# INTELLIGENCE IN RECENT PUBLIC LITERATURE

Secrecy and Democracy: The CIA in Transition. By Stansfield Turner. Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston; 1985; 304 pp.

It is not unheard of for a one-time Director of Central Intelligence to publish an account of his stewardship or to retell the highlights of a career in our country's secret service. After all, we are *Honorable Men* devoted to *The Craft of Intelligence*.

Allen Dulles and William Egan Colby found publishers willing to capitalize on their experiences and audiences eager to read what they had written. (And a host of former Agency professionals have walked in their steps; some creditably.)

At a time when he had returned, briefly, to the world of corporate law following World War II service with the Office of Strategic Services (OSS), Dulles sought to codify the practice of the craft he had honed and to popularize it among a readership that knew little of the workings of intelligence in government. Dulles' brief was partisan and smacked of mystery and derring-do. But his book wears well, and makes for enjoyable reading even when it seems most anachronistic.

Colby's book couldn't have been much fun to write. Its somber, self-conscious prose isn't much fun to read either. Beset by critics, Colby turned his memories into a forgettable book. The reviewers didn't much like it and Colby's erstwhile colleagues in the Clandestine Service resented his having gone public, just as they dismissed as nonsense his distinction between "good" and "bad" secrets.

Colby's plight worsened when it was disclosed that his European publisher, working from an early draft of the book, failed to delete material that the Agency's Publications Review Board had sought to excise.

But not even Colby's literary efforts met with the firestorm ignited among the practicioners of intelligence by publication of Stansfield Turner's Secrecy and Democracy.

More than 18 months have passed since Admiral Turner's book appeared. Since then it has been reviewed in more than 70 newspapers and magazines, but not until now in *Studies in Intelligence*. Why the delay, especially by an Editorial Board which takes so seriously its commission to further the development of a literature of intelligence?

Simply put, it is because the Editorial Board was searching for the unobtainable, a single review whose comments could be perceived in their totality as informed, objective and—above all—fair. Non-professionals could hardly be faulted for failing to grasp the consequences Turner's directorship had had for the Agency and the intelligence community or the turmoil that surrounded his

office while he held it. And professionals found it impossible to separate what Turner had done from what he had written. In the Agency, the Turner persona became an insurmountable obstacle.

Why was this so? Stansfield Turner was a Navy careerist who did not aspire to the job of DCI and who admitted his chagrin and disappointment at being offered it by President Carter. For his part, Carter had seen his first choice to be DCI withdraw from consideration: Theodore Sorensen pulled out soon after a member of the Senate committee considering his appointment observed that "the nation needed a person who the intelligence professionals would respect and follow . . . "

Was Turner this person?

He mistrusted the institution and as though borrowing the idea from Gogol he dispatched his own inspectors general hither and yon, at home and abroad, to root out the appearance of misfeasance while close to hand he smote those he thought would oppose his way. He came in as an outsider, remained an outsider, and left an outsider—and above all he valued outside advice more than that provided him by his subordinates in the Agency.

The ill will thus engendered lives on both sides. On the Agency side, there could be a temptation to settle for a one-liner, such as that of a senior officer who in declining to write a review of the book said only: "He evidently didn't learn anything."

Nonetheless Secrecy and Democracy cannot be ignored or dismissed with a wisecrack. Outside the intelligence community, the book is receiving a hearing. Legislators and others of great influence will find in it arguments to advance for change in the way honorable men practice the craft of intelligence.

The Editorial Board of Studies in Intelligence, therefore, presents excerpts from three reviews published elsewhere and two reviews written especially for the Studies. Whether this composite offering can be perceived in its totality as informed, objective, and—above all—fair, readers may judge for themselves. It is an attempt to offer a balanced presentation.

PAUL H. CORSCADDEN

Thomas Powers in the New York Times, 16 June 1985.

The Central Intelligence Agency inherited in 1977 by Stansfield Turner, a Navy admiral who would have preferred a shot at being Chief of Naval Operations, was by all reports (Admiral Turner's now included) a thoroughly demoralized institution—confused about its role, bitter at its treatment in newspaper headlines and top-heavy with acrimonious veterans of the Agency's glory years when the cold war was young. Counterintelligence specialists were at each other's throats, analysts had been more or less publicly rebuked for failing to spot a massive Soviet military buildup, and Senate investigators had recently completed a free-wheeling rummage through Agency files of a sort reserved for the

intelligence service of nations occupied by a foreign power. What Admiral Turner did with this heaven-sent opportunity is the subject of his short, interesting, and highly unusual memoir.

