

November 27, 1989

Mr. Norman Mailer
142 Columbia Heights
Brooklyn, NY 11201

Dear Norman,

What follows is a summary of my pencilled notes on the enclosed 170 pages of your 1433-page manuscript. I will send the full manuscript by separate cover shortly--the enclosed pages are xeroxes.

Before going on, I should say that I admire the novel greatly. The Berlin chapter is the best section, but I like several other portions almost as much: the first 50 pages, the conversation with Rosen over Glenlivet, the marvelous description of grey and shabby Moscow, the rock-climbing episode that appeared in Esquire, Hubbard's luncheon with his father, all the discussions with Rodman Gardiner, the tradecraft explanations at the Farm (saddlebags are lovely), the High Thursdays, the second long discussion of Alpha and Omega in Uruguay and the fabulous luncheon in the countryside with Masarov.

Of all the characters, Harvey is my favorite, although I think at times you make him too articulate, too sensitive, too arch. Montague and Hubbard Sr. are very fine, as is Kittredge and her father. Indeed, the WASPs came across much better than the South Americans. Hunt is a minor masterpiece and I like Chevi but not as much. Masarov and Zenia are perfect. Dix and Rosen have not come into sharp focus yet, although Dix is better drawn than Rosen--I have trouble reconciling the young, gay agent with the man sipping Glenlivet

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in Maine. Porringer, Gatsby and the other Americans in Uruguay are problematic, I feel.

Perhaps 30 or 40 of the enclosed pages are included just to point out typos or apparent imprecisions. About that many more are included to point out possible cuts; another similarly sized number note Mailerisms that I recommend you cut, words like "drear," "integument" and phrases such as "may I submit," "no small matter!" "let me confess" and so on. No need for Hubbard to sound like Aquarius. There are also pages included here where I just felt like saying "Hurrah!" or "wonderful," but most of your felicities and brilliancies are not remarked on. I tried to mark places where the prose tripped or meandered, or there was a simple error.

For example, the matter of Hunt's commissioning should be re-examined and I have noted the appropriate places. The wisdom of Hubbard having a wife named Hadley, a father who resembles Hemingway and a co-worker named Gatsby might be reconsidered. These are marked. I think you include Egyptian stuff once or twice more than you should. These are minor, grace points.

In my humble opinion, there are two major problems, both of which are commented on in detail in this packet. No. 1: the inexplicable breaking off of the narrative at The Keep might work if the interchapter in the Bronx and Moscow is scrapped. As it stands now, it is baffling and defensive. Sending Hubbard to Moscow to study his microfilm seemed to me to be performing the error which you so wisely avoided when writing The Executioner's Song, namely, dropping the heavy-set screenplay writer pondering his transcribed interviews and documents dealing with Gary Gilmore in a Left Bank hotel. The

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interchapter, I know, is an effort to give plausibility to the breaking off of the narrative of events at The Keep. But it raises more questions than it answers. Your ^{attempt} ~~desire~~ to situate, to seat, to ground the story of the story is very troubling, as my notes will indicate.

The second problem is the epistolary portions of the Uruguayan half of the novel. I know that my commonsensical response may harden your resolve, but I urge you to find a more plausible way for Kittredge and Hubbard to correspond. Can't they send the letters through diplomatic mail somehow? For example, couldn't Hubbard, ostensibly, be carrying out some hush-hush chore for Harlot in Uruguay? He could include his love letters with these if they were routed through Kittredge for additional security. Maybe this wouldn't work, but such a scheme would be more palatable than having a graduate of "Flaps and Seal," ^S a die-hard, true believer, send top secret stuff through the open mails. I know that you are aware of this problem because of the several references to it and the late, too late, protective steps taken by Hubbard and Kittredge.

The length and complexity of the Uruguayan section also troubles me. I think it might be reduced by the same percentage that the first half was cut. Otherwise I fear you will have difficulty tying all the threads together. But you probably have already thought this through.

I am immensely impressed with the evocation of the 50s throughout, with the creation of five or six ever-memorable characters and with your comprehensive knowledge of The Company and its history and tradition. ^S I hope these rough responses will be of some help. I stand ready, of course, to read

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the last 1/3 of the manuscript or expand on any of my comments.

Thanks for letting me read this.

All Best,

Mike Lennon

JML:ck

Enclosures

Her good motive came later. She fell in love with me not so much because I saved her life as because I had been mortally sensitive to the fatal desperation of her spirit. I am finally wise enough to know that that is enough for almost all of us. Our affair commenced again. But now we were in love. She was the kind of woman who could not conceive of continuing in such a state for long without marriage. Love was a grace to be protected by sacramental walls.

She felt obliged, therefore, to tell him. We went to Hugh Tremont Montague and he agreed to divorce. That may have been the poorest hour of my life. I was afraid of him. I had the well-founded dread one feels for a man who can arrange for the termination of people he deems are mortally in error. Before the accident, when he was tall and thin and seemed put together of the best tack and gear, he always carried himself as if he had sanction. Someone on high had done the anointing.

of?

Now, stove-in at the waist, conforming to the shape of the wheelchair, he still had sanction. That, however, was not the worst of it. I may have been afraid of him, but I also revered him. He had been not only my boss, but my master in the only spiritual art that American men and boys practice

My car went into a severe skid, much longer now in memory than it takes to tell. The wall of forest on one side stuttered up to me, and my front end yawed when I spun the wheel, whereupon car and me rushed viciously across the lane toward the other wall of pines at the far shoulder, now suddenly the near shoulder. I thought for a moment I had died and become a devil for my head seemed put on backwards. I was looking down the road at the turn I had just come out of. Then, as slowly as if we were going under at sea, the road began to revolve. Interminably. I could have been a spot of dust on a turntable. Then--Presto!--car and me were moving forward again. I had skidded ninety degrees to the right, then had spun the other way through a full three-sixty counter-clockwise, no, put on ninety more degrees to find myself going straight at last, a full one-and-a-quarter four-hundred-and-fifty degree turn. I was beyond fear. I felt as if I had fallen out of a ten story window, landed in a fireman's net, and was now strolling around in a glow and a daze. "Millions of creatures," I said aloud to the empty car--actually said it aloud!--"walk the earth unseen, both when we wake and when we sleep," after which, trundling along at thirty miles an hour, too weak and exhilarated to stop, I

7
why

added in salute to the lines just recited, "Milton, Paradise Lost," and thought of how Chloe and I had gotten up from bed in her trailer on the outskirts of Bath a couple of hours ago, and had gone for a farewell drink to a cocktail lounge with holes in the stuffing of the red leatherette booths. Just after the potions were brought, I knocked one over on a conversational sweep of my arm, and the glass shattered into intolerable little bits as if nothing much was holding together any longer. Whereupon Chloe and I both fell into an uncharacteristic brown spell, and were gloomy when we said goodbye. Infidelity was on the horror of the air.

He imitating
on top of
the
because
besides,
T.S. Eliot
shaded
Milton

Now I pondered those millions of creatures who walked the earth unseen. Did they whisper in Kittredge's ear as she slept, even as once they had called out to me on that long-ago day eleven years back when she grew ready to cut her wrists? Who ran the spy systems that lived in the ocean of the spirits? Yes, a spy had to have thoughts as narrow as lasers in order not to rouse more than a few of those millions of spiritual creatures. Or else, how did an agent making copies of secret papers week after week, year after year, keep from himself the awful fear that the spirit sea of misdeeds might drop a hint into the sleep of the man who could catch him?

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volume. We had agreed to add the number of the month--March was the third month--to the number of the poem. Venus was a garnish to distract attention, but 571 plus one, by our private convention of subtracting five hundred, gave me the seventy-first and seventy-second lines of the fifth poem which was--dare I confess it?-- The Wasteland. To any qualified person who had the same edition of Eliot's selected poems, it would be no great work to break our code, but only Harlot, Kittredge and myself knew which book was in our employ.

Here was Harlot's message--Lines 71 and 72:

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

He had done it again. I did not know what Harlot meant, but I did not like it. Why start up once more with ambiguous messages? I had supposed we were enjoying a truce.

In the year just after my marriage to Kittredge, when ex-husband Hugh Montague lived the nights of the long knives, and all the knives were the thoughts of his heart, he had sent off hideous telegrams from his wheelchair. On our wedding day came the first gift: "Lucky are you for the dice roll eleven. You must buss each other 528 times plus two and save the sheets--A Friendly Heap" translated into:

unsubstantiated
opt

you have reason to know, I had a couple of ducks in myself. Indeed, I had about decided that the Nixon palace ought to have been renamed Infiltration Center. His people were showing as much real sense of security as a hippie who hides his baggie in a bureau drawer."

His similes, usually too rich for the common soldiers among us, had hardly disappeared since life began in the wheelchair.

"All the same," Harlot said, "I wasn't prepared for Watergate. That was an extraordinarily dippy operation no matter how you look at it. Nothing adds up even now. The actors seem to be plunging into highly rehearsed fiascos. All I could conclude was that we were being entertained not by one master plan, no matter how ill-conceived, but three or four, all by different parties. All managed to collide. When the stakes are high, coincidences collect. Spirits circle the head of the perpetrator. Shakespeare certainly believed that. No other explanation for Macbeth or Lear."

He had succeeded in irritating me. His scenarios might be fascinating, but his asides were distracting. At this moment, I did not wish to think of Macbeth or Lear.

a well-
known
mailer
believes
o.k.
if there
is no
too
many

tapping into its top secret shelf then, well, maybe we are at it still." He leaned forward. He whispered into my ear. Two good words. "High Holies," he said. Then he turned his wheelchair toward me. "I have loads of stuff for you to do."

We shook hands on it. We would be rogue elephants together. As I suspected, he was persona non grata in many an office where he needed a look at the files, and I still had access. Under one ghost's name or another, I was helping on a few pro-CIA spy novels which were not as popular as they used to be--not the pro-CIA jobs, anyway--as well as overseeing one or two scholarly works, not to mention dashing off an occasional magazine piece on the new invidiousness of the old Commie threat. Will it help matters to explain that under various names I dealt with commercial publishers as agent, author, freelance editor and even had my pseudonym on several books I did not write so much as mid-wife for others. Of course, I did a few jobs as full ghost myself. If a prominent evangelist took a trip to Eastern Europe or Moscow, intermediaries called on me afterward to boil the sap of his taped meanderings into homilectic American for the patriotic subscribers of Reader's Digest. I mock my published work, and that is fair. My serious work had cost me more. Indeed, I

was by now my own semi-comic legend at Langley. For years, ever since my return in 1969 from Viet Nam, I had been working, first at Harlot's behest, then--after the rupture--on my own, over a monumental work on the KGB whose in-progress title was The Imagination of the State. Great hopes had been attached to this book early by Harlot, and by others, but the final job was never forthcoming. Too monumental. Notes proliferated, but over a decade and more, the actual writing never commenced. I was bogged down in confusions, lack of desire, and too many petty literary jobs. A couple of years ago, in secret with myself--I did not even tell Kittredge--I gave up The Imagination of the State entire, except for the title which I now attached to the literary work I really wished to do that was a detailed memoir about my life in the CIA, and this book progressed apace. I had already, in the few hours I could give to it each week, been able to describe my childhood, my family, my education, my training, and my first real job--a stint in Berlin circa 1956. I thought my memoir was reading well (even if I was as yet my only critic) but taken as a memoir it was fearfully long. (If not able to deliver one monumental work, then another!) It had brought forth hundreds of pages to cover Berlin and there were my

all
this
fore-
shadowing
works
very
well

Marked

in gardening clothes. It was like sniffing the shovel used for the grave. (May I submit) that I took another tot of Bushmills.

Tears came into my eyes. It is hell not to know whether you mourn a dead friend or are relieved that an implacable and/or treacherous colleague is gone.

In truth, however, I was not having any large reaction. What would you do if you received incontrovertible news that the Lord had died? You might continue making your breakfast. In ten weeks, or ten years, the edge of this knowledge could be as sharp as a knife, but now I was waiting for my suit, listening to its slap-tap going around in the washer-dryer. Outside, in the open shed, a raccoon, doubtless fresh from hibernation, was rattling the cans. The drip of the laundry sink came down drop for drop. In the corner, undone by damp, a little plaster had crumbled to the floor. That dust, sad and pleasureless, caused me to think of Harlot's remains. Would he be cremated? Had he given instructions? Other unanswerable questions rose one by one, and fell in unison with the water tap.

I was trying to hold off the idea that I was in trouble. I did not know if my warning system had collapsed, but I did not have a sense they were travelling toward me. Of course, how could anyone cross the channel tonight? Thinking this, I had to

"I've got to see you."

"How is the weather back in Bath?" I make no excuse for saying this. I might have said anything to purchase a moment.

"I'm not in Bath," she said. "I'm in Searsport and in my pickup. I'm halfway to you."

"Are the roads still bad?"

"My four-wheel drive happens to be a big fat lemon on the ice, but that's all right." Chloe's voice was betraying how bad a trip it had been. "Harry," she said, "something has happened. I've got to see you."

"Well," I said, "where?" I waited. "There's nothing open now."

"I want to come to your place."

"I suppose you can." I could think of no quick way to say no. Should Kittredge awaken--but, I would not prepare a story. The best lies, like the best cavalry, might be there to save you at the last moment. So I told myself.

On the other hand, as a question of taste--that much might be left to me--I hardly wished to see Chloe here.

"Yes," I said, "you're certainly welcome, but you could never find the place. I'll have to go out to meet you." The tide would be down sufficiently to cross the channel--but at this hour, where to choose a location?

✓ hard to accept - given the wrath of Kittredge and not unless there is a specific danger to her - and not on this night, with Harlot dead

"Oh," she said, "I know your place. I know the road. I lived near Doane one winter."

"You did?"

"Sure," she said, "I was shackled up for a while with Wilbur Butler. I lived in the double-trailer down the highway."

I saw the car carcasses rusting in the front yard.

"How is it I never had a sight of you then?"

"Oh, I just lived with Wilbur for a couple of months. He never let me out of bed. I used to watch through the window when you drove by. 'Boy, he's cute,' I used to say to Wilbur. Did he get to hate you?"

