

KGB scale

yellow spoke of liverish exhaustion held at bay by his will.

His manner changed as well. In the old days, he could use that will to call on his charms for a dinner party, and on his lack of charm when playing tennis. We used to say: there is no one in the CIA it is more awful to lose a match to than Harlot. He could drive a ball right through your ego. Now he seemed petulant and inconstant.

This changeability carried over to what we called our KGB Scale. It ought to be understood that in our little Toy Factory down in Foggy Bottom, and later at Langley, we measured our place on the conservative-liberal spectrum by a special index. We hardly cared if you were a Republican or Democrat: that was the McDonald's franchise in politics. We took our pulse by ^{one's} ~~our~~ rating on the KGB Scale.

Angleton had built his throne far to the right, there where the KGB was the major representative of the Foul Fiend. Like Satan, the KGB--according to Angleton--never suffered a losing move except when brilliantly thwarted by our dedication to halting the Author of Evil. Angleton could give you chapter and verse. KGB agents were trained from childhood to be consummate masters of patience, deceit, ruthlessness, tactical brilliance, ideological purity, terminal loyalty, and had taken the blood

vow to destroy America and every last vestige of capitalism.

In contrast, to be far left on the KGB Scale did not mean that you were liberal so much as cynical. You could ~~wish to see~~ ^{be perfectly} comfortable with Nelson Rockefeller or Richard Nixon as President and still take up ^{your place on the far left of the Scale, where KGB men were seen} ~~merely the belief that KGB men were not only~~ ^{as motivated, ambitious and patriotic like us,} ~~The bottom line,~~ ^{as} ~~however,~~ ^{but} was that, just like us, they too were a bunch of fuck-ups. That was the way to explain a lot. Communism might be dedicated to evil, but when all was said, the KGB were also in tradecraft. People in the same occupation tend to act the same the world over. As, for example, waiters, ^{or bus-drivers.} This was the left stance, and it did not travel too far in counter-espionage. For the ^{job} ~~work~~ we did in our shop, it lacked eclat. What is the point to undertaking ^{such} delicate work in ~~Intelligence~~ if you can't see yourself as part of a noble scenario fighting enemy serpentry? One may, as I do, mock this attitude, but the truth is that I felt myself considerably nearer to Angleton's position than to my cynical booze-worthy buddies on the left. I have debated for years whether there may not be something in the scheme of things determined to destroy the roots of our existence--there is a malign presence in the air. On an average

day, I have no great trouble deciding such a presence ought to be directly attached to Communists and the KGB. Two-thirds of the career people at the CIA probably sit in about here on the scale. Angleton, as already described, was far to the right of that, whereas Montague was forever surprising the troops by his swings to left or right. "Forswear rule of thumb," he would say. "Cut off your thumb first."

level, which is to say at the unconscious level, for some of the unspoken logic of other lands, the very national curls, as Harlot might say, that rest in the tongue. Of course, it was years before he explained his pedagogic logic to me, and by then, what did it matter?

By then, I was deep into ^{whatever was the current} the particular particularity of my job--whatever it happened to be. Over my years ^{the CIA} in the CIA, it became a bureaucracy as detailed and to ^{unromantic} the point as the Internal Revenue Service. ^{When I entered Yale} Back in 1951, however, ^{back in 1951} when I entered Yale, Harlot, ^{exposure} no matter how banged and bruised by the fall of Kim Philby that ^{and there love, so was I, and} same year was still a prodigious romantic, Indeed--but let me take my story as it comes. I do not forget for an instant where I am, nor do I ignore the pall of each room in The Keep that surrounds my den; I am not unaware of Kittredge on the floor before me. The sight of her silence--for nothing speaks of coma so powerfully as the visible presence of the silence that surrounds it--the sight, indeed of her silence weighs upon my memory. It swallows the shadows of the past. I see it all but in a gray light. The heart of my four years at Yale, my courses, my friends, my tentative dates with girls, my induction into Skull and Bones, my literary efforts, my hours spent wandering in Skeat's, my summers, my future mission as a CIA man, all washes out before the sight of Kittredge in her silence. I am embarked on the longest night of my life. If I would take up every prodigy of memory available to me, if I would look over the hills of my life and descend into the tunnels,

a decision to keep this if the form is maintained or else if not must be made

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if I would wrap the long episodes of the past into mnemonics for warding off the worst incursions of dread, each cast of memory a talisman to hold off the silence of the room, the all-but-silent uproar of the millions of unseen creatures who stir about me in the endless night--I ^{Came} ~~came~~ to myself shivering before the dying fire in the den, shivering and singing, ^{and I am} ~~I was~~ back in the night before the Yale-Harvard game in 1953, I ~~was~~ drunk at Morey's like all the others, I ~~was~~ holding the silver bowl high with the Green Punch, ^{which} ~~and I~~ kept drinking as long as they sang, yes, how I drank and how they sang. The song was long, and I could not quit drinking until the last bar was passed, repeated, and passed again.

Now in a croaked voice, at three in the morning, in true spiritual terror of all the memories yet to come, I sang for myself in no felicity of pitch: drunk, miserable, hollow as a gourd left in long-sealed tombs, wondering at the endless exfoliations of the night. Still I sang, singing to the echo of the silences where unseen judges gather, yes, lived on the lip between the only two worlds we can ever know, the one that fades behind us and the one that offers its glimpses of what is yet to come. Words I had not remembered in thirty years came to me out of the forgotten glare of the interior of that huge silver punch bowl from which I quaffed the Green Punch at Morey's and around me in a ring of ten splendid pals, the song went on:

"It's Harry, it's H, it's H makes the world go round,

"It's Harry, H, that makes the world go round.

"Sing hallelujah, sing hallelujah?"

"Put a nickel on the drum,
"Save another drunken bum,
"Sing Hallelujah, sing hallelujah,
"Put a nickel on the drum,
"Save another drunken bum,
"Sing Hallelujah, sing hallelujah,
"Put a nickel on the drum,
"And you'll be saved."

They paused for breath but I had to keep drinking.

"Oooh, I'm H-A-P-P-Y to be F-R-double-E,
"F-R-double-E to be S-A-V-E-D,
"S-A-V-E-D from the bonds of S-I-N,
"Glory, glory Hallelujah,
"Hip, Ho~~o~~pray, Amen."

And I, drinking that sweet, liqueur-potent noxious hallowed Green Punch, swallow after swallow, giving my soul to finish the bowl, since angels watched me, I knew, as I drank, and if I drank it all before the song was done, we would beat Harvard ^{tomorrow} ~~tomorrow~~ hung over, and all puked-up, we would nonetheless serve our team from the stands, for we would be able to offer our devotion, our love, our manly ability to booze with the gods at Morey's. Only gods drank to the depths of a silver bowl. We would ring Yale Bowl with the might of our mission at Yale, which was to defeat Harvard tomorrow. God, didn't I guzzle it down, and the score next day was Yale 0 / Harvard 13.

Well, I finished singing the song in my den and Kittredge did not move. Invisible white birds nestled in the gray hills of her silence. I was near to weeping. All events in my four years at Yale now came down to one fine event. I was recalling the first time I met Kittredge.

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If I was brought together with Hugh Montague before my Senior year at St. Matthew's, I was introduced to Kittredge during Junior year at Yale. Just before Easter vacation, a summons came by telegram: I WANT YOU TO MEET MY FIANCEE HADLEY KITTREDGE GARDINER. ^(COME) SPEND EASTER AT DOANE WITH KITTREDGE AND JEAN HARLOW. ("Harlot, not Harlow," he had said in the Bar Harbor restaurant.)

Very well. Back to Doane. I had not been to the island since Rodman Knowles Gardiner had purchased The Keep from the Hubbards, after my father, who needed the money most, had pushed and cajoled his two brothers and single sister into agreement, ^{on the sale} Why he needed that much money remained one more family mystery. Among the Hubbards, windfalls, disasters, and outright speculation were kept at a greater distance from the children than sexual revelation; all we knew (and it was talked about in whispers) was, 'a damn shame. We've got to sell The Keep. It's Boardman's idea." My father walked about for two weeks that summer with a face as tight as a South American dictator under palace arrest. ^{Until the last summer with Mr. Montague, my} I hardly cared. ^{year} My two weeks each summer had been a dull bruise on self-esteem--I loved The Keep less than the others, or so I thought. These boyhood summers did not always seem luminous to me. Besides, the last stretch at Doane was also my two weeks on

~~vertical rock with Mr. Montague--I hardly thought of The Keep,~~
~~one way or the other.~~ It was only in the following summer, which I spent at loose ends in Southampton with my mother, getting drunk with new, rich friends I did not like, and banging tennis balls through August days, that I began to miss the limitless lights of lavender on Mount Desert at evening, and the splendor of afternoon silences over the Maine hills.

The call to go back to The Keep was agreeable, therefore ~~by itself~~; the opportunity to see Harlot spoke of more. I assumed this must be the call to my career. ~~Why else play with the name Jean Harlow?~~ Indeed, I had kept my ambitions chaste and wholly centered. I was like a girl who had fallen in love with a man who went away next day to the war. If he ^{had} ~~did~~ not come back for three years, no matter. The girl went on no other dates; she did not even accept telephone calls from nice boys.

