

bolt into the rock. Then they cinch themselves up and drill a hole for the next bolt. It takes weeks to do something major, but any farm boy who can bear the drudgery now becomes an important climber. There's your CATHETER," he whispered.

"Your general hated what it was able to tell us," I said. "Especially what it has to offer about the weaknesses of the East German railway system." Now, I was whispering.

"The state of East German railroad yards is not what Communism is about," said Harlot in answer.

"Isn't our priority in Europe to know when the Soviets might attack?"

"That was a pressing question five or six years ago. The Red onslaught, however, is no longer all that military. Nonetheless we keep pushing for an enormous defense buildup. Because, Harry, once we decide that the Soviet is militarily incapable of large military attacks, the American people will go soft on them. There's a puppy dog in the average American. Lick your boots, lick your face. Left to themselves, they'd just as soon be friends with the Russians. So, we don't encourage news about all-out slovenliness in the Russian military machine."

"Bill Harvey said virtually the same thing to me."

"Yes, Bill's interests are contradictory. On the one hand, he supports our general posture, but on the other, Harvey has to keep speaking up for CATHETER even when it tells us what we don't particularly wish to hear."

"I'm confused," I said. "Didn't you once say that our real duty is to become the mind of America?"

"Never more so. But not a mind that merely verifies what is true and not true. The aim is to develop teleological mind. Mind that dwells above the facts; mind that leads us to larger purposes. Harry, the world is going through exceptional convulsions. The Twentieth Century is fearfully apocalyptic. Historical institutions that took centuries to develop are now in a lava-like state. Those Bolsheviks in 1917 were the first intimation. Then came the Nazis. God, boy, they were a true exhalation from Hell. The top of the mountain blew off. Now the lava is starting to move. You don't think lava needs good railroad systems, do you? Lava is entropy. It reduces all systems. Communism is the entropy of Christ, the degeneration of higher spiritual forms into lower ones. To oppose it, we must, therefore, create a fiction--that the Soviets are a mighty military machine who will overpower us unless we are more powerful. The truth is that they will overpower us, if

the passion to resist them is not regenerated, by will if necessary, every year, every minute."

"But how do you know you are right?"

He shrugged. "One lives by one's intimations."

"And where do you get them?"

"On the rock, fellow, high up on the rock. Well above the lava." He drained his Slivovitz. "Let us get some sleep. We're travelling tomorrow."

As he said goodbye in the elevator, he added, "It's a very early breakfast for Harvey and me. Sleep until I call."

I did. My faith in his ability was large enough to let me. And if I were confused as I put my head to the pillow, well, confusion, when profound, is also an aid to slumber. I did not stir until the phone rang. It was noon. A long sleep had come to me with the reprieve.

"Are you awake?" said Harlot's voice.

"Yes."

"Pack. I'll pick you up at your apartment in exactly an hour. The hotel bill is paid." Then, he added, "You are going to learn much in the next year."

My education commenced not a minute after I returned to the apartment. Dix Butler was alone and pacing about in a

fearfully bad mood. "What's happened to Harvey?" he asked.

"I've got to see him, and he won't even pick up the phone."

"I don't know a thing," I said, "except that I'm going home free and clean."

"My respects to your family," he said.

"Yes," I said.

"Well," he said, "Wolfgang is dead."

At first, I could not speak. I thought my voice was coming forth, but it wasn't. Then, I asked, "Violent end?" I managed to say that.

"He was beaten to death."

Silence came down on both of us. I worked at packing my things. Several minutes later, I stepped out of my bedroom to ask, "Who do you think did it?"

"Some old lover."

I went back to my valise.

"Or," said Butler, "them."

"Who?"

"BND."

"Yes," I said.

"Or," said Butler, "us."

"No."

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On the flight across the Atlantic, Harlot was in a splendid mood. "I must say," he told me in the confidential tone of a dean passing on a rich whisper at commencement, "it proved to be quite a meeting with Harvey."

By the twinkle in his eye, however, I had the uneasy intimation I would not be satisfied by how much he would impart. A merry light in Harlot's eye often ended as a mote in mine.

"Well," he said, "never forget--Bill Harvey began as an FBI man, and they do tend to be paranoid about their personal safety. How could they not? J. Edgar Hoover is always offering the prime example." Harlot dropped his voice even more for the next. "I've heard that Hoover won't allow his driver to take a turn to the left if he can also get there by making three turns around the block to the right. Whenever I used to ponder Bill Harvey's odd behavior, therefore, with those pistols, I would usually decide J. Edgar Buddha had infected him doubtless with some of his own totem and taboo. One day, however, not so many months ago, not too long before we arranged for you, dear boy, to go to Berlin, I had an inspiration: What if those damn pistols were not just Bill Harvey's passages of paranoia, but were, in fact, a real response to some more or less true danger? What if he had managed to get into something bad?" Harlot extended his forefinger. "Give me a vigorous hypothesis every time. Without one, there's nothing to do but drown in facts.

"So I looked into Harvey's file. Right there, in his 201, is a full account of how he was obliged to resign from the FBI. You know the story. You recorded all that stuff from C.G.'s own lips. But, I can see by the way you nod your head that you recall it all. So do I. Every detail that C.G. imparted to

you proved to be precisely the same as the version in his 201 file. I anticipated that would be the case when I put you on to C.G. in the first place. Consider what it means. Her version of events, as related in 1956, coincided perfectly with his account in 1947 when he first came to the Agency. It's as if an overlay had been traced over the original version. He obviously spoon-fed the 201 version to his new bride when they got together, and I suspect he reinforced it by repeating the same story to her from time to time. There's the clue. One of the few rules you can count on in our work is that a story will conform in every detail to its earlier version only if the initial account has been artfully fabricated, and carefully repeated."

"I don't understand," I said. "When you arrived in Berlin, you couldn't know whether I had had the opportunity to speak to C.G."

"I was coming over," said Harlot, "ready or not. Your situation was obviously coming apart. Besides, there was all that friction between Harvey and Pullach. So, I had to take a chance. All the same, the transcript you obtained for me was wonderfully fortifying. A talisman. I kept it in my breast pocket all through breakfast with Bill. It gave me absolute conviction that I knew the man I was dealing with."

"Harvey and I had our meeting by the way in the Lounge of the Am Zoo. He knew I wouldn't meet him on Harvey home turf. And my hotel would normally have been seen in the same light. But he must have calculated that with all his assets, he could slip a sneaky into the Lounge. After my little talk with you, however, I spoke to the hotel management and arranged for my two surveillance men to spend the night in the Lounge. While they could not do any wiring for me, at least I would be certain that no one of Harvey's people slipped anything up the flue. We met next morning, therefore, with no recording devices available to either of us other than what paltry stuff we could bring in on our own person."

"How could you ever tape Harvey?" I asked. "He must have known you were wired."

"I had a sneaky on me I did not expect him to locate. A KGB toy the Russians had been testing in Poland. You install it in the hollowed out heel of your shoe, battery, microphone, all. But we're ahead of ourselves. Point is that breakfast--Campari and croissants for Bill, one soft boiled egg for me--didn't tarry too long on the amenities. We soon moved over to the opening insults. 'Hey, buddy,' he tells me, 'I cut my teeth on dark alley operations in Hell's Kitchen while you Oh-So-Socials were eating crumpets with English buggers! Ho,

ho, ho!' Tells me he's a three-martini man at lunch, 'a double, a double, and a double, ho, ho, ho!' I ask him which gun he's laying on the table. He says, 'It's not the gun, it's the hollow-nose bullets. I'll change my gun,' he informs me, 'before I'll change my shirt.'

At this point, Harlot took a few pages of transcript from his breast pocket, peeled off the first two, and held them up. "Well," he said, "it's there now. Typed it myself soon as he left. Always get your tapes on paper as quickly as you can. It clarifies what happened. As I look at this little text, I keep thinking of Bill's buttercup mouth so much at odds with the vile spew he spits. Oh, was he primed to go! He thought he had me." With that, he handed over the first two pages.

SON-IN-LAW: Now that we've bicycled around the mulberry bush, tell me, why breakfast?

GHOUL: I thought it was time to see who was holding the cards.

SON-IN-LAW: That's good. You're talking about cards and I'm ready to talk about egg on your vest.

GHOUL: Don't believe I'm the one who's dribbled.

SON-IN-LAW: You are covered with protégée juices.

Your protégée is, to be precise, in one fuck of a lot of trouble. You see, I know who SM/ONION is by now. Protégée confessed. Aren't you ashamed of yourself?

GHOU: When I decipher what you are mumbling about, I will subject myself to your moral examination.

SON-IN-LAW: Well, I send this in the open: I'm ready to bring charges on you and Schneider for endangering CATHETER. Would it interest you to know I have proof? At this moment, a certain piss-bar pervert is in custody. He is being debriefed. He has told us one fuck of a lot.

GHOU: Nobody has confessed. Nothing to confess to. This person you call the pervert is not in your custody. Because I received a call at 6 A.M. from the south of Germany. Your so-called piss-bar pervert is dead.

(long silence)

SON-IN-LAW: Maybe a lot of people are going to be nailed to a lot of masts.

GHOU: No, friend. That's jawboning. Even if you and I were to go head to head with the hand you are holding, and the hand you think I am holding, you could do no better than bring both of us down. Nothing could be proved. Both parties irretrievably tarnished. So let's talk instead about the cards I actually am holding. They're stronger than you think.

I had come to the bottom of the second page of the transcript. "Where," I asked, "is the rest?"

Harlot sighed. I must say the sound was as resonant as a low full note on a woodwind. "I recognize," he said, "the extent of your curiosity, but I cannot let you see any more. You will have to wait on the rest of the transcript."

"Wait?"

"Yes."

"For how long?"

"Oh," said Harlot, "years."

"Yessir."

"You may appreciate it more in time to come. It's rich enough." He looked about the plane and yawned fiercely. This seemed transition sufficient for him. "By the way," he said, "I settled the bill at the Am Zoo. Your share, breaking down the Deutschmarks, comes to thirty-eight dollars and eighty-two cents."

I started to write a check. The sum was a third of my weekly salary. "Doesn't the Company cover things like this?" I asked.

"For me, yes. I'm travelling. But Clerical will contest your Am Zoo chit. After all, you have a stipend for your lodging."

Of course, he could have put it on his account. I remembered a night when Kittredge and I were doing dishes at the canal-house with a bar of laundry soap. "Hugh," she murmured to me, "may have the leanest wallet in the Company."

"Yessir. Thirty-eight, seventy-two," I said.

"Do you mind," asked Harlot, "if I deepen a point I was attempting to make last night?"

"No," I said, "I'd welcome it." I was hoping to hear something more about Harvey. Instead, I received a sermon on the nuances of evil in Communism. All the while I was obliged to listen to him my balked curiosity remained as painful as a venereal twinge.

"I would remind you," said Harlot, "that the true force of the Russians has little to do with military strength. We are vulnerable to them in another way. Burgess, Philby, and Maclean proved it. Can you conceive how badly it sat in me that Bill Harvey was right about that gang and I was wrong? Yet, I had to recognize that he perceived something I missed. I suspect his percipience came out of those mean and modest Harvey origins. His father, you know, was caught in the lifelong trap of being the most prominent lawyer in a hopelessly backwater hamlet. That has to be alcohol alley. It explains Harvey's animus toward all social origins superior to

his. It certainly provided Harvey with his abominable thesis: The better your family, the worse you probably are as a security risk. For the Russians are able to get in their licks on whatever is left of the Christian in many a rich swine. It goes so deep--this simple idea that nobody on earth should have too much wealth. You can be certain that Guy Burgess--God, what a greedy fellow himself!--was always comfortable calumniating the greed of his own class. Whenever Burgess' rich friends behaved unconscionably, he could feel virtuous that he was working for the Russians. Whatever meager little touch of the spirit he still retained, kept him a Communist. Because it's very Christian, this idea that nobody should have too much. That's exactly what's satanic about Communism. It trades on the noblest vein of Christianity. It works the great guilt in us. At the core, we Americans are even worse than the English. We're so full of guilt. We're rich boys, after all, playing around the world with the hearts of the poor. That's tricky. Especially if you have been brought up to believe that the finest love you will ever come near, goes back to the sentiments of Christ washing the feet of the poor."