I thought again of the malevolence in Wilbur's eye when we passed on the road. "I guess he did," I answered. I could hear her breathing. "Chloe," I said, "can we wait for morning? Get yourself a room in Searsport and I'll pay for it tomorrow when I pick you up."

Her voice showed the same anger she brought to carnal junction. "Now!" she always said at such times. "Harder, you dumb son of a bitch! Harder!" Yes, the echoes were there.

"You're spinning your wheels," Chloe said. "It's got to be tonight."

"Why? Why must it be tonight?"

Chloe
drops -
sinks -
in own
rotation
is that
OK?

"If it had been thieves, they would have taken my TV, my microwave oven, my stereo, my clock-radio, my Winchester with the walnut-burl stock, my chainsaw. These have to be cops." She thought about it. "Special cops." She asked, "Harry, what were they looking for?"

"I don't know."

"Is it connected with you?"

"I don't know that either."

"What kind of work you do?"

"I told you. I write and edit."

"Harry, come on. I'm not dumb." She dropped her voice.

"Are you in secret work?"

"Not at all."

This mistruth set her weeping again. I felt one pang of pure sympathy. Chloe's things poked and grabbed, tossed about; here was I lying to her.

"Wilbur's father, Gilley, used to say, 'The Hubbard family may be in the CIA, but that don't make them better than you or me.' If he was drunk, he would say that. Every time you drove by."

It had never occurred to me that our Maine neighbors had any notion of what we did. "I can't talk about it, Chloe."

*too
detailed*

"Harry," she repeated, "I have to see you tonight. Things are worse than I've told you."

"Well, then tell me."

"I can't," she said. "I can't begin." A tremor came into her voice.

"I'll meet you," I said, "and row you across."

"No," she said. "I've been rowing all my life. I can row with any man. I'll come to your door."

"Okay," I said.

"Okay." She paused. "That's elegant," she said. "I'll come to you, dear."

We hung up. As I took my hand from the phone, I had a most unexpected memory. I saw again a green in Bar Harbor where Harlot and I used to play lawn croquet twenty years ago. We were the Bar Harbor team dressed in double-breasted navy blue jackets, with light-blue shirt, red tie, white flannel shorts, knee-length white silk socks, and white loafers. We would travel in triumph that summer to the Newport Club. Kittredge, in a wide picture hat, was seated to the side, and Christopher, then seven years old, stood by the white wicker arm of her chair. They were nibbling on watercress sandwiches while Harlot and I piggybacked our poor opponents' balls from wicket to wicket, the mallets like heavenly cues. It might be

absurd to take croquet seriously, but it was not. "The good life," my father remarked once, "delights in giving hours away." Part of the pleasure came from the chaffing one took at the office. "I still like to whap a long one out to the green," said a beefeater paramilitary invited to the seventh floor, "but Montague here would rather tick off on a croquet ball."

"It's in the click," Harlot said.

When it came to knowing which games were real, Hugh held aces. Company jocks usually found excuses when he invited them ^{"them"} on a rock climb. He could afford to look splendid in lawn dress.

Now this fond memory departed and with it, any shield of detachment I had managed to fashion. I was full of misery again. I had to go back to our bedroom, to Kittredge, and suffered this thought with sufficient intensity to suggest that something I could not name had now come near, so near that I climbed the stairs by twos and threes to the upstairs hall where my will turned in on itself just as suddenly, and I began to feel as weak as a man sitting up with a fever. I even had one of those agreeable fantasies that appear to rise from our limbs themselves, aching with illness but curiously happy. I was able to conceive of Kittredge asleep in her bed. She would

be in deep slumber--so went my thought--and I would ensconce myself in a chair and watch over her. With all the care incumbent on maintaining such an image in my mind, I took the last steps to our bedroom door, looked in, and indeed she was asleep even as I had conceived. Could I take that as a sign? For how many years had no more than the sight of her freckled forearm holding a tennis racquet been my passport to happiness?

I stared at her as she lay on the bed, and enjoyed the first sense of relief I knew since I had come home, as if in truth I was again virtuous. I loved her again, and that was virtue, loved her as I had on the first day, no, not on the first day of our affair, but on the day I saved her life.

That was the most notable achievement of my life. During a bad day, I would wonder if it was the only achievement.

What relief I knew even now to possess this much of my wife; her unspeaking presence was superior to the loneliness of being without her. I had, when all was said, a simple notion of grace. I never saw love as luck, as that gift from the gods which put everything else in place, and allowed you to succeed. No, I saw love as a reward. One could find it only after one's virtue, or one's courage, or self-sacrifice, or generosity, or loss, had succeeded in stirring the power of creation. Therefore, if I felt love now, I might not be wholly

luck
too
reminiscent
of
Rogers
in
the
fiction

unredeemed. The apathy I had suffered before was but a clue to the great fatigue of my soul. I was not a burnt-out case so much as a wholly belabored one, my own morphine for holding off loss. I was not, however, void of grace, not if love for Kittredge still lived in that rose arbor where sorrow rises from the heart.

weak metaphor

I dimmed the lights so she could sleep, and sat beside her bed in the near dark. How long I was there I cannot say--a few minutes or was it more?--but a tapping on our picture window intruded at last on the simple gathering of my peace, and I looked over at the smallest and most astonishing sight. A white moth, its spread no more than the width of my two fingers, was fluttering against the pane. Had I ever seen a moth before out on a March night? Its wings on the other side of the glass were as white as Melville's whale. What entreaty I felt in their flutter.

I crossed to the window and brought my flashlight against the glass. The moth attached itself to the other side of the pane as though to absorb the small warmth offered by the bulb. Its white wings quivered. Seen this closely, I looked at it with the respect one gives a true creature, whatever the size. Its black pupils, each in diameter comparable to the head of a pin, seemed to look back at me with the same bulging intensity

of expression one finds in the luminous eyes of a deer or a lap dog, yes, I could have sworn the moth was staring at me, creature to creature.

I slid my flashlight along the picture window and the moth followed the light. When I came to a casement that I could open, I hesitated. The prize was a moth, after all, not a butterfly. Like a maggot was its white body, and its antennae were not filaments, but wide brushes. I let it in all the same. There was such entreaty in that beating of wings.

Once inside, like a bird studying the place where it will alight, it circumnavigated the room before descending into a fold of Kittredge's pillow.

I was about to go back to my chair, but had the impulse to place my flashlight against the window again, and by the movement of its beam along the ground, there out in that silvery penumbra between the last of the light and the dark of the woods, I saw nothing less than the figure of a man. He darted so quickly behind a tree, however, that I, in my turn, stepped back quickly, and turned off the flash.

X
Wallerian

with cold as I tried to find the key for my door. They would have reported this to the small button he kept in his ear.

I got up to stir the fire and was able to verify that, yes, in his right ear was a buff-colored earpiece.

"What have you been doing since you arrived?" I asked.

"Trying to think."

"Where?"

"Well, for the most part--in one of the guest bedrooms."

He took a puff on his pipe.

"Are those your ladies-in-waiting outside?"

"One would hope so."

"I counted two."

"In fact," said Reed, "there are three of us out there."

"All for me?"

"Harry, it's a complicated business."

"Why don't you invite them in?" I asked. "We have other guest rooms."

He shook his head. "My men," he said, "are prepared to wait."

"Expecting more people?"

"Harry, let's not play ping-pong. I have to discuss a situation which is very much out-of-hand."

*but why didn't Reed
→ greet him
at the
door?*

That meant no one back at Langley had a clue what to do next.

The tour I had made, Luger in fist, was still working like a spansule, calming to anxiety. I felt as if my wits had returned. Clear and overt danger was the obvious prescription for the spiritual malformations of the night.

"Ned," I asked, "would you like a drink?"

"Do you keep Glenlivet?"

"I believe we do."

He chose to go on about its merits. That was annoying. I did not need to hear about single malt and the rest of the palaver he had picked up while motoring about Scotland and its distilleries one summer vacation with his gray Scotch bride.

May it explain something about Reed Arnold "Ned" Rosen if I say that he decided not so many years ago to become a trout fisherman and went for fly-casting lessons to the Orvis School in Manchester, Vermont.

Withdrawing a bottle from the den cupboard, I served our Glenlivet neat--screw him if after all that praise, he secretly wanted ice. Then I said, "Why are you here?"

I could see he wanted to enjoy the fireplace and the Scotch a little longer.

"Yes," he said, "we have to get to it."

unnecessary
not
location

Nonetheless, there comes a time when the need to know is near to the last need left. "Will you start up?" I asked.

As a way of assent, he gave a grin. Since he was keeping his pipe in his mouth, it resulted in a grimace. "Did Kittredge," he inquired, "provide any details about what she heard vis-a-vis Harlot?"

"I'm afraid my wife was not coherent."

"Harlot," said Rosen, "left his house three days ago, went out alone in his boat, which, as you would know, was not uncharacteristic of him. He was proud of his ability to skipper that boat solo, physical disability and all. But he did not return. This morning, the Coast Guard found the craft drifting, checked its registration, and called us. Would you believe it? On his boat papers, he had listed the Langley Personnel office extension as the telephone number to call for next-of-kin! Meanwhile, the body of a man in a considerable state of disrepair washed up on a mudflat in Chesapeake Bay. Coast Guard was notified, and soon after my office was on the scene. Just before lunch today."

"I understand you're calling it a suicide."

"We will probably call it that. Hopefully, the press could decide that's worth no more than an obituary."

"Is it murder?"

→ would a
Columbian
Ph. Bkt
Kopper
make such
a commitment
ever?

"Not by yourself, you don't." But we both knew: Much that appeared meaningless to me might be a gift to him. He sipped the last of his shot glass, and handed it over. "Let me drink a little more of this, and I'll get into kilts," he said.

I managed to smile. It took a considerable rearranging of the local passions in my mouth.

"This has to be a hellish occasion for you," he said. "Whether you believe it or not, it's a hellish occasion for me."

Well, now we knew we were talking about the same thing. He must have had an idea of how much paper I had been carrying out of Langley. I had an impulse to tell him it had not proved bothersome to that complex fellow, my conscience. In truth, it was amazing. While there might be a day when I would have to pay up on these accounts, I virtually looked forward to the occasion. I have a lot to tell you, Ned, I nearly told him now, of my feelings in this matter: I feel righteous.

Instead, I chose to be silent. Rosen said: "Harry; you've been mad as a boil for years. Maybe with reason. When a marriage breaks up, I think one has to say, 'Don't judge. Only God can apportion the fault.' We're all married to the Agency. If you're ready for a separation, I'm not the one to sit in judgement. Not on you. Over the years, you've done

I discovered I did want to talk about Harlot's death. No matter how much had taken place this evening--or was it precisely because of all that had happened?--I felt as if I had finally retreated to the middle of myself, to the clear logical middle of myself, and if my emotional ends had been consumed, so was the middle stronger. If drunk ten minutes ago, I now felt sober, but then drunkenness is the abdication of the ego, and mine had just surfaced like a whale. I felt a considerable need to recognize all over again just how sane I could be, which is to say, how lucid, how logical, how sardonic, how superior to everybody's weaknesses including my own. Did Rosen look for analysis? I would give it to him. Something of the old days was coming back to me--the sense the two of us used to share of being Harlot's best and brightest. And certainly his most competitive. It did not matter any longer how tired I was--I felt tireless in the center of my brain.

too long

"Ned, the first question is whether it's murder or suicide."

He nodded.

To myself, I thought: suicide could only mean that Harlot had been playing for large stakes and lost. The corollary was that the High Holies were mortally disloyal to the Company, and I was, therefore, in trouble.

years merely because he had been such a sorry candidate at the Farm? In the old days of slavish training at Camp Peary, our group of stunts (stunts, we called ourselves, in comparison to Marine Corps grunts) used to look upon Rosen as a bagel baby from the middle-class purlieus of the Bronx, but I used to be grateful he was there. Luck of the draw, Rosen and I had been assigned to a training platoon with an undue allotment of heavy-duty stunts. Half of them could climb a twelve foot wall somewhat faster than I could look at it. With Rosen there, they laughed at him instead of me. That is a good fellow to have around. Of course, they might also have laughed because he was their token Jew doing gentile's work, and I think that burned his soul. I know I suffered with him since I had something like an eighth of Jewish blood myself from my mother's side, just enough never to know quite what to do about it. At this moment, however, like the story about Eisenhower and Khrushchev, Rosen was my only equal in the world. And Harlot had defected. How could one ever seize the meaning of that? As soon plunge one's hand into water and seize a minnow.

Sitting before the fire with Rosen, I was living with the memory of Harlot, as he used to look in full health, not yet fifty, equal in trim to his mustache. Over how many years at Langley had I sat next to him while a projector threw up the

too
Rojackman
wouldn't
pms
Wasp
he
better?

into the wild garlic of treachery. No wonder I never sniffed it on her. Not if I was eating of it myself!

Now, however, her telephone calls came back to me. She was the one who always rang in from Oneonta--"It's easier that way"--but then she did not phone that much. What, after all, was there to talk about--the lack of change in her father's condition?

At this point, I could keep, however, from unpleasant questions no longer. Was she seeing Harlot because her love for him was ineradicable? Or, was it from pity? No. She would not make fortnightly visits, full of matrimonial deceit, for the sake of pity. Was she, then, part of the High Holies, but kept away from me because Harlot did not want us to know of each other's participation? (Unless she did know--another question!) I felt like some rebellious slave caught in the building of the pyramids, each new question a heavy stone laying a further cruelty on my back: For what is cruelty but pressure upon the piece of flesh that aches the most, even as confusion is intolerable to a tired mind. I would throw down all the stones. I could not tolerate another question. "If you wish," I said to Rosen, "I'll go upstairs for Kittredge."

He shook his head. "Let's wait a minute. I want to be sure we're ready."

Compare to
152

"Why, what now?"

"Can we look at our case again? From the viewpoint that it may be Harlot's body after all."