I was in love with the CIA. I am one of those types--is it one in ten or one in fifty?--who can give up just about all of life for concentration upon one part of life. I read spy novels, made island hops from word to word in Skeats, attended foreign policy forums at Yale, and studied photographs of Lenin and Stalin and Molotov, of Gromyko and Lavrenti Beria, to get a sense of the face of the enemy. I eschewed political arguments about Republicans and Democrats. They hardly mattered. Allen Dulles was my ~~secret~~ President.

I was constructing a cover story. I pretended to no interest in domestic politics. So let it be thought. In truth, I had none.

My mind expanded into that place where romance meets theology.

I would be a soldier in the war against the Devil. I read Spengler and brooded through winters in New Haven about the downfall of the West and how it could be prevented. For an undergraduate, I had a somewhat eccentric brain. I would, for example, think of the Mafia, and ~~of~~ their code of silence. I had read somewhere that it was called omerta. Disobey the rule of omerta and la morte was your fate. Omerta o la morte. Silence or death. The consonantal root, MRT, was, I noticed, common to both words. So, too, was MRT present in murder. Reverse the R and T to MTR, and you had mater or mother. Death, and its polar opposite, the creation of life, came down, therefore, in many Indo-European languages, to the direction taken by the sounds between T and R. From R to T seemed to suggest death; whereas T to R offered connection to life. (I was much irked by birth which obviously disagreed with the rule.)

Going on rambles through Skeats, thoughts whipped about in my brain and gave the illusion my mind might be more original than ^{originally} ~~one~~ ever supposed. I hoped Harlot would agree. I sent him back a telegram that I would come, signed it Ashenden (for ~~Somerset~~ ^{for those of you to whom it is not a household name, let me say it was for Somerset} Maugham's Ashenden) and drove my car, a 1949 Dodge coupe, up from New Haven all the way to the back side of Mount Desert where I found the house not at all as it used to be.

I do not know if I can describe how it used to be. I might need to ~~add the nomenclature of~~ ^{add the contents of} a treasures-in-the-trash catalogue to the stratological insights of a geologist: Generations of Hubbards had left their deposits on the place. We used to have

~~old~~ oak whatnots in corners, and blonde-wood Danish in the Cunard; one fine old drafting table in The Camp had come down to us from Doane McCarter Hubbard (who also left punctilious drawings of a proposed lookout tower one hundred feet high that he never built on the southern head of the island). Along the walls were hordes of washed-out ~~by~~ photographs, flyspecked, glass-cracked, oak-framed, come down to us from the 1850's, 1870's, 1890's. Then there were the color prints, long sun-faded, of Matisse, Braque, Dufy, Duchamps--all introduced by my mother. They had been kept, even if she never came back. Once up on a wall, things remained; it was a summer house. No wars of selection went on--merely the family accommodation of accumulation. The beds were a disaster area, classic ~~was~~ ^{with old} summer-cottage pallets. Lumpy, broken-spring mattresses had ~~ticking~~ ^{that} long surrendered to the musty decades. ^{thick} Painted wooden bureaus bore fingernail scrapings in the paint to attest to hot bored summer afternoons. Spider webs on casement windows, birds' nests under the eaves, and mouse droppings in many an unused room were the price we paid for that much spread of house.

Rodman Knowles Gardiner and his wife fixed it up. Retired from teaching, they took good American Colonial furniture up from their Cambridge place to Maine. There were drapes now on the windows and the walls bore his collection of nineteenth-century Victorian paintings. The bedrooms had new beds. At first sight, I hated it all. We now looked like a New England inn of the sort that keeps the temperature too high in winter and screws down the windows.

I spent a difficult two hours after my arrival. Neither Hugh Montague nor his fiancée were there--instead, I was received by the eminent Shakespearean and his wife, Maisie. They suffered me; I suffered ~~such suffering~~. He was a Harvard professor of a variety who may no longer exist today. Dr. Gardiner was so well established ^{that} there were ~~platforms upon platforms~~ ^{tiers} to his eminence. Stages of his personality, much like assistants ~~going down~~ ^{descending} in a chain of command, were delegated to ~~make~~ conversation. We spoke of the Yale and Harvard football teams in the previous Fall, then of my category in squash--I was a B group player--and of my father whom Dr. Gardiner had last seen with Mr. Dulles at an annual garden party in Washington: "He looked very well indeed--of course, that was last year."

"Yessir. He still looks well."

"Good for him."

As a tennis player, Dr. Gardiner would ^{not} ~~never~~ have let you enjoy ~~long~~ volleys during the warm-up. He'd ^{drive} ~~direct~~ your innocent return cross-court and [#] leave you to trot after it.

Maisie was ~~not~~ conspicuously better. She spoke of the flower garden she would put in this May; she intoned in a dreary if nonetheless dulcet voice against the unpredictability of spring weather in Maine. She mentioned the hybrids she would plant; when I offered mention of some wild-flowers to look for in June, she lost much interest in me. Conversational pauses ^{expanded} ~~fell~~ into an extension of ^{themselves. In desperation} ~~their powers~~: I tried to charge the ^{into} ~~center~~ of Dr. Gardiner's ^{center} strength--~~I was becoming more desperate than I recognized.~~ ^I I expatiated on a term paper (for which I had received an A) on

Ernest Hemingway's work since Green Hills of Africa. The irony of the later style showed, I said, that he had been enormously influenced by King Lear, particularly by Kent, ^{some of Kent's lines} and I quoted Pray Act I, Scene 4, "I do prefer. . .to love him that is loved, to converse with him that is wise and say little, to fear judgement, to fight when I cannot choose, and to eat no fish." I was about to add, "I can keep honest counsel, ride, run, mar a curious tale in telling it, and deliver a plain message bluntly," when Dr. Gardiner said, "Why become involved with the copyist?"

I gave ~~it~~ up. We sat in silence. After a stretch, Kittredge ^{and} ~~had~~ Hugh Montague came back in the twilight. They had been--it was a very cold Easter--ice climbing on parts of the lower trail of Gorham Mountain. Nice stuff, they assured me. They looked full of red cheeks and Christmas.

She was lovely beyond any measure I had for a woman. Her dark hair was cut short like a boy's, and she was wearing pants and a windbreaker, but she was the most wonderful looking girl. Dr. Gardiner had collected Christina Gabriela Rossetti's and Bulwer-Lytton's for his walls, heroines pale as their cloisters, lovely as angels. That was Kittredge. One could wonder if her beauty was the seed of Dr. Gardiner's collection and subsequent reflection. ^{Victorian painters} ~~She did not, however, usually look so vivid as on this~~ ~~I do not know, however, if she could ever have looked better than~~ the first time I saw her. Her color, from the afternoon's work up the ice, was as startling as a view of wild red berries in a field of snow. ~~Excited to see Harlot, nonetheless I hardly talked to him for the first few minutes. She did the chatting.~~

"It's wonderful to meet you. We're cousins. Did you know that?" she asked.

"I suppose I did."

"I looked it up last evening. Third cousins. That's No-Man's-Land if you get down to it." She laughed with such a direct look (as if to speak of how very attractive someone younger than herself might be if she liked them) that Hugh Montague actually stirred. I knew little enough yet of the dimensions to jealousy, but ~~my acquaintance deepened~~ ^{our I could feel} on the wave that came over from him.

"Well, I must tell you," she said, "all the while Hugh was taking us up this dreadful pitch of ice, I kept ~~trying to say~~ ^{saying} ~~I wouldn't~~ ^{I could feel} ~~and never~~ marry him until he promised never to do such a thing to me again, whereupon he said, 'You and Harry Hubbard are in the same boat.' He ~~pretends to like us both, but~~ banishes us equally from his grubby art."

"Actually," said Hugh Montague, "she's probably better than you, Harry. ~~However, it's still hopeless.~~ ^{All the same, it's} ^{a little}

"Well, I should hope so," said Maisie Gardiner. ~~"It's foolish~~ ^{"Fool's play"} to risk your neck on ice."

"I love it," said Kittredge. "The only thing ~~he~~ ^{Hugh} would ~~explain~~ ^{bother to} ^{was:} 'Ice won't betray you until it does.' What a husband you will make."

"Relatively secure," said Hugh.

Rodman Knowles Gardiner had a coughing fit at the thought of his daughter in marriage.

At precisely this moment, Kittredge said, "I believe Daddy

thinks of me as Desdemona."

"I don't see ^{Hugh Montague, 4} myself," said her father, "as a blackamoor. You have rotten logic, darling."

Kittredge changed the subject.

"You never did any ice-climbing, did you?" she asked. ^(of me.) "You know," Kittredge went on, "it's no worse than the awful thing they do to you at The Farm when you have to leap out of a mud ditch and scramble up a link fence in between the sweeps of the searchlight." She stopped, but not in caution, more to calculate when I would be eligible for that chore. "I guess you'll be getting into it year after next. The fence is modelled on one of the barriers in Eastern Europe."

Hugh Montague gave a smile with no amusement in it. "Kittredge ^{don't practise} practises ^{your} indiscretion as if it were ^A a metier."

"No," said Kittredge, "I'm home. I want to talk. We're not in Washington and I'm tired of pretending through one ^{blah-blah} bleary cock-tail party or another that I'm a little file clerk at Treasury.

