lead to an "unpredictable explosion". Many Russians, he says, are fearfully asking themselves what will happen next. "The one certainty", Mr. Dzhirkvelov concludes, "is that something must happen. We cannot go on as we are for much longer".

Footnotes

1. A series of five articles in the *Times* (London), 20, 23, 27, 28 and 29 May 1980 based on an interview by a staff reporter with Mr. Dzhirkvelov, reproduced with permission.
2. See page 14.
3. See "From Russia, with Daring", in *Atlantic Insight*, Oct. 1980, pp. 38-40.
4. See Nora Beloff, "Escape from Boredom: A Defector's Story", in *Atlantic*, Nov. 1980, pp. 42-50.
5. See "A Russian in New York", in *Newsweek*, 8 Dec 1980, p. 64.
6. See William Lowther, "A Defecting Pilot Comes Down to Earth", in *Macleans*, 15 Dec. 1980, p. 206.
7. See Review Article on page 47.
8. John Le Carré, *Tinker, Tailor, Soldier, Spy*, (London, 1974).
9. See Andrei D. Sakharov, "Letter from Exile", in *Conflict Quarterly, vol. 1, no. 2 (1980)*.

BOOK REVIEW

OF MOLES AND MEN

by

David Charters

David C. Martin

Wilderness of Mirrors

Harper and Row, New York, 1980

"This book," the author advises his readers in the foreword, "begins and ends in mystery, with precious few solutions in between." It opens in the 1940's with America's "loss of innocence" — its idealistic and, of necessity, hasty entry into the clandestine battles of the cold war. The story closes, still unfinished, in the mid-1970s with the resignation of James Jesus Angleton, for two decades the CIA's enigmatic chief of counter-intelligence, and the death of William King Harvey, point man in the CIA's secret war against the Soviet Union. Between these events, David Martin, one of the thoroughbred's of *Newsweek's* stable, picks his way deftly through a tortuous maze of spies and defectors, plots and counter-plots, deception and disinformation — a "wilderness of mirrors" — in which even the most credible source is inherently suspect. Nowhere are to be found the broad strokes of the political historian, painting the "major issues" of the time in historical perspective. Martin has chosen to leave that secure solid ground to others, focussing instead on the dark underside of the cold war, ruth-

less, confused, tragic and heroic, the world of the Berlin tunnel and plots against Castro. The reader is given a gritty, worm's-eye-view of the East-West struggle, seen through the lives of two of its participants, ultimately to become two of its victims.

Of the two, Angleton remains the most intriguing to the story's end. Brilliant, intense, withdrawn, Angleton was forced to resign after his bizarre, at times frantic search for Soviet moles had damaged unnecessarily the reputations and careers of his colleagues, all but immobilizing CIA espionage operations against the Soviet Union. Martin raises the tantalizing possibility that Angleton himself may have been a disinformation agent, but makes it clear that such allegations were never proven.

The other anti-hero is the late William King Harvey, a brash, boozing gunslinger who left the FBI to direct some of the CIA's most dangerous, if somewhat misguided operations. The Berlin tunnel, which permitted the British and Americans to tap the phone lines of the Soviet command network for nearly a year, was nothing short of brilliant, provided, of course, that it had not been "blown" even before it began. Harvey's somewhat ham-fisted attempts to destabilize Cuba and assassinate Castro would be funny in the retelling had they not produced such severe political consequences. Cuba was Harvey's downfall, a case of tragic irony, for his haphazard efforts — questionable morality aside — made it possible for American intelligence to identify "the missiles of October", giving Kennedy enough cards and enough time to trump Khrushchev. This, surely, is the essence of intelligence work, "offensively to achieve and defensively to avert surprise."[1] But like Le Carré's "Honourable Schoolboy" — Jerry Westerby — Harvey had said to his superiors, "point me, and I'll march,"[2] thereby abdicating personal responsibility for his own future. In the end, the work, and those he worked for, consumed and destroyed him.

It is fitting that this work has the flavour of a novel rather than the turgid style of an academic tome, for it is a study of the human condition, of lives under unusual stress and of battles where personal dimensions are as important as the political. The scholar of the secret wars, however, will be disappointed by several aspects. The creation of the CIA out of the wartime Office of Strategic Services is glossed over quickly, which is unfortunate: surely there is a case to be argued that the CIA's involvement in "dirty tricks" owes a great deal to its origins and to the attitudes and experience its personnel carried with them from the war. But such analysis might have disrupted the narrative flow. Furthermore, the focus is, of necessity, geographically and chronologically narrow. The reader is given brief samples of the secret battles over Berlin and Cuba and is left with an appetite for more. Finally, the absence of documentation is frustrating. Mr. Martin acknowledges the limitations of his sources — the inaccuracy of the public record, deletions from released secret documents and the inherent fallibility of human memory. But it would have been useful to see some sort of guide to the published sources and the documents available under the Freedom of Information Act — a critical bibliography.

During the time Mr. Martin was writing this book, the CIA came under close scrutiny by numerous government committees, and underwent a major shake-up of its personnel and procedures under the stewardship of Admiral Stansfield

Turner.[3] But, as the author points out, the character of the espionage game has not changed in the interval, the rules are not dictated by born-again morality. In the final pages of his book the author feels forced to ask how a reformed CIA will fare in the same ruthless environment, when it was barely able to hold its own against the KGB in an era free of restraint. The question is important now that a new Director of Central Intelligence is taking the helm.

In October 1980, David Barnett, a former CIA agent, pleaded guilty to being a spy for the KGB. He confessed to having exposed at least one major covert operation, to having betrayed some 30 undercover agents, and to an attempt to penetrate government committees on intelligence.[4] Clearly, he is too small a fish to be the mole that Angleton searched for in vain, but others have suggested that the Barnett case may be just "the tip of the iceberg."[5] It is in the nature of intelligence work that we may never know the whole story. But the Barnett case serves to underline the fact that although the chapters have closed on Angleton and Harvey, the war in the shadows goes on.

Footnotes

1. Donald McLachlan, "Intelligence: The Common Denominator", in Michael Elliott-Bateman, ed., *The Fourth Dimension of Warfare, Volume I: Intelligence, Subversion, Resistance* (Manchester, 1970), p. 54.
2. John Le Carré, *The Honourable Schoolboy* (London, 1977).
3. See reports on the CIA in *Time*, 30 Sept. 1974, 6 Feb. 1978; *Newsweek*, 5 Mar. 1979; *U.S. News and World Report*, 7 May 1979.
4. *New York Times*, 25 Oct. 1980; *Times*, 3 Nov. 1980; *Newsweek*, 10 Nov. 1980.
5. See for example, Robert Moss, "Reagan and the Russians", *Daily Telegraph*, 10 Nov. 1980.