I sighed. I sighed truly. We were not so different from two midwives examining the birth of a monster--to wit, a large and ugly obsession. What is obsession but the inability to know whether the strange object that has just entered our lives is A or Z, good or evil, true or false? Yet it is certainly there and right before us, an inescapable gift from the beyond.

what is
cruelty?
what is
obsession?
what
is
truth?

"I don't think it's Harlot's body," I said.

"Just take up the possibility," he said. "Please."

"Which mode? Murder? Suicide?" I must have barked this forth.

"Suicide seems dubious to me. On the facts," said Rosen. "He was used to swinging himself around the boat by the use of his arms, but, still, he would have had to get into position on the railing without the aid of the lower spine and thighs. I believe it would have required holding on to a stay with one hand, while firing the sawed-off shotgun with the other. Then he would have had to fall over backward into the water. Why commit suicide from so awkward a position?"

"In order not to mess up the boat with your blood."

Why, however, had he begun to do it now? It seemed likely to me that one of the guards out in the rain would have brought along additional electronic gear to detect any unscheduled approaches. Rosen had just been fed an alert. That seemed the simplest explanation for his behavior. Certainly his voice emerged in a thin whistle as if weighty forces had descended on his chest. Finally, his speech became so impoverished that he took out a notebook, wrote a sentence on it, held it up to me to read, then threw the paper in the fire.

"There is one man I can think of," Ned Rosen had written, "who has acquired the kind of fortune you name while working with us. However, he's not on board any more."

I stood up to poke the logs. I felt timeless in my heart. Each beat of blood seemed to take its great and deliberate pause. I could feel the bellows of my lungs on their rise and on their fall. The confirmation of an hypothesis is one of the rich emotions left to our modern temper.

There was one man Ned could name, but he was not about to. His breath would not permit it. The hound of fear was in his lungs. And I could not name him, not yet. My memory bore too much resemblance to those old brass tubes which once carried change for one's purchase up and down floors in department stores. The name might be already inserted in its tube and on

Love!

to arrive. It could hardly be Chloe. Whoever it was, however, had begun to move into place.

I could see that Rosen would not be talking for a while. He sat up, looked particularly pale, nodded as if to assure me that all was well--what was well?--and then removed a silver pill box from his breast pocket, took out one white pill so small I assume it was nitro-glycerine for his heart, and lay it under his tongue with a certain tenderness for himself as if he were handing a small, carefully trimmed morsel of food to a pet. Then he closed his eyes to absorb it.

Probably he had been waiting for Dix Butler all night. Why else would he write: PHENOMENAL!

PRIMITIVE, I should have replied. Who was to say we do not receive messages from each other without signing the receipt? Had I begun to think of Dix Butler because Rosen was preoccupied with him?

We sat there, each to his own, and who could know what was shared? Millions of creatures walk the earth unseen. The interval of silence lengthened once more.

Milton
again -
why?

installed in the baseboard back of her bed. Montague had seen it as his direct if disagreeable duty to monitor the lady. At worst, there could have been hanky-panky with attractive Soviet officials in Washington.

Relatively speaking, all that had been the petty improvisation of pioneering days. Now, in the Eighties, by the thrust, at least, of the over-muted gossip, the question was whether we had constructed a Venus flytrap that would be the envy of the FBI. Or was that too unbalanced an assumption? It begged the question whether Dix Butler was still a loyal son of the grange. He could have made separate arrangements with the FBI and/or the DEA. Or, if they could afford it, the SIS, SDECE, and the BND, (which for those would inquire, are *who* respectively, English, French and German intelligence.)

The ramifications of this were unruly; I reached for the pad.

"Did Harlot go out to Thyme Hill?"

"On occasion."

"Do you know what he did there?"

"No."

"Zero return?" I asked aloud.

Markman

twitching. But the head, off to the side, did utter one speech: To that, testifies Damon Butler. He heard those red lips say to Farr: Si tu non veneris ad me, ego veniam ad te.

On that night, years ago, when I followed whatever was in my dream down to the Vault, I did not recall the speech that came forth from the decapitated head. I did now. I suspect the Latin was clear: "If you do not come to me, I will come to thee." Well-spoken! What an intimate curse!

I took the back stairway to be out of earshot of Rosen. In the cellar, one of the casement windows showed a small pane broken. Through the gap, came night air--the odor was not native to this island. If the nose is a link to memory, then I was sniffing the stale waters of a canal off the Potomac; the muggy fens of the old Georgetown swamps were redolent on the Maine air. I thought of Polly Galen Smith and her attacker; I shuddered. I had just brushed into a cobweb and its touch, sticky and intimate, remained in my hair. Now, I was less certain of what I breathed. Was it the effluvia of the Potomac canals or the Chesapeake mud flats? Even as the whoops and cries of a drinking party can travel immaculately through a fog to be heard a league away on a stranger's porch, so I wondered if the bay marsh which witnessed the death of the man taken for Harlot, had not dispatched the integument of its scent hundreds

Strained

We have come to what still seems the last moment of this night that I am able to recount clearly. Chloe came to visit, and Dix Butler and his small army were also there before all was done. Reed Arnold "Ned" Rosen left his wife a widow by morning. But I cannot speak of any of it, least of all how the night ended. Such memories are a menace I can no longer abide. Those hours now exist as far from me as the lost image that precedes the darkness which comes over a movie-house when the film is savaged by the claws in the gate and tears in two, the narrative dying with a groan as the sound rolls off the sprocket. I have no choice but to pass over the aftermath, no, there is no choice if I am to keep these memories apart from me. I can say that I awakened three days later in a hotel room in New York, a sum of cash in my pocket larger than any deposit I had in a bank, sufficient to keep me moderately protected for a year. I was alone and with no desire to journey back to Maine. That was worth my life. I know what took place for such a paralysis to have come down on me, but I cannot bear to contemplate it. A wall arises within my memory as complete and as blank as our incapacity to know where death will take us. Sometimes, I see the Keep in flames, although it did not burn.

See
next
page

Was this the night in one's life equal to the dream of all the dreadful nights that do not take place? I will only say I

have chosen to remember nothing further of those hours than
this last brief conversation with Kittredge, my wife.

uncommonly
ambitious
and

troubling.

Suggest that you either
tell what happened
on break
away more
choicely

Please don't
recall Executive Story!
TA Don Park
why not call it
a story?

Afterpart I

Sunday in Moscow

Living now in a rented room, hidden away, some may have a sense of how much it has cost to present even this truncated account of that March night. Able to advance my account no further, I have returned instead to my memoir. It is tempting to call it the novel of my life as a CIA man, a young CIA man, yes, call it a novel since it was, by professional measure, sufficiently indiscreet to violate the canon of a memoir--my

not convincing -
it is too elaborate
not to be complete -
or, if not complete - it should be broken off in mid-sentence

me like an actor performing in a theater. Each spoke and well. They were eloquent. I called it the Pageant. It seemed all that remained of the High Holies.

not
commencing

The rigors of writing about a person whose identity had, in many ways, been terminated, was a condition of peculiar delicacy. I could feel those inner barricades corroding which are the last redoubts of sanity, yes, I was surviving in a condition of peculiar delicacy. A director once told me how, after one of his films had been shot, he did not stop living with the camera crew and actors. They had departed, but he would awaken from every sleep with fresh commands. "Bernard, we have to do re-takes on the market sequence today. Tell Production it's at least a hundred extras." He would be out of bed before he could say to himself: "The movie is over. You have gone mad. You cannot shoot any more." But he had, as he explained to me, stepped through the looking-glass. The film had become more real than his life.

Was I equal to that director? For a year, hiding out in a rented room in an apartment house in the Bronx (where no one I had ever known was likely to live) I had worked to raise this wall between the Pageant and myself. Sometimes a month would go by without incident, and I would sleep through the night and

recalls
Barkmy
Shore

work through the day putting one word onto another as if I were spinning the thread that would guide me out of the cave.

Then, without warning, the High Holies would come back again. The Pageant would strike. Strike--not commence--is the operative word. I felt on the edge of grand mal. One misstep and I would fall. After a while, the Bronx was no longer tenable for me. As if I were running a network in an occupied country, warning bells were ringing--I had to move.

confusion
→
over

Certain people were looking for me. That was certain enough. The longer I did not surface, the larger would become their circle of search. They would have to wonder if I had moved to Moscow. In those paroxysms of silent laughter with which loneliness is entertained, I laughed. All the while I dwelt in the Bronx they would be picturing me in Moscow.

Yet out of a logic of separate steps that seemed altogether rigorous to me (although I could not name the steps) I had come to the conclusion that I must take a trip--for the first time--to the USSR. I did not know why. I was in mortal profundities of trouble if run down in Bronx County, New York, but to be found in Moscow by the KGB? And with my envelope of microfilm? (I had already converted my thousand typewritten pages to microfilm.) Taking such a chance was unforgivable.

why

why?

We don't know, at this point:

1. What happened at the Krip?
that night

a. Rosen

b. Dix

c. Harlot

d. Chere

e. etc

2. Why we can't know?

3. Why Hubbard can tell
us 50-75% of what
happened and then draw
the curtain with such
a plomb?

4. Why go to the Bureau?

5. Why go to Russia?

Too many questions and no
psychological ground for us to
accept them all

Even if I obtained safe passage through Soviet Customs, the KGB might still know of my arrival, might, yes, be waiting for me. If Harlot had defected to them, the alias on my false passport, William Madden Libby, would have been offered up as one more detail in the hundred thousand details of his debriefing. All such cautions, however, belonged to the domain of common sense; I was living in a world of inexorable logic. Common sense has limited entry there.

Inexorable logic fired my impulse to move; inexorable logic insisted that Alpha, recently retitled The Imagination of the State, must accompany me. And the two hundred pages of Omega as well, now twenty strips of microfilm, ten pages each. Who knows how the boxcars of obsession are shuttled about in the railroad yards of sleep? I did not feel insane, only beleaguered. Yet, there was a schedule to madness I seemed to obey. I clung to these envelopes of microfilm labeled Alpha and Omega as if they were body organs. I could no more leave them behind than to choose not to go to Moscow. Indeed, I could not even keep secret the fact that I was a man working on a manuscript. The old Jewish lady in whose apartment on the Grand Concourse I had rented a room was already aware of that. When I gave her

?
| NO
| HELP

a rose in a small vase, and scowled at the task of looking for my key which was large and bronze, and as heavy as a pocketful of change.

The route to my room took me down one long corridor and then turned a right angle to another. The walls were pea-green and reflected in the glare of the old shellacked floor. That was also parquet, but with a considerable number of missing squares where plywood had been inserted. A narrow red-runner carpet, half a football field in length, went along the first corridor, and then continued the length of another half football field down the second corridor to my door. Since the floor buckled every step of the way, I had the sensation--if I may allude once again to frozen water--that I was hopping from ice floe to floe.

oral
location

My room was eleven feet by fourteen and had a ceiling twelve feet high. The window looked on a court. It was gray. The red carpet, strong, strapping, and prepared to endure spilled vodka, coffee, soup, ink, and the occasional miseries of a drunk's stomach, was still under my feet, my trusty companion from the lobby to here. I had a chest of drawers, and a very narrow bed with a thin European mattress laid upon a larger

mattress. At the head was a bolster as heavy as a water-soaked log. On the other wall, a TV set!

I turned it on. Lots of electronic snow, pulses of wave-over. Black and white. A show for children. I turned it off. I sat on my very narrow bed and put my head in my hands. I got up. I closed the curtains to the courtyard. I sat down again. I was here, and I could stay here--assuming I had entered without attracting official attention--could stay in this hotel for a week at least, and sort my questions into categories. I had so many questions that I no longer looked for answers. Only for new categories.

I got off the bed of my room in the Metropole, opened my valise and started to unpack. I took out everything but the microfilm. I opened my portable typewriter. But I was not ready to write. It was four now, Sunday afternoon, Moscow time, and that was eight o'clock in the morning for me. I was sleepy, I was exhausted. If it were 8 AM in New York, no wonder I felt full of the false vigor that comes on in the morning after a night of no sleep. I had to get out of this room for a while.

So I took a walk. My first steps in Moscow. If near to forty years of American media had been enough to bring all good Americans to the steadfast conviction that Communism was evil, I

Why
are
you
here?

had had additional stints of special scholarship. Communism equalled evil. I still believed that. It was an awesome and terrible thesis, but then the simple, as Harlot used to say, presided over the complex. Evil could be circumscribed in the grand thesis that Communism was evil.

Malville
said it
2m/4-
m Moly-Died
I think

My first steps, therefore, on Moscow streets were hardly routine to me. I was not unlike a prisoner let out of jail after two decades. Such a man does not know the world he is entering, does not, for example, know how to walk into a store and purchase a pair of pants. He has been issued pants for twenty years. Now, I did not know what was allowed me here. I was not certain I could leave the hotel and walk out onto the street without some proper paper being stamped. I hung about the lobby to observe the comings and goings, but soon felt uneasy. My continued presence might become suspect. So, I took a chance, walked to the entrance, stepped out, and was met by a scowl from the doorman--it would take me a while to realize that because he had not yet placed me as a checked-in hotel guest, he was scowling.

At any rate, I was out there. Cabdrivers, parked at the hotel curb, yelled at me as a likely prospect, passersby took their glance. I just walked. I made no moves to determine if

out of which on this late Sunday afternoon came and went a few men in officer's uniform. The air was as cold as a New England forest in winter, and all the while I heard no screams and felt myself marooned in the tunnel of endless travel. This Lubyanka-- conceivably my future home--failed to stir adrenaline.