'Oh,' they say, 'what do you file?' 'Oodles of ^{statistics!} statistical stuff,' I tell them back, 'They know I'm lying. Obviously, I'm a madwoman spook. It stands out, ^{about} about me."

"What stands out is how spoiled you are," said her fiance.

"How could I not be? I'm an only child," said Kittredge.

"Aren't you?" she went on to ask.

"By half," I said, and when no one responded, I felt obliged to give a summary explanation.

She appeared to be fascinated. "You must be full," she said,

"of what I call ghost-overlays." She held up a marvelous white hand as if she were playing traffic cop in a skit at a charity ball. "But I promised everybody I would not theorize this weekend. Some people drink too much. I don't stop theorizing. Do you think it's a disease, Hugh?"

"~~It's~~^{no} preferable to drink," he said.

"I'll tell you about ghost-overlays when we're alone," she told me.

That took a while. Hugh Montague--to look for no better word--was possessive. I think he was working up a scenario for each of her gestures. If she smiled nicely at me, he saw the end of their romance in her smile. Ultimately, he was right--it was just that lovers condense all schedules. What would take ^{us} Kittredge ~~and me~~ fifteen years to ~~bring off~~ looked to him like immediate danger.

On the other hand, ^{he was bored} he had to be bored. It was the most peculiar weekend. Carrying on a conversation with Rodman and Maisie Gardiner was equal to ^{taking} having dinner in a room where light bulbs ^{keep} kept going off and on. Most of the time we talked to one another as if it were obscene to make ~~much~~ logical connection. During drinks, ~~that~~ ^{over} ~~evening~~, I kept track of a few remarks. Ten statements were uttered in ten minutes. Three belonged to Dr. Gardiner, two were by Maisie, three by Harlot, one came from Kittredge, one from me. Who can recollect what was said? There are limits to the pedigree of memory. I offer a reasonable substitute.

Rodman Knowles Gardiner: "I've got Freddy Eaves at the boat-yard looking out for a new spinnaker."

Maisie: "Why do the royal-purple zinnias slip into blight so much more readily than the cosmos zinnias?"

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Hugh Montague: "There was word of a major avalanche yesterday ~~on the Parsons " in Pakistan "~~ in the Pyrenees."

Kittredge: "If you would give the purple zinnias a bit less mulch, Mother. . ."

Maisie: "Is Gilley Butler a reliable handyman, Mr. Hubbard? Your father, Cal Hubbard, says to watch out for him."

Myself: "I should listen to my father."

Montague: "Three cheers for making the honor roll again, Harry."

Dr. Gardiner: "The spinnaker ripped in the Backside Regatta. I had to finish with a jenny. Half as much headway."

Montague: "They weren't carrying avalanche cords when it hit. The bodies are not recoverable."

Dr. Gardiner: "I'm going to fill the martini shaker."

Kittredge and I had, nonetheless, our hour alone. She demanded it. On Sunday morning, coming back from Easter Mass, with an hour to wait for Maisie's cook to serve us Sunday dinner, she forced the situation. "I want Harry to show me the island," she said to Hugh. "I'm sure ~~he~~ ^{he} knows ~~all~~ the nooks and crannies." A good lack of plausibility quivered in the air. It would not require a guide to find ~~each~~ ^{each} every last nook and ~~cranny~~ ^{crannies} on our small island.

^{Hugh} He nodded. He smiled. He held out his hand like a pistol, thumb up, forefinger extended. Wordlessly, he fired a shot at me. ^{Herrick,} "Keep your nasal passages clean, Hecster," he said.

Kittredge and I walked ⁱⁿ amidst kelp and sea-wrack on the pebbled shore. ^{Near} Over us reared the unseen presence of Harlot, a stallion ^{over} in the field of our mood.

"He's awful," Kittredge said at last, and took my hand. "I adore him, but he's awful. He's raunchy. Harry, do you love sex?"

"I would hate to think I didn't," I said.

"Well, I do like it [#] with him. It's sex with us. We have little else in common. That's why he's jealous. His Alpha is wholly free of sex and his Omega is overloaded. So how can he be conspicuously stable on the subject?"

I did not know as yet that she had been consorting with Alpha and Omega every cerebrating moment since the concept first occurred to her four years ago. Now I heard the two dire words for the first time. I would encounter Alpha and Omega a good deal over the next thirty years.

"What makes it worse," she said, "is that I'm still a virgin. I think he is too, although he won't offer a conclusive word about it."

I was twice shocked, once at these astonishing facts, and again that she would tell me. She laughed, however. "I must have taken one True Confession pill too many," she said. "Are you a virgin, ~~too~~, Harry?"

"Regrettably," I replied.

She laughed and laughed. "I don't want to be," she said. "It's absurd. It isn't as if Hugh and I don't know each other's bodies rather well. In fact, we know them perfectly. We're

very much naked together. That kind of truth binds us. But he insists on waiting for marriage to consummate the last part."

"Well, you'll be wed soon, I guess."

"In June," she said. "We were supposed to gather up a few final plans this weekend, but Daddy and Hugh ^{when} put together are hopeless. ^{old things} They're worse than two men in an old folks' home trying to ^{make conversation} talk with each other's dentures."

It was my turn to laugh. ^{It} I went on for so long I had to sit down. She sat beside me. We perched on the southern head of the island (where Doane McCarter Hubbard's lookout tower never went up) and ~~we~~ looked down Blue Hill Bay to the cold Easter sun shining on the distant Atlantic.

"Hugh ^{may be} is the most complicated person I've encountered," she said, "but this weekend he's ^{ridiculously} simple. He's in a thundering grouch because we can't get together at night. Daddy insisted on putting me in the room next to mother and him. Hugh is falling apart. He's outrageously priapic, you see. Back in Washington, he's on me all the time. I hope you don't mind hearing this, Harry. I've got to talk."

"Yes," I said. I didn't know what she was talking about. The facts seemed to contradict each other. "How can he be on you," I asked, "if you're both virgin?"

"We go in for what he calls 'the Italian solution.'"

"Oh," I said. I didn't know any more. Then I did. It was physically painful to contemplate what she allowed him to do. Nor could I conceive how it connected with all her soap and sunlight.

"Actually," she said, with the quick, rising zephyr of a Radcliffe girl, "I love it. It's debauched. To be a virgin and yet feel so wanton. Harry, it's opened a purview on the Renaissance for me. Now I see how they could observe the ^{Catholic} forms yet still live in such near-mortal violation of so much. That's not the unhealthiest approach, you know."

"Do you talk this way to everyone?" I asked.

"Heavens, no," she said. "You're special."

"How can that be? You don't know me."

"I only needed one look. Before it's over," I said to myself, "I'm going to tell this man everything. You see, Harry, I love you."

"Oh," I said. "I guess I love you too." I did not have to guess. The thought of Hugh Montague and his "Italian solution," hot as a satyr on her back, left me as criminally wounded as if I ^{were} ~~had been~~ her lover.

"You and I are never going to do anything about it," she said. "We're cousins, and that's what we'll always be. Dearest friends. At worst, we'll be kissing cousins." She gave the littlest kiss to my lips. It went all the way in. Her mouth had the scent of a petal just separated from the flower. I had never smelled a nicer breath. Nor one with more surprises. It was like picking up a great novel and reading the first sentence. Call me Ishmael. Suddenly, one knew. One had gifts on one's lap.

"Maybe someday," she said, "after Hugh and I are tired of each other, you and I will have an affair. Just the little kind to give a lot of naughty pleasure."

"Kissing cousins," I said hoarsely.

"Yes. Only, not now. Harry, I need a good friend. I need one like pure stink. I need someone I can tell everything to. Don't you?"

"I'm incapable of telling all," I confessed, as if I had adventures meticulously secreted away that I could never relate.

"You are buttoned up. It's what I brought you out ^{of the house} ~~here~~ for. I want to talk about your ghost-overlays."

"Is that a phrase from your psychological theories?"

"Yes."

"I've heard that you're a genius."

"Well, I'm not," she said petulantly as if the stupidity of the supposition doubled every likelihood of great loneliness.

"I have a brain that's marvelously empty when I'm ~~not~~ using it. So thoughts enter which other people would sweep away. Everyone thinks I have so much intellectual stuff. Whereas I have less than most. But in consequence, I am open to suggestion. Don't you think the heavens often try to reach us with their messages fully as much as dark forces down below want to tickle our impulses?" *That's reasonable, wouldn't you say?*

I nodded. I would not have known how to argue with this. On some days I believed in the existence of God, Jesus, the Holy Spirit, Satan, and every one of the demons. On other days, bad and cynical Junior Year days, I decided it was a sham; gods, devils, ~~and~~ ^{and} demi-urges were long gone; we were naught but spindles bobbing in the perpetual motion machine of the universe.

"I've always found Freud uncongenial," she said. "He was a great man with bushels of discoveries, but he really had no more

philosophy than a stoic. That's not enough. Stoics make good plumbers. The drains go bad and you've got to fix them. End of Freud's philosophy. If people and civilization don't fit-- which we all know anyway--why, says Freud, make the best of a bad lot."