Admiral Turner's memoir suggests that real public discussion of intelligence is here to stay. This is bound to have important consequences. It is a kind of natural law of democracies that the longer you examine any important issue publicly, the more complicated it gets. Admiral Turner believes that democracy and secrecy are compatible, that we can openly debate what we are about and then pursue our goals secretly without stumbling over the inevitable provisos, limitations, expectations, and compromises that come with public rules, not all of them written. "It's almost mandatory today that the Agency's lawyers be consulted before sensitive operations are undertaken," Admiral Turner writes. "Lawyers have become an integral part of the operations team. There is no doubt that this can create an overly legalistic atmosphere. What can be said in mitigation is that the laws and rules apply mostly to interference with Americans and hence do not greatly affect most foreign intelligence espionage operations."

Getting control of the CIA was Admiral Turner's first and longest-running problem. "When the first annual budget came to me for approval everything had been decided," he writes. "The three branches expected me to rubber-stamp what they wanted. . . . It wasn't long after Frank Carlucci arrived [as Deputy Director of the CIA] that he came to share my concerns. . . . We decided that we were not really in charge of a single CIA, but of three separate organizations [the clandestine operations, intelligence analysis, and support] operating almost with autonomy. Neither of us had ever seen anything like it."

The running of spies and all that goes with it seems to have made Admiral Turner uncomfortable. He had no instinct for the black arts. Stripped to its essence, intelligence is the pursuit of secret advantage. The traditional criteria for means are purely utilitarian. The Admiral was asked to separate the fair means from the foul and he seems to have gone about it with a will. His distaste for the bad old days is evident in a kind of compulsive prettying-up of the record. He suggests, for example, that the CIA embarked on a thoroughly nasty drugtesting program begun in the 1950s because the Agency was "fearful that these largely untested drugs might be used on American intelligence officers." You could say that. But the real enthusiasm for the program was based on fantasies of finding chemical "magic bullets" that would make enemy agents spill the beans or induce selective amnesia in friendly agents when they ceased to be useful. When it comes to the darker side of intelligence, Admiral Turner tends to call a spade a digging implement, and his book takes on the cheerful vagueness of a 19th century marriage manual dealing with Problems of the First Night.

Admiral Turner has interesting things to say about counterintelligence, covert action (perhaps necessary "once or twice during an administration"), the Iranian crisis and the like, but the real meat of his book is to be found in his frank account of the intelligence wars. Through the dust of skirmishing over turf, sources and the interpretation of ambiguous evidence can be seen the larger problem of intelligence in a democracy—the almost glacial pressures exerted by a military establishment with a gut instinct for who the enemy is and a runaway appetite for hardware.

Charles Lichenstein in the Wall Street Journal, 17 June 1985.

By poignant coincidence, while I was gathering my thoughts about Stansfield Turner's Secrecy and Democracy, a cherished friend died. At a memorial service he was described as a "complex man, yet one of simple principles." He responded to the imperatives of God and country. He was a patriot. For nearly three decades, he was an officer of the Central Intelligence Agency.

Admiral Turner, currently a lecturer and writer, was President Carter's Director of Central Intelligence—director of the Agency and chief of the national intelligence community (which includes also the intelligence arms of State and Defense, the superelectronic spooks of the National Security Agency, the Federal Bureau of Investigation, and sometimes other agencies). He is best described as trendy. For four years, 1977-1981, he responded to the imperatives of the political and ideological currents then running, in the wake of Watergate (and its "rogue elephants"), of the Church and Pike committees (and their reliance on the Agency's own mea culpa, the compilation of alleged horrors known familiarly as "the Family Jewels"), and of a media-reinforced witch hunt that turned the nation's strategic intelligence capabilities into a paradigm of national interest run amok.

Admiral Turner's purpose in his book seems to be a once-over-lightly treatment of the mission and organization both of the CIA and of the intelligence community as a whole. His deeper purpose may be to isolate the major failures of the past (now being revived, as he sees it, under the Reagan administration) and to show what he did to set them right. In the process, he betrays a basic ambivalence. On the one hand, he repeatedly castigates the intelligence community as a bureaucratic morass. On the other hand, he touts it as the exemplar for all democratic societies.

