's proposal totally as a ruse, an excuse to welcome Palmiro Togliatti and his overt Communists into the coalition's overcrowded bed.

Yet Colby's viewpoint prevailed. We bankrolled the Socialists—as indeed the Agency frequently had and would throughout postwar Western Europe—and Kennedy-era White House officials like Arthur Schlesinger soon came to depend on the Agency's analytic estimates for support against Foggy Bottom holdouts.

Angleton's cadre settled in, seldom easy to spot but felt regularly, often at unwelcome moments. Even within the operational side—often referred to as the Clandestine Services—where "compartmentation" was venerated, what actually took place inside the counterintelligence staff remained mostly a mystery. At directorate meetings, rather than compromise investigations the wily counterintelligence chief was likely to launch into his well-rehearsed debunking of the Sino-Soviet split. ". . . Everybody would just look at one another and shrug," one Agency regular concedes. "Our view of the counterintelligence staff ranged from comical to one of horror."

This, too, kept dust in the air. Side moves were incessant: Angleton's chiding, ambivalent manner; the rumors that after a murderously long working day the shadowy insomniac was likely to slip back to Arlington and his restive wife, Cicely, to hover throughout the off-duty hours over his prize-winning orchids or his handmade jewelry; Angleton's propensity for husking out references—no details, but plenty of implication—halfway into the salad course of shadowy fracases in aboriginal young nations on which Western survival now undoubtedly depended. Angleton's mystique bloomed unceasingly, verdant as any ladyslipper. Confidants from the press were never quite certain precisely how much disinformation might season those tidbits the counterintelligence impresario extended winningly over lunch. Angleton relished every turn; as early as the 1953 transition of CIA directors from Bedell Smith to Allen Dulles, one unbelieving senior staffer had allegedly been shocked to find himself hauled upon the carpet for joking with his wife, in bed, about Smith's express contempt for both the Dulles brothers. There'd been a bug in place. "You'd better watch out; Jimmy's got his eye on you," Allen Dulles genially advised.

Angleton's consumption was ravenous. The trenchant Kim Philby would remember the intensity with which Angleton "devoured reams of French newspaper material daily," those enormous weekly lunches at Harvey's, where "he demonstrated that overwork was not his only vice." For all he absorbed, Washington's vigilant hostesses agreed, the counterintelligence prodigy maintained his beautiful "starved look about the jaws." He required a leave of absence at one point to deal with a tuberculosis flare-up.

Angleton nourished the mystery. One middle-grade careerist at the Agency responded to the dreaded summons and found the counterintelligence leader "tucked away in an inside office which was completely draped in very heavy curtains. His desk sat amid a dozen various gadgets. Some of them I could iden-

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tify as photographic apparatus, but I had no idea what purpose most of them served. Angleton himself was peering at some documents under a strong desk light. . . . I felt I had been admitted to an inner sanctum whose existence I must never mention to anyone. . . . It took me a day to get over the experience."

Still . . . among those close in so much was *compelling* about the man, that rare Talmudist's capacity for patience once Angleton was on to something, to give any amount of time until he was sure he understood it all. An early Angleton accomplishment, at Yale, had been the cofounding of the highbrow magazine *Furioso*, where difficult, controversial poets like Wallace Stevens and Ezra Pound rapidly found a vehicle. Angleton's mind loved unraveling, the interpolation of design based on a minimum of hints and clues. The fact that, feeding off the bottom of the intelligence drift, he ultimately became preoccupied to the verge of obsession with undoing the Soviet Antichrist does not seem morbid to credit. "He did spend 30 years in counterintelligence," one close friend stresses. "And he is certainly of a suspicious turn of mind. What was it Eliot said: 'You must prepare a face to meet the face you meet'?"

"Jim is a very American man," an associate who supported him insists. The subspecies he means comes through the inventory: "very loyal to his friends, extremely intelligent, marvelous imagination, loves fishing. . . ." This last provided Angleton quite early in his career his durable Agency pseudonym, the Fisherman. There is a heavy load of connotation to that, both Christian and counterespionage; in simple, biographical terms the characterization is telling. The journalist Charles Murphy would write of a fishing trip with Angleton to the Adirondacks on a raw spring day, when he himself had quit without a nibble and waited, nursing a drink, until the cadaverous spy finally "came into view, waist-deep in the icy water and feeling for safe footing among the slippery rocks. . . . He took one and a half hours to draw abreast of us, never quitting a run or a pool until he had tested every inch of the surface with one or another of some dozen flies. In the end, though, he had five fine native trout in his creel."