"How would you feel," I asked, "if I said these things? Wouldn't you wonder which side I was working for?" I was

irritable. My thwarted curiosity still lay like lead on my stomach.

"If I thought I was on the wrong side," he answered, "I would feel obliged to defect. I do not wish ever to work for evil. It is evil to recognize the good, and continue to work against it. But, make no mistake," he told me, "the sides are clear. Lava is lava, and spirit is spirit. The Reds, not us, are the evil ones. Satan, I must always repeat, is the most beautiful creature God ever made, and the Communists use that secret to the hilt. They are always suggesting that they are in the true tradition of Christ. They are the ones who work at kissing the feet of the poor. Absolute poppycock. But the Third World buys it. That's because the Russians know how to merchandise one crucial commodity: Ideology. Our spiritual offering is finer, but their marketing of ideas proves superior. Ultimately, we approach God alone, each of us, one by one, but the Soviets are able to perform the conversion en masse. That is because they deliver mankind over to man, not God. A disaster. The center of the great error. I repeat: God, not man, has to be the judge. Man is too corrupt. I will always believe that. I also believe that even at my worst, I am still working, always working, as a soldier of God. Young

opera, makes our average citizen go all out for pleasure. The truth is that the West builds pleasure palaces faster than churches. The secret thought becomes: Maybe there will be no judgment! If the world blows up, God's faculties might also be atomized. So, the quality of work deteriorates. Everywhere, work deteriorates. Ultimately, that has to hurt us much more than it will hurt the Russians. Lava has no need of quality." He sighed again--a long meditative note on the instrument of his voice, and was silent, then cracked his knuckles. "Always celebrate a victory," he said, "by reviewing morose thoughts. It keeps the devils away." He reached over and thumped my knee. "I'm nervous," he added, "because I feel twice blessed. That, dear boy, is asking for it. You see, quite beyond my good morning with Harvey, there's another matter. I'm your godfather, aren't I?"

"Yessir."

"Been a good one?"

"Superior."

"Well, now, return the favor."

"Hugh?"

"Yes. In about seven months, Kittredge and I are going to have a child. I want you to be the godfather."

The plane flew on.

"That's splendid news," I said, "and a great honor."

"You are Kittredge's choice as much as mine."

"I can't tell you how I feel."

I was numb. I felt nothing. I wondered if I was going to die before I found out what happened with Bill Harvey. Indeed, it took thirteen years before I was to see the full transcript.

Thirteen days after I landed in Washington, a Russian patrol located our tap on the Altglienecke-to-Moscow cable. If I had still been in Berlin, the loss of the tunnel would have reverberated around me like a bomb going off in the street; around Washington, the event was reduced to a far-off rumble. I had returned, be it said, to a number of changes in my life.

The first was in relation to Kittredge. As putative godfather, I was now all but a member of the family. At times, I felt like her younger brother, and more often like a first

cousin of no particularly healthy sort--which is to say that we felt awfully healthy with each other. Pregnant, she had become a flirt. On greeting and on farewell, she would kiss me with open moist lips. I, still knowing little enough how to measure such affection, did not rely on the collegiate lore of Yale, so much as the sexual wisdom of St. Matthew's. There, the boys who had gone in for the heaviest petting over summer vacation would come back in the Fall to instruct the less fortunate: When a girl's lips are wet, and stick to yours just a little, why, fellow, a full-fledged sexual attraction is brewing.

It was brewing. Kittredge, nearly always a happy sight to my eyes, had never appeared more beautiful than in these first months of pregnancy. Her fine features were now enriched by the livelier colors of her character. You could see her temper, her wit, her wiles. Gone were those mask-like suggestions of innocence that might be a little too bland. Now, you could sense the angelic valleys of her spirit--I saw them as angelic--and the formidable and not so agreeable furies and obduracies of which her mind might be capable. I could feel the woman within--by which blank check of a phrase, I try to pass over the more intimate grasp I now had of what it might mean to go to bed with Kittredge. My night with Ingrid had given some necessary dollop of gross sophistication--I knew

that Kittredge was not only an ineffable array of the loveliest manners and graces, but a body that could shape itself to mine (whether well or badly was obviously a subject I had the rest of my life to explore) and--here was the gross wisdom--a body that might even offer up its secret if natural odor; I assumed that would prove superior to Ingrid's stingy, fearful, cat-like purchase on the cosmos.

Yes, I was in love, if love is the happy condition of feeling one's hours remarkably well-spent even if one does nothing but sit in company with one's beloved and her husband, and listen with them to the record player offering such musical events as the New York Philharmonic performing Boris Gudonov, Leopold Stokowski conducting. Harlot contended that Moussorgsky was an infallible source for every insight you might need into the turmoil of late Czarist Russia.

Kittredge's taste these days went to My Fair Lady. Word had come to Washington that this was the ticket for the season on Broadway, and pregnant Kittredge was now uncommonly interested in hot tickets. To counter Moussorgsky, she gave us Lerner and Loewe. We listened to I Could Have Danced All Night until Montague finally asked, "Does a pregnancy circumscribe you all that much?"

"Hugh, stow it," said Kittredge, and the predictable two red spots came to her white cheeks.

"Darling," he said, "you never seemed to care about dancing until now."

And I, traitor to their hearth, was happy that I understood a side of her better than he, and hoped she knew it. A part of myself, not all that large, but certainly there for the long ride, would never pardon him for not revealing the true denouement with Harvey. I felt more abused by this act of omission than being sent to Berlin in the first place.

All the same, he was certainly taking close care of my career. I had not been back half a week before he arranged to get me into Intensive Spanish, and onto the Argentina-Uruguay Desk in the Western Hemisphere Division as preparation for moving over to the station in Montevideo.

"Why Uruguay?" I asked.

"Because it's small, and you can have a good time. You'll learn a lot."

Since Montevideo had to be thousands of miles away, it also occurred to me that he might want his god-son somewhat separated from his wife after the baby was born.

"You need a place to learn your trade," he told me, "and Uruguay is fine for that. You'll come to know the diplomatic

community, meet a few Russians, run a few agents, get a feel for the nuts and bolts. I'm looking down the line to years ahead when you'll be training intensively with me."

"You're sure of that?"

"I expect you and I will yet work together well. But first you've got to pick up the everyday grammar--all the endless housekeeping that goes into station work and the do's and don'ts in espionage proper."

I confess that if I had heard espionage and counter-espionage used more than a hundred times in the last year, I still did not understand the distinction too well. "Can't I train with you now," I asked, "while I'm waiting? It's likely to be months at the Uruguay Desk before I get to go over."

"Yes," he said, "but you'll have to wait. I won't be starting up the Thursdays until we get back from the Keep this summer."

"That's two months away and more."

"The time you spend at the Argentina-Uruguay desk will be invaluable."

Perhaps it was. I did not think so at the time. I was too busy absorbing whole fat loose-leaf books of geographical, political, economic, cultural, and trade union material. Soon

enough, I learned that Uruguay was a small nation on the Atlantic coast, considerably further to the south than I had expected, (a cocoanut-shaped circumference was its appearance on the map), and it looked to be caught in the massive upper and lower jaws of Brazil and Argentina. Uruguay was temperate in climate--hurrah!--void of jungle--twice hurrah!--the Switzerland of South America--ugh!--a semi-socialist welfare state--paugh!--a land of pampas and cattle with only one large city, Montevideo, and the entire country, somewhat under four million people, lived on the export of beef and hides, mutton and wool.

My spare time at work went into coding and decoding cables. I could go on at length about that traffic for I was frankly surprised at the extent of our operations, but there is no need. I will have much to say about Uruguay once I arrive. For now, I worked away at Intensive Spanish, suffered the heat of Washington through June and July, waited for Harlot and Kittredge's three weeks at the Keep in August to conclude in order that his mysterious Thursdays might commence, and amused myself in the interim by indulging in copious speculations about the appearance and personal style of the officers and agents who bore our cryptonyms at the Montevideo Station. Since our cable traffic used AV/ as the code letters for

Uruguay, we did not have to put up with such broken-backed orthographic presences as SM/ONION or KU/CLOAKROOM; now, we could employ AV/ALANCHE, AV/ANTGARDE, AV/ARICE, AV/ENGE, AV/IATOR, AV/OIDANCE, AV/OWAL, AV/OIRDUPOIS, AV/UNCULAR, and, my favorite, AV/EMARIA. You never knew. AV/ANTGARDE could be a bellhop, and AV/EMARIA a chauffeur in a foreign embassy. I could, of course, given my Desk accreditation, have checked their cryptonyms against the 201 file we kept in one corner of the larger office room of the two that constituted our Argentina-Uruguay Desk in Cockroach Alley, but there was no need to know and I felt too new to push it. Older desk officers were handling the real problems in cable traffic and would only introduce me to the more complex tasks grudgingly, as if losing a piece of their substance. I was content to wait. It was calm work after Berlin, and I had small interest. The summer in D.C. was hot. The commencement of the Thursdays was what I waited for.

Those classes, or seminars, as I soon learned, were much talked about. Over lunch in the cafeteria one hot day, two senior officers, friends of Cal, offered me disparate evaluations: "Much ado about nothing," said one. "He's so brilliant, it's unholy," said the other, "why, you don't know how fortunate you are to be selected."

The class, now in its third year, had been commenced as a seminar on Thursday afternoons for young officers recommended to Harlot as potential talent for his projects. Once a month, on what were soon called the High Thursdays, important guests showed up by invitation, and as counterparts, the more mundane seminars became Lows. Then, his own working staff got to be included every other week. Depending on the number of Thursdays in the month, we would have two or three Lows, a Mid-month or Mid, and one High Thursday.

We would meet around the conference table in Hugh Montague's outer office, a commodious room on the second floor of the yellow brick villa that Allen Dulles used for his headquarters. Situated on E Street, well away from Cockroach Alley, it was an elegant building larger than most of the foreign embassies in Washington. Since Harlot was one of the few high ranking officers to work in such proximity to Dulles, the zest we took to class was not separate from the importance of our surroundings.

Given all the variety of rank at these Thursdays, we made an unconventional group. Allen Dulles would keep popping in and out, a beeper in his breast pocket prodding him back to his own office from time to time. Once, I remember, he made a

point of letting us know that President Eisenhower had just called him to the phone.