The more Admiral Turner now pays tribute to the professionalism and dedication of the community he once commanded, the more one is reminded of his zeal, when the power actually was his, to dismantle it. His memory is selective. The failed operations of other DCIs were "harebrained." His own? Close judgment calls.

Oh sure, he comes down on the "right" side of every conceivable issue. He never flinches from the "hard ones." Secrecy, compartmentalization, protection of sources, covert action as an indispensable supplement to bold foreign policy, human intelligence as an essential tool for getting the "feel" of the streets and bazaars, strong and subtle counterintelligence built on vast accumulated experience, analytic skills to match the best that Harvard or Berkeley can offer. Admiral Turner yields to no man in his understanding, on paper, of what it takes to provide the US with an intelligence capability second to none.

That is the Stansfield Turner of the agonizing judgments—the weigher and balancer of the tensions of secret intelligence in an open and democratic society. There is apparently another Stansfield Turner, however, and it was he, alas, who actually commanded the ship in the late 70s. It was on his watch that Iran fell to the ayatollahs and Nicaragua to the Sandinist junta; that the New Jewel Movement in Grenada solidified its ties with Castro; that the Horn of Africa

became a Soviet sandbox; that it took the rape of Afghanistan to "educate" his President about the reality of Soviet imperialism; that the not-so-secret "Soviet combat brigade" in Cuba came to light. Where then were the shrewd analysts and the experienced case officers and the tough covert operatives specialists? Maybe they were among the 17 old hands he fired in the Halloween Massacre of 1977, or the 147 forced into early retirment or the 820 slots eliminated in a two-year decimation of clandestine capabilities built up over the three preceding decades. All, to repeat, on Stansfield Turner's watch.

Driving back from the cemetery after the burial of my old friend I recalled the many hours we had spent agonizing over the hard ones, really agonizing over the really hard ones—in particular the care and feeding of a strong, professional, responsible intelligence service in our incredibly open society. My friend, a perpetual student of the politics of democracy, fully accepted the need for political oversight. He acknowledged that errors had occurred; he had participated in many of them. The craft of intelligence was his passion—even as he recognized its constraints and its imperfections. Even at its best, he knew, all that intelligence can promise is to improve the odds a bit, in our favor.

In the end, Stansfield Turner betrays the calling of intelligence by trivializing it. Admiral Thomas Moorer once said of him, he was "educated beyond his competence." Indeed. At the end of this book he gives his 11-point "agenda for action," which amounts to a string of platitudes. Point 3.a., to cite just one, is to find out "what makes the Soviet Union tick"—as if this had not been the overarching goal of US intelligence from Day One.

I thus propose a Point 12 and address it to all future US presidents: Appoint DCIs who are worthy of the best of the professional cadre they lead. People like my friend, for example.

Edward Jay Epstein in Commentary, October 1985.

Admiral Stansfield Turner commanded a destroyer, a guided-missle cruiser, a carrier task force, a fleet, and the prestigious Naval War College before he was shunted away to a NATO post in Italy in 1975. When he was abruptly summoned back to Washington in February 1977 by his former classmate at Annapolis, President Jimmy Carter, he expected to be appointed to a high naval position or to the Joint Chiefs of Staff. Instead, the new President asked him to be Director of Central Intelligence.

Although Turner had had little previous experience in intelligence, he viewed it simply as a problem of assessing data, or, as he described it to his son, nothing more than "bean counting." Accepting the position of "chief bean counter," he assumed that he could bring the CIA, and American intelligence, to the same standard of operational efficiency he had brought the ships under his command. The four-year effort to achieve this goal is the subject of his book, Secrecy and Democracy: The CIA in Transition.

He quickly found, however, that the CIA was a far more complex and elusive entity than he had expected. To begin with, the acting CIA Director, Henry Knoche, rather than behaving like a ship's "executive officer," surprised Turner by refusing his "captain's" first order: a request that Knoche accompany him to meetings with congressional leaders. As far as Turner was concerned, this was insubordination (and Knoche's days were numbered). When he met with other senior executives of the CIA at a series of dinners, he found "a disturbing lack of specificity and clarity" in their answers. On the other hand, he found the written CIA reports presented to him "too long and detailed to be useful." He notes that "my first encounters with the CIA did not convey either the feeling of a warm welcome or a sense of great competence"—an assessment that led to the retirement of many of these senior officers.