It abraded the nerves, those decades of feeling for safe footing among the slippery rocks. Yet at the same time it sharpened the awareness, so that it hadn't seemed inappropriate in the least when Angleton—with all those assets he'd developed starting late in the war—retained the Israeli account, dealt on his own hook with the unparalleled secret service of Israel, Mossad. Within the paternalistic Agency, Angleton's tight-knit clique remained all but autonomous—necessarily, Angleton strenuously maintained. No outsider must investigate the investigators; without this aura of impunity, what stricken official of a shockingly penetrated friendly nation's spy apparatus would come to Angleton—as numerous had—with expectations not only of the loan of American counterespionage specialists to help tie off the hemorrhaging of secrets but also of total confidentiality and support inside the intelligence community once rumors of the extent of the leakage began to soil reputations? Who else around Langley had continuity enough, seemed layered and watchful and, frankly, *reactionary* enough, to sustain the obligatory traffic with raging old J. Edgar Hoover, whom even the complaisant Richard Helms estranged?

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Playing such a role, decade after decade, it would have required a saint to insist to himself that he remained, ultimately, another upper-level bureaucrat. Angleton wasn't any saint. "It is inconceivable," Seymour Hersh quotes Angleton as informing a closed-door meeting of Church-committee investigators, "that a secret intelligence arm of the government has to comply with all the overt orders of the government." That is, the law—the committee was poking into the counterintelligence mail-intercept program, unequivocally a violation of firm federal statutes.

So there were higher dictates than either the law or the truth. When, after a worldwide dragnet effort, the Agency procured a copy of Khrushchev's flamboyant twentieth-century denunciation of Stalin, there was a cat fight along Agency corridors over how to exploit it. It had been acquired after passing a considerable bribe, though insider accounts vary over whether the Israelis brought it in and turned it over to Angleton personally to help him solidify his reputation or whether—less likely—a long-standing arrangement between Angleton and a doubled Togliatti organizer had netted this propaganda catch.

Angleton hadn't stopped there. "The more conspiratorial elements of the CIA," Colby later observed gently, "led by the counterintelligence experts, saw it as the basis to spread confusion and deception among the Communists of the world. As one move in this program, they turned to the Italian station and its press outlets to plant a copy of it sourced in Italy, with subtle variation in the original text to increase suspicions and backbiting among Communists." In fact, Colby notes, "more politic heads prevailed," and in the end Allen Dulles merely sent it along as obtained to the *New York Times*. Angleton lunched out repeatedly, according to Seymour Hersh, on stories that he and his people had convinced Dulles to let them "doctor the speech with some pejorative stuff and leak it to the neutrals, the Indians among them." Caught up on this one finally by an editor with a memory, Angleton retained his aplomb: "Why not tell it? It muddies the water, doesn't it?"

As projects staffed up and task forces formed inside the Agency, it became a question, early in the planning stages, whether, granted his undoubted brilliance, outside staff people *dared* to include a figure of Angleton's unfathomable scruples. "He kind of scared me," Victor Marchetti concedes. "Dealing with Angleton was kind of like looking at sharks."

Badly as they obviously could have used a full counterintelligence complement to filter that leaky, factious pool of Cubans that became the *frente* prior to the Bay of Pigs, neither Richard Bissell nor Tracy Barnes showed much of an interest in bringing down Angleton and his men—a decidedly swollen staff by this point, topping out at close to 300 professionals. With political coordinator Howard Hunt already bitching to anybody who would hear him out that even a *victory* in Cuba, the way his superiors were constituting the Brigade, would usher in Castroism without Fidel, nobody wanted a slew of Angleton's people piping up alongside Hunt.

Reservations were equally stiff as concerned a counterintelligence presence in Vietnam. Here, too, one influence at work was Colby's. Colby had appeared in Saigon in 1958 as deputy station chief, and over the next thirteen years moved up to station chief and subsequently to head of Plans' Far East Division, after which he transferred to the State Department's Agency for International Development as Robert Komer's deputy in charge of CORDS, the Vietnamese pacification program. In each post, counterintelligence sources maintain, Colby resisted the Agency inspector general's suggestion of a full-scale counterintelligence program to staunch the prodigious leakage of information to the Communists. Late in the fighting, when Sam Adams, the Agency's stubborn analyst, dispiritedly turned his at-

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tention to the extent of Vietcong infiltration in the South, Angleton found an excuse to utilize his own people.