I wandered away through side streets, gray in the light, near to black in the shadows, the old streets of the merchants--a phrase from my guidebook. Had these enclaves of gloom ever lifted? It was nearly agreeable to discover depression this palpable, and I had a moment in which I understood the perverse comforts of gloom--was this my first real thought in a week? For even as the acceptance of poverty could guard you against corruption of the soul, so was gloom a fortress in which one might live encapsulated from insanity. Yes, the protective if heavy resonance of gloom would not be hard to find in Moscow. Thinking this, I came out of one more side street onto Red Square, a shock as nice as stepping from a Roman alley into the great plaza of Saint Peter's, except here was no Vatican but a field of cobblestones near to half a mile long and hundreds of feet wide spreading out to the walls of the Kremlin. On the gray horizon appeared signs of a lavender twilight, but Russians

up again and read my memoir. Will it tell you something of the year I spent in that rented room in the apartment of the Lowenthals, that I knew the first pages by heart? Sometimes I spoke the words aloud to hold off other thoughts. Even as we and the Soviets had spent years jamming each other's radio broadcasts, so would I recite the manuscript to myself so soon as I sensed the Pageant was near. Such observances did not always work, but when they did, I could live within my pages. Now, the rite would be pursued through microfilm. Reading by microfilm might leave me as far removed from my original pages as old photographs attach one imperfectly to the past. Could I still turn that corner where ghosts no longer would appear? I had no wish to listen on this night to Howard Hunt and his wife, Dorothy, or to Bill Harvey who always packed a gun, and to Lee Harvey Oswald who did not know how to shoot. Harlot must not appear, nor Yuri Nosenko with his malediction of contradictions. I did not want to hear my father recount his conversation with Johnny Rosselli, Sam Giancana, Santo Trafficante. Poor Frank Olson must not jump out of his ninth-story window once again and I hoped not to listen to Jimmy Hoffa informing me in great secret how Marilyn Monroe had left this world, nor pay my respects to J. Edgar Hoover while he explained with pride how he

not
commence
again
of
Baird
54

Why
not
obscure
and
frank
frank
or
What?

early career in the CIA of Harry Hubbard, a name by now that seemed as separate from myself as the name one repeats on shaking hands with a stranger just introduced in a room full of other strangers whose names one will also repeat. Let me offer the primary fact about myself. My father is a Hubbard.

The Russian
intelligence
at Moscow, but seems
completely unnecessary in
a negative sense. Why not
just give Olga, back off and
give Nora. Why all the fuss of
situate; why all the fuss of
the Bunt and the manuscript?
Remarks of Ex. Secy, the
screenplay writer in the
left Bank Hotel with all
his notes.

The Imagination of the State

by

Herrick Hubbard

-1-

Let me offer the primary fact about myself. My father is a Hubbard. To my knowledge I am the first Hubbard to make public admission that the sound of the name is less impressive than the family emoluments. My grandfather, Smallidge Kimble Hubbard, was Headmaster of St. Matthew's and remains a legend in the school to this day. At the age of ninety, he still managed on warm summer mornings to get into his single shell and row one hundred strokes out into Blue Hill Bay

before returning back. Of course, one stroke missed, and over he would have gone into cold Maine waters, a near-fatal proposition, but he died in bed. My father, Boardman Kimble Hubbard, known to his friends as Cal (for Carl "Cal" Hubbard, the New York Giant pitcher, whom he revered) was equally exceptional, but so divided a man that my wife, Kittredge, used him as a source of private reference for her work, The Dual Soul. He was a swashbuckler and yet a deacon; a bold, powerful man who showered in cold water with the same morning certainty that others eat eggs and bacon. He went to church each Sunday; he was a prodigious philanderer. During the time shortly after World War II when J. Edgar Hoover was doing his best to convince Harry Truman that the proposed CIA was not necessary, and the FBI could take over all such jobs, my father went on a save-our-outfit mission. He seduced a few key secretaries in the State Department, the Department of Defense, and the FBI, picking up a flood of in-office secrets which he then passed to Allen Dulles who promptly sent their product on to the White House with a cover story to protect the secretaries. It certainly helped to convince the White House that we might well need a separate Intelligence body. Allen Dulles was fond of Cal Hubbard after that. They became great friends. Mr. Dulles said

Robert
Lowell's
midnight
dance
story?

remembers
that the Sephardic
Jews were in
Newport in the
1600s -
Touro St.,
Touro Synagogue

my mother thought of Salomon Brothers and Lehman Brothers as
ports of call in some future storm.

It was sufficient that my mother's great-great-grandfather
was a remarkable man named Chaim Silberzweig (who had his name
streamlined by immigration officials to Hyman Silverstein.) He
came over as an immigrant in 1840 and rose from a street pedlar
to the clear-cut status of a department store owner. His sons
became merchant princes and his grandsons were among the first
Jews tolerated in Newport. (The name by now was Silverfield.)

If each generation of my mother's family was more spendthrift
than the one before, it was never at a catastrophic rate: my
mother was worth about as much in real money as the first
Silverstein had left for his immediate heirs--and she possessed
about a quarter of his Jewish blood. The Silverfield men
married golden gentile women.

That is my mother's family. Although I saw more of her
when young than of my father, it was my paternal grandfather
with his single shell than I deemed to be true kin. My mother's
side I tried to ignore. A man on death row once said: "We owe
nothing to our parents. We just pass through them." I felt
that way about my mother. From an early age I did not take her
seriously. She could be charming and full of interesting

I began to look at another sign hanging over the bar. It obviously enjoyed its misspelling. "CLOSE SATURDAYS AND SUNDAYS," it said.

"I've had one superior hell of a lot of work lately," he said.

"I guess," I said.

We were silent.

wh? / His gloom was like the throttled sentiments of a German Shepherd on a leash. I think I was something of a skinny version of him, but I believe he always saw every bit of resemblance I had to my mother during the first five minutes of every one of our meetings, and I even came to understand over the years that she might have done him a real damage. There was probably never a human he wished to kill more with his bare hands than this ex-wife; of course, he had had to forego such roaring pleasure. Blocked imperatives brought my father, however, that much nearer to stroke.

Now, he said, "How's your leg?"

"Oh, it's recovered. It's been all right for years."

"I bet it's still stiff."

"No, it's all right."

prep school I knew to take soccer seriously), its football scrimmages at every class level, its Greek, Latin, daily chapel, its prayers before meals (Oh, God--went my private prayer--give me the grace not to sin!), its ice-cold showers from October to May (luke-warm in June and September), its button down shirts and school ties for all occasions but sports (starched white collar and shirt on Sundays) had now become an agreeable order of the day. My dyslexia seemed to wane after the operation. (As a result, my case was written about in neurosurgical papers.) I felt more like others, stronger for average tasks, yet never so strong as I had envisioned myself in the thwarted fields of my imagination. I decided now that I would never be able like my father to bag a leopard shooting from the hip. On the other hand I had a B+ average.

Left to myself, I think I might have ended like most of my classmates. From Yale, where a good Mattie went in those days, I would have continued on to Wall Street or the Bar. I probably would have made an acceptable, even a good estate lawyer, my experience with the chaplain keeping me alert to the pits of horrible possibility in the most proper affairs, and like many another not quite notable prep school product, I might even have

lower
case,

Montague was a larger personage at St. Matthew's after he left--one spoke of him now as if he had been headmaster. By actual record, he was coach of the soccer team and founder of the Mountaineering Club. A graduate of St. Matthew's, '32, and of Harvard, '36, he taught at the school until he joined the OSS. Instructor in English and in Divine Studies--he installed his own dicta in our dogma and lore. At St. Matthew's, I had heard of the Egyptian goddess Maat before I ever heard of Hugh Montague. The invocation of her name, however, was due to him. Maat had the body of a woman and a large feather for her neck and head. As the Egyptian Goddess of Truth, she embodied a curious holy principle: in the depths of one's soul, the difference between a truth and a falsehood weighed no more than a feather. St. Matthew's tended to equate this weight to the presence of Christ, and Montague was the determined author of that addition. St. Matthew's had always taken Divine Studies seriously, but after Montague's influence on us, we had a contribution to make--so we felt--greater than any other school of our ilk in New Hampshire or Massachusetts, or--if one is to lower the bars--Connecticut. We were closer to God than the others, of course, we knew enough not to state the fact.

too
curial
a
principle
in
soul
to
soul
Boe

indeed bear the unruly gift of quick mentality--but to offer American society our graduates known for honesty and sense of purpose. It is this school's intention that you leave us as good, brave young men."

I will say it for Mr. Montague and St. Matthew's. Our theology was more complex than that. There was the special temptation of evil for the good and brave. The Devil, Montague warned, employed his finest wits to trap the noblest soldiers. Vanity, complacency, and indolence were therefore a curse. Bravery was an ascending slope and one could not rest on it. One must succeed in rising to every challenge except ^{those} ~~the ones~~ that would destroy us needlessly. Prudence was the one amelioration God allowed to the imperative of Courage; Love, on fortunate occasions, could offer support to Truth.

Competition on the playing field became, therefore, an avatar of Courage and Prudence, Love and Truth. On the playing field, one could find the unique proportions in each boy's heart. Later, properly prepared, and out in the world, one might be able to deal with the Devil. Although never suggested at St. Matthew's, we all knew that women--as opposed to mothers, sisters, cousins, and ladies--had to be one more word for the world.

take me aside and introduce me to my undergraduate CIA unit, but as I soon learned, the Agency did not go in for recruiting college cells. No raps sounded on my door at midnight.

At Harlot's suggestion, I did join ROTC. "You'll be dealing with idiots," he told me, "but you might as well learn right at the foot of the gun, how undeveloped are the upper regions of the military mind. In any event, there are requirements for military service that have to be satisfied before you can join the Agency. ROTC does take care of that. You wouldn't want to get out of Yale and face a year or two in the Armed Services before coming to us."

So I signed up for ROTC in Freshman year. My room-mate thought I was thereby one of them. I sometimes thought so myself. Doing close-order drill, however, over the next four years enabled me to get good enough at it to air out the old dank memories of the young Harry Hubbard marching left-foot-club-foot in the Knickerbocker Grays. I discovered a vein of optimism in myself. As one grew older, the traumatic impasses of childhood actually did dissolve.

Harlot, it should be said, was more of a monitor than that. He would write or telephone from time to time and prove interested in which courses I chose to take. Usually it was to

push my interests toward English. "Learn your mother tongue, and you'll appreciate the others." Before sophomore year, he sent me what he saw as a great gift, a first edition of Skeat's Etymological Dictionary of the English Language, and truth, it wasn't bad. There was a time when I could not only find the roots of a word in Latin and Greek, but present the kind of exotic yams and tubers that come to us from Scandinavian and Celtic. I learned of English words that derive from Italian by way of Latin, as well as of Portuguese from Latin (auto-da-fe and binnacle, my friends) and French out of Portuguese from Latin -- fetich and parasol--and French out of Spanish from Latin, and Portuguese out of Spanish and Dutch from Latin (cant and canal and pink) and German from Latin, and French from Late Latin, and German out of Hungarian from Serbian from late Greek from Latin, all to be tapped for hussar, I learned cross-breeds of French out of Spanish from Arabic from Greek-- alembic is one reward--not to go on at length about English that came to us from Low German, or Dutch, or Slavonic, or Russian, Sanskrit, Magyar, Hebrew, Hindustani. Harlot, by his lights, was preparing me for CIA. The theory? Why, look to the tendrils of other tongues that had grown their way onto

English. Thereby, one might develop a taste for the unspoken logic of other lands.

It should be obvious by now that when I entered Yale, back in 1951, I was still a prodigious romantic. Skeats, as a preparation for the Agency, was right up my alley. For the next four years, my courses, my friends, my induction into Skull and Bones, my literary efforts, my Skeat's, my summers, were all there to contribute to my future mission as a CIA man. If I had any conflict over my future occupation, it was on those spring nights in New Haven, after an occasional and frustrating date with a girl, when I would tell myself that I really wished to become a novelist. Brooding upon this, I would also inform myself that I did not have sufficient experience to write. Joining CIA would give me the adventures requisite to working up good fiction.

/ suggest
this idea
is dropped

I see myself in Junior year before the Yale-Harvard game in 1953, drunk at Morey's in league with my peers, holding the silver bowl high. I was obliged to keep drinking the Green Punch as long as my table would continue to sing, yes, how I drank and how they chose to sing. The song was long, and I would not quit until the last bar of music was sung, and sung again.

Words I have not thought of in thirty years come to me out of the pale, sun-like glare of the interior of that large silver punch bowl. I quaffed the Green Punch at Morey's and around me in a ring of ten illuminated voices, the song cried 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,
"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, Hooray, Amen."

And I, drinking that sweet, potent noxious liquor-hallowed Green Punch, swallow into swallow, giving my soul to

Dad looks like Jimmy my,
Wife moved Kelly
too rich?

-4-

I was introduced to Kittredge toward the end of that Junior year at Yale. Just before Easter vacation, a summons came by telegram: COME MEET MY FIANCEE HADLEY KITTREDGE GARDINER. SPEND EASTER AT THE KEEP WITH KITTREDGE AND JEAN HARLOW.

Very well. Back to Doane. I had not been to the island since my father, who needed the money most, had pushed and cajoled his two brothers and single sister into

other dates; she did not even accept telephone calls from nice boys.

I was in love with 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 a 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; I wanted to comprehend the face of the enemy. I eschewed political arguments about Republicans and Democrats. They hardly mattered. Allen Dulles was my President, and I would be a combat trooper in the war against the Devil. I read Spengler and brooded through my winters in New Haven about the oncoming downfall of the West and how it could be prevented. Be certain that under these circumstances, I sent Harlot a telegram that I was on my way, signed it Ashenden (for those of you to whom that is not a household name, let me confess it is for ^{after} Somerset Maugham's good spy 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.

why explain?
we talked as if there were rules against logical connection.
During drinks, I kept track of a few remarks. Ten
statements were uttered over ten minutes. Three belonged to
Dr. Gardiner, two were by Maisie, three by Harlot, one from
Kittredge, one from me. There are limits to the physical
skill 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?"

Hugh Montague: "There was word of a major avalanche
yesterday 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: "They weren't carrying avalanche cords so
the bodies are not recoverable."

about as different, say, as Republicans and Democrats? Agree on some things, 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."

"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 those dummies I have to explain this to."

"Why should they have trouble? I can see where Alpha and Omega tells us a lot about spies."