The lectures on High Thursday tended to be the most exceptional. For one thing, Harlot's voice could become as commodious in the enunciation of multi-syllabic words as a bass violin, and there was always his unabashed use of rich syntax. How much one learned directly, however, is not easy to measure. He gave no assignments. He might recommend a book from time to time, but never pursued our diligence, no, as he explained one night at the canal-house, it was more a matter of sowing the seeds. A few might sprout. Since our Mids as well as our Highs were soon enriched with visiting professionals whose Company labors had brought them back to D.C. from various lairs abroad, and since the Director himself was not only our peripatetic guest, but had obviously given his imprimatur, and would often nod at the sheer wonderful glory of the subject--ah, one could almost hear Mr. Dulles say, this wonderfully shrewd and metaphysical and monumental world of Intelligence itself!--it took no vast acumen on my part to recognize that come a High or even a Mid Thursday, Harlot would teach our group from the top down. His preference was to stimulate his equals: On such occasions, the rest of us could scramble how we might. Low days were of more use to us. Then,

the course served, as Harlot once remarked, "to rev up the spear-carriers" by which he must have meant the Mormons. We had five Ph. D.'s, Mormons from the Midwest who were always present, always taking notes, always in crew-cut, white shirt with short sleeves, pens in the breast pocket, dark thin ties, eyeglasses. Although they were staff, these five came nonetheless every Thursday. They all looked like engineers, and I recognized after a time that they were the galley slaves over in Montague's counter-espionage shop at TSS, marooned in esoteric and prodigiously demanding tasks of cryptography, file-searching, estimate-vetting, etc. To me it reeked of Bunker work, although obviously more purposeful, more lifelong--you could see it in their Mormon faces: They were signed up for a career of the highest level of clerking. I was, I admit, snobby, but then, as the son of a Bold Easterner, and so, by titular descent, a Junior Bold Easterner, Ivy League out of Andover, Exeter, Groton, Middlesex, or one of the Saints, Paul, Mark, Matthew, a member, therefore, of the Agency Tier, how could I not feel superiority? We had Junior Bold Easterners among us who would obviously go far. Bright, properly athletic--able to drive a tennis ball right through your ego--well-installed not only by education but physical inheritance--some of us would, yes, with equal ability to

no
commu-
needed

an absurdity, a gaffe, or, to the contrary, do we have before us a complex scenario, an aria with carefully chosen dissonances?" He paused. He glared at us. Just as a great actor can give the same soliloquy to beggars or kings--it does not matter--he was here to expatiate on a theme. "Yes," he said, "some of you, on such occasions, will feel an unholy rush to the Theatre of Paranoia, others will leave their name at the Cinema of Cynicism. My esteemed Director--" he nodded in the general direction of Mr. Dulles--"has sometimes assured me that while I am not bereft of a few higher faculties, I can hold forth at times a little too long over at Paranoia House. One may have to respect his wisdom in these matters."

Dulles beamed. "Oh, Montague, you can tell as many stories on me as I can on you. Let's assume there's nothing wrong with a little suspicion. It tends to keep the mind alive."

Harlot nodded. Harlot said, "The man with talent for counter-espionage, the true artist,"--now using the word with as much nesting of his voice as an old Russian lady saying Pushkin--"the officer with a vocation draws on his paranoia to peer into the beauties of his opponent's scenario. He looks for ways to attach facts properly to other facts so that they no longer lie on the specimen table as separated objects. Our

true artist looks to find the picture that no one else has glimpsed. Nonetheless, he never fails to heed the powers of cynicism.

"For cynicism has its own virtues. It is analogous to the oil that wells up from every crushed seed, every damn plan that went wrong." Sitting near Allen Dulles on this day, I heard him grunt in pleasure. It was a small but enjoyable sound. "Hear, hear," he said softly, and I heard him. "Do not," continued Harlot, "attempt to comprehend the KGB, therefore, until you recognize that they have some of the most flexible and some of the most rigid minds in intelligence work, and their people clash with each other, even as some of ours have been known to do. We must always feel the play of forces in our opponent's scheme. It teaches us to beware of divinations that are too comprehensive, too satisfying. Cynicism teaches you to distrust the self-indulgent pleasure we feel when scattered facts come into a nice pattern. If that happens just a little too quickly, you may have come upon your first hint that you are dealing with a pre-calculated narrative. In a word, disinformation."

Advanced were the High Thursdays, awfully advanced for the Lows. I would ponder some of his conclusions for many a year. But I may be describing his lectures from the wrong end; there

are simpler examples. If, at worst, his method of discourse on High Thursdays jumped the most inexperienced of us through generalizations as wide as the Theatre of Paranoia and the Cinema of Cynicism, he would and did on any Low Thursday return us to the threading of a rusty nut to a dirt-grimed bolt.

Indeed, the first day of the first Low had us working for two hours to construct scenarios on the basis of a torn receipt, a bent key, a stub of pencil, a package of book matches, and a dried flower pressed into a cheap unmarked envelope. These items, he told us, happened to be the pocket litter left by an agent under suspicion after he decamped in unholy haste from a furnished room. For two hours, we fingered these objects, brooded upon them, and offered our theories. I forget mine. It was no better than the others. I remember only that Rosen was the sole student that day to distinguish himself. After the others had finished their exposition, Arnie was still frowning. "In my opinion," he said, "too many pieces are missing."

"This is your whole contribution?" asked Harlot.

"Yessir. Given the paucity of facts, no viable scenario is available."

"Rosen," Harlot told us, "is on the nose. These objects were selected arbitrarily. A correct solution does not exist."

Explanation: The exercise was to alert us to the risk of auto-intoxication when formulating scenarios. Deductive passions could be loosed all too easily by a dried flower, a cheap envelope, a stub of pencil, the bent key, the torn receipt for \$11.08. Our first lesson had been designed to make us aware (in retrospect) of any subtle discomfort we had ignored in the course of working up our explanation. "Respect that subtle hollow," Harlot told us. "When a scenario feels absolutely right, it is usually right, but if your story feels almost right, yet just a little empty, well, then, it's all wrong." The next Low, he told us, would be devoted to espionage itself. Espionage, plain and simple, as opposed to counter-espionage.

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Back at Cockroach Alley, in early training, we had had a course called Agent Recruitment, but the instruction was general and few of us could picture the reality. Montague moved at once to the marrow. "Espionage," he told us, "is the selection and development of agents. It may be comprehended by a two-word description: disinterested seduction."

Having paused, he said, "If you see me as an advocate of carnality, you are in the wrong room. We are speaking of disinterested seduction. That is not, if you reflect on it,

I do not think any of us were worried by the concept of manipulation at this point. To the contrary--we wondered: Would we be one of those case officers who managed to do the job? We sat there in a mixture of exaltation and worry.

"Yes," said Harlot, "at this point you may be thinking: So incredible a purpose, so difficult an achievement! Rest somewhat assured. The Company knows better than to depend on transcendental encounters. Recruitment is usually the product of time and care spent in studying each prospective target. If it is the steel production of a target country which interests us most, then a cleaning woman who has access to the wastebaskets of a high official in machine-tool production can serve our purposes better than a secretary to the Minister of Agriculture. There is logic to this work, and to a degree, one can instruct you in it."

Everyone nodded profoundly.

"Today, we will place ourselves in a specific milieu," Harlot said. "Let us suppose we are stationed in Prague, but speak very little Czech. How is one to cook the omelet when the pan has no handle? Well, gentlemen, do not forget, we have our support system. In the labyrinth, we are never alone. It is not expected that you, personally, will handle Czech agents who speak nothing but their own tongue. Obviously, there has

to be a native whom we employ, a working intermediary. This fellow is called a principal. The principal agent is the one who will solicit his countrymen. You will guide such work."

"Sir, are you saying that we don't really get out in the field?" asked one of the Junior Bold Easterners.

"In the satellite countries, you don't get out," answered Harlot.

"Then why are we studying recruitment?" asked Rosen.

"To be able to think like a principal. Today, in fact, all of us together will try to think as one such principal. We will convert all of you Lows into one imaginary Czechoslovakian, an official in the Prague government who has already been recruited by the Agency. Now we--by which, of course, we now mean I--as our surrogate principal--is working to bring in a few more Czechs from nearby government offices. The first clue to effective manipulation is also the cardinal law of salesmanship. Would any of you be familiar with that law?"

Rosen's hand shot up. "The customer," he said, "doesn't buy the product until he accepts the salesman."

"How do you know that?"

Rosen shrugged. "My father used to own a store."

"Perfect," said Harlot. "I, as the principal, am there to inspire the putative agent--let us call him the client--with one idea. It is that I am good for his needs. If the client is a lonely person with a pent-up desire to talk, what should be my calculated response, therefore?"

The answer offered no pain. "Be there to listen," said several of us at once.

"But what if I am dealing with a lonely man who dwells in isolation out of personal choice?"

"Well, just sit beside him," said one of the Mormons, "Enjoy the quiet."

"Clear enough," said Harlot. "In doubt, always treat lonely people as if they are rich and old and very much your relative. Look to provide them with the little creature comfort that will fatten your share of the will. On the other hand, should the client prove to be a social climber who gnashes his teeth at the mention of every good party he has not been invited to, then your sympathy won't get you much. Action is needed. You have to bring this person out to an impressive gathering." Harlot snapped his fingers. "Next problem. The client has just confessed to you a secret or two about his sexual needs. What do you do about that?"

"But we still don't know," said Rosen, "what to do if the client's desires are frankly and actively homosexual."

We went around the room again. It was my day in class. This time I had a small inspiration. "I think you should show sympathy, not identity," I said.

"Keep on," said Harlot.

"I suppose you could say that while not a homosexual yourself, you do have a younger brother who is, so you understand the need."

"Well," said Harlot, "we now have an approach. Let us apply it to other vices. Suppose the client happens to gamble?"

The most effective response, we agreed, would be to tell him that one's father also gambled.

We moved on. What if the client wanted to get his oldest son accepted at a prestigious university. The principal might have to ask his influential friends to support the application. Some preparations, Harlot warned, did not take months, but years.

"One has, however," said Harlot, "to keep a firm grasp on the intrinsic problem. An exceptional friendship is being forged. One is, in effect, acting as generously as a guardian angel. That can arouse suspicion in the client. He has to be

aware, after all, that his job deals with government secrets. Some officials can be as suspicious as a rich girl with a plain face who is being rushed by an enthusiastic suitor. Depend on it. Espionage has its parallels to matchmaking. Ministers sitting on large secrets are the most difficult to woo. One more reason to focus on the easier target--the petty official. Even in such modest purlieus, however, the guardian angel has to be ready to dissolve the client's distrust even as it forms. It is wise to assume that the client, in some part of himself, at least, knows what you are up to, but is--trust the element of the perverse in these matters--nonetheless amenable to your game. Now, is the time to talk him into taking that first step toward becoming an overt espionage agent. The success of this transition depends on one procedure so well established that it is a rule of thumb. Do any of you have a contribution?"

We were silent.

"I guess one has got to move slow," said a Mormon.

"No," said another Mormon who had done missionary work in the Philippines, "fast or slow, make it seem natural."

"You're on track," said Harlot. "The rule is to reduce the drama."

"Is this always true?" asked Rosen.

"None of what I tell you is true," replied Harlot. "You are being provided with scenarios now to substitute for your lack of experience. Out in the field, count on it, your agents will act in unforeseen patterns."

"I know that," said Rosen. "It's just I have this idea that the transition--the pass, as you call it--can get more dramatic."

"Only in counter-espionage," said Harlot. "In time, we may arrive at that arcane subject. For now, however, keep the transition modest, uneventful, and dull. Reduce the drama. Request something minor. Your purpose, at this point, is not to net information, but to relax the conscience of the target. A salesman, as Mr. Rosen's father can no doubt tell us, wants to keep a potential buyer from wondering whether he really needs the product. What procedure would be analogous for us, Hubbard?"

"Do not let the client recognize how much he's getting into."

"Good. You, the principal, are there to allay anxiety. Warm the soup slowly. 'Look, friend,' you complain to the client, 'If I have to speak to someone in your office, the number is not available. I cannot pick up the phone and call them--I have to send a letter. No wonder our economy creeps

along. If you could let me have the telephone registry from your office for just one night, it would make my work so much easier.' Well, the client can hardly refuse after all you've done for him. It is, after all, a modest request. The intra-office phone book is thin. One can slip it into the torn lining of one's overcoat. So the client brings it out to the principal who has it immediately copied, and returns it early next morning before work. Now, what do you do?"

We were silent.

"You let a week go by. If any anxiety has been aroused in the tender breast of our target, it should have settled. Now, ask for a bit more. Could your friend let you have a look at a particular report that you happen to know is sitting in his bureau. Nothing weighty-- just something your boss would be pleased to see. It would advance his interests to have such information.

"An unhappy sigh, a sidelong look," said Harlot, "but the client agrees. The report is carried out in his briefcase that night, and, quickly copied, is returned in the morning. A transition is under way.