"With a great deal of help from the CIA counterintelligence staff," Adams wrote years afterward, "we eventually found that Vietcong agents were running the government's National Police in the northern part of the country, that for many years the VC had controlled the counterintelligence branch of the South Vietnamese Military Security Service (which may explain why the station chief's estimate was so low), and that in several areas of Vietnam the VC were in charge of our own Phoenix Program." It was the Phoenix Program—the attempt by CORDS to root out the Vietcong infrastructure, in effect Colby's own variation on the counterintelligence sweep—that led to the deaths, according to Colby's own testimony to Congress, of a minimum of 20,000 Vietnamese, a figure with which opponents of the war would regularly lumber Colby. Nor did American intelligence improve for all the killing. "Angleton blamed the failure on Colby," author Thomas Powers noted, "but did not stop there; he said the blood of American boys was on Colby's hands."

All this kept boiling through the metabolism of the Agency for almost 30 years, a deep-seated conflict virtually to the end. It took a leader as comfortable with ironies as that durable director Richard Helms to arrange his half-smile and decide, queried as to the *truth* about Angleton, that *nobody* knew that, "possibly not even Jim himself." Helms never courted problems, and rather than beg for trouble by making Colby Angleton's immediate boss as deputy director/Plans, in 1971 he'd slid him around into Lyman Kirkpatrick's old sinecure as executive director-comptroller. There Colby diligently waited, close enough to power when Nixon dumped Helms and James R. Schlesinger went in, billed heavily around Washington as "Nixon's bureaucracy tamer."

Shortly after taking over, Schlesinger appointed Colby to the Agency's other power center as deputy director/Plans, replacing the overworked Thomas Karamessines, who left in Helms's wake along with Helms deputy Bronson Tweedy and *his* assistant, Thomas Parrott. "You remind me of the father of a large family who commits suicide," Angleton remembers trailing Karamessines into his office to chide him. "You're now a lame duck in a period of transition."

Initiates knew the minuet was over for the time being, their dance of slots and longevity. There were now firings—1,500 is the figure that surfaces—overwhelmingly from the Plans side, which Colby now pointedly renamed the Operations Directorate, and lots of effective demotions and pressure for early retirement on many hanging on. The resentment around Langley was such that Schlesinger moved into his remaining months accompanied by an augmented bodyguard, on task to protect him from soreheaded underlings. "I can't take you through there," Schlesinger told an outsider who requested a tour of the Technical Services Division, that Santa's workshop within the Clandestine Services that fabricated the hypodermic pens and nitroglycerine-primed cigars. "I don't think either one of us would emerge alive."

"We seemed to be putting more emphasis on the KGB as the CIA's adversary than on the Soviet Union as the United States' adversary," Colby said.

Colby checked the part in his hair and went about reassuring his old-school holdovers that little beyond a change of name to the more forthright Operations was in the works to worry them particularly. Like the venerated Helms and Karamessines before him, Colby bounced around the circuit showing Langley's familiar colors to all the far-flung stations, stressed habitual procedures, reaffirmed exchange arrangements with friendly Western services. Simultaneously comforting the demoralized after Schlesinger's wholesale cuts, Colby wasted little time in keying on those two proud, semi-autonomous descendants of the constituent sides of Plans, the Foreign Intelligence (espionage) staff and the now-shrunken Covert Action (dirty tricks, payoffs, paramilitary adventures, etc.) staff, and, for most functional purposes, merging them. From then on, cases managed or agents run by either would be processed along a common administrative chain. Those naughty lads in Technical Services were moved out of Operations entirely and installed in the Science and Technology Directorate, where all their deadly toys wouldn't lie so conveniently at hand. The lengthy, cumbersome project-review routines were speeded up.

Of the three "cultures" within the clandestine Services, that left the counterintelligence (counterespionage) staff, Jim Angleton's super-secret shop. Angleton wouldn't be easy. Colby's problem with him went back twenty years; furthermore, Angleton now seemed untouchable. Over all that time he'd metamorphosed into the keeper of the Cold War archives, and—so much like J. Edgar Hoover until he went along to his well-deserved Valhalla, finally—Jim Angleton knew far too many people throughout the Washington power structure too well, and kept close tabs on too many more.

By now, of course, William Colby wasn't alone in concluding that Angleton's run was over. With counterintelligence closed out of most of the Agency's more massively funded projects, it became an obvious target for internal budget-cutting. According to several sources, the entire counterintelligence function toward the end involved no more than two dozen staff analysts. Various directors and deputy directors for Plans were thrown off each time they made some effort to pin down what those people were up to skulking around over there. Operations director Desmond FitzGerald, in particular, was close to insisting on changes when he dropped dead of a coronary on his Virginia tennis court.

Like activists all over, FitzGerald had found himself frustrated not only by Angleton's impulse to bottle up information but also by indications that he was programmatically turning sources away. The aging counterspy's vanity was involved, and Angleton found reminiscences traumatic. In 1968, puckish even from Moscow, double agent Kim Philby capped even *his* treacheries by publishing in London his universally dreaded autobiography, *My Silent War.* Years prior to publication (and afterwards) Angleton had bruited it about that he had "provided the British with some of the information that enabled them to nail down the case against Philby," as one of the counterintelligence chief's dependable outlets wrote.