"Of course. But so 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 prove the first reliable psychological theory to explain how spies can live with the tension of their incredible life-situations, in fact, can not only bear such double-life stress, but indeed, go looking for it. Spies are not like most people who adjudicate Alpha-Omega differences by accepting some kind of agreed-upon overseer to direct their lives, and thereby allow Alpha and Omega to function in the world, for apparent purposes, as one psyche. In effect, this navigator or overseer makes executive

Do you want
to hear Ken back to
the 1959 interview?

at how rich were the findings between the lines. And that was enough for me to think Mr. Dulles might be the nicest man I had met that day. My impatience to hook up with CIA was hurried along.

Of course, I was also feeling the presence of many men whose names had been legends to me ever since my father began to speak of them in the intimate tones reserved by a god for fellow gods, names like Allen and Tracy, Richard and Wiz and Dickie and Des, installed on their thrones in an amphitheatre of my mind. While none of these personages, with the exception of Desmond FitzGerald, was as handsome as my father, many were as tall, or as forceful, their persons offered the suggestion that one should never impinge on them for too little. They had bottom. "Something in me," said the presence of each one of them, "is inviolable." It is obvious I saw them with eyes of hero-worship, but how did I hear their unvoiced credo? That may be more of a feat.

Mark in

In any event, I gave up the last semester of my Senior Year at Yale, making a quick decision right after the wedding to enroll immediately in summer school so that I could graduate at mid-term in January and thereby apply to the Company six months sooner. It was a sacrifice, the first conscious one I had made, for I was comfortable at Yale, ^{and} liked my rooms and

still had the idea from time to time that I might want to spend a year after college writing fiction. I even had the means to write late at night for I had carefully chosen no classes that began earlier than 10 A.M. I also had friends of all the shades and affiliations you make after three years at a good college, and was otherwise ensconced. I even had some small chance of making the Varsity Eight after slaving at crew the last three seasons. By my lights, therefore, I was giving up a lot. Yet, I wanted to. If I wished to serve my country, I could start best by making a sacrifice. I went, therefore, before the beginning of Senior year, to summer school, and was graduated eight accelerated months later onto the slushy streets of Washington in early February, a mid-year diploma-holder, a bear-cub without hair. But I was proud of my sacrifice.

what
need
to
make
him
a
writer?

X I will not describe the tests I took for admittance. They were numerous, and Classified. Of course, given the Agency figures who could have been mobilized in support of my application, I might have had to do badly not to get in.

Of course, you were supposed to do well. Only a few out of every hundred who applied, did make it all the way through the IQ tests, the personality tests, the lie-detector, and the security questionnaire. I remember that in the Personal

History Statement, there was the question: On a scale of 1 to 5, how would you rate your dedication to this work? I put down a five and wrote in the space allowed for comment: I have been brought up to face ultimates.

"Explain yourself," said the interviewer.

"Well, sir," I said, and I had been waiting to make this speech, "I feel that if I had to, I could stand trial before an international tribunal." When my interlocutor looked at me, I added, I thought not unadroitly, "The point I'd like to make is that although I am a moral person, I am ready to get into activities where I might have to stand trial for my country, or, if it ever came down to it, die for ultimate purposes."

I had more trouble with the lie detector. It was the test to dread. Long in advance we were warned not to talk about it afterward. Nonetheless, we got together with fellow applicants as soon as possible after they had taken it, even if they obediently said nothing, while consuming prodigies of beer to spew up a little later over the Washington sidewalks--more than one episode of that ilk!

I can still see my polygraph interview in transcript. It is imaginary transcript. What the interviewer and I said to one another at the time cannot be what I now remember. I offer a false memory then, but it is imprinted. The face of the

miss

interviewer has, in recollection, become long-jawed and bespectacled; he looks as gray as a personage in a black and white film. Of course, we were installed in a dingy-white cubbyhole off a long crowded hall in an edifice called Building 13 off the Reflecting Pool, and much of my memory of those days comes back in gray and white.

I offer what I recollect. I do not vouch for anything factual in this reconstructed transcript other than its ongoing psychological reality for me.

INTERROGATOR: Ever had a homosexual experience?

APPLICANT: No, sir.

INTERROGATOR: Why are you having such a large reaction?

APPLICANT: I didn't know I was.

INTERROGATOR: Really? You're giving the machine what we call a flush.

APPLICANT: Couldn't the machine make a misinterpretation?

INTERROGATOR: You are saying you are not homosexual.

APPLICANT: I'm not.

INTERROGATOR: Never?

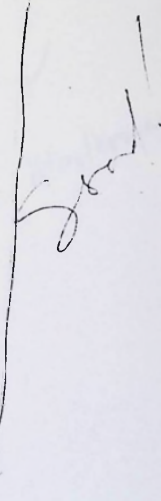
their majors in government, or football, or languages, in foreign affairs, economics, statistics, agronomy, or some special skill. Usually, one of their professors had had an exploratory conversation with them, after which they received a letter inquiring as to their interest in an important government career with foreign duties. The letter told them to reply to a post office box in Washington, D.C.

I pretended to have been approached like the others, but given my lack of gov, ec, pol-sci, or applied psych, I could only pretend to studies in Marxism instead. None of my new acquaintances knew much about that. I got away with it, therefore, until I met Arnie Rosen whose father was a third cousin of Sidney Hook. Rosen, in homage, perhaps, to this family link, had read Lenin, Trotsky, and Plekhanov in his adolescence, not, he assured me, to advocate such ideas, but to set himself up as their future antagonist. As he put it to me, one morning over eggs and bacon, "From the word go, I knew the cockamamie elements in V.I. Lenin." Yes, Rosen, Honors, Phi Beta Kappa, Columbia. I disliked him to the quick.

For those four or five weeks, my life in junction with other applicants was spent in promenade from one processing building to another through the I-J-K-L complex, a set of four long buildings in a row that ran from Lincoln Memorial for more

explain at this point our courses in operational and station management (few matters are as classified!) nor our modes of proceeding with Third World youth and student movements. I will eschew our studies in technical support, security, and cover for new operations.

I will, however, describe our tradecraft as it was then. Most of these methods have been superseded so it is relatively safe to go on about such matters. They are the stuff of spy novels. Besides, I may as well confess it is what I enjoyed the most at the time. Courses in economics and administrative procedures made me fearfully drowsy. I got my marks, and was able to spout the stuff back, but my true love was tradecraft. I was not in the CIA to become a bureaucrat, but a hero. So if this memoir is a tale of development, my purpose may be served if I relate my instruction in picking a lock and all the other wonderfully amoral techniques of my profession. Since I was obviously moral enough in those days to be travel director for a church choir, I must also take one more pass at our instruction into the evils of Communism. While such studies lacked the zest of tradecraft, they still convinced me that our enemy was devious, and evil to the core. Any mischief we could work, left us clearly on the right side. I think that was the



was tough. Burns stuffed us like sausage. Word passed through the class that he had once been a Counter-Intelligence man in the FBI. No surprise if we had to store away such memorabilia as "The Eleventh Directorate of the KGB, also called the Guard Directorate, is responsible for safeguarding the security of the Praesidium of the Central Committee of the Communist Party in the USSR." I, who had never found it routine to pay attention while suffering instruction, was now trying to reorganize my nervous system.

Relief was there, however. Tradecraft took you into the storerooms of the Company. We were introduced to the machinery for routing messages through the hierarchy of our offices, and learned how to write in government language (no small matter!). We took instruction in how to compartmentalize an agent's dossier, biographical material in one file, reports on his activities in another. We, too, in future, would be given our separate cryptonyms for different transactions. Harlot had, at one time, as he later confided to me, eight, one of which was DEUCE. Running an operation in Africa, the tag became LT/DEUCE, LT to indicate that Africa was the theatre. Another job in Vienna would list him as RQ/DEUCE, RQ for Austria. Later, during the Austrian endeavor, for one or another reason, he might metamorphose into RQ/GANTRY. Like a lazy body after a

Maletian

chorus girl who was real horny?" he asked our class. "She did a split and stuck to the floor." We moaned at our own merriment.

Then came reversibles. In preparation for shadowing a man, we practised quick changes of appearance. We would dart into a vestibule off the classroom, doff our raincoat, turn it inside-out, and reappear (eight seconds allotted) in a tan Burberry rather than a blue waterproof, a simple enough matter, but even as changing one's cryptonym called forth a new potentiality in oneself, so was there a shiver of metamorphosis in a quick change of appearance.

I suppose, to stretch a point, we were being schooled in minor arts of sorcery. Are not espionage and magic like two lovers, meant to meet, who never do? How close they come, all the same! I know I took unholy enjoyment in the strategem for memorizing a phone number (at least once that was mastered.) Of course, immediate gratification was not to be found in the beginning. One was too overcome with the need to concentrate. We would stand at the front of the class while an accomplice whispered a telephone number, and moved on. Another trainee would come up from the other side to offer one more number. One never knew, as the exercise grew more demanding, whether three, four, or five telephone numbers, heavy as sinkers on

That was primal stuff. Each lecturer took entitlement to one off-key joke, and for this course, our instructor was there to tell us: "If you can't figure out a way to get this little pick into this old lock, well, fellows, I don't know what you'll do when you get older."

I never did use lock-picking until 1972 when I had all but forgotten the techniques. Then I used it in the White House, and twice in five minutes, once to open a door, once to open a desk, but that is down the road. Codes is next on my list, but I do not wish to get into Codes which took up a large share of our time during those winter and spring months in Washington, and is too technical a subject. Indeed, it was so sealed a curriculum that even one's approach to the cryptographic labs down the endless corridors of the I-J-K-L (whose name, now whispered about among us in disgust at the stale air, sagging floors, and general decrepitude of our working facilities was no less than Cockroach Alley) were labs to advertise the full pall of security: barred windows on either side of the hall; credentials to have ready; receptionists and armed guards; even blind people as the only food-servers for our pre-packaged sandwiches in the adjacent cafeteria. How wholly effective, I told myself. They could never identify any of us in photographs if the KGB got ahold of these food-servers. I used

too long

and buildings that looked like hunting lodges, a chapel, and one other low well-lit building. "The Club," said my driver, speaking at last.

I dropped my bags on an empty cot in the barracks I had been told to report to, and since no one was about except for one fellow sleeping in the upstairs dormitory, I headed over to the Club. My classes would begin in the morning, and all day, people in my group had been arriving. Dressed in clothing suitable for Washington on Sunday, we stood out as rookies. Not yet in camouflage fatigues and combat boots and cartridge belts, not yet issued double-bladed combat knives, as had most of the veterans around us, (the first rule of the military I learned this night was that a veteran had a week of seniority) we did our best to show equality by slugging down mugs of beer at a gallop. Around us, the pool tables and ping pong tables and juke box, all in constant use, set up a counter-din to the far end of the bar which was being used for parachute jumps. Veteran trainees in camouflage uniforms would hop up on the mahogany, shout "Geronimo," and drop the yard and a half to the floor, feet together, knees bent, as they rolled over.

Others were discussing explosives. Before long, those of us who had just come in were attaching ourselves to technical discussions: When was a lap-butt box-girder joint weld

7
Something /
MISSING

Prognosis: Negative for the deployment of C-3 plastic? I gave appropriate nods and gobbled beer like a wolf let loose on raw meat. The Green Punch at Morey's could not have gone down faster.

Later, falling asleep in the upstairs dormitory of my new barracks, my cot became a gondola to carry me along mysterious canals of association. I had an epiphany, and was reminded of those distant relatives of mine, the Jews, who believed in twelve just men. Once, at Yale, attending a meeting of the Hillel Association out of curiosity, I had heard a lecturer speak of the ancient ghetto belief that the reason God did not destroy the universe whenever He became enraged at humankind, was because of His twelve just men. They could have no conception that they were unique, but their natural and unwitting goodness was so pleasing to God that He tolerated the rest of us.

In my half-sleep, I wondered if something of the same divine phenomenon had not been taking place in America ever since the Pilgrims landed. Were there not forty-eight just men for the forty-eight states I had grown up with, or did the sum now amount to the present fifty? No matter. America had God's sanction. Out in Camp Peary, on my first night at the Farm, I wondered if I might be one of America's fifty just men. My

Handwritten:
The 12
of 12
just

incoherent in my makeup. Besides, I was afraid. Whenever I caught my opponent with anything harder than a tap, I'd blurt out, "Sorry!" A gaffe. No one was fooled--my apology was to hold the other man off. I could not learn a left hook, and my jab flew out with no force, or left me lunging off balance. My straight right was as round as a pork chop. After a while, I accepted the inevitable, and proceeded to mill as best I could with men who were something like my own weight, and learned to take punishment except on the nose which I so protected that I was always getting hit on the brow. Boxing left me with headaches equal to college hangovers, and my worst humiliation came when the instructor put me in with Arnie Rosen who threw punches like Don Quixote attacking the windmill, and was as scrappy as a cornered and wholly frantic cat. Nothing he bounced off my head and body made a dent into the hard envelope of my adrenalin, but it was infuriating to realize that he was virtually my equal, and might even have won the round.

How
round
is
that?

One night at the Club, I ended up drinking with our boxing instructor who had the odd name of Reggie Minnie. He was the only one of our teachers that we found impressive. The verdict in our training group had soon gone around: Good men in the Agency were too valuable to use for teaching. We received the culls. Minnie, however, was special. He fought in a stand-up

five feet tall. The top of the chair-back was framed by a gothic arch full of quatre-foil fretwork. When you consider that this chair back had been added to a sturdy Chippendale design for the arms, seat and legs, the result looked not unlike a cathedral rising from an English manor. Baroque!

The other rooms I never saw. Let me correct myself. The kitchen was an old pantry off the dining room with its share of cast iron pots and trivets, and I was in there often, chatting with Kittredge while she cooked for the three of us, but Harlot had an upstairs library I was never asked to enter, and they had two or three bedrooms where the loft used to be. I was not invited to stay over. Perhaps they had a finely-honed householder's fear that if I ever achieved entrance upstairs for even a moment, I might work up some way to live with them!