"The major shift, however, is yet to come. In order for the client to develop into a reliable agent willing to work in place for years, what now is necessary?"

Rosen had his hand up. So did the Mormons. Soon, everyone around the table but myself had raised their hands. I was the only one not to realize that the next step would lead our new agent into taking money for his services.

"It is easier," said Harlot, "than you would suppose. Just as many a woman prefers to receive kisses and presents rather than kisses puro, so your just-hatched agent won't mind being paid for his sins. A little corruption warms the chill. Remember, however, that hypocrisy is indispensable here. Keep to the model of the young lady. We offer her gifts before we get around to money. Begin in the same way with our novice agent. Avoid any hint of the crass. Pay off, for instance, some old nagging debt of his. Just as one more favor.

"Sooner than you would believe, however, the new agent is ready for a more orderly financial arrangement. He senses that he is entering into a deeper stage of the illicit, and money relieves anxiety, after all. For criminals, this is almost always true. An agent is, at the least, a white-collar criminal who has just emerged from an orderly but hitherto unsatisfactory middle-class life. Money becomes awfully welcome when one is perched on the edge of the lip. Strike your bargain, then. You, as the principal, can bring in an

"Never. If you are able to manage it, don't let him know it is the Company. Especially in an Eastern satellite. His anxiety would be excessive. Suppose our just-hatched butterfly is a Czech Communist. Let him get the notion that he is working for the Russians against the Czechs. Or if, like a few Slovaks I know, he is an Anglophile, you might slip across the idea that MI-6 is paying his supplement. If he likes to see himself as a spiritual descendant of Frederick the Great, nominate the BND. But always be vague about the source. Question?"

"What if the new agent won't take money?" I asked. "What if he's an ideological agent, and hates Communism so much he wants to fight against it? Aren't we abusing his idealism?"

"In the rare case, yes," said Harlot. "But an idealistic agent can burn out quickly, and turn on you. So, the financial connection is, if anything, more desirable with idealists."

"Isn't the real purpose of the money," Rosen now asked, "to keep the agent intimidated? He has to sign a receipt, doesn't he?"

"Absolutely."

"Well, then we've handcuffed him to the job. There's evidence against him."

"The KGB uses such tactics. We prefer not to," said Harlot. "Of course, there will be times when a signed receipt does underline the situation. I would argue, however, that the true purpose of the stipend is to give a sense of participation,"--he held up his hand,--"yes, even if the agent does not know exactly who we are. When you are living at the end of a network, nothing is more crucial than to feel you are not wholly alone. I repeat: money confirms--here is our paradox--the virtue of the vice."

For the first time since he had begun, Herlot permitted himself a look at his watch. "Let us count our gains," he said. "As principal, you have done your favors, avoided traps, offered the pass, put the client on regular salary, and have concealed the source. A perfect performance. Only one major step remains. What might that be?"

"Well, you have to train him," said one of the Tier, "you know, weapons, illegal entry, one-time pads, all the stuff that's got to be learned."

"No," said Harlot, "training is kept to a minimum. He is not an intelligence officer, but an agent. Use him as you have found him. He will be asked to take out official papers from his office or to photograph documents that cannot be removed. He must never be pushed, unless we are desperate, to obtain

been sufficiently indiscreet once to confess to Rosen that Hugh Montague was my godfather; now the class knew it, and Harlot must have picked that up. "Well," he said, "instincts are indispensable in our occupation, but I'm going to have to spell it out for those of you who are not so fortunately endowed with guile as Hubbard. Some of us have spent a few years here brooding professionally, you might say, on how to keep an agent in quiet working balance. We've even put our heads together with Company psychologists and psychiatrists. There is a consensus that sooner or later, the principal must separate himself to a crucial degree from his agent. This is analogous to the shift from early parental warmth offered an infant to the increasing discipline a child must accept as it grows older."

"Does this have anything to do with the agent's sense of a new identity?" asked Rosen.

"Excellent. Identity is no more than how we perceive ourselves. To become an agent, therefore, is equal to assuming a new identity. But, note: With every such change of identity, we are born again, which is to say that we have to take another voyage through the metamorphoses of childhood. As a surrogate father, the principal now rewards the agent only when he exhibits disciplined behavior. Of course, the agent

should now be in less need of an emotional bond than of good advice. Far better than dependency on a one-sided friendship is the confidence he can place in an authority who will steer him through hazards. So long as the agent does exactly as he is told, it is good for him to believe that his new life is safe, moderately prosperous, and not all that difficult. The agent, however, must learn to take precise instructions. No matter how onerous certain precautions might seem, spontaneity must be forbidden. In return, the agent has the equivalent of a contract, and all the free insurance that goes with it. Support system in place, the principal is ready in the event of serious trouble to pluck the agent and his family out of the country.

"That much established, the principal can now accomplish his withdrawal from the agent. They still meet, but less and less. After a few years, agent and principal may never see each other. The agent, furnished with a dead-drop, leaves his papers, and picks up his instructions. On those rare occasions when it is crucial for the agent to talk to the principal, a meeting is arranged in a safe-house but since this is time-consuming in a hostile land, they usually stay apart. The principal is out breaking ground with new clients.

"That, gentlemen," said Harlot, "is espionage--a middle-class activity which depends on stability, money, the structuring of anxiety, large doses of hypocrisy on both sides, insurance plans, grievances, underlying loyalty, constant inclinations toward treachery, and an immersion in white collar work. I have neither gilded it for you, nor denigrated it. We do well to recall ourselves to the higher purpose of this work--good hands must, on occasion, work like the devil, or all is left to the Devil. See you next week. Before too long, we will come to the damnable stuff--counter-espionage. That is where we say goodbye to white-collar mentality." He waved at us and walked from the room.

That night, Rosen and I went out together to Harvey's Restaurant. If going to dinner after class had become something of a habit, it developed out of no growing affection. I had come, however, to the glum conclusion that Rosen was at least as smart as myself, and knew a lot more of what was going on in the Company. He had not only managed to strike up an acquaintance with a variety of experts at many a Desk, but kept up a correspondence with everyone he knew in the field. One of Rosen's heroes, paradoxically, was Ernest Hemingway (paradoxically,

I say, since what kind of welcome would have been given to Arnie if Hemingway did not even like Robert Cohn?) No matter, Rosen knew Papa's sayings, and believed that an intelligence officer, like a novelist should have a friend in every occupation: research scientist, bartender, football coach, accountant, farmer, waiter, doctor, so forth. So, Rosen worked his tables in the Company cafeteria, and never seemed to worry about the size of the greeting. Half of what I knew about emerging secrets, hushed-up fiascos, or internal power struggles among our office leaders came from him, and I noticed that Hugh Montague, although full of post-facto severity about the quality of the experience, was not above inviting Arnie to dinner once a month. "It's like examining the contents of a vacuum cleaner," Harlot once complained to me. "You can't ignore the chance that you'll find your cuff link, but there's an abundance of lint."

A cruel estimate, or was I just another dustball? I found Rosen's tidbits interesting. All too often he knew something I should have learned for myself, but had failed to.

He could, for example, fill me in on Berlin. Dix Butler had been writing back to him, and I heard a lot about Bill Harvey, who had come close to cracking up. Since no one could be certain how the Russians had discovered the Berlin tunnel,

so there was the fearful possibility that the KGB had known about it for a long time: The Russians could have been doctoring their phone calls. Harvey did not even get his three hours of sleep any more. That was the word from Dix.

Contemplating the red flock wall-paper in Harvey's Restaurant, even as I was in the act of thinking about Bill Harvey, I was taken with the serendipity of the occasion. One was dining in an establishment founded a century ago by a man with the same last name; now, at the other end of the restaurant was J. Edgar Hoover being seated at this moment with Clyde Tolson. I had even been able to observe the Director of the Bureau entering the premises with the heavy grace of an ocean liner. Having heard from C.G.'s lips of the simple inhumanity of Mr. Hoover, I could contrast his massive sense of self-importance with the kindly limping gout-ridden gait of our Director, Mr. Dulles.

Rosen whispered to me, "Did you know that Hoover and Tolson are lovers?"

I misunderstood him. "You mean they have a roving eye for women?"

"No! They are lovers. With each other."

I was shocked. "That's a little too horrendous to contemplate," I told him.

Whereupon, Rosen changed the subject. Did I want to hear more about Berlin? I did.

"Here is one joke making the rounds," said Rosen. "Harvey keeps getting being teased about his adopted daughter. His friends tell him she ought to be given a medical examination. Who knows? Maybe the KGB planted a sneaky inside the baby before they deposited her on the doorstep. Harvey gets tight as a tick in response. The possibility eats at him. It's implausible, but Harvey's out pretty far these days."

"You heard this from Dix?"

"How not?"

"Is he faring well?"

"Says to tell you all the fun is gone now that the tunnel is kaput."

At the next High Thursday, Harlot was also to speak of the situation in Berlin, and his guests that day were the most impressive single gathering we were to have at any of the seminars. In addition to Mr. Dulles, Frank Wisner was there, and Desmond FitzGerald, Tracy Barnes, Lawrence Houston, Walter Pforzheimer, Richard Bissell, Dick Helms, Miles Copeland, and four or five others who could only be Agency moguls. Something in the set of their shoulders, so quietly supporting one or another unholy weight, spoke of elevated rank. Rosen whispered

that this lofty gang would all be moving off afterward to a dinner Allen Dulles was giving at his home for Harlot.

I had been apprised of some of this myself. That morning, there had been a unexpected visit to the Argentina-Uruguay Desk. The future Chief of Station in Montevideo stopped at my chair for a chat. Transferred from Tokyo in July, he had come into the office another time when I was out on an errand, had introduced himself around, and promptly disappeared.

"You won't see him till Christmas," said Crosby, my informant, who knew an awful lot. Like other long-emplaced desk men, nine-tenths of it on the dark side. I heard a good deal about my new COS before I ever met him. His name was Hunt, E. Howard Hunt, and he was, according to Crosby, "one s.o.b. on the make. He'll put in his Washington time paying calls on Director Dulles, General Cabell, Frank Wisner, Tracy Barnes."

"Maybe he has to," I said, "as new Chief of Station."

"That's right," said Crosby. "Chief of Station, and he isn't even forty. Probably wants to be DCI some day."

I liked Hunt when I met him. Of medium height, with a good trim build, and well-groomed presence, he looked semi-military. His long pointed nose had an indentation just

above the tip that suggested a good deal of purpose in his trigger-finger. He certainly came right to the point.

"I've been looking forward to meet you, Hubbard," he said. "We've got a lot of house to keep on the upcoming tour. In fact, I'm on the wicket right now trying to talk a few of our Company tycoons into letting us beef up the Station. They all cry, 'Hide the wampum. Howard Hunt is raiding us again!' But it's the truth, Hubbard. In Intelligence, the secret way to spell effective is M..O..N..E..Y."

"Yessir."

He looked at his watch with a gesture that had as many fine moves as a well-timed salute. "Now, fellow," he said, "we're going to get to know each other well, but for the nonce, I'm asking for a boon."

"Yours."

"Good. Get me an invitation to Hugh Montague's thing this afternoon."

"Yessir." I wasn't sure I could fulfill his request. When he saw the hesitation in my response, he added, "Give it a try. If you come up short, I can always go over the top. It's no stretch to say that Director Dulles and Dickie Helms are friends of mine, and I know they'll be there."

"Well, that is the sure way to do it," I confessed.

"Yes," he said, "but I'd rather owe this favor to you than to Mr. Dulles."

"I understand," I said.

"Get me into the dinner as well," he added.

When he was gone, I called Harlot's secretary, Margaret Pugh.

"I don't know if we want to invite Mr. Hunt," she said.

"He's trying to breed up."

"Could you see it as a favor to me?"

"I know." She sighed. The sound told me much. She was sixty years old and professionally stingy. I had, however, whenever we spoke to one another, done my best to improve her day, and she did keep accounts.