Philby soon fixed that. Touching again and again on all those years of intimacy with the mysterious counterintelligence expert, whose very name it was a breach of security to breathe to the public, Philby expatiated in print on those lazy, enjoyable, and—for him—professionally fattening lunches the two had savored together throughout Philby's Washington years. Philby nudged the exchanges, observing in a characteristic aside that, for example, "many of Harvey's lobsters went to provoke Angleton into defending, with chapter and verse, the past record and current activities of the von Gehlen organization."

Exuberant years, all told—those Cold War budgets seemed limitless, and ur- Continued

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gency forged bonds. Except for his British mentors, Angleton most trusted, Philby confides, his West German contacts; obviously that was before the uncloaking of Heinz Felfe, Angleton's opposite number in West Germany's intelligence clearinghouse, along with key figures in de Gaulle's pampered SEDECE. It would become apparent that even such historic chest-beaters as the Agency's triumph of a tunnel into the East Berlin communications network had been Communist-tolerated setups from the outset. Even the Mounties crumbled.

Angleton took it personally, year by year. If these were traitors, what credence was justified in anybody the Agency acquired? Virtually from the outset Angleton had viewed that contradance of the defectors as largely an entertainment, a series of ruses by the KGB to bewilder and mislead the West.

As if to exploit this too, fate made a duet out of Angleton's rising wail. In December of 1961 a bumptious Soviet counterintelligence specialist named Anatoli Golitsin, richly loaded with documents, all but banged down the door of the CIA station chief in Helsinki in his determination to defect. Golitsin was a volatile megalomaniac who threw his weight around; in Washington his handlers needed everything but cattle prods to prevent Golitsin from crashing the White House to force his revelations on President Kennedy. Golitsin settled for Angleton after a while; once he heard Golitsin out, Angleton backed the fevered Russian totally and became his "swami," in the opinion of Peer de Silva, one of the sequence of Agency Soviet Bloc chiefs of operations who found their assignments all but impossible once Angleton's skepticism hardened.

Golitsin's tale encompassed everything Angleton envisioned by then: With tremendous Politburo backing, the KGB was operating a global "Disinformation Directorate," which now had infiltrated agents into the highest echelons of intelligence services throughout the capitalist world. These penetrations were able not merely to get word back to the Kremlin whenever the Westerners stumbled onto something, but easily found ways of insinuating faked data on which Western planners might rely. From where they operated, these agents were admirably situated to screen and recruit fresh waves of additional moles. Within the CIA's own Clandestine Services, Golitsin brought the unwelcome news, there was an important source. Perhaps in the Soviet Bloc Division.

There was a push coming up, Golitsin indicated, and largely to confuse matters the KGB was augmenting its program to flood the West with carefully primed defectors. These would be trained to tie down staff and create a diversion until the Soviets consolidated elsewhere.

Angleton's commitment to Golitsin came close to paralyzing the intelligence community. Quite late in 1967, William Colby looked hard at the progress of Jim Angleton's war. By that point, "our concern over possible KGB penetration, it seemed to me," he later stated, "had so preoccupied us that we were devoting most of our time to protecting ourselves from the KGB and not enough to developing the new sources and operations that we needed to learn secret information about the Soviets and their allies. Indeed, we seemed to be putting more emphasis on the KGB as CIA's adversary than on the Soviet Union as the United States' adversary." By then Angleton's biases had gripped critical people in the field to such an extent that a would-be deserter like the Soviet's Colonel Oleg Penkovskiy—beyond challenge the most productive walk-in in espionage history, who ultimately turned over 10,000 pages of Soviet arms specifications to his incredulous case officers—was reduced to buttonholing English-speaking tourists on Moscow streets.

In bureaucratic terms, Angleton's stubbornness became suicidal. Orbiting satellites were splendid for pinpointing hardware on the ground; it became more germane than ever to dope out how and when that equipment was expected to be used. Only individuals knew that. But individuals weren't trustworthy—this was Angleton's central article of faith—since most were tainted, and there was no method for separating an authentic catch from merely another disinformation plant.

As new defectors appeared, each acquired his believers, who inveighed at meetings with the intensity of schismatics against the prevailing cynicism. Angleton smothered all opposition, often simply by observing in his irresistible gray undertone that he had access to information in this and many similar cases that nobody else in the Agency from the director down had yet truly demonstrated the mandatory "need to know." "The counterintelligence people, they were a law unto themselves," ex-Soviet Bloc chief John Maury would remember. "They knew what everybody else was doing. We never had a successful Soviet operation that Angleton didn't cast some doubt on."