What evenings we had! While I never went over without telephoning first, and there were more than a few nights when they were out, or had company they did not choose to have me meet, I still encountered an odd collection of people at their small dinners. (Indeed, I was too young to know how curious and mutually unsuited some of their dinner guests were.) The columnist, Joseph Alsop for one, proved to be overpoweringly patriotic, even for me, and I must say he breathed heavily whenever military or Company matters were discussed. The

thought of young American men in such pursuits was obviously moving to him. Alsop also proved prodigious in his snobbery. I was paid no attention until he discovered who was my father and then Alsop asked me to dinner, an invitation which I, suddenly acting much like my father, took pleasure to refuse.

Actually, I could not have been more lonely on those nights when I did not have a welcome at the Stable. Graduated from the Farm, I was now living with four other Junior Officer Trainees in a furnished apartment in Washington, conspicuous for its cleanliness and privacy (of which it had neither.) One or another roommate was invariably preempting the living room in an attempt to seduce his date, usually a secretary from Cockroach Alley, and I, looking for a time and a way to think a few things through, alternated long walks with bouts of cleaning the apartment by myself.

I mention this to explain why dinners at the Stable meant much to me. I felt ^{like} not unlike an unemployed curator who, once or twice a week, is permitted to visit the museum's private collection. There was no doubt Harlot knew extraordinary people. Since many of them had to do with OSS, I never judged by appearances. One hard-looking man with a limp and an off-accent who talked about horses all night turned out to have been one of the leaders of the Yugoslavian partisans--the group

I had no idea what they were talking about. Yet its importance permeated the room. The shadow of things unsaid was on the end of our evening. I was as suddenly content with my profession and the mysteries it would yet disclose as I had felt in childhood on those uncommon occasions when I realized the secrets that might yet be revealed to me on becoming a man. Philby. I was even stirred by the way they said his name; they could as well have been speaking of an old fort where drear losses were taken.

*overheard
and
Markham*

One night there was a small gentleman at dinner named Dr. Schneider who, I was informed, had achieved some recognition in Europe as a concert pianist. He remained determinedly vague about whether he was Austrian or German, but was quick to express the most extreme monarchist opinions: Hitler, he insisted, might have been able to win the war if Hitler had been wise enough to restore the Hohenzollerns. "After all," Dr. Schneider said, "the monarchy could have underwritten the crusade against Bolshevism."

Dr. Schneider wore dark glasses, and had large pointed ears. He sheltered himself behind a thick gray mustache. His hair was white, and he looked to be more than sixty. With his opinions, he must have gone through some fancy footwork when the war ended, especially since he now spoke of giving recitals

only three months were in arrears. It was enough nonetheless to bring stress to every endeavor. I spent much of my time squeezing my way down aisles, or wiggling my fingers into a file-box. Once in a while, there was honest panic at our end. One morning, for instance, the Chief of Base in West Berlin sent a cable requesting vital information on one VQ/WILDBOAR. Since hordes of such requests came in, and the turnover of personnel at my low level was considerable, such chores were assigned by lot--you took the cable on the top of the pile at the Incoming Queries Desk.

Then, you worked your way through the traffic, doing your best not to collide with the body, its nose in a file, who was blocking your path down the aisle. The odor of sweat was ubiquitous. It might as well have been summer. The air conditioners had small lungs, and each one of us clerks--were we better, for all our training, than clerks?--was carrying his own anxious stir. It was not enough to find WILDBOAR for Chief of Base, Berlin; one had to find him quickly. The cable had been frantic. "NEED ALL BIO ENTRIES ON VQ/WILDBOAR. URGENT. GIBLETS." Yes, the Chief of Base had signed it himself.

I had had to wait in Records Integration Office down the corridor to obtain access to the PRQ-Part I/Part II/201-File Bridge-Archive which hopefully was up to date (and so could

→ Inquest and anachronistic

or in and out of old elevators with clanging gates, and took out soiled towels and sheets (leaving food remains and trash and empty bottles for the chambermaid) and so serviced something like seven safehouses in as many neighborhoods. If three of them were new and clean with Swedish blond-wood furniture and picture windows in new apartment houses, four looked just like the seedy carpet-stained hideout my father had taken me to in Washington.

C.G. was not a woman with much small talk, but then you were rarely in doubt of where her mind might be. She had a practised hand at stripping beds, taking inventory of what was left in each safehouse, and I noticed that she gave a different knock to each entrance door before inserting her key, presumably to alert any case officer inside who might be debriefing an agent. At no place, however, on this day was there a response. Seven safehouses, empty of occupants, were in this fashion processed.

"I know what you're thinking," she said when we were done. "That's a lot of safehouses to be lying idle."

"I guess I was telling myself something like that."

"When we need them, we really need them."

"Yes, Major."

"You didn't see any chambermaids today, Hubbard?"

satisfied women behind me in Arkansas, Missouri and Illinois. I was mean and sweet, and that is a difficult combination to improve upon.

"I couldn't have enjoyed life more. I'd pick up a girl or a woman, depending, as I say, on the weather, and then, I would park the car on a side street, tell the lady to wait while I went to get some money, and I would walk around the corner, get into the first car whose door was unlocked, jump the ignition, drive over to the store I'd selected, slip a stocking on my face just as I walked in the door, and I would hold up the proprietor and empty the cash register. The best time to do it was two o'clock. No lunch time customers then, and the cash register full of the noon-time sales ready to go to the bank. In one minute, I'd be back in my stolen car, my face mask off, my reversible jacket off, and two minutes later, I was depositing the stolen car back around still another corner from my own car, at which point I'd slip the jacket on, but reversed again, black when I'd entered the store, beige now that I was going back to my daddy's heap, and I'd get in, and tell the new friend, 'We're fixed for money now, honey.' Sometimes we'd even hear the sirens going around the business district as we left town. 'What's that?' she would ask. 'Beats me, Mrs. Bones,' I would tell her. I'd choose a tourist cabin camp

maybe
false
(maybe
xhats.
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knowing
Dix)

and if he wasn't working on the radio-telephone, or extracting the essence from another swatch of papers, he would tell stories.

I once dared to remark to him that every leader I had known in the Company told stories. While the vast experience backing this remark was limited to Mr. Dulles, my father, Harlot, and Dix, Mr. Harvey did not ask me for substantiation of the statement, but contented himself with this reply: "It's biologically adaptative."

"Explain that, would you, Chief?" I was managing at last not to use "Sir."

"Well, the work assigned to the kids in this particular army is unnatural. A young stud likes to know what's going on. But they can't be told. It takes twenty years to shape a trustworthy intelligence operative. Twenty years in America, anyway, where we all believe that everybody from Christ--our first American--on down to the newspaperboy is trustworthy. In Russia or Germany, it takes twenty minutes to get a new operator ready to trust nothing. That's why we go into every skirmish with the KGB under a handicap. That's why we even have to classify the toilet paper in the crap-house. We must keep reminding ourselves to enslave the poop. Still, you can't put too many limitations on the inquiring mind. Hence, we tell

does
Harvey
sound
like
Butler?
glib,
hip
talk?

I wonder if this was not a prelude to informing me about VQ CATHETER. I think he was beginning to find it difficult to live next to me every working day, yet not be able to brag about his number-one achievement; besides, I was developing a need-to-know. My presence certainly got in the way of CATHETER-related conversations on the car radio. So there came a day when I was given clearance, and a new cryptonym, VQ/BOZO III-a to classify me as an assistant in the high-clearance shop of BOZO himself.

It took another week to get to the tunnel. As I had surmised, Harvey made his visits at night, and often with visiting military celebrities, four-star generals, admirals, members of the Joint Chief of Staff. Harvey did not bother to throttle his pride. I had not seen such pleasure in an achievement since my father introduced me in 1939 at the age of six to William Woodward, Senior, whose stable had won the Kentucky Derby with Omaha in 1935. Four years later, Mr. Woodward was still glowing at the mention of Omaha's name.

strained
analogy

In turn, Harvey was not about to downgrade the beauty of his operation. I heard him describe it for the first time on an evening which commenced with me riding shotgun in the front seat of BLACKIE. We had a three-star general in the rear (who was, so far as I could make out, on a tour of NATO facilities

the same awesome but disagreeable fashion as the more advanced electronic music I had listened to at Yale.

Was there one telephone dialogue between the East German police and/or the KGB, and/or the Soviet military which was not being captured at this moment on one or another Ampex? Their humming and whirring, their acceleration and slowdown, were an abstract of the group mind of the enemy, and I thought the Communist spirit must look and sound like this awful room, this windowless portent of cold war history.

"This is just a small part of the operation," Harvey said softly. "It's quiet now." He led us to a huge sliding door, pulled it back, and we strode down a ramp into an even more airless space, barely lit by an occasional overhead bulb. I could sniff the faintest odor of contaminated earth. What with the ramp, minimal illumination and walls of dirt impinging on us, I felt as if we were descending to the inner passage of an ancient tomb.

"Damnedest thing," said the General, "how you get to notice the sandbags after you buttress a dugout. Some sand bags smell good; others, you hold your nose."

"We had troubles," said Harvey. "Fifty feet into the tunnel-dig, we encountered earth encumbered with stench. It scared the constitution out of us. There's a graveyard just

could
Harvey
use this
phrase?
or say "stink like
shit"?

south of the tunnel which we purposely avoided on the assumption that if we were ever discovered, the Sovs would make mucho propagandistic hay out of Americans defiling German graves. So we carefully aimed to be north of the cemetery although at increased peril to the project, since the soil-people were all in line, engineering-wise, that the graveyard offered more suitable soil to our purposes."

"And even so there was a stink you had to get rid of," said the General.

"Nope." I do not know if it was my presence, but Harvey, if technically outranked by the General, was in no manner going to say "no, sir."

"What did you have to get rid of then?" insisted the General.

"We could live with the stink, but we had to divine the source of the odor."

? Harvey?

"That's right. You guys in Intelligence can work your way into a stench or two."

"You bet, General. We located it. A typical engineering nightmare. We discovered that we had invaded the draining field of the septic system built for our own warehouse personnel."

"C'est la vie," said the General.

KGB; and there, in the far building to the left with its one light, was that a safe house which belonged to us? Had I helped to stock it on the day I made the rounds with C.G. Harvey? I do not know if the emanations of the dead had altogether ceased to stir beneath the Berlin rubble, but I had never been more aware of the bones compacted in this city.

Butler did not say a word. Walking along at his quick pace, I felt him coming to some decision, but what it was, I had no idea until I recognized that our route was coming about and we were returning in a long circle to the Kurfürstendam. I now felt tied to him in all the protocols of violence. He would not injure me provided I accompanied him; but I must convoy him through the night.

Six or eight blocks from the lights of the Ku-damm, he turned into another alley. "Let's look up one of my sources," he said. He spoke beneath a street-lamp, and there was a smile I did not like on his face, as if the first of my payments had commenced. It was the most peculiar smile, evil, I thought, yet he had never looked so young. "Get set," he muttered, and banged on a heavy wrought-iron gate in the wall of a small building. A doorman in a black leather overcoat and a black leather cap came out of a room on one side of a short arched tunnel behind the gate, took a look at Butler, slid the latch,

Psss! I had to squeeze by an old biddy in a diamond tiara, and she was sssssing away, so I whispered, "Madame, we are the sons and daughters of Parsifal."

Sounds
more
like
Philly
than
London

I was obliged to return him one blank look.

He grinned. "When in doubt, sow confusion. Strategies of Poker, Volume One."

"I heard today about your rep in poker."

"Which unqualified son of a bitch let you onto that?"

"Mr. Crane."

"He means well, but he can't play. If I claim any edge at the game, it is that, occasionally, I can read a mind." He burped. Mr. Harvey's gut utterances were like guided tours to his alimentary canal.

"Hubbard," he now said, "I like my mind to be clear. I hate impedance."

"Yessir."

"This situation with CLOAKROOM. It's lodged in my brain. Is it, or isn't it, penny-ante?"

"I suppose that's what we're trying to find out."

"The worst obsessions," he said with some gloom, "begin with the smallest things. Hell, the brain even looks like an oyster. By which logic, every obsession is a putative pearl. All the while I was listening to the music, I was also running

separate facts is bound to be the correct explanation. Check?" he asked.

"That's about it." Actually, Occam's Razor, as I remembered it, went: "Pluralites non est ponenda sine necessitate,"--"excess cannot exist without necessity,"--but I wasn't about to substitute my erudition for his.

} hard
to
believe

He burped ruminatively. "Our simplest scenario does not, however, manage to tell us why so much effort has been put into protecting CLOAKROOM. So, I reject it. Too small. Something else is going on. Is CLOAKROOM part of a team? If so, what kind of rig are they rolling? First sub-hypothesis: They are the Ream-Bill-Harvey gang. Larger sub-hypothesis: One of our kingfish in D.C. is working a Berlin caper and it involves Wolfgang. I'm the hedgehog. I'm excluded. That makes me nervous. Wolfgang is one loose end, and I may be the other. Let's say it's time for a drink."

He got up, went to the ice-box, took out the makings, and mixed a batch of martinis. He filled his shaker with ice, poured in a quarter inch of Scotch, poured it out, then loaded the pitcher with gin. "The best Chicago hotels make it this way," he informed me. "The bar at the Ambassador, and the one at the Palmer House. You have to use good gin. Then the Scotch adds that no-see-um flannel taste you're looking for.

Russians. Ugly to conceive, isn't it? For all we know, it's going on right now. This much, I do postulate. The tricky Brits have the motivation to get into our fanciest plumbing. It would give them a way of expressing themselves. Creative bastards. Even if such an English mole is only loyal to Britain and never to the Soviets, we're still hanging by our fingernails. Because let there be one KGB agent working near the top of MI-6, and he will get wind sooner or later that they have a mole in our midst. He will find a way to obtain the product and pass it on to the Sovs."

Shouldn't
Harvey
be
more
careful
in
this
language

I was appalled how my inspired suggestion to Mr. Crane that SM/ONION might be attached to MI-6 had now been transmuted into a threat to the West.

"Fearsome," repeated Harvey. "Awesome. But I'll find out. There are a couple of Brits in this town who owe me beaucoup favors."

"I don't see it," I said. "If the British have placed a mole in the Company, why would they call him back to MI-6?"