"I'm in the mood for a good joke," she said.

Crosby had furnished me with one that morning, but I didn't know if it would qualify as good. "Why won't Baptists," I asked her, "make love standing up?"

"Why won't they?"

"Because people might think they were dancing."

"Oh, you are wicked," she said. "Oh, dear, oh, dear, it's such a picayune joke." But she sounded merry. "I'm going to do it," she decided. "I am going to enable Howard Hunt to mingle with his betters. When Hugh looks at the guest

list--which he pretends not to do--I will tell him that it was all my fault, and that I did it to start you nicely in South America. Harry, don't confess it originated with you. Not under any circumstances. Hugh does not believe I can be suborned. I'm serious," she said, as if she could perceive me smiling--which I was--"you have to hold the line."

"I swear."

"He's has no humor about his friends getting through to me."

"I swear."

"Oh, you don't know," she said, "how much I'd like to charge you for this."

controllable psychopaths, and men who might emerge as luminaries in theatre or film if their powers of improvisation had been given over to such arts. Yet, these personnel make up but half of the team. Their less visible counterpart is composed of a research and support system which devotes ceaseless attention to detail. Scoundrels and scholars collaborate. The difficulties of such cooperation can obviously not be underestimated. Just as an honest man can feel safe until he lies (inasmuch as his habits for living with untruth are few) so is a liar secure until he is so unwise as to be honest for a moment. One cannot trap a total liar. He can say, for example, that he and a young lady were at the opera Tuesday night sitting in Box 14, and when you tell him that is impossible since Box 14 happens to belong to a good friend of yours who was definitely there on Tuesday night sitting alone in Box 14, as he always does, why, then, your liar will look you straight in the eye, and tell you he never said he was in Box 14 on Tuesday night, and say it with such authority that you believe him. You doubt what you heard previously. The liar has as simple a life as the honest man. He need never admit that any lie he uttered was ever said. Historically speaking, this premise carries us through the

his reach. Lo and behold, he produces it for us. We know the stuff is accurate because we have gathered such intelligence already from more reliable sources. Now, if anything, we are more suspicious. We test him further. Again he passes our tests, which is to say, being too successful, he flunks them. Do we drop him after several such trials confirm our suspicions? No. So long as we can believe that the KGB thinks they have gulled us, we have an instrument to send the Russians off in the wrong direction, and are careful to request those documents which will confirm their erroneous conclusions. Of course, ours is a delicate misrepresentation. We cannot violate too much of what they know of us already, or they will catch on that we are witting to their agent. Then, he will be of less use to us.

"Do I hear a sigh at the complexity of this? It is nothing compared to the mires of interpretation in which one can find oneself. The agent, after all, is also in position to tip the balance. When unscrupulous, they often do. There are so many games available that the only limit upon counter-espionage is the size of our human resources. It requires a host of intelligence people to examine the value to us of each bona-fide secret we send over to the other side as a sacrifice to the greater good of moving the enemy's

determinations into the wrong direction. Yet, we require so many trained people to examine the seaworthiness of these calculated lies that counter-espionage operations, unless they involve the highest stakes, tend to grind down. The wicked odor that comes up from such procedures is neither sulphur nor brimstone, but merely our overworked circuits smoking away."

To my consternation, the Chief of Station Designate for Uruguay now spoke up. "If I may say a word," he said.

"Please do," replied Harlot.

"I'm Howard Hunt, just recently back from a stint as covert ops officer in North Asia, working out of Tokyo, next assignment, COS, Montevideo, and if you'll bear with this interruption. . ."

"Speak freely," said Harlot, "even the children speak out here."

"Good," said Hunt. "I feel I'm expressing the point of view of some of us when I say--with all due respect--I don't know if it's ever been that way out where I've been, not in my fraction of the total endeavor, anyway."

"Mr. Hunt," said Harlot, "I'm certain it has not been that way out where you are, but believe me, it is very much that way where I am."

Hunt, to my surprise, was not put away by this remark, but continued to stand. "Sir," he said, "this is terrific stuff you're giving us. I'm sure you fellows use it with finesse every day. And who knows, some of the younger people here may even get up to your level eventually. I have to respect it. But, speaking frankly, it's no great help to me." I was surprised at the hum of assent that came up behind him. The invited guests, many invited by Mr. Dulles, made up a much more divided audience than one might have expected; Hunt, encouraged by covert sounds of support, now added, "I work with a number of individuals at a time. Some are American, some not. Some I can trust, some I don't, things go right, they go wrong. You have to seize the situation. There's no time for fine adjustments." The murmur of assent came up again.

"You are speaking of dirty tricks," said Harlot.

"That's one expression for it."

"No harm," said Harlot. "One can approve of capers. Sometimes, they're essential. And I agree. Much of what I teach here is going to get turned on its head out there because--boom!--the explosion does or does not take place. You are in the lap of the gods." At the look on Hunt's face, Harlot nodded, "I'll give an example."

"Please do," said Hunt.

share of that. Gentlemen, I repeat: Give me a successful coup and I will point you to its father, a misconceived scheme."

"That's Bolshy, Hugh," said Dulles. "It's wholly cynical."

"You go too far," said one of the notables I did not know.

"Get off it, Montague," uttered another.

"Hugh, give us, dammit, something less inconcrete," said Dulles. He was ensconced in a large leather armchair, his foot in a carpet slipper upon a padded stool. His walking stick stood in a ceramic umbrella-stand by his side. He looked testy. I could see another facet of our Director's personality. On occasions like this, he looked not unready to thrash the air with his cane. "No, you fool," he might shout, "not the Port! Bring the Sherry! Can't you see I've got the Gout!"

"The concrete," said Harlot, "may cause more unhappiness."

"It's not unhappiness that's bothering some of the good people here," said Dulles, "but imprecision."

"Very well," said Harlot, "let's look at the Berlin tunnel. There's an operation for you."

"Yes, give your views on that," said Richard Helms.

"Agree or disagree, it has to be of considerable value for the rest of us."

belong. If the gunmen had arrived at the right place at the right time, they would have been shot down in ambush, and never had a look at the leader. He had already chosen another route. Yet, now, same Arab chieftain's car, quite by chance, happens to pass by an intersection where our two conspirators, still wandering about in panic and acrimony over their failure, have just managed to stall their stolen jalopy. The gunman, seeing his target, hops out of the car, shoots, voila!--a successful assassination. Only the Lord can unravel the threads of logic to be found in coincidence. I suspect, however, that there is a moral. Dirty operations, when too precisely planned, tend to go wrong. That is because we are all imperfect, and, at worst, serve as the secret agents of chaos."

"Mr. Montague, at the risk of tooting my own horn," said Hunt, "I'd like to say that I played a considerable part in our highly successful operation against Jacopo Arbenz in Guatemala. I would remind you that with no more than a handful of people we succeeded in toppling a left-wing dictatorship. I would not call what we accomplished, chaos. It was beautifully planned."

"While I am not up," said Harlot, "on Guatemala, what I have heard suggests that we pulled it off by dint of a little luck and a good deal of moxie. I'm sure you put in your fair

vehicles converge on the working tip of the tunnel, and in short order, are shoveling their way down to the precise place where we have tapped into their cable. The Russians are making a point: They have been tipped off. They know that our next two questions will be: 'By whom?' 'When?' Frightful questions. One does not know the answers. We have no epistemological base. The careful disciplines of espionage, counter-espionage, and counter intelligence have all been buried under the sheer earth-moving vigor of CATHETER. Still, we do our best to pick a route through the wreckage. For whom, we have choices. Security, given the size of the operation, was certainly stretched thin; someone in the KGB, or the SSD, could have obtained information from one of our technicians. Counter-intelligence explores this possibility, in the hope that more damaging suppositions will not have to be faced. Small hope. The next set of choices have to be faced, and they are abominable. Is it a mole in MI-6? In the BND? Or, someone among us? The analysts who pursue these paths of inquiry will be on it for years. They may come up with no leads. Or, what is more likely, will collect half-founded suspicions concerning hitherto reliable officers. Whom, therefore, is a nightmare. When is even worse. When poses a dire question: How long have the Russians known about the

existence of the tunnel before they chose to stumble on it? If they knew for a week, or for a month, no great harm has been done: any attempt to feed us tainted information via their tapped phone lines would have to be put together hastily. We could afford to ignore the input of the last week, or the last month. The tunnel, however, took more than a year to build, and was then in operation for eleven months and eleven days. If the Russians knew of its existence before it was even completed, or learned soon after, they would certainly have had the time to create an immense work of disinformation. That is, precisely, the Soviet genius. We are posed, therefore, with this outright dilemma. As our Russian emigrés labor away in translation mills at a job that will take at least another two years for the back material on hand, we will still not know whether such intelligence is to be trusted. If we could answer when, we would know the date on which disinformation began, and so interpret what the Russians wish us to believe. By judicious extrapolation, their world strategy might be available to us. Instead, like a surgical operation that is interrupted in the middle, we are obliged to stare at open entrails."

"Come now, Hugh," said Dulles, "once again, it is not so bad as that."

"Well, sir, it is from my point of view."

"Oh, dear," said Dulles. "Do you know, I prefer to look on the bright side. We have been given a bonanza for us in the newspapers and magazines. Time Magazine termed it: 'The Wonderful Tunnel,' and some headline writer over at Washington Post classified it as 'The Tunnel of Love.'"

Some of the invited began to laugh. Dulles joined in with a hearty "Ho, ho, ho." In the pause, he dug into his vest pocket for a clipping. "Let me offer an item," he said, "out of the New York Herald Tribune. I quoted from it to the president just this morning. 'A venture of extraordinary audacity. If it was dug by American intelligence forces-- and that, is the general assumption.'"--our Director stopped to pick up his full complement of hearty, happy roars of laughter-- "'this tunnel is a striking example of a capacity for daring undertakings. Seldom has an intelligence operation executed a more skillful and difficult operation.'" He put the clipping away to the sounds of "Hear, hear."

"Yes," said Dulles, taking pause for reflection, "the balance sheet of the tunnel. Tremendous information, formidable headaches. Our business, the business of suspicion, goes on as usual. Nonetheless, we have won an overwhelming victory with the German people, West and East. We're fighting

for the hearts of Europe, Hugh, and the fact of the matter is that everybody over there in East Germany is tickled with our tunnel, even the Russian bear, malgré lui. Why, my God, half of East Berlin is going over to Altglienicke for a visit. The Soviets have had to put up a snack bar right on the site."

An ambiguous response now rose from the nabobs, curious in the unevenness of its volume. Not all of them found Dulles' riposte equally amusing, but others couldn't stop laughing. Those of us who came to seminar every Thursday hardly dared to smile. Indeed, some of us, myself most certainly included, were bewildered by the intensity of the disrespect. I could feel a passion in the room to run the flag up the pole. We had scored in East Germany!

Montague waited for the laughter to cease. "Allen," he said, "in the face of such victories as you describe, those of us from counter-espionage feel properly subservient to good propaganda."

"Now, Hugh; now, Hugh; you know me better than that," said Dulles, and gave a little avuncular wave of his hand.

Harlot resumed his lecture, but I, for one, was more ready to study the division of feeling in the room. The most hostile of the officers had jobs in the Agency that you could deduce from their faces. More intelligent than the instructors we had

had at the Farm, they still shared, like Hunt, that no-nonsense paramilitary glint of the eye which was so often a substitute, even an effective substitute, for intelligence itself. I began to wonder at their presence on this High Thursday. Why had Dulles invited them to Harlot's dinner later tonight? Would they come as friends, or to study a future foe?

A few days later, I had the small but firm pleasure of discovering that I was not off mark. "It got a bit political," Harlot said. "Your new Chief of Station is, I fear, one of them. You will learn a lot from him about cheap patriotism. It's as bad as cheap Christianity, and it's running like a virus through the Company."