It was obvious from her change in tone that she had had to explain her thesis often to people on the job--whatever was now her job in that mysterious organism I ^{would, after a year,} ~~expected to enter.~~ So I took it as a mark of friendship that she wished to outline it for me. Besides, I enjoyed listening to her voice. ^{It was free of} ~~There was none of~~ ^{we can sniff it in} ~~that sniff of burnt insulation which wafts over to us from a mind~~ ^{that is} ~~wholly~~ wired to discharge its idea into your mind. I felt she would give this lecture because she wanted us to be closer. ^{And I} felt a pure pang of the nicest kind of love. She was so beautiful, and so lonely. I wanted to hug her, and would have, if not for a sense of the prodigiously long shadow of Hugh Montague on my back.

"Philosophically speaking," she went on, "I am very much a dualist. I do not see how one can not be. It was all very well for Spinoza to postulate his Substance, that wonderfully elusive, metaphysical, metaphorical world-goo he employed to bind all opposites together and so be able to declare himself a monist. ^{believe} But I ~~think~~ he was stretching. If God is trying to tell us anything, it is that every idea we have of Him, and of the universe, is dual. Heaven and Hell, God and the devil, good and evil, birth and death, day and night, hot and cold, male and female, love and hate, freedom and bondage, consciousness and dreaming, the actor

and the observer--I could go on with such a list forever. We are conceived out of ^(the meeting of) one sperm and one ovum. On the first instant of our existence, at the moment of our ^{creation,} ~~creating,~~ we are brought ^{to life} together by the joining of two separate entities. Immediately, ^{start} we begin to develop with a right side and a left side. ~~We have~~ two eyes, two ears, two nostrils, two lips, two sets of teeth, two lobes to the brain, two to the lungs, two arms, two hands, two legs, two feet."

"One nose," I said.

She had heard this before. "The nose is only a work of flesh surrounding two tunnels."

"One tongue," I said.

"Which has a top and a bottom, and they're awfully different." She put her tongue out at me.

"Five fingers on each hand."

"The thumb is in opposition to the others. The big toe used to be in opposition to the foot."

We began to laugh. "Two testicles," I said, "but one penis."

"It's the weak link in my theory."

"One navel," I went on.

"You're awful," she said. "You're implacable."

"One head of hair."

"Which you part." She ruffled my hair. We almost kissed again. It was delicious to be flirting with a third cousin who was a couple of years older than me. I was ready to ^{listen} ~~listen~~ to her theory forever.

"Do try to be solemn," she said. "There's really much more

evidence of duality in nature than singularity. I decided to take the next step. What if there are not only two nostrils, two eyes, and two lobes to the brain and so forth, but two psyches as well, absolutely and separately equipped. They ^{travel} ~~travel~~ through life inside one person like Siamese twins, or, at least, they are ^{like} such twins in one respect. Everything that happens to one, happens to the other. If one gets married, the other is along for the ride. Otherwise, they are different. ^{These two psyches} ~~They~~ can be just a little different, like identical twins, or they can be vastly different like good and evil." She stopped for a nearer example. "Or optimism and pessimism. I'm going to choose that because it's more in the middle. Whatever happens to us obviously has its optimistic ^{overtones} ~~possibilities~~, and its pessimistic ^{possibilities}. Suppose Alpha and Omega, for those are the two names I've given to these two psyches--one has to give them some sort of name and A and Z sound like ^{a mail order} ~~a Montgomery~~ ^{catalogue} ~~ward item~~--so, Alpha and Omega. It is pretentious. No matter. Alpha, let us say, tends to be optimistic in ^{most} ~~this same~~ situations, ^{whereas} ~~and~~ Omega is the pessimist. Each experience that reaches them is interpreted with different sensitivities, so to speak. Alpha sees ^{might be} ~~what is~~ positive in a specific situation; Omega ^{anticipates} ~~foresees~~ what is to be lost. The same is true for any duality you wish to invoke. Take night and day. Alpha, for the sake of argument, is a little more responsive to nocturnal experiences than Omega. In the morning, however, Omega is better at getting up and going to work. Using just two spectra, optimism-pessimism and light-dark, look at the possibilities which arise. One can have a pessimistic hard worker by day and an optimistic pub-crawler by night. Or reverse the polarity.

Now you have an optimistic hard worker who becomes gloomy and stay-at-home at night. It varies in every person. Some dualities can exist equally in Alpha and Omega. Others are appropriated all-but-entirely by one or the other. Alpha, for instance, can seize all that's open to action in a situation, whereas Omega can be contemplative and ponder ultimate consequences."

Somewhere in the course of this short lecture, she had begun to change. I now found her less attractive. As if to prove the presence of Alpha and Omega within herself, the charms of her intimacy, so innocent and audacious at once, now drew back, and I saw the pedant in her soul--a potentially tiresome fellow ready for all those tyrannies of exposition where each person before her could be seen as pure mind on a Petri dish, ready to be inoculated with new culture. Even the light in her was honed to the point of her argument.

When she paused, I felt obliged to say something. There was no choice. One would have to win both sides of this woman. It also occurred to me that I was acting wholly unfaithful to my loyalty to Hugh Montague, but what the hell, ^{that might be} maybe ~~that was~~ my Omega speaking. "I just don't see," I said, "why Alpha and Omega have to react so differently all the time."

"Remember," she said, holding up an instructor-like finger, "Alpha and Omega originate in separate people. One is descended from the sperm cell--Alpha; Omega from the ovum. They start as different entities."

"You are saying that we have a male and a female psyche inside ourselves?"

"Why not? There's nothing mechanical about it," said Kittredge. The male side can be full of so-called female qualities, and Omega on the female side can be an outrageous bull of a woman just as virile and muscular as a garbage collector." She gave a merry look as if to show the return of her Alpha. Or was it Omega? "God wants us to be as various and faceted as kaleidoscopes. Which looks to the next point: the war between God and the Devil *goes on in both psychic entities* usually ~~takes place on both planes~~. That's normal. Schizophrenics *(good and evil)* tend to separate them wholly, but in more balanced people, God and the Devil fight not only in Alpha, but somewhat differently in Omega."

(seems to be) "We-I, it seems there's endless capacity for strife *in* ~~going~~ ~~up and down~~ your system."

"Of course there is. Doesn't that fit closer to human nature than simple black and white conflict?"

I was thinking of Hugh Montague. Was it Alpha or Omega *who* ~~that~~ ~~he~~ lived as the virgin Christian? And did the Italian solution belong *such a conflict* wholly to the other? Or did that war go on in Alpha and Omega both?

I decided it would be like Hugh to put one side of him into one psyche, ~~then~~ install the rest in the other.

"Well," I said, "I still can't see why the Creator desired such a complicated design."

"Because He wished to give us free will," she said. "Free will consists of giving the Devil equal opportunity. I agree entirely with Hugh on that point. If humans are twin-souled, there's some-

what more order in the divine economy, I expect. If Alpha chooses to give more hegemony to God, then Omega tends to be tipped commensurately toward the Devil. That way, the war itself works better. It has more meaning."

"How can you say that?" I blurted out. "You're so sure of yourself."

"It's what I think," she said simply. "Don't you see, we have a real ^{of such} need for two developed psyches each with their own super-ego, ego, and id ^{in order to feel} to give some sense of three-dimensionality, so to speak, ^{in our} moral experience. If Alpha and Omega are somewhat unlike, and, ^{believe me,} they always are, then they can look upon the same experience from two separate ^{points of view,} positions. It's the reason we have two eyes. For the same reason. So we can estimate distance."

^{"Account for this."}
"I've got you now," I said. "When our eyes are somewhat ^{different,} unlike, we need glasses."

"Precisely. Just as disturbed people need pills."

^{"Well, isn't that?"}
^{how can a} "That proves my point. If Alpha and Omega are awfully different, [?] a person can't function."

^{"she said."}
"Not so," she said. "Look at Hugh. His Alpha and Omega must be as far apart as the sun and the moon. Great people, and artists, and extraordinary men and women have dramatically different Alphas and Omegas. Of course, so do the feeble-minded, the addictive, and the psychotic."

I knew she would have to have an answer to what I would ask next. All the same, I offered up the question. I was curious. "What then is the difference, according to you, between an artist and a psychotic?"

"Why, ~~it's~~ in the quality of communication between Alpha and Omega. If ~~they're very~~ ^{the two are most} different, but ^{manage to} reach each other with their separate needs, then you have an extraordinary person who can find exceptional solutions. Artists, for example. But when Alpha and Omega can't communicate, then one or the other must become the master, ~~the absolute master~~, and the other is oppressed beneath. That's a desperately inefficient way of living."

"Like totalitarianism?"

"~~Exactly.~~"

"~~Like totalitarianism.~~"

"Would a healthier person have an Alpha and Omega about as different as Republicans and Democrats? Where they could agree on some things and disagree on others, but work it out?"

She beamed. I had brought out her better side. The wicked light was in her eye again. "You're wonderful," she said. "I do love you."

"No, you're making fun of me."

"I'm not," she said, "making fun of you. I'm going to use your example with some of the dummies I have to talk to, who can't get it."

"Why can't they? I can see where Alpha and Omega could tell you a lot about spies."