"Oh, they can slip him out again. Keep one step ahead of us--as they have already. I expect they panicked. Once I got on the trail, they decided to tuck him back into MI-6 for safekeeping."

"As of now," I said, "this is your leading hypothesis?"

"For the nonce," he said, "do get Mrs. Harvey to talk about her husband's decision to move from FBI to CIA."

"She wasn't married to him then," I said.

"I know that. I just want to obtain a notion of the story Bill Harvey told her. Try to keep the lady close to the details. Install a sneaky on your person."

"I don't know if I could feel right about that," I said.

"She's treated me well."

"You sound like the little sister I never had," said Harlot.

"Hugh, with all due respect, and I respect you. . ."

"Harry, you're in a hard game. As of this moment, I would hope you cease whimpering. Your conscience led you to this profession. Now, you are discovering that your profession will oblige your conscience to see itself all too often as deplorably used, contemptible, atrocious, mephitic."

"Mephitic?"

"Pestilential. I would not be in the least surprised if iron, assuming iron has sentiments, feels much the same way when it is obliged to consign its sulphur to the furnace in the course of being annealed."

Skinned!

"Gehlen's boys used to have a swan," said Harvey, "who was trained to swim toward an ultra-sonic signal. Under its wings, the Org sewed a couple of waterproof plastic pouches to hold intelligence material. The swan would glide across Glienicke Lake from Potsdam to West Berlin, deliver its load, take on new instructions in the pouch, and sail back under an East German bridge where the Russian sentries would toss it pieces of bread. That's what I call a courier."

"Love the story," said C.G.

"Here's one for balance," said her husband. "In the old days when Gehlen's Org was expanding very quickly, the Krauts suffered from a chronic lack of funds. Gehlen used to cry big tears about that. He'd given up aid from U.S. Military Intelligence aid to sign a contract with CIA and we weren't forking over the gold fast enough. Well, in fact, we were paying out a fucking fortune, but it wasn't enough. Greedy bastard. Not to enrich himself, you understand, but to build up the Org. So, Gehlen got the word out to the General Agencies."

"What are they?" asked C.G.

"About the equivalent of our Stations, only situated in every major German city. 'Enrich yourselves,' Gehlen told his General Agencies, and then he would get on the phone with some of his old friends in the U.S. Army. When it comes to a study

*Sounds
more*

like

Harvey

"Son of a bitch, yes. And Dix Butler is leading the band."

He went suddenly into silence. He had the ability to end a conversation as effectively as if he had turned off a light. We drove in silence while he drank alone from the jug of martinis. Flat lands gave way to rolling country, but the highway curved little and there was no traffic. At Braunschweig we left the Autobahn and drove along two and three-lane roads, the driver reducing his speed to ninety miles an hour on the straight, seventy through the curves, and sixty and more through each village we passed. I was discovering that gonorrhea and fast car trips did not accommodate one another. Yet my desire to urinate was overcome by my recently acquired knowledge of the price. Near Einbach we picked up the Autobahn again, and went along at one hundred and twenty miles an hour. At Bad Hersfeld, the back roads began again, and an endless series of turns and hills and forest and village took us to Wurzburg where a better road went on to Nurnberg and the beginning of the last stretch of autobahn to Munich. There, at an all-night gas station, 4:30 in the morning, Bill Harvey spoke again. "I need a pit stop," he said.

seems too arch

We parked in the shadow behind the gas station.

"Check out the men's room and the ladies' room, Sam," he told the driver. When Sam came back, and nodded, Harvey got out

stall, waited like a dutiful inferior for my own laggard waters to enter their small sound against his heavy one, and did my best not to wince as a hot wire went up my urethral passage in compensation for the pus-laden stream going out. I do not think the paucity of sound accompanying the urine I ejected was lost on him.

"Kid," he said, "your story is weak."

"It's weak because it's true." I almost cried out from the pain of my urination. My member was swollen abominably.

"That's one hell of an instrument you have there," he said over his shoulder.

I did not explain why it was twice its normal size.

"Speak softly and carry a big stick," he said.

"Theodore Roosevelt," I replied. "I believe that was his foreign policy."

"I happen to have a little dick," said Harvey. "Luck of the draw. But, boy, there were years when I knew what to do with it. Guys with little dicks try harder."

"I've heard about your rep, sir."

"My rep, hell. I was ^{just good} ~~merely a cunt-lapper of the most~~ ~~diabolical sort.~~" But before I had time to be prodigiously embarrassed by this, he said, "It's your reputation I want to know about. Did you ever fuck Kittredge?"

again,
I think
Harvey
occasionally
sounds
too
articulate

"No, Bill could not have been fired. He was too well-regarded. Mr. Hoover wanted to put him in purdah, however, and Bill was too proud. So, he resigned."

"I don't believe I've ever heard the story properly."

"Well, you have to understand that Bill was sort of depressed in those days."

"About when was this?"

"The summer of 1947. You see, Bill had put in an immense amount of work trying to find a way to penetrate the Bentley network, but to no dramatic success, so to speak. It would all come out later with Alger Hiss and then with Joe McCarthy, but in those days, it looked like the entire FBI effort had come down to peas and beans, and Bill could get nothing concrete on Harry Dexter White nor Alger Hiss, and, on top of that, he was burning the candle at both ends. Which I attribute to his deep unhappiness with his wife Libby. They married awfully young and were sort of a very notable marriage considering the small size of the communities they grew up in. Bill, you see, was the son of the most esteemed attorney in Danville, Indiana, and Libby was the daughter of the biggest lawyer in Flemingsburg, Kentucky. I know only what Bill tells me, but that marriage, according to him, did contribute to his woes."

✓
Q/Ints.?

magic drug. They could not only control the behavior of their agents, but could fix a spy's memory in such a way that it would self-destruct upon capture. Like a Disney cartoon, right? They also had schizophrenia-inducing chemicals able to free their agents from all moral concerns. I think the first mistake was not to see that this is what Communism is all about already! The magic drug is in the ideology! Anyway, Gottlieb had come upon a physical substance that also turned a few corners in schizophrenia. It was called Lysergic acid Diethylamide, and is an offshoot of a fungus disease--isn't that appropriate?

Why wouldn't a diseased mushroom be the substance most ready to have an intimate relationship with schizophrenia?

All right, call me crazy! This Lysergic acid Diethylamide which TSS people, for short, call LSD, offered hopes of becoming our wonder drug. Apparently, we have a few Russian defectors we would like to try it on since present techniques of debriefing are too slow. You don't know what

→ Marlonian

annoyed me. I may have been reluctant to do the job, but I wanted to be praised on how well I had brought it off. "She's loyal to her husband," I said. "So I don't know that you'll find whatever it is you're looking for."

He smiled--was it condescendingly?--and brought forth the pages he had just put away, reading them with an occasional tap of his finger. "No," he said on finishing, "it's perfect. It confirms everything. One more arrow in the quiver. Thank you, Harry. Good work."

I had the feeling, however, that if I had not nudged his attention back to the transcript, he would not have looked at it for quite a while. "Is it of real use to you?" I persisted.

"Well," he said, "I've had to move without it. In the event, what with a few things speeding up, I proceeded on the assumption that C.G. would say just what she did say. So, we're all right. Now, let's have our drink--two Slivovitz," he said to the waiter coming up. It obviously did not occur to him that I had no love for the drink he ordered → *Martellian*

"I want to get you ready for the next step," he said on the waiter's departure.

"How much trouble am I in?"

"None," he stated.

"For certain?"

"Sure," said Butler. "it was Harvey's order, and this arm. I did it."

"I'll send you my new address in Washington," I told him.

"Or," said Butler, "it was the SSD. In matters like this, you call upon Vladimir Ilyich Lenin. He said, 'Whom? Whom does this benefit?'"

"I don't know whom," I said. "I don't even know what was happening."

"Isn't that the God's truth?" replied Dix Butler.

which is
an obvious
parallel (or the
first analogy) to
Occam's Razor

brother," he said, swallowing his drink, "I was at my absolute worst and/or bloody best with Harvey."

We were silent. But I could take no comfort sitting beside him in silence. "Ever read Kierkegaard?" I asked. I wanted so much to drill one small hole into the steel plate of Hugh Montague's certainty.

"Of course."

"What I get from him," I said, "is modesty. We cannot know the moral value of our actions. We may think ourselves saintly at the exact moment we're toiling for the devil. Conversely, we can feel unholy and yet be serving God."

"Oh, don't you know. All that is subtended by faith," said Hugh. "The simple subtends the complex. If not for my faith, I could wield a damned good Kierkegaardian dialectic. Why not say that the USSR, because it preaches atheism, is in no position to corrupt religion? So, unbeknownst to itself, it is the true bulwark of God? Religious conviction in a Communist environment has to be luminous in its beauty. You have acquired it at such personal cost. Russia, therefore, has the social climate to create martyrs and saints, whereas we spawn evangelists. Harry, give in to Kierkegaard's dialectic just once, and you're in a lot of trouble. It's worrisome. The possibility that we will all be terminated in a nuclear

you've
used
this
before -
more than
once -
also -
it may
be too
sophisticated
for
Hobbes
at
22
years
old -
really

others, go further. I was one of them. Given my lonely vision of myself, it was a shock to recognize that I was such an outright snob.

Rosen was also at the Thursdays, but of him I will speak later--memories of Harlot as lecturer take precedence. At full throttle on a High Thursday with notables in attendance, Hugh Montague could employ rhetoric that was equal to high adventure. I am tempted to swear that, word for word, this is the way he offered it. At least, I tell myself that memory, for all its vicissitudes, can also be immaculate: Let me present Harlot on one of those exceptional afternoons before I left for Uruguay.

"An understanding of counter-espionage provokes difficulties to which we will return again and again," he said, "but it may help to recognize that this discipline is exercised in the alley between two theatres, the separate playhouses of paranoia and cynicism. Gentlemen, select one rule of conduct from the beginning: Too much attendance at either theatre is imprudent. One must keep shifting one's seat. For what, after all, are our working materials? Facts. We live in the mystery of facts. Obligatorily, we become expert observers on the permeability, malleability, and solubility of so-called hard facts. We discover that we have been assigned to live in the

Why
apologize
for
remembering?
we can
"so spend"
our
disobedience

fields of distortion. We are required to imbibe concealed facts, revealed facts, suspicious facts, serendipitous facts."

Rosen had the temerity on this particular High Thursday to interrupt Harlot long enough to ask, "Sir, I know the meaning of the word, but not its application here. What are serendipitous facts?"

"Rosen," said Harlot, "let us search for the answer."

Harlot paused. I was all too aware of the way he played with the name. There had been just a hint of mournful woe in the long "o" of Rosen. "Well, Rosen," he said, "let us assume that you are on a tour of duty in Singapore and a scrumptious blonde, a veritable bagatelle, happens to knock on your hotel room door at 2 A.M., and she is--let us say it is 90% verifiable-- not employed by the KGB, but just happens to knock because she likes you, well, Arnold, that is a serendipitous fact."

I thought
a bagatelle
was a
short, fat
vignette

Harlot let it land. Guffaws popped forth. Rosen managed to smile, indeed, I felt his gleam of happiness at arousing the wit of the master. "I thrive on derision," said his manner.

Harlot resumed. "Gentlemen," he declared, "in the more advanced regions of our work, sound judgment is all. Is the apparently unsuccessful operation that we are trying to analyze no more than an error by our opponents, a bureaucratic fumble,

physical. It is psychological. Manipulation is at the heart of seduction.

"Of course, in a Judeo-Christian culture such as ours, difficulties arise. Manipulation is Macchiavellian, we say, as if the name judges the matter. Yet any good man working for his beliefs may be obliged to enter the arena. For if he is ^{willing} not ready to imperil his conscience, then the field will belong to those who manipulate history for base ends. This is not a course in morality, so I pursue the matter no further than to say that a visceral detestation of manipulation produces an incapacity to find agents and run them. Even for those of us who accept the premise, it is difficult. There are case officers who have spent their working lives in foreign capitals but cannot point to a single on-site agent they have recruited. Such lack of execution tends to produce the same unhappiness at the corners of the mouth that you can find on the face of a dedicated hunter who ^{dependably} fails to bag his deer. Of course, the development of useful agents is not routine. The odds in certain countries are very much against us. Still, there are men who have the knack. One of our East European case officers brought in three principals during one year, and they, over the next few years, were able to enlist a dozen useful agents."

SP

ready
15
Marlman

"Satisfy them," said Savage, a former football player from Princeton.

"Never! Not in the beginning."

We were at a loss. Discussion circulated aimlessly until Harlot cut it off. "Confess back," he said, "that you have similar sexual needs. Of course, this assumes our client is not a homosexual." We laughed uneasily. "All right," said Harlot, "take an easier example: Suppose the client is ready to be unfaithful to his wife? Not an uncommon possibility in Czechoslovakia. Well, you, good principal, do not try to provide him with a mistress. Save such heavy stuff for the KGB. When a relationship is developing slowly and steadily between principal and client, do not complicate it by adding so dramatic and unstable an element to the relationship as a mistress. Instead. . .well, what does one do? Rosen?"

"I'm temporarily at a loss."

"Savage?"

"Ditto."

"Hubbard?"

It seemed to me that ^{you've given} the answer ~~had already been provided~~

"Perhaps you should confess to the same longing yourself?"

"Yes. Hubbard listens to what I say. Confess to similar sexual needs."

to many
characters
using the
passive?

offer from your boss. In return for regular removal of selected official documents, a weekly stipend can be arranged."

Harlot nodded. "An interesting period commences. The novice agent is shedding his chrysalis. He is becoming a butterfly. His secret work now provides him with excitement. If he is middle-aged, you could say he is having a fling. If young, he might actually be stimulated by discovery of this vein of deceit in himself."

Here, Harlot looked around our conference table. Did I have the certainty that his eyes rested just a little longer on mine? His gaze moved on. "I cannot repeat often enough," he said, "the importance of this regular cash stipend. It must, however, be not so large as to show up in a bank account, a new car, or a new home. Yet it has to be enough to quiet anxiety. Again, we rely on rule of thumb. A good measure is to peg the supplements at not less than one-third and not more than one-half of the agent's weekly salary. Regularity of payment serves the same purpose here as dependable meetings with a lady-love. Hysteria, always ready to flare up, is abated to some degree by predictable performances on the money side. Questions?"