"Yessir," I said, "you are going to have, I fear, one hard time."

"I'll bet on myself. I've arrived at my values."

"It seemed to me," I said, "that Mr. Dulles was not on your side about the tunnel."

"Well, he's got a public relations problem. He'll even decorate Harvey before he's done. But Allen will never go whole hog over to the boom and bang boys."

"Is he with you, however?"

"He's awfully worried about the tunnel. What if one of us handed CATHETER to the Russians?"

"A mole?"

"Hell, no. Somebody responsible. Done for good high patriotic reasons."

"Are you serious?"

"Can you come near what I'm thinking?" he replied.

"Oh," I said, "I think I remember our conversation. The tunnel was telling us that the Russians were weaker than we expected."

"Go on."

"Once the tunnel is blown, however, all our information is tainted. Can't be relied on for generating military policy. Certainly not for slowing things down. So we keep arming just as we have been doing."

"You are learning how to think," he said.

Thought of this sort, however, kept one on the wicked edge of things. "Doesn't such a premise implicate you?" I asked, "at least from Mr. Dulles' point of view?"

It was the closest he ever came to looking at me with love. "Oh, I like you, boy, I'm really getting to like you. Allen, yes, Allen is worried stiff. He is indebted to me up to his armpit, but now he has to fear that I'm the one who made what is, from his point of view, a dreadful end run."

"And did you?"

him. Although I must say, he does mix his bullshit with pluck."

We sipped our drinks, we smoked our Churchills. Kittredge, sitting directly in back of him, had been looking intently at me all through this talk, and now began to make the most terrible mocking faces behind Hugh's back. I did not know how she could bear to do it to her fine features, but she succeeded in staring so with her eyes, flaring her nose, and twisting her mouth that she looked like one of the nastier demons hovering behind one's closed eyes as we part the curtains of sleep. Pregnancy was no small force of disruption in her.

"Yes," I said to Harlot, "you were good in what you said on counter-espionage."

"Well," he smiled, "wait till we get to Dzherzhinsky."

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That evening, after dinner at the canal house, we went to a night club. It was at Kittredge's suggestion, and much against Hugh's inclination, but she was insistent. Pregnant, she was insistent. There was an entertainer named Lenny Bruce performing at a new bar and coffee-house called Mary Jane's, and she wanted to see him.

Montague said, "Bar and coffee-house? One or the other ought to be enough."

"Hugh, I don't care what it's called. I want to go."

Her old roommate at college had spoken of this comedian in a letter. He was "devastating." Kittredge was curious. "She never said 'devastating' once in four years at Radcliffe."

"Why do I know this evening will not work?" asked Hugh.

The lighting was harsh, the sound system had squalls, and a small black painted dais served for a stage at Mary Jane's. The drinks were expensive, and we sat on folding chairs. I remember Montague complaining at the expenditure of two dollars for scotch and soda against the five dollars minimum. "Outrageous," he declared in no small voice. Since we had come in before the second show, there was opportunity to look about. College students with long hair were present, and a good many professional couples made up a collective presence that succeeded in annoying Hugh. I believe it came down to some hint of slack in the collective features. While most of them looked to be office workers in D.C., I estimated that none of them could be employed at the Agency, no, as if I were a personnel officer, I knew they would not do. They were--I thought of a new word making the rounds-- permissive. There was some sly secret they seemed to share.

The lights went down. Against a black backdrop, a spotlight focused on a microphone and stand. Out strolled a slim young man with short curly hair, dungarees and a dungaree

jacket. If not for protruding eyes and a wan face, he would have been pleasant in appearance. The applause was fevered.

"Good evening," he said. "That's a nice hand. Thank you. I appreciate it. Is this because my first show was good? My shows aren't always that grand, but the first one tonight did take off. Yes. A few of you seem to have stayed for the second, haven't you? Yes, you, over there," he said, pointing to a man in the audience, "you were here for the first show and so was your girl." They both nodded vehemently. "And you, too," he said, pointing to another couple, "and you. Yes, there are quite a few people back." He stopped. He seemed low in energy, and surprisingly sad for an entertainer. His voice was mild and colorless. "Yes," he said, "that first show was terrific. In fact, if I say so myself, it was so good, that I came." And he stood looking out at us with that wan face.

A gasp came forth from the audience, half in delight, half out of pure public terror. The most incredible sound issued unexpectedly from Kittredge. She could have been a horse who had just seen another horse ride by with a dead man in the saddle.

"Yes," said Lenny Bruce, "I came, and now I feel out of it, and I have to get it up for the second time."

I had never heard laughter like this in a night club. It was as if the plumbing in a housing complex were breaking up. Laughs slithered out of people like snakes, tore out of them, barked forth, sneezed forth, screamed out. "Yeek," yelled a woman.

"Yes," said Lenny Bruce, "I got to face it. It's no real fun getting it up the second time. I'll let the girls in on a secret. Men don't always want it that second time. Yes, I can see some of you fellows nodding your heads. Honest people. You agree. It's tough, isn't it? I mean, let's face facts, getting it up again is the ego bit."

There was pandemonium. It was followed by applause. I had found my own fever. He was talking in public to strangers about matters that I knew little enough about but still, on my night with Ingrid, had there not been some hint from her for more? The fire and ice of that Berlin hotel room came back to me, and the dread I felt of staying any longer in that rented chamber. Now, I did not know if I wished to remain in this club. Where could it all end? Kittredge's eyes, reflecting the spotlight, glowed; Harlot's expression seemed set in stone. And Lenny Bruce had emerged from his fatigue. He seemed to be offering full proof of the proposition that he who gives life to an audience receives new life back. "Yes," he said,

as if everyone present was either a close friend or a dear adviser, "that second time is for a man's rep. You women, don't believe your guy next time he finds some excuse not to go for the second shot, oh, he'll lie--he'll say anything--'honey,' he'll tell you, 'I can't, because of the atabrine.' 'The atabrine?' you ask, 'Yes,' he'll tell you, 'they gave us atabrine in the South Pacific to hold off malaria but the Army never told us. It discolors the semen. That shows up when you do it the second time. Yellow! Yellow semen. It looks like pus!' A guy will tell any lie to excuse himself for not getting it up one more time. Anything to keep his wife from being wise to him. Because, believe me, isn't that what it's all about? Lying to your wife? Isn't that what they mean when they talk about the sacraments? Marriage is a sacrament, right? And marriage is the advanced course in lying your ass off, right?"

Harlot reached into his pocket to pay the bill, and Kittredge put a hand on his arm. Their eyes locked. "I will not make a spectacle of us," she whispered, "by leaving."

"Maybe we're onto a working principle, fellows. Never tell your wife the truth. Biologically it's been proven. Women's ears are not constructed for truth. They will slaughter you if you tell it like it is. So, lie your ass

off. Suppose you're in bed with a new girl in your own house in your own double bed which you share with your wife, and you are giving this girl one hell of a shtup, and in walks your wife. . . ."

"What is that word?" whispered Kittredge.

"Yiddish," said Harlot.

"Oh," said Kittredge.

"There you are, lathered up, banging away in your wife's bed, and, zoom, you're trapped! What do you do?" He took a full pause. "Why," he said, "deny it."

He paused again for the laughter. "Yes," he said, "deny it. Tell your wife anything. Tell her you just got home, and here was this naked girl in our bed, honey. There she was, honey, shivering with acute malaria. Believe me, she was turning blue with cold. The only way to save her life was to warm her naked body against mine. That's the only way, honey, to bring a human being back from terminal chill. Yes, tell your wife anything. Because that's marriage--lie your ass off."

"Do you know," said Harlot to us in a clear voice that obviously did not care how far it might carry, "I understand for the first time what Joe McCarthy was afraid of."

"Hush," said Kittredge, but one small splotch on each cheek had appeared, and I did not know if she was angered more by Harlot or the comedian.

"Of course," said Lenny Bruce, "a case can be made that we learned to lie from the apostles. Jesus gave them the wine and the wafer. 'Here, fellows, here, it's Sunday morning so come on over, it's a nice day, eat my flesh, drink my wine, be a good Christian, will you?' Do you know that had to be a pretty heavy line back then? Not everybody was ready to buy it, you know. Why, the first guy who didn't convert to Christianity must have said, 'Give me a shovel--I got to dig my way out of all this bullshit, buster. Drink that blood, eat that flesh. Come on, man. I'm no cannibal!'"

Lenny Bruce's voice was no longer relaxed, but harsh; his timing pushed forward upon his own humor. The audience laughed, but uneasily, hurriedly. It was all happening a little too fast. Guffaws weakened to titters. Two women got up and left the room. A man followed in their wake.

"Sir," said Lenny Bruce, "when you get to the men's room, don't forget to tip the schwarzer. So he'll know you're not a tight-fisted bastard!"

The door slammed. "Jerkoff artist," said Bruce. The man left to the sound of laughter behind him.

"Sacrilege and sacrament, sacrilege and sacrament--they go together like ham and eggs, pie and coffee. The wafer and the wine. Say, I wonder if it would work with substitutions? Give me a piece of that pie, man, I want to gorge on the flesh of the Lord. And keep that coffee hot, it's blood, dig?

"Say, now that we're on the subject, let's go to the biggest lie of them all, 'What! You never shtupped a guy? Come on, Mary, not even one stud? Not even one leaky drop got in? It was a what-do-you-call-it, a what? You had an immaculate conception?' Well, knock off, Mary. Do you think I'm blind and dumb? I don't buy stupid stories like that."

Kittredge stood up. She did not start for the exit, but took a step toward the stage whereupon Hugh gave a nod to me, and we managed to escort her outside. "Come back, lady," cried Lenny, "or you'll miss the circumcision."

Hugh turned and said, "Contemptible!" We walked out. Kittredge was weeping. Then she was laughing. Then weeping again. For the first time, I was truly aware of the size of her belly.

"I was going to smack his filthy mouth. I hate you, Hugh, for stopping me."

"Do you know," said Kittredge, "I thought if I could beat that dreadful man, Lenny Bruce, with my handbag, I would knock something back into place. Hugh, I haven't felt so awful since that damned ghost this summer."

"What?" I asked. "What ghost? Was it at the Keep?"

"Yes, there," she said. "Something. I know he wanted to bother my baby."

"Harry, is there some history of visitants on the island?" Hugh now asked.

"Well, we used to hear that there was once a kind of phantom, an old pirate named Augustus Farr, who settled on Doane, but we used to laugh about that. My cousin, Colton Shaler Hubbard's father, Bradford, used to tell us that the creature went dormant about a hundred years ago."

I had intended this to be not unhumorous, but Kittredge said, "Augustus Farr," and made a face as if to cramp off an involuntary quiver. "That's just the name to fit my awful night."

I was thinking that Dr. Gardiner and his bloody Elizabethan stumps had probably been sufficient to stir any poor shade that went dormant.

"I don't care if this gets the baby stinko," said Kittredge, "I'm going to have a drink, and banish Mr. Bruce."

...more important, with his moral worth. ...the importance of good, a capitalist ...the ... of heaven or hell. That is a lot of ... blind to Christianity, was also blind to the importance of the individual conscience. He really wanted to get the individual out of history and substitute international law. That was Marx's private project, you might say. It required the will of Lenin, the most determined Communist leader before he was executed in this century, to prove Marx wrong. Paradoxically, there would have been no Bolshevik revolution in 1917 without the individual named Lenin.

He is followed by another will power, in the words of a large square in Moscow, the ... of Lenin, ... Dzherzhinsky. There he ...

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Ten days later, I went to Uruguay on Pan American, Douglas Super-6, a four-motor propeller job which left New York a half hour before noon and reached Caracas by evening and Rio de Janeiro in the morning. I didn't touch down at Montevideo until mid-afternoon. Once again, I had flown through the night, and spent my nocturnal hours brooding on themes imparted by Harlot.