Molded into such absolutes, Angleton's principles loomed. As the 1960s ended, the West was flooded with defectors from the East, whose bits and pieces yielded collectively a finely detailed, well-substantiated composite of virtually every office and activity throughout the Communist intelligence apparatus. There were some ingenious schemes worked through, but mostly the picture bespoke jostling, vodka, and sloppy internal security. By then so many Russian officials were eager to defect that, according to Miles Copeland, a subtly worded memorandum was leaked to the KGB that additional defectors as such would not be taken in, necessarily: Anyone intending to desert should pass the word along and indicate precisely what knowledge and paperwork he had to offer. Agency intermediaries might contact.

As inveterate a hardliner as Edgar Hoover himself was nonplused by Angleton's fatiguing insistence that *nobody* the FBI might catch was authentic. It had remained the case that, as Philby once noted, Hoover's "blanket methods and ruthless authoritarianism are the wrong weapons for the subtle world of intelligence," which made it more pressing, once agents of the Bureau picked up somebody, to harvest the publicity. The Bureau was increasingly vulnerable by the later '60s for having promoted the claims of defector Yuri Nosenko and his backup Loginov that the KGB had never involved itself with John Kennedy's assassin, Lee Harvey Oswald. Taking credit for spy-catching was one of the FBI's prime justifications for its ever-enlarging budget. "By 1970," the authoritative Edward Jay Epstein would write, "the resulting friction between the two agencies led Hoover virtually to break off FBI contact with the CIA."

It hadn't taken long, once Schlesinger went in, for Colby to begin to push that Angleton be retired. Schlesinger somehow resisted that, Colby would relate, "fascinated by Angleton's undoubted brilliance" and unable to keep from wondering "if there just might not be something to his complicated theories that deserved further explorations." While Schlesinger mulled that over, Colby moved into Plans and went about cautiously—pokerfaced as ever—his intent of making Angleton expendable by infringing on or plucking away outright a number of key counterintelligence functions. He abrogated the staff's role as liaison with the FBI. He shifted responsibility for Operation Chaos, the sporadic attempt to infiltrate and disrupt anti-war protest groups, away from the counterintelligence staff, along with terrorist surveillance.

A test of strength broke out over the continuance of the hallowed mail-cover operation, that wholly illegal tradition of screening selected letters between US citizens and inhabitants of the Eastern Bloc. The undertaking was unsavory, under scrutiny just then from the Chief

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Postal Inspector and hard to justify in productivity terms beyond counterintelligence's "vague generalities." Its main purpose, Colby would imply, was to justify the slippery Angleton in retaining what Colby now viewed as an unnecessarily "large staff." Angleton lashed out furiously, falling back on threats to carry his case for the preservation of the program before Nixon if need be. Schlesinger salved Angleton over as best he could while consenting to "suspend" the program. Angleton's staff was cut to barely over 50.

On May 9, 1973, Bill Colby picked up his telephone, and Alexander Haig over at the White House divulged that, because of Watergate, Attorney General Richard Kleindienst was in trouble; the shakeout coming up would move James Schlesinger to Defense; as things currently stood, William Colby was slated for director of the Central Intelligence Agency. Colby was honestly dumfounded. No more an insider around the Agency after all those years in the field than ever he'd become busing dishes at Princeton, Colby had a reputation around Langley founded on solidity and competence and what in sophisticated quarters was viewed as perhaps an excess of sobriety: "the kind of man who goes to *Oh! Calcutta!* to look at the audience," in one wag's appraisal. He rode a bicycle with his wife for social relaxation. There was intense speculation as to how many of the old boys Schlesinger had just purged might hope for reinstatement.

Angleton's prospects hadn't improved. While Colby awaited confirmation, he made one last straight-faced effort to appreciate Angleton's "torturous theories about the long arm of a powerful and wily KGB at work." The clandestine services were demoralized enough. Angleton's friends were influential; there was the unique problem of how to document the dismissal of a legend whose "deep snow" apparatus had long since established itself as immune from review.

"He thought that it had to be run totally segregated from everything else in the Agency, a totally self-contained activity," Colby muses now. "And I thought it should be an inherent part of any intelligence agency; it should be brought into all the operations." Colby wasn't objecting primarily to the segregation of information: "Well, you know, compartments exist. They *have* to exist in intelligence. But compartments are open from the top. And if you're on the top, it's your job to go down and see what's going on in each of the compartments. That's part of the management function. If you're the director, you're responsible. You gotta know. You've got to control the analysis, and all the rest of it." Where Angleton was dominant, "I had problems. And that's why we came apart."