"Of course it can. But many of the people I work with are afraid to trust it. I'm just a girl to them. They won't believe this could be the first reliable and useful psychological theory to explain how spies can live with the tension of their incredible life-situations. But I have a fundamental explanation for why they can bear such stress. ^{indeed, even look for it.} In every person I postulate a navigator, ^{or call it,}

^{governor}
~~or a charioteer, or a governing committee, or a judge.~~ It hardly
matters what you call it so long as we can agree ^{(on some kind of separate psychic} that there's a
~~mental entity~~ ^{that} to enable Alpha and Omega to function together in the
~~World, for all apparent purposes as one psyche,~~
~~for worldly appearances, as one psyche.~~ In effect, the navigator makes
executive decisions. Now, if that ~~entity~~ ^{entity} becomes injured, or
~~weakened, or simply doesn't exist properly, well, then,~~ ^{function} Harry, the
person ^{then} involved has to act out the two halves of their double self.
Alpha has to have a full role, and so does Omega. They simply
~~can't function as actor and abserver as most domiciled Alpha-Omegas~~
~~can. They find no agreement on who runs the show at night and who's~~
~~the boss during the day. They both have to be front and center~~
~~all the time. So they live double lives. It's a most fruitful~~
line of inquiry for understanding spies, I ^{Want} have to tell you."

I nodded. I was thinking she might be too enthusiastic and ^{her}
~~too direct~~ to convince a lot of people. Her mode of presentation
~~might be too unadorned.~~ But I was also impressed ^{at} with how simply
she went ^{into} at so complex a subject.

It had been my experience with just ^{most of} about all the intellectuals
I met at Yale that ^{on} at first meeting they felt obliged to ^{Rich off an} embark on
~~mutual cannonading.~~ ^{artillery battle between the great names.} With Kittredge, however, one mention of Spinoza
and Freud ^{one of had} seemed to take care of it all. She did not wage any great
war of the names, nor ^{parade forth} marshal her readings in esoteric books ^{from} out ^{that} like
~~as wide-ranging cavalry to turn your flank.~~ ^{came out like} All this previous
winter, at my eating club, an honor society, Simone Weil and Merleau-
Ponty had been used as ^{heavy-duty} howitzers, and you were supposed to have
^{a good idea} some notion of the Pisan Canto being referred to by number. ^{content of the} When ^{By the time}

^{in early 1950s that was like Sigall today, at Harvard.}

^athe name of a new European writer appeared in Partisan Review,
a good literary intellectual at Yale was expected to be familiar
~~with his work.~~ ^{all this} Privately, I considered it ^a variety of bird
~~watching~~ ^{was} wild-flower spotting.

Obviously, Kittredge ^{was} bothered with none of this. She
pursued her thoughts; they were enough. I thought she had the
forceful, innocent head of an inventor. Henry Ford and Thomas Edison
must have had similar minds. Anything she took in could become a
pieces ^{of} and parts ^{When} for her thesis. If, for example, she ^{began} were to study ^{this}
^{work of} a psychiatrist so unique as Wilhelm Reich, it was not the revolutionary
fervor of his theses nor the heresies of his precepts that meant
much to her. She was only interested in how to apply his concepts
of character-armor to Alpha and Omega. Could certain kinds of
^{clumsiness be explained (as pits)}
~~uncainliness~~ be understood by the hegemony of Alpha above the navel,
^{and} ~~or~~ of Omega below? I, ^{who} as a skier could never link my parallels
nearly so well as I liked, thought there might be something to
the notion.

^{Well, we went on talking. We never got to a lost overlap, but}
~~We went on that day.~~ Before we were done with our good hour,
I had become a little ^{interested in} more attached to her thesis. In those days,
^{I used to think of} ~~I did keep~~ a large idea of myself as ^{some sort of} an instinctive psychologist.

While I had no academic foundation by which to measure the importance
of what she proposed, still I decided on my own authority that
it was novel. She did have a good many ideas! Just how ^{what a number} many would
take the next three decades of my life to sort out: after all, she
had given me no more than a sketch that day of ^{Some} the far-off places
in her mind. It was only in years to come that she would reveal
to me more critical differences between Alpha and Omega.

had learned not to reveal too much after
Indeed, she ~~could hardly dare to discuss it. Which academic~~
~~thought at once. Most academic psychologists would not~~
psychologist would take her seriously if she did? For she saw

preferred to live
Alpha as ^{the} vessel of common sense and practicality, the psyche who
lived ^(in the world). Omega, however, child of the ovum, ~~had roots~~

~~in eternity. The instincts of Omega~~ reached to the Beyond. ~~So,~~
Omega was closer to our dreams, and ^{shades of Shelley,} possessed ~~more of~~ the knowledge
we brought with us on our birth into the world. ~~Shades of Shelley.~~
Omega, ~~on the consequence,~~ ^{II} was more intimate with the world of death.
Omega had real intimations of karma and the hereafter.

When ~~the~~ other psychiatrists with whom she worked had the
suspicion she was--as indeed she was--^{a good deal of her thesis} keeping to herself her most
private perceptions, she would temporize by saying that Omega ^{seemed} tended
to gravitate toward mystical matters ^{and magical concepts} whereas most Alphas, unless
disturbed by ghost-overlays, were inclined to be agnostic. ^{and rational.} So, too,
~~did reason attach itself to Alpha and magical concepts to Omega.~~

She had taken me out for that hour ~~(or perhaps it was only her~~
~~Alpha or Omega acting)~~ to instruct me in my own ghost-overlays, but
the hour ~~had~~ escaped from us; we had to go back for Easter dinner
at one P.M. in The Keep. I was not to learn the meaning of ghost
overlays for years to come.

^{we were back in}
Of course, ~~that year was~~ 1954, and the notion that one could
be instructed by ^{by a young woman} a woman in psycho-philosophical matters was still
^{somewhat} ~~somewhat~~ new to me, ^{in fact,} I was secretly offended that she seemed to
prefer her own thought to our flirtation, and ~~so~~ ^{Before} we went
back, I tried ^{to} ~~tease~~ ^{her} her, I ^{asked} told her to confess: who was in her
Alpha, ^{her} and Omega?

"Oh," she said, "others can always perceive ^{such things} ~~it~~ better than oneself. Tell me your impressions."

"Oh," I said in imitation of her voice, "I think your Alpha is full of loyalty and your Omega is as treacherous as the tides. ~~Your~~ Alpha is surfeited with chastity, and ~~your~~ Omega is unbalanced with sacrilege. You're a spontaneous child on one side, and an empire-builder on the other. ~~I don't know which is which. Maybe you're just a system builder.~~"

"You're a devil through and through," she said, and gave me another kiss on the lips.

Nothing will ever tell me for certain whether Harlot saw that small embrace or merely sensed it. As we walked back, ~~up the path~~ hand in hand, we came on him standing above a rock, holding a view of our approach. I had no idea how long he was there, but the sense of constraint that had sat on me all the while we were alone, that knowledge in the pit of my heart that he was with us, ~~a stallion, I could remember, in the field of our mood,~~ was now confirmed. I was [#]not old enough then to realize how much our lives are affected by events which never do quite take place. He had no quarrel with me that afternoon after dinner, he certainly did not alter his manner, but intimacy between Kittredge and me ^{had been} ~~was now~~ singed by his presence. The word is just. My eyebrows felt like ash when he was near. Jealousy may be an electro-magnetic phenomenon, after all. I would pay for my hour with his fiancée through all of my first few years in the CIA, and never know altogether why, and I ^{even} ~~(put it together~~ imperfectly now. Life is ~~a differential calculus of indeterminates.~~ ^{bag} there are always more unknowns than equations.

Let me give two equations, all the same, for the undercurrents of that weekend. I did not know then, but can tell you now, that Harlot was marrying up. He came from a very wealthy family in California who had made their money in mouth-wash. ^{After our marriage,} Kittredge told ~~me after our marriage~~ ^{me} that he concealed the name of the product from her until she was ready to ^{suppose} ~~swear~~ it must be Lavioris.

"Never Lavioris," he had answered. "They were our competitor." Of course, disinformation was his daily skill. I thought on hearing this story that perhaps Harlot's prodigies of conversation (where, ~~at worst,~~ on five drinks he could run ~~full~~ of the scale of indiscretion) might prove to be an Omega-like rebellion against the family fortune in mouth-wash. ~~A jest.~~ ^{I jest.}

I make jokes. What I have to relate ^{next} may be too painful for ~~my mind~~ to go near. That Easter Sunday, Dr. Gardiner gave vent to the buried furies in his throat and honored his guests: ^{in the evening,} he read ^{aloud} Shakespeare to us in the evening by the fire in the den, read to us seated before the hearth, ~~before which I now sat.~~

He offered us Titus Andronicus. ^a curious choice. I would not recognize how bizarre it was, until I knew the family better. Dr. Gardiner belonged to the phratry of scholars ^{who are} convinced that Titus Andronicus ^{cannot} ~~could not be~~ one of Shakespeare's plays. It was ^{too} dreary, ^{too} uninspired, ^{much} too dreadful. Yet he read from it on Easter Sunday nights, and with a voice full of passion, and from the terrible speech where Titus tells Chiron and Demetrius ^{choosing} ~~what he~~ will do to them in revenge for severing his hand and cutting off both hands of Lavinia, his daughter.