Turner was further frustrated by the system of secrecy that kept vital intelligence hermetically contained in bureaucratic "compartments" within the CIA. Not only did he view such secrecy as irrational, he began to suspect that it cloaked a wide range of unethical activities. He became especially concerned with abuses in the espionage division, which he discovered was heavily overstaffed with case officers—some of whom, on the pretext of seeing agents abroad, were disbursing large sums in "expenses" to themselves, keeping mistresses, and doing business with international arms dealers. Aside from such petty corruption, Turner feared that these compartmentalized espionage operations could enmesh the entire CIA in a devastating scandal. The potential for such a "disgrace," as he puts it, was made manifest to him by a single traumatic case that occurred in the 1960s—one which he harks back to throughout the book, and which he uses to justify eliminating the essential core of the CIA's espionage service.

The villain of this case, as Turner describes it, is James Jesus Angleton, who was chief of the CIA's counterintelligence staff from 1954 to 1974; the victim was Yuri Nosenko, a KGB officer who began collaborating with the CIA in 1962 and then defected to the United States in 1964, and who claimed to have read all the KGB files on Lee Harvey Oswald. The crime was the imprisonment of Nosenko, which, according to Turner, was "a travesty of the rights of the individual under the law." It all began in 1964, after Nosenko arrived in the United States. Turner states that Angleton "decided that Nosenko was a double agent, and set out to force him to confess... When he would not give in to normal interrogation, Angleton's team set out to break the man psychologically. A small prison was built, expressly for him."

Nosenko was kept in this prison for three and one-half years, although he never admitted to being a double agent. He was then released and subsequently put on the CIA payroll as a consultant.

After reviewing the conditions of his solitary confinement, Turner concluded scathingly that "the way Angleton treated Nosenko... was a case of stooping to the kind of behavior we expect from the Soviets and other totalitarian societies." He blamed it all on "compartmentalization" within the CIA. "I found it difficult to believe, for instance, that DCI Dick Helms knew what was being

done to Nosenko . . . I could see that Angleton had manipulated the system by constructing elaborate barriers around sensitive information."

The problem with the story Turner tells is that it is untrue. Angleton did not order the arrest, incarceration, or hostile interrogation of Nosenko. Nor did he, or his counterintelligence staff, ever have jurisdiction over the case. The Nosenko case, from its inception in June 1962 until August 1967, was the exclusive responsibility of the Soviet Russia Division—the largest and most powerful unit of the CIA, which was responsible for all espionage operations against the Soviet Union. The precise sequence of events was unambiguously set forth in congressional testimony, which is also the source that Turner cites for his version.

The full responsibility for imprisoning and attempting to break Nosenko was acknowledged by David Murphy, the chief of the Soviet Russia Division. His concern was that Nosenko might redefect as part of "a massive propaganda assault on the CIA." After his deputy, Tennant Bagley, established that Nosenko had fabricated his rank and status in the KGB, and was lying on numerous other matters of concern to the CIA including the KGB's relationship with Lee Harvey Oswald, Murphy decided to subject Nosenko to hostile interrogation. This meant he would be arrested and treated as an enemy intelligence officer. Murphy sought, and received, authorization to incarcerate Nosenko from Richard Helms, the future DCI, who then headed the clandestine side of the CIA. Helms testified that he only reluctantly gave this authorization because of the extraordinary circumstances of the case. He explained that Nosenko's reliability was the "key to the Warren Commission's determination of whether or not Oswald killed President Kennedy on instructions from the Soviet Union."

Angleton, to be sure, had believed from the outset in 1962 that the information Nosenko had offered was disinformation designed to mislead the CIA. Such judgments, right or wrong, were an integral part of his job of providing an overall picture of KGB strategy. He did not, however, recommend imprisonment or hostile interrogation. He was not even consulted by Murphy on the decision. When Bagley was asked directly about Angleton's relation to the Soviet Russia Division, he testified: "They are entirely separate. Mr. Angelton's counterintelligence staff had a staff role as against an operational or executive role ... We would run the cases, handle the defectors."