Even after nine years, the suggestion that *his* recalcitrance might somehow have brought destruction down upon himself and his men is obviously very difficult for Angleton. It pinks a nerve, he winds one long pinstriped shank even tighter around the other and taps out one more Virginia Slim and strikes a match and fills his lungs while marshaling some rebuttal. How much to divulge. What keeps coming through—through all the evasions, the abrupt, dismissive conversational moves, that knitted, knotted, weaving, bobbing, wincing, stalking *lexicon* of body language with which this legalistic Old Possum of a counterspy habitually accompanies whatever response he chooses to make—with this comes *urgency*.

Try to understand now, Angleton very nearly beseeches. I'd like to help (perhaps), and certainly I'm troubled seriously about protecting my name, but there are *commitments* I'm obliged to consider first. There are the other services, certainly the British Official Secrets Act, and obviously the Israelis get spooked, and definitely the Italians, and how many others who devoted their lives one way or another to staving off the collapse of civilization throughout the West. . . ?

Then suddenly Angleton's small, sculpted head (each fine-spun silver hair combed back, wet, exposing a center part of Edwardian integrity) cranes forward: Angleton's mocha eyes shine, and as his lips part, nothing less than a grin irradiates that famously hollow face. A revelation, a surprise, much like the fillip of warmth that flickers at moments across Angleton's middle-American drone. Such flashes of mood—down from his beautiful Mexican mother, perhaps—helped bond to Angleton over the years the people he cared about. Others confused the terms, or found Angleton evasive.

Possibly this was Colby's problem. Angleton purportedly hadn't expected that Colby would resist him so. When Schlesinger went in, Colby passed along to counterintelligence the new director's appreciation for Angleton's impressive orientation briefing. Then Colby took over as deputy director for Plans. Angleton had been scrupulous about introducing Colby around to his five key subdivision heads and explaining what each one normally looked after. Angleton claims to have anticipated, after that, that Colby would reach in on his own whenever he was after a specific "product" of any sort from counterintelligence. Requests seldom went down, and accordingly almost nothing flowed back to the director's office. Instead, Colby registered his feelings by cutting 80 percent of the counterintelligence professionals.

What glimpses Colby did manage, he maintained afterwards, looked little better than computer dowsing. Following out ambivalent leads—frequently from the canonized Golitsin—Angleton and his troops pored day and night over bales of administrative paperwork from throughout the Agency: recently cut travel orders, ancient yearbook bios, random phrases of conversation scribbled on a cocktail napkin. . . . Intuition played a lead role—he wasn't, Angleton confessed willingly enough, a "linear thinker."

A test of strength broke out over the continuance of the hallowed mail-cover operation, that wholly illegal tradition.

Where overlaps looked feasible, a counterintelligence recommendation went up quite likely to lame a career. A defector's hazy recollection that his unit had some kind of contact with somebody from the Agency in a community easily led to ransacking the manpower dossiers until a suspect surfaced. The man soon found himself relegated to an outpost, his prospects abruptly dead-ended. Not likely to pull open the mare's nest of suppositions beneath such a discovery, the Agency's top leadership tended to rubber-stamp Angleton's recommendations. Leaving counterintelligence alone was standard operating procedure—another "distancing" device, like cryptonyms, on which a veteran like Helms continued to depend even after taking over the Agency, when he habitually "refrained," one old boy concedes, "from learning the names of more than a handful of top agents whose cases were of such importance that he personally had to keep up with them."

In Helms's view, getting value from Angleton was largely a matter of discrimination. In his trenchant *Wilderness of Mirrors*, David Martin traces the long chain of hints and coincidences that brought the counterintelligence staff to its suspicion that Lyndon Johnson's ambassador-at-large, Averell Harriman, was a dedicated "illegal," for 40 years a hireling of the Kremlin. Angleton badgered Helms to rush this discovery to the President; his natty, realistic superior politely heard him out, then let the whole

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matter ride.

Angleton himself wound up a victim inside his own hyperactive paper mill. One of the zealots he'd trained, Clare Edward Petty, settled into a study of his chief's long chronology—those decades of secret meetings around the world, the cosmopolitan boyhood, the closeness to Philby, the involvement of counterintelligence in so many tightly held operations just before the Soviets closed in—and concluded that *Angleton* was the mole. He had to be; Angleton's profile conformed perfectly to that of the high-level penetration upon whom Golitsin constantly drummed away.