HARLOTS GHOST ~~at Harlot~~ (1)

A guidebook I says:

I recall a phrase from a guidebook:
"Over more than fifteen miles in diameter, the island of Mount Desert rises like a fabled city from the sea. The natives call it Acadia, beautiful and awesome."

Beautiful and awesome. We had a fjord ~~in the middle~~ ~~from~~ ~~South to North in the middle~~ that all but severed the island into two ^{massive} ~~massive~~ ^{spectacular} ~~spectacular~~ halves, yet this ~~passage~~ ^{passage by water between the mountains} ~~passage~~ ^{the only one} on the Atlantic coast of North America - merely added to our majesties. Our peaks ^{rose} ~~rose~~ ^{to a thousand feet} ~~a thousand feet~~ ^{from} ~~from~~ ^{the shore} ~~the shore~~ to afford approaching boats the silhouette of mountains, and ~~the~~ Northeast Harbor - our most endowed anchorage - became in summer a dance of yachts.

"This place," my father was fond of remarking, "is Beautiful by definition since the Rockefellers bought up half of it, and you know they found it awesome if they decided to give it back." Over many a summer he would wory ^{that fact} it. Why, indeed, had the Rockefellers seized over ^{to the National Park Service} most of their huge holdings on the island? And by the end of each summer, he would answer his own question, "It was the Abnaki Indians," my father would ^{invariably} say, "The Rockefellers just couldn't face the bones of those Indians."

Now, in another season, forty years later, driving on a winter night in the dimensionless clouds of a Maine mist, I wandered back in my mind to old childhood stories of the Abnaki Indians. Safe for a time between the deceptions and hazards of either end of this journey, something of my old Woodstock Board - that secret and protective marrow of tales and songs I drew in from the smoke of

Judith

261-296 should be
~~will come~~ put in
~~in~~ the last
section called

Advance Material
in the Memoir
(talk to me.)

Change numbering,
let it be a, b, c, etc

1969

1969-a

1969-b

1969-c

etc.

3.

My thoughts, however, do not return so easily to the spring of 1949 when, after my operation and convalescence, I was brought together with Harlot. I keep remembering instead our ^{my} lunch at Sans Souci in the spring of 1969. Those details remain clearer to me than our first meeting; indeed they are incised on my memory. While we were to cover many a subject before that second lunch was done, I have forgotten none of it. How Harlot could talk! My father embraced you with his strength and his

Delia.

voice had changed. The nasality had become a ^{point} of resonance; ~~it referred to~~ ^{reference to larger matters} in his own mind rather than a ~~brash~~ ^{assaulting} assault on yours. He was married well to a nice gray Protestant lady who had ^{probably} taught him a number of ~~good things~~ ^{useful things} and they had three daughters, two of them married by now, and I hated my own pettiness but there were times ^{during those cafeteria lunches} when it took something from me not to call him Arnie.

^{and} Yet, you may be certain, I was glad to see him now. He had an extraordinarily calming effect on me. ^{but I had} I had come back from my patrol--let me call it that--with mixed election returns from my ego (since it had been good for me to do it but ^{was} ~~of dubious value to have done it~~) I had succeeded all the same in reducing the chop of my anxiety.

^{who} Now, to find an inquisitor--I had no doubt on this--who was as comfortable a social fit for me as old Neddy Rosen, did the rest of the job. I felt collected for the first time this night. ^{in fourth I felt} ^{curious logic of these organizational matters} The man whom others saw on the job, my other person--I do not like the word persona--was back at the helm. I felt back in the Company again, instead of up in the night sky careening around like a demented loon.

"You can guess why I'm here," Ned said.

as if it were a sign of respect to me that they had sent Ned Rosen,

Delete

would
We ~~could~~ laugh at him again when a *special* group of us, *were* ~~now~~ *being out of Menzo,*
selected, ~~were~~ to train and work under Harlot for Rosen, ~~was~~ too
bright in those days, and by our unspoken measure, ~~much~~ too
adenoidal. He was awfully bright and pokey with his
intelligence--he poked into the good moods and the favorite
hypotheses of others and you cannot do that in a nasal voice,
and expect to be well-liked for it. He ~~would have been ejected~~ *was the sort to be rejected*
~~even more than he was~~ *by* from in-groups before they had even
formed, ~~(and you may work for the CIA for forty years but you~~
~~are not a member of the Company if you do not belong to a~~
~~congeries of in-groups) we are nothing if we are not in groups,~~
and they often changed, but Rosen never belonged.

Still, he advanced. He always had his homework well in
hand, and ~~put in the hours,~~ *he* and made a right move or two,

particularly to get out of his feifdom to Harlot, ~~and he~~ *who was*
a lternately intrigued and appalled by his merits and his deficits.
Rosen transferred to the Office of Security whose unspoken standards
were different than ours and by definition of work closer to the FBI.
~~He had been there for quite a while and had a very high SS by~~
~~the FBI. Indeed, I did not know if Ned was now a pukka, a~~
~~neong, indeed, I hardly knew it was looked upon as a pukka, a~~
~~sahib, or a nabob over others, but he was high, I would hear~~
~~or even whether the Office of Security was partial to such~~
distinctions. I would hear
~~about him from time to time. Occasionally, maybe once a year or~~

~~or,~~ we would run into one another at the Langley cafeteria and
share a microwave pilaff or scrod while sitting before the glass
wall looking at the inner garden, and I would notice that his

"Never Lavoris," he had answered. "They were our competitor." Of course, disinformation was his daily skill. I thought on hearing this story that perhaps Harlot's prodigies of conversation (where, on five drinks he could run the scale of indiscretion) might prove to be an Omega-like rebellion against the family fortune in mouth-wash. I jest.

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severed his hand and cut off both hands of Lavinia, his daughter. *more space*

*Close up
a bit*

"Hark, wretches! How I mean to martyr you,
"This one hand yet is left to cut your throats,
"Whilst Lavinia 'tween her stumps doth hold
"The basin that receives your guilty blood.
"Hark, villains, I will grind your bones to dust,
"And with your blood and it I'll make a paste;
"And of the paste a coffin I will rear;
"And make two pasties of your shameful heads.

Ditto

"And now prepare your throats. Lavinia, come,
"Receive the blood, and when that they are dead,
"Let me go grind their bones to powder small.
"And with this hateful liquor temper it;
"And in that paste let their vile heads be baked.
"Come, come, be everyone officious
"To make this banquet, which I wish might prove
"More stern and bloody than the Centaur's feast."

He recited it in the full sonority of a renowned
lecture voice, gave it all the Elizabethan hurly-burly due

vowels and consonants grappling with one another over hurdles and down ~~the~~ falls: how he relished the words. The hair stood on my neck. I knew that time, as I knew on other occasions in my life, what a sixth sense was hair. I wonder if ~~the ghost of~~ Augustus Farr did not stir that night.

"I do not approve of the play," said Dr. Gardiner when he was done, "but the bile of the ages is in the boil of those words. Fabulous stuff."

Maisie had fallen asleep while he read. Her head was to one side, her mouth was open, and I thought for a moment she had suffered a stroke. I was mistaken. She had merely taken her nightly jot of three seconals; soon, he walked her upstairs to bed. It would also take years before I learned--how many little confessiona had Kittredge to make!--that Dr. Gardiner had his preferred means of fornication: it was to investigate Maisie while she was a wanton of Morpheus. So he would take her while she was asleep but yet alive in those netherworlds that begin below the navel. Kittredge discovered their habit when she was ten. She peeped and saw it all. Husbands and wives have been known to discover their separate childhoods are curiously linked: each of us had seen our parents in the

act of love. Or, to be precise, between us, we had seen three of our four parents, even as Titus and Lavinia together had lost three of their four hands.

The allusion is meaningless. I offer it only to show that memory has its detours, ~~and one does one's best to flee from immediate facts.~~ Kittredge lay in her coma, Chloe was ~~on her way, and I grasped onto old memories like an old soldier.~~

learned

delete

certainly exciting, but the end offers a memory of another sort. It is characteristic of much of my experience that if, instead, I had been asked to name the two most memorable lunches I could recall, I would probably reply: the one in 1948 with my father at Twenty-One, and the other, twenty-one years later in 1969, with Hugh Montague at Sans Souci (where, ^{he would begin} ~~if you remember~~, he ^{speaking} ~~telling~~ of the chaos on the Seventh Floor the day Kennedy was assassinated, but would go on to speak of other exceptional matters I have still to disclose.) Yet that second lunch, like the one with my father, also ended badly. Two remarkable lunches, one with father, one with my godfather, and they both terminated on an unhappy note.

Nonetheless, they were remarkable. Each had a denouement which changed my future. Because of the meal with my father, I was soon brought into contact with my godfather; by the conclusion of lunch with Harlot, I had come to recognize how much I wanted to have an affair with his wife and, for that matter, did. A memory like mine has to embrace best moments rather than final verdicts.

So I feel few regrets when I ~~picture myself at lunch on that day with my father.~~ Twenty-One was the perfect place to take me. While my father did not know "one superior hell of a

replaced

George deMohrenschildt and Fedora and poor Doctor Frank Olson who jumped out a nine-story window when we gave him LSD. I spoke to Marilyn Monroe and Senator Eagleton and Jimmy Hoffa, I was host to Jo-Jo Madden and Kingfish and Howard Osborn and James McCord, Richard Helms preempted the face of my dear wife as did J. Edgar Hoover (whom, thanks to Harlot, I always called J. Edgar Buddha) and I even saw the suicides of Wisner and Forrestal. Jacopo Arbenz breathed his last for me, as did Patrice Lumumba. I had conversations with Des Fitzgerald, Rolando Cubela, Gus Conein and Fidel Castro. I talked to Castro for hours, so it seemed, and most of all I lived with Harlot. He was the master of our domain.