My last Thursday was a Low, but Montague chose to give us his treasured lecture on Feliks Edmundovitch Dzherzhinsky.

economic substance but, more importantly, with his moral worth. Given the temptations of greed, a capitalist has to take his chances on heaven or hell! That is a lot of enterprise! Marx, blind to Christianity, was also blind to the importance of the individual conscience. He really wanted to get the individual out of history and substitute impersonal forces. That was Marx's private project, you might say. It required the evil genius of Lenin, the most determined Communistic human being we encounter in this century, to prove Marx wrong. Paradoxically, there would have been no Bolshevik revolution in 1917 without the individual named Lenin.

"He is followed by another evil genius. In the middle of a large square in Moscow, stands a statue of Feliks Edmundovitch Dzherzhinsky. There he perches on his thin legs in front of the Lubyanka. The square is named after him. How fitting! Founder of the Cheka, he is also the intellectual godfather of the KGB. Those exceptional skills in intelligence for which the Soviets are renowned take their inspiration from him, I concur with Hugh Montague. Dzherzhinsky is not only the first genius of our profession, but, like Lenin, is there to remind us that the most powerful element for change in history is still one great and inspired man, be he good or evil. My dear colleague, Montague, who is just about as clever

as anybody, is going to talk today about this man, one of the few geniuses in our profession. I heard the same lecture last year, and can tell you, I enjoyed it so much, I'm here again today. Hugh, it's yours."

Harlot smiled. Harlot sipped his water. "Dzherzhinsky was the son of a Polish nobleman," he said, "and became a leading Bolshevik--we are dealing with a man who straddles opposite poles of experience. As a young man, he had to spend eleven years in Siberia as a political prisoner of the Czar. Consigned to the mines, he came out with a tubercular cough. Spoke in a whisper. Knew he might not have long to live. Nonetheless, in the chaos of 1917 and 1918, Dzherzhinski was one Bolshevik who stood out like an island in the wild waters. Lenin chose Dzherzhinsky to build his internal security force, the Cheka. In the Civil War that was to follow the Bolshevik Revolution, Dzherzhinsky unleashed the first Soviet terror. The Cheka would shoot ten innocent people before they would allow one guilty man to escape.

"If such dubious feats belong to the abattoir, Dzherzhinsky was not to discover his true vocation, counter-espionage, until after the Reds won the Civil War. By 1921, the Soviet government was trying to govern a fearfully backward, war-ravaged, crippled, half-shattered, nation. Chaos

was Lenin's inheritance. In order to form some kind of functioning government, the Reds had been obliged to employ a large number of former Czarist officials, inasmuch as these were the only people with enough experience to man the administrative desks. That meant the Allies and the White Russian emigrés had little difficulty in placing spies throughout the Red ministries. Nor was it feasible for Dzherzhinsky to pluck them. The machinery of Communist government would have come to a standstill. In place they stayed--former Czarist officials, pretending to be Red, remaining White within. The word for radishes-- "Radiski" became the commonplace term for these noble folk dedicated to overthrowing the Soviet Union and bringing back the Czar. There they sat in the same offices, Radiski and Chekisti, side by side, waste-basket to waste-basket. What to do? As Dzherzhinski knew all too well, the most dangerous of the radiski were being financed by the British and the French.

Dzherzhinsky conceived of an incalculably elevated plan. On a given night, in all stealth, he seized one of the highest leaders in the monarchist circle, Alexander Yakovlev, a charismatic, cultivated, sophisticated Russian aristocrat. Yakovlov is, relatively--as these radiski go--a liberal, a Constitutional Democrat. Feliks not only arrests him quietly,

but proceeds to talk to him in great secret. After one night of conversation, Yakovlev agrees to work for Dzherzhinsky." Harlot held up his hand.

"We do not know the intimate details of what happened on that all-consuming night. We have only those bits of information Soviet historians have chosen to release to the world. According to the Soviet version (which, I must say, has its own internal logic) Dzherzhinsky made an appeal to Yakovlev's patriotism. A number of Yakovlev's fellow conspirators were so fanatic that Russia herself would be the victim of a right-wing coup d'etat. The ensuing bloodbath would prove even more catastrophic than the Civil War. Might it not be more prudent to look for a peaceful coup d'etat that could result in a benevolent constitutional monarchy? Let us work then together to overthrow Communism. Our direction will be to save good radiski and eliminate the bad ones. Cadres that Yakovlev trusted, would be promoted. An effective inner directorate, designed by Yakovlev, would be developed in place within the present government.

"Of course," said Harlot, "for his share in the partnership, Yakovlev would have critical tasks to perform. He would have to convince the British Secret Service to reduce the scope of their sabotage. For if they didn't, the most punitive

forces of the Cheka would gain power and grind up all radiski without discrimination.

Yakovlev may well have asked: How was he to convince the British of this? And the emigré groups? They were exceptionally suspicious.

By one formidable advantage, was Dzherzhinsky's answer. Yakovlev could present himself to the British Secret Intelligence Service, and to the White emigré groups, as a man who had penetrated the Cheka. He would be able to prove this by furnishing accurate intelligence of the highest order. It would prove accurate, because Dzherzhinsky himself would prepare it. Counter-espionage, in its modern form, was born," said Harlot.

"They struck a pact. Yakovlev built an intelligence organization with good radiski. and called it the Trust. Within a year, the Trust had gained the collaboration of the Allies, and most of the emigre groups. Foreign agents now came into the Soviet under their auspices. Yakovlev might encounter skeptics in Western Europe, but the size of his operation was awesome. He was actually able to bring off secret tours of the Soviet Union by British officials, and arrange underground religious services for the more distinguished emigrés. (Needless to say, his Orthodox priests were all members of the

Cheka.) For five years, under cover of Yakovlev's Trust, the Cheka was able to control every serious move of their enemies. Emigré agents entered Russia and embarked on operations which had been subtly designed by the Dzherzhinsky to be pointless and circular. It is perhaps the largest and most extraordinary neutralization of an enemy ever brought off in the history of counter-espionage."

There was an interruption from Rosen. "I'm confused," he said. "It was my understanding, as of last week, that large operations are sloppy affairs and depend for their success on unforeseen circumstances. Yet, here you speak in praiseworthy terms of a very large operation. Is it because this one happened to work?"

"By half, my answer is yes," said Harlot. "It happened to work, and so we respect it. But recognize the difference. It began with a profound deception that was then orchestrated through every extrapolation by its creator. The possibility for error, treachery, and chaos was enormous. Any number of doublecrosses and defections of minor personnel must have occurred over the years. Yet such was Dzherzhinsky's genius for detail that all such leaks and betrayals were overcome by intricate counter-moves. The beauty of this operation puts a

harsh light upon others less brilliantly conceived and less elegantly continued."

"Yessir."

"For our purposes, however, I would put emphasis on the first night of conversation between Dzherzhinsky and Yakovlev. From that, all else came forth. Did our noble radiska decide to take up the offer with a view to eventual escape, or did he wish to become Prime Minister of Russia? Did he believe Dzherzhinsky was actually on his side? In what proportions were such emotions present? How did they shift in the years of collaboration? Obviously, Yakovlev's character had to change. So, too, did Dzherzhinsky's.

"In turn, how much of a double game was Dzherzhinsky playing with himself? What if Bolshevism should, indeed, fail? Was Dzherzhinsky looking out for his own survival? Perhaps such motives were larger than Soviet history would have us believe. Go back to the primal night. Both men met, and an active, not a disinterested seduction ensued. When a man actively seduces a woman, he may gain her not only by strength, but through his weakness as well. In turn, he is usually attracted to her weakness and strength. Man and woman each sense how far they can voyage into the contradictory heartland of the other. That can even be seen as the commencement of

love--honest interest in the other's strength and need. When seduction is inspired, however, by the needs of power, each person will lie to the other; sometimes they lie to themselves. The lies often develop structures as aesthetically rich as the finest filigree of truth. After a time, how could Yakovlev and Dzherzhinsky know when they were telling a lie? The relationship had grown too deep. They had had to travel beyond their last clear principles. They could no longer know when they were true to themselves. The self, indeed, was in migration. That is the point to this analysis.

"Over the years, some of you may enter into a comparable relationship with an agent. You may show talent. You may play for high stakes. What is crucial--and I insist on this--is that you understand how much that relationship will be a commitment of your soul to the whole manipulation of the other person. In consequence, you must expect to relinquish your own ultimate privacy. That will involve much tunneling into the spiritual foundations of both houses. A flood in your agent's cellar will produce unexpected leaks in yours. Ultimate qualities of dedication are called upon, or you will sink into a filthy and imponderable morass."

At this point, Allen Dulles brought the jovial and manipulative halves of his own enterprising spirit together

long enough to give one hearty clap of his palms, and say,
"Wonderfully put."

Harlot went on a little while longer, but that was the end
for me. I was to dream of my future life in counter-espionage
as I travelled toward the city of Montevideo in the land of
Uruguay where I would seek to perform the simpler chores of
espionage. Two and a half years were to pass in learning my
craft.

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The night before I boarded that plane for South America, Kittredge and Hugh invited me to a farewell meal at the canal house. After dinner, Montague went off to work in his study, while Kittredge and I, on finishing the dishes, climbed to a small sitting room she kept for herself on the second floor. As a mark of my advancement to godfather, I was now occasionally invited upstairs. Once, indeed, when it was late at night and we had talked for hours, they even asked me to stay over, which invitation I finally accepted, but I certainly

had the oddest sleep. Small and not quite locatable noises went on until dawn.

If only in my imagination, animals seemed to neigh. In the early morning I was suddenly awake and convinced of the presence of something exceptional. It was then I realized that it was Hugh and Kittredge making love, and no matter how muffled by two small rooms between, I could not help but hear them.

Perhaps I was thinking of such oppressive sensations as Kittredge and I began to talk in her upstairs parlor. She had been in what I can only term the most jagged depression (gloomy if with odd flashes of wit) since our night at the club. Rosen, next day, had informed me that Mary Jane was one more term for marijuana, and I had even brought this tidbit to dinner in the naive hope that the etymology would amuse them. I soon gave up. Kittredge seemed on the edge--I cannot call it hysteria--of some sort of merriment altogether removed from anything we talked about. I was glad when dinner concluded and Kittredge and I were installed upstairs. Now that I was leaving in a couple of days, I was beginning to feel uneasy at what lay ahead in Uruguay and tried to speak of that. She cut me off, however.

"I can't help you. I'm not a psychoanalyst, you know," she said. "I am a characterological theoretician. There are about eight of us in the world."

"I wasn't," I said, "looking for free medical service."

She hardly responded. "Do you think the other seven are as ignorant of human nature as I am?"

"What are you telling me?"

"I don't know a damn thing about people. I come up with theories that other people say are wonderful, but I am not getting anywhere in my work. It is so disagreeable to have every last one of your colleagues a man. Sometimes I think they've dumped me over the side."

"Is your Alpha or Omega speaking?"

"I hate those words," she burst out. "I don't have the human wisdom to enrich them. I also loathe that Mr. Bruce, I do, and I envy him."

"You envy him?"

"I work hard to keep faith in the sacraments. Our marriage would crack if I couldn't share such belief with Hugh. And there was this Bruce person, this comedian. So sure of himself. Not even knowing what he mocked. Like a six week old puppy that will do it all over the house if you let him loose. But such freedom. So easy."

"I don't know," I said. "He is alone. No other public entertainer dares to talk that way."

"Oh, Harry, why did I ever bring Hugh to that terrible place?"

"Yes. What were you up to?"

"Do you know how much anger is in Hugh?"

"Is it possible you are well-suited for one another?" I asked her.

"No. Hugh could kill. He could go off his clock. He won't, but the tension is always there."

"No, he has fabulous control," I said.

"He needs it. His mother, Imogene. Did you ever meet her?"

I shook my head.