To the prosaic Colby, all this constituted one more "gross leap in logic," more of that malignant vaporing that eroded morale and destroyed good men. How costly these rumors were becoming to the Agency came home to Colby on a visit to Paris, during which he discovered that the head of French intelligence operations had clearly been rattled by a typical Angleton aside to the effect that the recently appointed CIA station chief in France had evidently been recruited by the Soviets. The officer, David Murphy, embroiled with the counterintelligence staff during a previous tour as head of the Soviet desk at Plans, had been elaborately vetted and totally cleared. That Angleton would attempt to blight Murphy's career at the expense of undermining Allied confidence in the Agency stung Colby.

William Colby's first year as director coincided with Nixon's dying presidency. A spring and summer that kept the lead figures of an entire administration sweating beneath congressional hearing-room lights hadn't reassured the public, nor were those bureaucrats who survived that confident. The press was very, very powerful. A young, reformist Congress came in after November of 1974. Throughout Washington the rumor mills were bulging with grist, much in the intelligence area from, Colby suspected, the "thousands fired or retired during the Schlesinger purge. . . ." One axiom of "tradecraft" requires that even the most peripheral of agents be kissed off "with a smile on his face," as Howard Hunt instructs. Schlesinger's expellees weren't smiling.

While pressure kept building, Colby pursed his lips over the "Israeli account." There had, once, been "historical" reasons to coddle this unique arrangement somewhere in the counterintelligence maze; over decades the air was charged around Langley with hints of eyes-only traffic via Tel Aviv, loose gossip concerning a purported exchange of US atomic technology for Soviet weapons specifications, a special relationship seething among the catacombs of American foreign policy. Deep—deeper than State Department, deeper than normal CIA channels, deeper even than anything in Clandestine Services.

Wrapping up his swing through the Middle East, Colby "learned to my shock that the CIA stations in Israel and the neighboring Arab countries were not allowed to communicate with each other because the Israeli relationship only went to the counterintelligence staff. Therefore they could not compare notes and impressions and help each other. . . ." By then the Agency's regular station chief in Israel was threatening to quit in protest at all the finagling the counterintelligence contingent kept at to undermine his position. By one reliable report, even Israelis within Mossad were now feeling mothered to death. When Colby lined up and kept to Kissinger's directive to avoid East Jerusalem in order not to give a misleading diplomatic signal to the Arabs, Angleton became "most upset." Counterintelligence had *its* policy parameters.

Such rubbing of layer upon layer inside the Agency was blurring the estimative product; this showed up starkly during Colby's first months once antagonists started maneuvering prior to the Yom Kippur war. Wired tight into Mossad, Angleton's staffers were confident those widespread Egyptian troop movements that preceded the assault on the Suez Canal were politically inspired, feints; this interpretation the younger analysts over on the Intelligence directorate continued to challenge. That made little difference, Colby saw, granted Angleton's "secretive management style." Events overran the discussion and tagged the Agency with one more predictive failure.

Yet how to handle these disjunctions? Early in his tenure Colby broached to Angleton the need for transferring the "Israeli account"; the way the gaunt, aging counterspy savagely "dug in his heels" and ridiculed the proposal effectively backed Colby off. "I yielded, in truth," he would later confess, "because I feared that Angleton's professional integrity and personal intensity might have led him to take dire measures. . . ." Dire measures. Angleton retained a constituency—through successive political generations his precise, compelling vision of the extent and nature of the unified Communist conspiracy had mesmerized zealots from Henry Luce to Bobby Kennedy—and who knew what might abruptly burgeon into a test of strength?

Colby bided his time. Then, by mid-September of 1974, word started floating around the capital that the *New York Times'* investigative heavyweight, Seymour Hersh, was checking out sources for a major piece on domestic spying by the CIA. On December 17, Colby called in Angleton and simply informed him, in that bland, immovable manner that makes him difficult to oppose beyond a point, that change was indicated now, and Angleton must surrender both the Israeli account and his overall counterintelligence function. A civil-service retirement deadline was pending, and Colby had "determined to face up to my responsibilities to remove Jim Angleton before it, so he would not miss out on its benefits." Colby hoped he'd remain with the Agency, in the capacity of consultant, and prepare a treatise, complete with case studies, centering on his theory of counterintelligence.

This precipitated, Angleton told friends, "a big fight." Colby, tiring finally, proposed that Angleton lie low for a couple of days to consider whether to take up this offer of a consultancy or retire completely. Shortly afterwards, as expected, Seymour Hersh put in for an interview with the director; he had solicited this talk with Colby by claiming that elements of a story centered on the Agency were coming together that promised an exposé. Hersh had been sitting for close to a year on information about the Glomar Explorer submarine-retrieval project largely as a favor to Colby, and now the new director trusted him.