Nor did Angleton have anything to do with the conditions of the incarceration. Nosenko's prison was designed and built by the Office of Security. His diet and treatment, also under the auspices of the Office of Security, were supposed to be the equivalent of those afforded to Frederick Barghoorn, an American professor who had been arrested and detained in Moscow.

Finally, Nosenko's treatment was hardly kept secret from Helms by Angleton, as Turner suggests, or by anyone else. Helms, as both he and Bagley testified, was kept informed by the Soviet Russia Division about the progress of the case which Helms explained hung "like an incubus" over the CIA. Helms, concerned about the legal ramifications of the unprecedented incarceration of a defector, brought the problem to the attention of Lawrence Houston, the CIA's General Counsel, Nicholas deB. Katzenbach, the Deputy Attorney General of the United States, and William Foley of the Department of Justice. Nor was the

case hidden in the recesses of the CIA: the Rockefeller Commission, which also investigated it, concluded: "[Nosenko's] confinement was approved by the Director of Central Intelligence; and the FBI, Attorney General, United States Intelligence Board, and selected members of Congress were aware to some extent of the confinement."

Admiral Turner of course knew all these facts, and reviews them in the congressional testimony he cites in his book. He certainly has every right to disagree about the way this controversial case was handled (and, ironically, Angleton would probably agree with him), but by falsifying its history he shows himself far more adept as a bureaucratic politician than as a historian.

In the summer of 1977, after setting in motion a plan to eliminate 820 positions in the espionage branch (and notifying the affected case officers by a computerized form letter), Turner reported to President Carter that the espionage branch was [now] being run ethically and soundly. This was no doubt what the President wanted to hear from his Director of Central Intelligence. The problem was that ethical espionage is a contradiction in terms. There are of course forms of intelligence-gathering which violate no laws or ethical standards. For example, "national technical means," which includes satellite photography and electronic interception of data, is sanctioned by the United States and the Soviet Union in the SALT agreements; embassy attaches are permitted to report on what they observe; and defectors and travelers can be debriefed. But espionage, by definition, is illegal. It is the theft of secrets from a foreign state. It involves bribing, blackmailing, or otherwise persuading a foreign national in contravention of the laws of his country, to supply secret material or to plant an eavesdropping device. In addition, it is almost invariably necessary to use false identities, lies, and other deceptions to hide the theft itself. The process of organizing lawbreaking, as well as deceit, may be justified on the grounds that it is necessary for the safety and survival of a state, or, as it is called, raisons d'etat, but it can hardly be elevated to an ethical plane.

The new role Turner proposed for the espionage service was determining, through polling techniques, public-opinion trends in such countries as the Soviet Union, Iran, the Philippines, Saudi Arabia, and Argentina. As he explains: "The espionage branch is the ideal instrument . . . for uncovering such trends, even if doing so is almost an overt activity." Specifically, he suggested "using either undercover case officers or agents," with "the polling skill of George Gallup," to "take the pulse of a foreign country." The espionage branch, instead of illegally inducing enemy diplomats and intelligence officers to spy for the United States, would under such a scheme employ sociologists and anthropologists for this ethical, if somewhat academic, intelligence-gathering. He notes that there was strong resistance to this radical reform of his, explaining that it "was not considered espionage by the professionals." Nor would Stansfield's reform produce the enemy codes, plans, and other secret documents for which traditional espionage strives.

Secrecy and Democracy: The CIA in Transition

The initial tone of high expectation when Admiral Turner is summoned to Washington by his Annapolis classmate, President Carter, leads to heady speculation of a posting as Chief of Naval Operations or even Chairman of the Joint Chiefs. This euphoria is quickly deflated by Carter's intention to name Turner Director of Central Intelligence, a position which Turner himself describes as being consigned to the "bush leagues." The remaining 300-odd pages of this memoir spare no effort to demonstrate the aptness of his terminology. It is a pity, too, for the historical record would have been far better served by a dispassionate description of the Central Intelligence Agency during the Carter administration, and that this book most assuredly is not.

At the outset, and also setting the querulous tone which persists throughout, Admiral Turner takes great exception to the "censorship" to which his manuscript was submitted. Accusing the CIA of "arbitrariness" and "irresponsibility," he asserts that the entire process was "terribly costly" to him. It is unfortunate that this squabble colors the text which follows.