One of the Mormons put up his hand. "Can you afford to let the agent ^{know} ~~become-witting-of~~ who he is working for?"

relatively inaccessible material. That is dangerous use of an asset. A good agent ends up not unlike a good hard-working animal on a farm. We teach it not to gallop, but to pull its load. We regulate its diet. The end we seek is an industrious performer who will harvest dependable product on a regular basis year after year. That is a valuable commodity never to be risked for too little, and never to be asked for too much. Underline this in your notes: The stability of espionage work is what generates good results. Crises are to be avoided as far as possible. Therefore, gentlemen, ask yourselves: What is the last step to be taken in the relationship between the principal and the agent?"

I do not know how the next answer came to me. Either I had developed some small ability to read Harlot's thoughts, or was growing familiar with his intellectual style, but I spoke out quickly, wanting credit for the answer. "Withdrawal," I said. "The principal withdraws from a close relation with the agent."

not
convincing

"How," he asked, "do you know that?"

"I can't say," I said. "It just feels right."

"Indeed it does. Hubbard, who would have thought you can muster the instincts of an intelligence beast?" The class laughed, and I flushed, but I knew why he had done this. I had

-33-

"In the course of instructing some of these future impressarios," said Harlot for commencement, "we managed a quick tour last week through the psychological lineaments of espionage."

Warden

"Now, on this Thursday, I hope to enter a more complex world. In contrast to espionage, whose basic building-block is fact, counter-espionage is built on lies. That is to say, on inspirations! So the actors in this kind of venture tend to be adventurers, aristocrats, structured psychotics, somewhat

Second World War. Since then, the tape recorder has played hell with liars."

I was struck with the resonance of the mirth that came forth from the nabobs. They laughed as if good humor on this subject was part of some private preserve.

Harlot continued: "Counter-espionage, however, does not permit the luxury of unbridled prevarication. On the contrary, we tell the truth almost all of the time, but tell it under the umbrella of a great lie: We pretend that the person smuggling our Company secrets over to the opponent is an agent in their employ, when in fact he is one of ours. That is unobstructed counter-espionage. It is encountered, however, more frequently in theory than practice. We and the KGB have both gotten so good at what we do that it has become more and more difficult to lie successfully to one another. By now, should a potential defector approaches us with the desire to be spirited over to America, we tell him: It can't be done, fellow. You've got to earn those transatlantic wings by staying at your ministry in Warsaw and providing us with intelligence. Do that for a couple of years, and then we'll see. Let us say he finally accepts our hard bargain. The moment he does, we are obliged to distrust him. Has he been dangled before us? So we test him. He is asked to get us information that should be out of

"Yes," agreed a few of the guests.

"Given," said Harlot, "the variety of assembled company today, it may be worth our time to take an excursion over to the other side of the sound barrier. To operations!" Allow me one fiction: Let us all think of a poor Arab conspirator who is cleaning his hand gun in preparation for termination of the local Arab leader. Our putative assassin is teamed up with a co-conspirator, equally poor, who is out at this moment looking to steal a car to use for the job. The second fellow, like most thieves, is impulsive. While the serious half of the team is oiling his arquebus, our thief, scouting for a suitable jalopy, happens to pass an Arab-American hamburger stand. There, behind the counter, stands a dusky but beautiful young girl. He sees a pair of divine melons under her blouse. He thinks he will come to less in the scheme of things if he does not get to know her considerably better. So, even as the first conspirator is ready to get going, the driver is nattering with the hamburger girl. By the time he gets around to pilfering a usable car, and returns to base, it is late. So, our assassins are not at the proper street corner at the hour when the Arab leader is supposed to drive by. They do not know their luck. This Arab leader has his own intelligence people. They have infiltrated the little outfit to which our terrorists

→ Why?

→ arrival -
OS 2/25/60

There was a formal round of applause as if Helms, by his choice of words, had lifted the carriage of discourse out of the ditch and up on the road again.

"Let us return for a brief spell to fundamentals," said Harlot. He had managed not to appear too uncomfortable during the altercation, but now that the situation was his to control once more, the timbre voice reflected the shift. "In our profession, the gathering of intelligence, historically speaking, used to precede operations: Any reliable information available was used to feed the venture. These days, large operations are often initiated for the sole purpose of obtaining intelligence, a reversal of the natural order between espionage and operations that can prove highly disruptive. Last winter, when the Berlin tunnel was still in operation, we were up to the elbows. Hundreds of translators labored over the prodigious output of telephone and cable traffic between East Berlin and Moscow. The effort was analogous to extracting a gram of radium from a mountain of uranium." There was low and rueful acknowledgement from the nabobs. "Not unlike Hannibal crossing the Alps, we nonetheless trudged on, working a good deal harder than those classical elephants.

"Now, suddenly, our gigantic operation collapses. We don't know how. One fine day this past April, Soviet military

2
Consecutive
metaphors?

The gleam came back. I had the feeling that no man would ever see such exaltation in his eye unless they had climbed with him to the top of Annapurna. "Dear Harry, I didn't," he said, "but, I confess, it was tempting. We had gone so far down the wrong path with that tunnel."

"Well, why didn't you?"

"As I told you: In faith, the simple subtends the complex. Patriotism--pure, noble patriotism--means dedication to one's vows. Patriotism has to be superior to one's will, no matter how exceptional is one's will. That is most painfully true when one's will is equal to one's highest intelligence. But, I am a loyal soldier. I resist temptation. All the same, Allen will never trust me completely. Which is proper. So, he was worried. That was why I chose to bring up Berlin with so inauspicious an audience. I wished to confuse Allen. If I was the author of the end run, why would I advertise the drear results?" He made a face, as if reflecting on the cost of the mockery visited on him. "I must say," he added, "I was startled at how self-important the operations people are becoming. One has to tip one's hat to your future Chief of Station. There he was parading as a bang-and-boomer, but I looked up his career record. He's more a propagandist than a paramilitary. Getting to be Chief of Station is a plum for

→ favorite,
overused,
and

We drove back to the canal house in silence. Once inside, Kittredge sat down in a chair and placed her hands on her stomach. The spots of red remained on her cheeks.

"Are you all right?" asked Hugh.

"I've never felt such anger. I hope it didn't pass through to the child."

"No telling," said Hugh.

"Why didn't you let me hit him?" she asked.

"I didn't want it to end up in the newspapers."

"I couldn't care less."

"Once you saw what they did with it, you would have cared."

She was silent.

"Newspapermen," said Hugh. "Swine. I think I saw a few of them there. Whooping on your comic genius."

"How do you know they were Press?" Kittredge asked.

"I think so. Some people ^{have} ~~offer~~ that look. And Bruce is certainly their little microbe. I tell you some kind of abominable culture is breeding away in God knows what sort of filthy dish."

"Then why didn't you let me at him?"

"Kittredge," said Montague, "I am trying to hold the world together, not help pull it apart."

Toward the end, he said enough to keep my mind circling around the theme for a long time afterward. Let me offer, then, something of the last Thursday I was to enjoy with Harlot for several years. In repayment, perhaps, for his acerbity on the last High Thursday, Mr. Dulles even broke precedent by making the opening remarks himself.

overused

"What you will hear today," he told us, "is tricky stuff, but invaluable. From Marx on down, Marxists do not credit the individual as being any kind of force in history. Nonetheless, the amusing aspect of their Marxism, if you permit me to apply such a word to so overbearing and unpleasant a philosophy, is that Communists are always wrong at the critical moment. When we have to listen to an awfully vain tenor who can never hit his high note, we do grow fond of him after a time. His very inability finally offers the dependable pleasure. So it is with Marx and the Communists. The infallible Karl was wrong when he predicted that the revolution would come first to the most advanced industrial nations, and was proved wrong again when the contradictions of capitalism did not prove fatal. Marx failed to see that business enterprise has to be considered in the light of its noun--enterprise! Business is merely the qualifier. Free enterprise puts the entrepreneur into a position of peril. He not only gambles with his

Marxism

-37-

Montevideo, October 18, 1956

Dear Kittredge,

To my surprise, Uruguay may prove more interesting. Or, should I speak only of the capitol-city? I haven't been out it yet. From the little I've been told by my new cohorts at the Embassy, our load is often heavy enough to call for sixty and seventy hour weeks. The consequence is that Montevideo, itself, (which contains more than half the population of the country) is about all I'm likely to get a look at for awhile.

My hotel, the Victoria Plaza, a brand new red brick edifice, is sixteen stories high, and shaped, I fear, like a cardboard carton on end. "That's where the action is," E. Howard Hunt advised me before I left, and I did listen to my COS-Designate even if he won't get here for another couple of months. I just supposed he would know, and yes, there is action of a sort-- businessmen of various nationalities looking to make their deal. Since I can barely afford my room, let alone hotel meals, I'm out walking most of the time, at least for this first couple of unassigned working days, and weekend. You see, on the afternoon I arrived, as luck took it, my superiors, all two of them, were away on Company business, and my relative equals, all four or five (it's not clear to me yet just who is who), were in any case so busy that they showed no inclination to start me off. In fact, Porringer, the man who met me at the airport, told me to look around and get the feel of the city because I wouldn't have a chance later. He was too jammed right then, he added, to install me properly.

Wonderful. I have the feeling it's the last few days I'll have free for weeks and months. All the people in our little wing of the Embassy--nought but four rooms of office furniture with maps and charts and posters up on the second floor--have

Markarian

the same look you see on Hugh's Mormons. Hellishly overworked individuals.

Well, it's also hell to be alone in a country and get invited nowhere by any of your confreres for the first few days. (All of them, after apologizing separately for not showing me around, then offered lists of places to see.) I took off on my own, and walked every day until I was so tired I'd fall asleep right after dinner--no night life to report as yet--then up again in the morning to walk around again. Would you believe it? I find Montevideo half-beguiling, and call that an achievement since, to the casual eye, it's nothing remarkable. For that matter, most of Uruguay is apparently of no vast interest. It can boast of no Andes, in fact, it hardly has hills, and there's nothing like the great Amazonian jungle savannah. Just rolling plains and cattle. Montevideo, itself, is a seaport on the Atlantic by way of the estuary of the River Plata which carries away a lot of land from the river bottom between Uruguay and Argentina, hence the water here is a clay-gray brown, and not in the least reminiscent of the Atlantic we know in Maine. Nor does the port amount to much. It looks like Mobile, Alabama, or Hoboken, New Jersey; all industrial harbors look the same, I guess. Access to the docks is mostly interdicted, so you can't wander down to where they

Officer, and one Station Administrative Assistant, who is Mayhew's secretary and doubles as accountant. We also have two Americans serving as contract agents on the outside (details about them later). Well, we office cohorts treat ourselves to a second cup of coffee, and go over the daily news together. I pick up the most from the Senior Operations Officer, Sherman Porringer who is knowledgeable about Uruguayan politics. All the stuff in training that I had no interest in, and just wanted to slide through--labor unions, political maneuvering, etc.--is now the stuff of these discussions.

Next, we peruse all the traffic that has come in overnight, own cables first, followed by a thorough look at the others. We're small enough to have to be up on what everyone is doing. What with the country club, and the numerous foreign embassy functions we are obliged to attend (tales of that to come), plus unexpected quick-breaking events, each of us has to be able to fill in. If, for example, one of my fellow Operations Officers, Jay Gatsby (do you believe the name?--he's one of the most colorless people I've ever met!) is out on a golf foursome with Sonderstrom and the Montevideo Chief of Police and Deputy Chief of Police, and, lo and behold, Gatsby's number one agent, AV/IDITY calls in, I obviously have to know something about Gatsby's projects. Or, opposite case, Jay has

Note

like missing a step going downstairs. What a jolt! Boris, by the way, seems the most sympatico of the Russian legation, a good-sized bear of a Russian albeit a touch scholarly in build, clean-shaven young face with a mane of pepper-and-salt hair and a sad, wise agreeable expression as if you could really talk to him. The others, for the most part, are brutes, or London-suited joy-boys.

half stock
and
half
slight?

Do you know, there's so much to tell and so little time. It's now 2 A.M. and I'll try to pick up this letter tomorrow night. I realize, thinking over what I've written, that my life couldn't be more different than it was in Berlin. There, I knew what it was to be prematurely old. Now, I feel young, but able to handle myself. I want to start taking charge of a few things. It's as if I have Cal's strength in me. Hugh was wise. Here is the place to develop.

I will not mail this letter until I finish it tomorrow night. I can't get over the shock I'm telling you so many proscribed things. I feel as if I'm shattering sword and vow--some such semi-occult romantic malaise. And all for the higher vow of my lady's hand. Damn it, Kittredge, are you a Soviet agent to have so entrapped me?

H. alias G.

Find it
very hard to
believe that
H. would send
these letters
through regular mail

effectively he runs the Station, and to the rest of us because we're doing our patriotic job, and in the dark! And with no recognition! Needless to say, she loves the Company more than anyone I've encountered, loves it more than church or kin. You can imagine how neat she is, and how fussy. Gordon Morewood will drive her, we fear, into nervous exhaustion. She pores over his accounts. He has managed to weave a web that entangles every one of her good accounting principles. I have seen Nancy Waterston in tears after a session with Gordy on the phone. I think he is an example of one of Hugh's classic liars, at least when it comes to where he put the money. "No," he'll say, "I never inserted that check into the C account, I cashed it as I told you last time," which, of course, he didn't. She is so honest she cannot sleep after working on his account. He's adroit. We move on all the time to new projects, new bills, new receipts, new out-of-pocket expenses. There is no way she can stop the accounting machine long enough to trace out his divagations from accepted bookkeeping practice. Once, she was desperate enough to importune Mayhew to cable Argentina-Uruguay Desk, and have them authorize the dispatch of a top-flight auditor to Montevideo. Mayhew, with all his detestation of Gordy, nonetheless wouldn't put her request on the wire.

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