After alerting Brent Scowcroft at the National Security Council, Colby received Hersh Friday morning, December 20, just three days after backing Angleton out onto uncertain ice. The information he had, the excited newsman opened, hinted at what Hersh termed a "massive" Agency operation against the anti-war movement "involving wiretaps, break-ins, mail intercepts, and surveillances of American citizens." In what he subsequently claimed was at heart an effort to defuse Hersh's smoldering suspicions, Colby labored to sketch out, in that remorselessly qualifying slow delivery of his, the scale and history of this determination by successive Presidents to pin on foreign elements the sources of resistance to the war. In doing that, Angleton's friends contend strenuously, Colby confirmed the substance—if not the immediacy, or menace—of everything Hersh had.

"But according to several sources," Thomas Powers would underline, "Colby did not stop there. The CIA had been guilty of illegal operations, Colby confessed. For example, the interception of the first-class mail in New York City over a twenty-year period, a program—now terminated, like the others—which has been run by counterintelligence." Day to day, most of the legwork Opera-

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tion Chaos required, from surveillance of newsmen to the midnight rifling of selected files, fell within the mandate of the CIA's technicians in its Office of Security, which also supplies the flaps-and-seals specialists who processed the mail intercepts; Angleton's counterintelligence personnel went in to review anything interesting and deal with liaison arrangements with the FBI. This distinction got smudged once Hersh wrote up his bombshell for the *Times*. Overnight, Colby's substantiations called down a nation of spotlights upon the shrinking, professionally anonymous counterintelligence manager.

Seymour Hersh was scarcely out the door before Colby buzzed Angleton to apprise him of the fact that there was to be a major article appearing in the *Times* any minute, of which the focus was likely to include the range of questionable activities, over many years, involving the counterintelligence people. With this still reverberating, Colby then reiterated, as he subsequently wrote, that "my decision to remove him was firm, whatever the Hersh article might say. I told him that no one in the world would believe his leaving his job was not the result of the article. But both Jim and I would know, which was the important part to me." More important that moment, at least for Angleton, was bracing for a siege of exposure in the press of such duration and intensity that they both knew Angleton would never be able to rouse that shadowy constituency he'd cultivated over so many years among conservative journalists or influential luncheon partners culled from the National Security Council staff. Angleton had been blown, and by a professional.

To Angleton's anguished judgment this was a display of bureaucratic scorched earth more irresponsible even than his own dismissal.

So Angleton went quietly, prematurely bent, a stream of smoke from his invariable filter-tip fanning above his Homburg. He suffered from emphysema, and very little stomach survived. Careerists within the Agency regarded his departure ambivalently. While many had joked over the years about Angleton's "nature-of-the-threat" diatribe at meetings, there was an awareness, as David Atlee Phillips wrote, that Angleton was "possessed of an incubus of deep secrets and a better understanding of the Soviet Union's intelligence operations than any man in the West." He remained a totem out of the heroic past.

With Angleton moved out, Colby made it plain to the counterespionage chief's three long-time collaborators that they were all headed elsewhere in the Agency. The top three—Ray Rocca, Newton Miler, and William Hood—resigned soon after their boss. Others were quickly transferred. To Angleton's anguished judgment this was a display of bureaucratic scorched earth more irresponsible even than his own dismissal: To eliminate, in a stroke, the accretion of contacts and methods and open cases built up over more than 30 years by devoted professionals like Rocca was tantamount to the annihilation of their complete lives, their professional heritage. Their world lay undefended.

"The new appointees came mainly from the Far East Division or Vietnam," Angleton's friend Edward Epstein wrote. "For all practical purposes, Colby had obliterated the counterintelligence operation that Angleton had developed over a twenty-year period. Files were shifted to other departments and, in some cases, destroyed. In a matter of weeks, the institutional memory was erased." Inside sources agree. "There is not counterintelligence anymore," Henry Knoche, deputy director under George Bush, would allegedly tell friends.

Throughout the remaining '70s the Agency would flounder. Another round of cost-cutting early in Stansfield Turner's term as director carved deepest into the operations side, forcing many of the most seasoned of the clandestine people into private life and all but decimating that start-up generation of devout cold warriors. With counterintelligence so dispersed, the institutional immunities of the survivors remained very low. Veteran spy handlers now broke cold sweats from the breeze each time some factotum on one of Congress's new, high-visibility intelligence oversight committees rounded into a tirade.

Once Reagan became President, the funding—and, quickly, the job slots—came through almost immediately to bring the Agency back up to traditional force levels. After humiliation in Tehran, public sentiment was shifting. Again there were rumbles by congressional watchdogs that William Casey and Company were less than forthright: Starting afresh came hard. Jim Angleton was known to stir at moments from his watchful retirement; Bill Colby had long since launched into a successful career at international law.

The world got more dangerous. □

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