Given the title, the reader reasonably might expect to encounter a detailed discussion of the problems of running an intelligence community in a democratic society, and an analysis of the often conflicting demands of secrecy and the need for public support of our intelligence agencies. Unfortunately, this is not the case, and the body of the book is more an egocentric perception (largely negative) of the intelligence agencies, and a ringing defense of Turner's stewardship as DCI. The titles of selected portions of his work are more revealing of his bias than he may realize: "Espionage: The Dark Science"; "Covert Action: The Dirty Tricks Department"; "Managing the Colossus;" and "Managing the Octopus." He broadens his opprobrium by comparing running the Agency from the DCI's office to "operating a power plant from a control room with a wall containing many impressive levers that, on the other side of the wall, have been disconnected." Warming to his theme, he charges that the Directorate of Operations (called the "espionage branch") would not abide by overall CIA regulations, and that he could not even be sure that his directions were being faithfully transmitted to the DO. He attributes this state of affairs to his perception that the Agency had grown haphazardly, and that his predecessors had failed to exercise "strong direction." Unless this situation is rectified, he warns, the Agency will become "unmanageable." If the reader puzzles over the serious charges laid at the door of the DO, and seeks an explanation for the particular venom reserved for this group, he will not find the true reasons until reaching the chapter devoted to the "Halloween Massacre," his term for the reduction of 820 positions in the DO by the stroke of a pen. Blaming insensitive subordinates for the unfeeling way in which the terminations were effected, Turner says that only 17 people were actually fired, and 147 were forced to retire early. Warming to his own defense, he asserts that all reductions were made at Headquarters, a statement which is patently untrue, and he bristles that the resentment aroused by these reductions stemmed from the concern in the DO that if he could summarily reduce the size of the DO, he might begin to supervise what it did.

Lest the impression be created that Turner limited his disdain to the DO of CIA, he was equally ready to administer harsh criticism to both the National Security Agency, for its alleged failure to be a team player, and the Defense Intelligence Agency, which he said lacked qualified personnel.

Unfortunately, this lengthy litany of lamentations largely obscures the series of recommendations formulated by Admiral Turner; also, the recommendations do not begin until Chapter 23 on page 268, by which time all but the faithful students of the intelligence world will long since have nodded off. His 11 "Agenda Action" proposals at least merit discussion, whatever one may think of some of them. His proposals to strengthen the DCI's authority and to take effective action against further leakage deserve more than the passing mention they receive in this final chapter of his book. In fact, if Admiral Turner had tossed out the far too basic primer of the intelligence world (better presented in the works of Ray Cline and Harry Howe Ransom), and devoted his efforts to the very real problems he perceived in his period as DCI, with more analysis of the reasons for them, ending up with his recommendations for ameliorating these deficiencies, as he perceived them, the book could have been both informative and useful. As it is, his petulance gets the better of him, and he also fails to consider that the unresponsiveness of the Agency might just also have been attributable in part to his own arbitrary managerial style.



Secrecy and Democracy: The CIA in Transition

The reader of Admiral Turner's book will find it follows closely to the pattern of three seminal works: its balance and objectivity will recall that historical milestone, An Unbiased History of the War of Northern Aggression, as Reflected from the Southern Point of View; its pioneering of new insights into the ancient art of espionage measures up to the revelations of Mr. Robert Benchley in his fascinating With Rod and Gun Through the Alimentary Canal; for sheer suspense, Secrecy and Democracy rivals Rumor and Royalty, subtitled The Final Voyage of the Mary Rose, by Standish of Fields.

There is an old saying you can't judge a book by its cover, but if the dust jacket is printed in three colors, red, white and blue, the sophisticated reader will start raising his alert status immediately. The reader of Secrecy and Democracy is faced with a number of possibilities. First, the book could be CIA disinformation cleverly designed to fool the Russians. Second, the book could be the normal self-serving rationalization of the author's stewardship "as told to" by a departing political officeholder. Or third, (this may really shock you) it could be that Admiral Turner has reversed the standard Marxist convention of dissecting an historical incident to illuminate a current event and has, in fact, used his recent experiences to explain an historical event, in this instance the sinking of HMS Mary Rose.

So closely do the events of Secrecy and Democracy parallel the circumstances leading up to the tragic voyage of the Mary Rose that I have reluctantly but inescapably reached the conclusion that it will be easier for the professional intelligence officer to follow Rumor and Royalty than Secrecy and Democracy, and that an explanation of the former will more than compensate for any shortcomings in the latter.