My life played itself ^{back to me upon} out upon the face of the woman I had loved by my soul, my spirit, and my flesh; my life came at me in an order only I could comprehend: it came all at once and with the architecture of a ~~mighty~~ palace--let no one say that the poorest wretch alive has not had a life with inner architecture more ^{elaborate} ~~various~~ than a ~~mighty~~ palace. My life came back with its lack of order fully ordered ~~for me~~ since each event ~~I recollect-~~ ed could be put in sequence into the exceptional narrative that is my life even as everyone alive keeps ^{in some part of themselves an} ~~their own extraordinary~~ ^{and particular account of themselves} ~~narrative of their life.~~

extraordinary

replaced

one of the cleaning women might have done it, or Kittredge, or even myself. ~~No matter how Farr was certain~~ ~~The details were unimportant. I knew that Farr~~

Farr was about. ~~There is never doubt of such a presence when you pass through pools of chill down certain halls.~~

Yet, for all this, The Keep was far from spoiled. ~~I will yet speak of my life there if the opportunity arises. Suffice it that these ominous strains were not indelicate. A ghostly presence (but for our fear that it will be with us on the last night of our life) is not always dire. Kittredge and I, being childless, had space to fill in so large a house. Farr and his phenomena were with all else, a mighty diversion not unequal to living with a drunk, a rounder and a crazy brother, friend.~~ I suppose I felt like a man, blind and deaf, who is brought to a circus. ~~Let no one say that he cannot distinguish such an arena from his own room.~~

Enough. I had, after crossing onto Mount Desert, taken the road to the back side that goes by Prettymarsh, and now, not an hour after midnight, ~~the fog had come in again. In compensation, I knew every curve, and was ready for the unmarked right turn off the paved state road onto the two mile track of dirt that led to the wharf where our dinghy was kept.~~ ~~On I drove past lobstermen's front yards full of old tires and rusted iron~~

Figure — the only one in North America ^{merely added to}

~~the only one in North America~~ (41)

Rewritten

but this

half — western part not unlike the separate halves of some majestic cerebellum, and ^{twelve} it added to all that was spectacular among us, for if a circle ~~fifteen~~ miles in diameter would have covered all of the island and part of the sea, still our peaks rose a thousand feet right up from the shore, and so afforded approaching boats the silhouette of substantial mountains. How that drew yachts in summer — If you had any love of boats, Northeast Harbor became a dazzle in August, a currency of yachts to chase the wake of the Rockefellers, ^{in summer} those famed interlopers.

famed family "Interlopers," was my father's favorite word for that *with something approaching obsession* "Hubbards don't speak to them," was one of the first lessons my father gave me, and he would wonder aloud, often with heat, why the Rockefellers had chosen to give up so much of their huge holdings on the island, and then would answer his own question. "It was the Indians," my father would say. "The Rockefellers just couldn't face the bones of those Indians," and he would nod, and tell me, "Harry, Mount Desert is not like other places."

Driving in the dimensionless clouds of this night-mist, holding to the white line of country highway I wandered nonetheless back with pleasure to old childhood stories of the Abnaki Indians. Ensnared in my car, safe for a time between the deceptions and hazards of either end of this journey, something of that secret and protective marrow of sweet thoughts which boys hoard for themselves came back to me on images of the Abnaki Indians of the Algonquin tribe who used to live in the vicinity of Bangor a thousand years ago, and yet were still my friends.

the In the spring, when they had finished their planting of corn and beans, *the aged* those Abnaki Indians would leave the senior people behind to watch over the

Rewritten

houses of Sears looking as white under my headlights as the bones of Indians long dead.

*That corpse you planted last year in your garden,
Has it begun to sprout? Will it bloom this year?*

On went the road. I passed Doughnut Dairy Queens and the big Bugle-burgers at McDonalds (or whatever is their name!). The shopping mall at Ellsworth went by my windshield like light from a shattered glass, the oil-soak of the empty parking lot gleaming in new steams and mists. At twelve miles an hour, I crossed the short bridge from Tremont to the island of Mount Desert ^{reentered a cloud again. Once more I} and could see no further than the silver droplets of the fog as they danced before me in the car beams. I gave a shout to free up the muscles of my neck. I might have to crawl the last ten miles ~~in fog~~.

Yet, I did not mind ~~that much~~. The fog had its own dimensions. I was travelling so slowly but now with such intimate knowledge of the route, that my passage was equal to a curious meditation, and I use the word because I did ^{Sometimes} not pass another car, and never quite saw the road. So the island I had reached ^{rises} now rose before me in my thoughts like a fabled city coming out of the sea,

and I recalled a phrase from a guide book that we used to laugh over in my ^{Keep in the family} library: "The island of Mount Desert is Acadia, beautiful and awesome."

^{"the place"} "Yes," my father used to remark, ^{half} "the place has to be beautiful if the Rockefellers bought up ~~all~~ of it, and you know they found it awesome, or else why else

^{Beautiful and awesome, nearly} why did they give it back to make a damn National Park?" ^{That family turned out in two} We had a fjord in the middle that divided the island into an eastern and

to be
no
more
than
interlopers

~~Of the starting of the~~ ^{Reverber} 2
~~4th~~ Northeast Harbor — our wealthiest
Anchorage — became in summer a dazyle
of yachts ~~to have the water of the~~
~~Rockefellers~~

"This place," my father was fond of
remarking, "has to be beautiful ^{in itself} of the
Rockefellers bought up half of it,
and you know they found it ^{it} awesome
if they decided to give it back." ^{that} ~~that~~
~~family proved to be no more than interlopers.~~
Nonetheless, my father, with something
~~approaching a seasonal heat would~~
keep wondering ^{over many a summer} why the Rockefellers had
~~would do so much of~~
world of their huge holdings on the island in to
make the National Park and invariably
proceeded to answer his own question
"Over the ^{Algonquians} Indians," my father would
say, "The Rockefellers just couldn't face
the bones of those Indians."

Now in another season ^{early years later}
driving on a winter night, in the dimensionless
clouds of a plain mist, I began to
~~wander~~ back in my mind to old
childhood stories of the ^{the Algonqui} ~~the Algonqui~~ ^{mythical}
Sable Bora time between the

Harlot's Ghost a.k.a Alpha ①

Newton

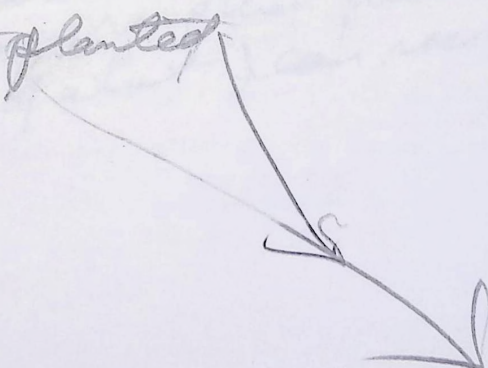
7.

~~Island of the~~ 1 ~~island~~
Sometimes the island rises in my thoughts
like a fabled city coming out of the
sea. I recall a phrase from a guide-
book: we used to keep on an ~~and table~~
"Navy more than fifteen miles in diameter, the
~~in the~~ (island of Mount
Desert ^{is} (Acadia, beautiful and awesome."

Beautiful and awesome. We had a fjord in the middle that ~~all but~~ divided the island into two halves, and ~~these~~ ^{the} spectacular halves, yet ~~with~~ ^{without} a half not unequal in the majestic lobes of no massive corals. But this fjord - the only one in North America defined eastern and western halves, had this fjord - the only one in the Atlantic of North America - merely added to ~~our~~ ^{the} majesty of the island. If a canal fifteen miles in diameter would cut through, we covered all of Mount Denit, a tall blue peak rose a thousand feet right from the shore, and ~~as~~ ^{to} approach the silhouette of substantial mountains, ~~then~~ ^{then} that drew yachts! If you had any love

(rewritten) (3)

Driving ^{on again} at night in the dim, cloudless
clouds of a Marine mist, holding to the
white line of country highway, I began to
wander back in my mind to old childhood
stories of the Abnaki Indians. Safe for
a time between the ~~discofliers~~ and hazards
of this cycle of their journey, something
of the old bayhead board ^{that} ~~of the~~
~~of the~~ secret ~~and~~ ^{of the} ~~and~~ ^{of the}
~~of the~~ ^{of the} ~~of the~~ ^{of the} ~~of the~~ ^{of the}
campfire — came back to me on thoughts of the
Abnaki Indians of the Algonquin tribe who
used to live in the vicinity of Bangor
thousand years ago. ~~but they still~~
~~and were still~~, by way of the
campfire ~~and~~ ^{my friend}
In the spring when they had finished
their planting of corn and beans, they
Abnaki would leave the aged behind
to watch over the planted



Parable

I recognize how much I go on also, to
~~I have gone on at such length already~~
ghost I cannot ^{even} swear I see ^{left} inside now, then
that I may have to speak of ghosts as real, I have
a tale to tell. Some ghosts are real, some
of these ~~ghosts~~ ^{may be} ~~real~~ ^{even} ~~in~~ ^{at such} ~~night~~ ^{recall} ~~to try to recall~~ even if
I cannot remember the last part of that
night. It ~~exploded~~ ^{recalled} in my memory like
a slip that strikes a mine and vanishes,
into the sea. Wrecks may rise to the surface, now
I hear nothing more of that night but
speeches from people I know and people
I have never met but know much about,
and ^{sometimes} ~~they~~ ^{harangue me in a gleaming}
~~except they are not dreams~~ ^{but are}
~~not visible to the senses. They~~
~~but before me in a more real~~
~~thought~~. Let me speak of what
~~I recollect~~.

except I do not hear them in dreams
so much as I suffer their ~~but~~
~~presence~~ appearance. They stand before
me in a room more real than ghosts.
Let me speak of what I can recollect.

wind, but they are not attached to the history of someone who
once lived. Whereas ghosts, by contrast, are plaintive or mischievous
or, on occasion, vindictive, ^{whether} have their roots in the land dead.