Rumor and Royalty, of course, has long been out of print. (It was rumored that royalty suppressed its publication.) In view of this fact, I shall endeavor to provide a code which relates the historical personages discussed by Standish of Fields in Rumor and Royalty with their modern counterparts depicted by Stansfield Turner. Then I will encapsulate the material in Rumor and Royalty in clear and concise form and, as a result, those fortunate enough to read this review will have a far better understanding of Secrecy and Democracy than those who attempt to comprehend Admiral Turner's ideas wrapped in George Thibault's prose (or vice versa as the case may be).

First, the parallel casts of characters both historical and current:

| Historical         | Current   |
|--------------------|---|
| Standish of Fields | Stansfield Turner, Director of Central<br>Intelligence, Admiral, US Navy, Rhodes<br>Scholar, Television Personality |
| First Sea Lord     | Elmo Zumwalt, CNO, and Admiral, US Navy   |

# **DECLASSIFIED Authority NND 947003**

**Book Reviews** 

Keeper of the Privy Seal Robert S. McNamara, Secretary of

Defense, Developer of the Edsel, President

of the World Bank

Port Captain of the Outer Hebrides Admiral Dan Murphy

Anne Boleyn's Brother Mr. Theodore Sorenson, Speech Writer,

First Nominee to be DCI by (see below)

Henry VIII Jimmy (aka James) Carter

Sir Francis Drake William Casey, Director, CIA, Writer,

Lawyer, Former Member, OSS

Elizabeth I, the Virgin Queen Ronald Reagan, President of the United

States

French Navy Mullahs and Students of Iran

Louis of France Ayatollah Khomeini

Company of Royal Ship Designers CIA

Royal Marines Espionage Branch of CIA

Royal Shipwrights Analysis Branch of CIA

HMS Mary Rose Committee to Reelect Jimmy Carter

Rumor and Royalty is the book Standish of Fields wrote after the regrettable last voyage of the good ship Mary Rose. In it, Standish seeks to set forth a rationalization for his rapid rise and to explain the injustice of his subsequent fall from grace.

Young Standish's rise from humble beginnings was remarkable. His father, Nathaniel Turner, came from an old but impoverished Norman family that sold masts and spars to the Royal Navy. He "turned" the masts and spars on a lathe and hence the name Turner. Through his contacts with the Royal Navy, Nathaniel was able to enroll his son in the navy as a midshipman and send him to a private school called Amherst. Subsequently, young Standish transferred to a naval trade school on the Severn River before completing his education at Oxford.

Stan was bright, energetic and ambitious. He soon came to the attention of the First Sea Lord. The First Sea Lord was trying to move the Royal Navy into the fifteenth century and the era of sail, and was having a lot of trouble with the old salts who favored galleys.

Young Stan joined the personal household of the First Sea Lord and was occasionally sent overseas to represent England at naval reviews when England and her allies attempted to overawe Louis of France. Once, he even commanded a frigate for a short time, but fate and temperament denied him an opportunity to win glory in battle.

Stan was appointed by Henry VIII to head the Company of Royal Ship Designers. His appointment was interesting. It was rumored at the time that he was selected because he and Henry VIII had been midshipmen together at the trade school on the Severn.

Supporters of Henry denied this, saying that obviously they did not travel in the same circles. Most legitimate historians believe that Henry had intended

to appoint Anne Boleyn's brother, but he knew nothing about ships, was known to speak French fluently, and had at one time or another alienated most of the members of the Privy Council, the Parliament, and the Naval Service.

Hence Standish was a compromise candidate. He demurred when King Henry broached the subject. Said he would rather be First Sea Lord. Henry was in no mood to compromise, but he did let Standish wear his uniform with bell bottom trousers and did not completely rule out the prospect of his becoming First Sea Lord at a later date.

The cryptic message Standish sent to his wife after this emotionally charged meeting with the king was quite touching. Because he was sworn to secrecy, he and his wife had to use a code. The message read: Though I sought to climb the highest tree (viz., First Sea Lord) I am to be entangled in a bramble bush (viz., the Royal Company of Ship Designers). His wife, of course, understood he would be playing in the bush leagues from then on.