I do not know what to say of such presences on our small

island. It is called Doane after my great-great-grandfather, I know

we have visitations on our island, and it has no spirits I can easily name although I have felt

prev. from time to time, ^{the passage of} forces that rush across our family

rocks. I know Doane has its ^{own} visitations. If I were a

professional ghost-hunter, I ^{might} ~~would~~ certify to that. Perhaps

Kittredge's Rule--so I term it--is altered by the fact that we

are not wholly separated from Mount Desert. ^{the larger island}

^{the larger Mount Desert} Even as that island is still connected to the mainland,

~~since you can wade over at low tide~~, so do we have a gravel ford

on Doane where we take our cars across if they are old enough

and rusted enough to be indifferent to the salt. Of course, the

flow in the channel must ~~be~~ be down to a few inches, and such

conditions only prevail on the last wane of the moon which

brings a ^{very} low tide, and then one must ^{soon} drive back ~~soon~~ or be

caught. ^{for twelve hours.} Usually, we leave our vehicle in a shed on the Mount

Desert shore and row a dinghy ^{two hundred feet} the ~~fifty yards~~ across.

Tonight, there ^{could} ~~would~~ be no question where I left my vehi-

cle. The bay waters ^{must} ~~would~~ be roaring through the ^{channel,} ~~sluice~~, and I

would have a time with the dinghy. I ^{expected} ~~would expect~~ to get

Computer file

4.

leafing through the manuscript, I came across a footnote toward the end. It read: "Harry Hubbard is now under close focus in several quarters. The)

allegation that he has been on a paper rampage in many a file is

no longer in question. Whether these unauthorized researches

are merely ~~a spinoff of his work~~, and therefore a relatively ~~unknown to CIA men after years of service,~~ ~~harmless undertaking~~ (which the author of these pages will admit

~~he is himself producing in equally unauthorized fashion, and so~~

~~can hardly condemn outright~~) or whether Hubbard is ~~transmitting~~ ^{selling}

sensitive material to the opponent is still to be debated.

Observations of his present movements continue, as well as

observations of his current lady friend in Bath, Maine, one

~~Chloe Hall, nee Chloe Owen,~~ ^{a.k.a. Chloe Butler,} It is not yet determined whether

she will be interrogated.

But let us go on to other matters. . .

COMPUTER FILE

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Computer file

4.

I will not dwell on ~~what~~ those repellent pages ~~were able to~~
~~provoke in me~~. My relation to Jo-Jo Madden was not, for exam-
ple, ~~quite~~ *debased as represented,* so abysmal. The disconcert aroused, however, by the
reference to Chloe was *nearby* equal to the oppression I had been
suffering all night. Small wonder. I could not begin to decide

whether Kittredge had also looked at this manuscript, and so my
first impulse was to *descend* go down again to The Vault, as if her *silence*
itself, once facing her silent face would divulge knowledge, or lack of it. Yet even

Delete but
Computer file

1.

A little later ^{came upon} that night, I ~~discovered~~ the manuscript. Kittredge must have taken it from the wrapper, for it sat unbound and unboxed on an end table in the den, a full ream of double-spaced pages bearing the title: An Unauthorized Memoir. Next to it was the note from Harlot.

"I send you a xerox ~~of a xerox~~, for which breach to the felicities of life I apologize. The original ~~xerox~~ was sent to me yesterday with this note which, I

→ 106

Computer file

solemnly swear, begins: T'was found in the Chesapeake
somberly bobbing about in a black watertight fiberglass
box. Harlot, old dog, did you write this? Or was it
poor Harry Hubbard? For shame!' Now, Harry, the fellow

who sent ^{it,} ~~this~~ ^{this} ~~'T was'~~ note, or let's say ~~the~~ ^{who} genderless
~~person,~~ signs off as 'Your Monitor.' I feel like the

poor old Merrimack. The style is virtually High-
Hubbard-Sardonic, but too bitchy for you. A mean spirit
is at the root. However, it is also an accurate spirit.

My conclusion: someone is trying to imitate you,
although poorly enough to create ~~much~~ division de
opiniones on the authorship. Hordes of the upper
illiterati chez nous will doubtless decide it's me.

We're both left in odd shape, boy. This sort of caper
promises ~~curious upcoming~~ turns. Do get back so soon as
your ruminative ~~processes~~ deliver the ~~unknown~~ author's
~~probable~~ cognomen to your instinct, old cow."

One glance, and I knew I hadn't written it. But Harlot
might have. To what end I could hardly say. Or was the author
to be found among the in-house literary lights ~~working for those~~
~~who were~~ across the hall? Be assured I ~~began to~~ read with

Complatable

~~considerable~~ motivation and soon ran into the considerable ~~fact~~
~~aplomb~~ ^{that} of the manuscript ^{was} which ~~went along calmly if, on occasion,~~
~~facetiously, and certainly at length,~~ delving into matters about
which I knew a good deal. I must say ~~it~~ ^{that} served a ^{good} ~~curious~~
purpose ~~for me.~~ In my agitated state, I would have needed more
than The Book of Common Prayer ~~to serve as~~ ^{for} a mnemonic. This
manuscript, full of another ^{writer's} ~~man's~~ description of ~~episodes more~~
~~than~~ ^{material} familiar ~~to me~~ began to ~~command~~ ^{offer} just such ^{powers of} concentration.
Even as I had commenced to drive my car with detachment after
the skid, now I felt the relief of withdrawing from my own
situation. (Truth, I was ready to escape the sense of being
constantly watched.) How much more agreeable to go back to the
dilemmas of my colleagues. All the same, it was no ~~very~~ secure
peace. For if, at first sight, it was clear that the work was
not mine (indeed, it was typed in an unfamiliar font) the longer
I read, the more I was ^{still} ~~obliged~~ ^{who had} to wonder: could I be ~~absolutely~~
certain I had not composed these pages? ~~myself?~~ ^{The style}
^{seemed close to my own.}

From An Unauthorized Memoir

~~When it comes to counter-espionage, we had two Great Moguls~~
~~in the CIA, or at least some of us~~ ^{saw} ~~did~~ see them so. At other
times, ~~one, at least, among us~~ ^{some of us} ~~had~~ ^{see} had to wonder if they were not

Delete for now
but put in
computer file

2.

At this point, my anxiety became ~~sufficiently~~ ^{enough} great for me
to ~~begin to skip about.~~ ^{put the manuscript down.} Soon, I could not read any more. The

^{The} intent of this memoir, ~~seemed~~ ^{open} so near to our proposed literary
project for the High Holies (code name, AGAMEMNON) that a ^{opened a}
network of speculative roads ^{on me} spread out before me.

All the roads, ~~I must say,~~ passed through the desert. I ^{had been}
^{reading} ~~read~~ in dry fever, and when I stopped, the force of coincidence
glared like the sun. My primary task for the High Holies would

Delete for now → *Ditto to p137*

be to produce an unattributed and unholy history of the CIA.

Here before me in this hour was a maverick manuscript laying out in effect how the devil's table ^{might} ~~should~~ be set. My skin gave its tremors so soon as I laid it down. If Harlot had died in the Chesapeake, if his demise in a watery grave was to be believed, and (on the evidence of my wife's behavior) I did so believe, then he had ^{expired} ~~drowned~~ not far from where the black box bobbed. The manuscript was no prank but a presence. In The Vault lay Kittredge, and on the table by the fire was the memoir. I must say it was better executed than the poor first page I had written for AGAMEMNON.

Of course, I had barely commenced, and immediately given up. Now I looked at my own beginning:

To brood about oneself is to think about the CIA. It is all of my adult life and yet I cannot claim to know it in the way that we understand our country and our family. I saw the CIA by pieces and parts. Whole mechanisms of our inner history were sometimes fashioned in an office three doors up the corridor, or down an adjacent hall--I never knew of it until a story broke in the newspaper



This carton
contains
many variant mss.
versions of the
first 800 pages
of Herbert Gresh.
They are laid in in
no particular order
and the few pages
in this envelope
were selected
arbitrarily to
weight the envelope N.Y.

June 88