Young Standish had studied the leadership style of the Keeper of the Privy Seal and the First Sea Lord carefully and adopted them as his own. On arriving for duty at the Company, he found a rival from schoolboy days in a senior position. He arranged a fine assignment for this brash fellow as port captain of the harbor of an obscure island in the Outer Hebrides.

Before his meteoric rise to head the Royal Company of Ship Designers, Standish had been made Head Master of the Royal Academy for Admirals. There he found shocking conditions which he set about immediately to rectify. He reinstituted compulsory knot tying, required all to demonstrate the ability to row small boats, and how to pipe senior officers aboard. Although the students complained they wanted to study how best to defeat the French fleet, Standish was pleased with the level of activity he generated.

In his book, Rumor and Royalty, Standish of Fields recounts many of the problems he faced in taking charge of the Royal Company of Ship Designers. The shipwrights insinuated he couldn't tell a 600-guinea hammer from a hole in the ground. Then, there were the Royal Marines. They were an elite group, and he felt they were secretive about the way they conducted their affairs. The Marines suggested that, inasmuch as he knew very little about landing operations or ship boardings at sea, he stay out of their business. He decided that there really were too many of them and got up a list of 820 which he proposed to demobilize, but later he concluded that he really had only fired 17 and all the others had jumped before they were pushed.

He impressed the Lord Keeper of the Privy Seal with his idea that a ship's weight could be reduced considerably by reducing the amount of lead on the keel, thus reducing the draft and allowing the ship to sail faster. The tendency of the ship to roll, he theorized, could be counteracted by having the crew move to windward as the ship rolled. Tests with a two-man skiff on the Thames River confirmed his theory.

He had other ideas which pleased the First Sea Lord and the Lord Keeper of the Privy Seal. He doubled the number of arrows in each quiver and cut the number of archers by half. He issued two quills to each clerk on the staff and cut the size of the parchment drawings by two-thirds.

When the identity of a few ship designers surfaced in connection with fairly strong evidence that they were collaborating with the French or some other foreign power, Stan did not succumb to the routine reaction of an official charged with keeping the royal secrets. Instead, he spent many soul-searching hours studying each case, ensuring that the rights of the individual were protected. He was, however, tough on those designers who wrote critically about the Company in the penny press. This later was to annoy him greatly when he tried to publish Rumor and Royalty.

The King was anxious to launch the Mary Rose, on which he counted to restore his fortunes. Standish was a whirlwind of activity, intervening again and again in the very nick of time to avert difficulties, to overcome insuperable problems created by the incompetence or sheer orneriness of others.

On the afternoon tide on the 19th of July in the Year of Our Lord 1545, with the crew resplendent in new blue uniforms, the Marine detachment reduced, but decked out in flamboyant red, the dock gang cast off the bowlines, the stern lines, and warped the Mary Rose out into the channel. The blue jackets in the rigging broke out the royals, the gallants, and the top gallants. A gentle breeze wafted from shore as the great ship turned its bow downstream, and the sails filled with the warm afternoon air on that glorious July day.

His Majesty's ship, the Mary Rose, rolled to starboard. The crew was hip-hipping King Henry who was observing from Southsea Castle. The Mary Rose failed to counterbalance, rolled over 180 degrees, and went down in full view of the King and everybody. Only the Royal Marines survived.

A modern reader can hardly appreciate the ill feeling generated by the short voyage of the Mary Rose. Recriminations were flying in all directions, speeches were made, pamphlets were published, royal investigations were commissioned, and much confusion created. Eventually, of course, the Royal Company of Ship Designers went back to work and built the ships which sailed under Sir Francis Drake and Elizabeth the First. The Lord Keeper of the Privy Seal retired to his estates and never, ever had second thoughts. The First Sea Lord retired from the Navy and stood for Parliament, but the borough was rotten, and he got eliminated in the primaries. The Navy restored bell bottoms under the new Sea Lord and put the lead back in its keels.

Standish of Fields retired to a small establishment near the capital. He appeared at assizes up and down the country to give talks to those assembled. On these occasions, he explained the reason the Mary Rose made like a submersible was that the Royal Marines did not know port from starboard. He had few good words for the Royal Company of Ship Designers, but he lost no opportunity to disparage Drake and Elizabeth. The penny press thought him a pundit.

Intelligence professionals can learn from this a lesson impressed on mariners centuries ago.

Never toss the garbage to windward.