"Well, she used to be as pretty as Claire Booth Luce. I must say, she's kind of grand for Denver, Colorado, but that woman is a witch. I believe she's evil. Hugh is all-but-convinced, you know, that she did murder his father. How would you like to grow up with a little thought like that in your coffee mug each morning?"

"Maybe Hugh has come a long way since then."

"Yes, he has the most developed Alpha of any human being I've ever met. But his Omega is inchoate. That's why he keeps

himself narrow. Hugh can't take in too much human stuff at once."

"Can you?"

"Well, I always thought so until the other night at that Mary Jane place. I wanted so much for Hugh to get some insight into what the rest of America might be like, and then it was awful--I discovered I'm just like Hugh. Narrow as a needle."

"I don't know about your mate," I said, "but you're not narrow. You're wonderful."

"Harry, you have the kindest heart. It's because you're part Jewish, I think. They say the Jews are kind-hearted. Is that true?"

"Well, I'm only one-eighth. I hardly qualify."

"It's homeopathic. One touch of the tar, baby." She looked at me with her head at an angle. "Harry, do you know, I feel naked in front of you?"

"What?"

"I've never talked about myself this much before. I try to hide how simple I am. It's easy with Hugh. His mind is on his work. But you know my little secret now. I want to succeed at my work. And I'm too innocent and too ignorant. Do you know how I envy you going off to work in Montevideo?"

"It's only espionage there. Hugh says that's no better than nuts and bolts."

"Poo, foo, on Hugh. There! I've wanted to say that since I married him. Poo, foo, on Hugh! I envy you, I tell you. Espionage!" she said in a breathy throaty voice. Only after a moment did I realize that she was doing a parody of someone like Marilyn Monroe.

"Hugh insists counter-espionage is the real game," I said.

"Yes, our wonderful Feliks Edmundovitch Dzherzhinsky. Do you know, I'm bored with Hugh."

"You are?"

Bored with Hugh? Now I knew what they meant by time standing still. It did not. It slowed down, and took a turn, and the colors in the room seemed to alter.

"No," she said, "I adore him. I'm mad about him. Hugh throws one maniac of a good time in bed." The look in her eye suggested that she had saddled up a centaur and was riding him. "It's just that he won't do 69."

At the look of consternation on my face, she began to laugh. "Hugh is awful," she said. "He says that 69 is nothing but latent counter-espionage."

"What?" I had to say again.

"Oh, you know. You're-in-my-brain-and-I'm-in-yours" I had no time to be properly startled by this before she added, "Harry, have you ever done soixante-neuf?"

"Well, frankly, no. I don't even like to think about it."

"I hear it's heavenly."

"You do?"

"One of my married friends told me so."

"Who is it?"

"Oh, Harry, I love you. You're as naive as me. Don't look so stricken. I haven't gone mad. I've just decided to talk like Lenny Bruce. Don't worry, dear godfather of our child, Hugh and I are very much married. His inchoate Omega and my full moon Omega are carnally welded, I promise you. It's just his Alpha and my Alpha can't bear the sight of each other. We're a typical marriage, you see."

"I don't think you're nearly so naive as you claim."

"You may not be the one to judge," she said. "Now, Harry, do me a favor. Write long letters from Uruguay. Really long ones. Tell me all about your work. I want to know the nitty gritty. The things I'm not supposed to know. I'm weary of feeling so ignorant of so much of the basic day to day stuff. I need this kind of knowledge for my own work."

"You're asking me to break the law."

She reached into her blouse and pulled out a piece of paper. On it was written a post office box number in Washington, D.C.

"When you get over there," she said, "I want you to get a box number also." She nodded. "Yes, I am asking you to commit a felony. For me, darling," and Kittredge now gave one of her kisses, a full wet kissing-cousin of a full kiss. "Write the longest letters you can," she said. "Put enough in to get us hanged." She gave the oddest laugh.

unload. Anyway, the port seems dingy. Winches scream in the distance.

The main street, called the Avenue of the 18th of July, is full of bustle, and has a predictable plethora of stores selling clothing and souvenirs and photo shops, knick-knacky and nothing special about the main street--too many people, as you'd expect. An occasional big plaza shows a bronze general on a horse and shoeshine boys.

All right, I know you're ready to comment--what is unique about Montevideo? And I answer: nothing, unless you know how to look. Which takes doing since a million people are spread out over a hundred square miles of many half-built or wholly empty spaces.

At this point, I put aside what I had written. It was just a letter, and I wanted to raise her estimation of me.

Montevideo, October 18, 1956

Dear Kittredge,

You wouldn't know you were in South America, at least not by my pre-conceived idea of this continent. There's no heavy

foliage and very few Indians. Apparently, they all died off from infectious diseases brought in by the first Europeans. So, on the street you see a Mediterranean population, very Spanish in appearance with an underwriting of Italian. Earthy, serious-looking people showing lots of gravitas. The architecture is mainly Spanish baroque and Spanish colonial, assuming I have my terms in hand, and what you see is not inspiring unless you develop an eye for the little surprises percolating everywhere. This land has a spirit I could not locate until it came to me: I feel as if I'm living in an ink-drawing of Italy in the eighteenth century. I am thinking of the sort of prints you find in old English travel books--a lonely hiker rests on a knoll, and contemplates the empty landscape. It is all in repose. The ruins have crumbled gently and live in peace with the edifices that still stand. Time is a presence high in the sky, hardly moving, as if eternity had come to rest at noon.

An example: the Legislative Palace. During the week, all the governing takes place here. It is as large as a railroad station and looks like a cross between Versailles and the Parthenon. Huge eighteenth century French windows behind

double rows of Ionic columns, Above, in the middle of the roof, another building starts--a huge white fort of a wedding cake. And in front of this Legislative Palace, at the debouchment of the grand Avenue of the Libertador General Lavelleja, stands one policeman dressed in the hat and cape of a Paris cop. One bicyclist rides by. It is Sunday, but even so! On a side street off this edifice, a little egg-shaped man in a blue workingman's smock is entertaining kids with an incredible foot-and-forehead species of juggling with a soccer ball. On the next street a beggar sits on a box, his swollen foot stretched out before him. In lieu of a shoe, he has a padded plastic bag to protect his pain.

Now, of course, there's all sorts of bustle in parts of the town, a dirty port, cheap and thriving shopping streets, stores with names like Lola and Marbella--just to sell clothing!--hordes of very materialistic looking consumers out on Saturday. Carcasses hang everywhere in the butcher shops, and bloody as hell. In fact, they eat so much meat in this land (238 lbs. a year per capita!) that you can smell barbeque grease on every street corner. It gets into everything else you eat, fish, chicken, eggs, all those great galloping beef on the pampas. Yet, this smell of the griddle is not the element I find unique. It's the back streets. Montevideo is spreading

cut all the time, but the new just keeps moving further away, and the old doesn't get rebuilt, merely repaired in a fashion. I realized after a time that most of the natives here are not living in history as we know it. When I left Washington, everybody was concerned with things like Suez, and the elections, but now I feel far away from the world's troubles. At the Embassy, they say Hungary is ready to blow, and a couple of our Company hands had that aspirin-in-the-mouth look of men who find themselves too removed from the real action. I must tell you, however, (and I wonder if it's the after-effects of Berlin) that I'm not displeased to be where I am. Little on the scale of world-history may ever happen in Uruguay, yet I think a lot of these Montevideans actually enjoy being separated from the main event. The trick, I expect, is to know how to live for the sake of living.

For one thing, the cars. They love automobiles here. You see vehicles of every make and vintage of the last twenty years. They keep patching and repainting them. Particularly the old heaps. The owners obviously can't afford enough paint to do the entire job at once, so they start with a half-pint and cover the worst rust spot first, only not in the original color, rather with what is available, usually about enough to slap up half of one door. Then a month later, another patch of

rust pops out, and they can't find the same kind of paint, so they put on another color. After a while, the cars drive around like Joseph's coat of many colors. They clatter past with verve! Really, they prance like prize bulls at a fair. All those rosettes! In fact, they look like abstract expressionist paintings of the New York School that Time Magazine was writing about a few issues ago--remember? We talked about those painters like Hans Hofmann I think it was, who believe in daubs of color on other color, no other idea in mind, just the emotion of color for the sake of color. Although Time did not say this, it's my belief such painters feel that color next to color is as real as any other relationship.

I think something of the same sort goes on here. There are so many empty streets with but one car and one person, that it's peacefully spooky. The other end of the world may be rushing along, but here this poor street of shabby houses is crumbling just a little and over there is an old olive-drab Chevy up on blocks with bright yellow and orange splotches. Well, look down the street, and it's as if you're in a wood, and plants and birds are picking up each other's hues. Here and there, street doors and shutters and shop awnings repeat the colors of the car, but tastefully, as if some set designer

had worked it out. There's even a boy more than one hundred yards away who is kicking a soccer ball, and do you know, he is wearing a yellow sweater, same hue as the bright yellow someone splashed on the old olive-drab car. And another old car, mostly a brilliant off-blue, on another old street, is jacked up by the front end, its hood lifted so awfully high that it looks like a duck quacking. Above it, on a battered old balcony, laundry is drying. I promise you, Kittredge, one of the shirts is the same brilliant off-blue as the car.

I think that when a land is a distance from the storms of global history, little phenomena begin to take place. In the city of Montevideo, all the public clocks seemed to have stopped, and all at different hours. It is always 9:00 and 2:30 and 5:21 in different places, certainly in all the old sad parts of town. And that is also part of the game. In a Maine meadow protected from winds, Kittredge, wildflowers play games in their seeding. They pop up in the oddest places as if their true trick is to delight the eye. If that is true of the cars here, so can one see it in the color of the walls. This is a Spanish city, ergo, a city of walls, one story, two stories high, so repellently blank that the plane trees enhance the scene by leaning away at an angle sufficiently extravagant to keep large trucks quite a few feet from the curb.

Of course, if most of this city life is behind palisades, then every door that opens from a wall is like an invitation to the Casbah. The poorest courtyard, seen at the end of a long dark hallway, is invariably rich in promise. The colors do live like wildflowers, and the modest stone ramparts of this city are treated like the rust spots on the cars. Along the length of one commonplace two-story nineteenth-century building, I see an ongoing palette of stone and stucco: brown and gray-brown, aquamarine, olive gray and tangerine. Then lavender. Three foundation stones in rose. Just as the cars reflect the sediments left in old paint cans, so, under the sooty pervasive city-color is this other subtler display. I swear, Kittredge, these people must keep an inner eye on their street, and if here is a most unique patch of moss-green on a sign, then there, at the far end of the block, someone chooses to paint a doorway in the same off-hue moss green. Time and dirt and damp and peeling plaster work wonderful inter-washings into the view. Old doors fade until you cannot determine whether the original hue was blue or green or some mysterious gray with a tropism for reflected light from the spring foliage. October is like April in the Southern Hemisphere.

In the Old City on a street that runs down to the water's edge, the sea is swept of ships and the gray clay-like beach is

deserted. At the bottom of this vista is an empty plaza with a lone column standing against the sea, large as a hitching post for a horse as high as a hill. Can they have put it there to prove that Da Chirico knows how to paint? But then in these lonely Montevidean landscapes, one so often sees a solitary figure in the distance dressed in mourning.

The old city, and the medium old city, and the city they have put up in the last fifty years, is quietly crumbling. What dreams must have gone into the construction of all those baroque whirls and turns and whorls and window fenestrations. On the commercial streets are bay fronts and wrought iron balconies, round windows, oval windows, ogival, and gothic and l'art-nouveau windows, and roof balustrades with pediments crumbling. Iron gates lean in various stages of disrepair, old doors are missing pieces of ornate molding, and on many a street corner is a small edifice with a conical tower like a witch's hat. Laundry hangs in the apertures of grand windows.

I walk past one demolished building after another. The house that used to be there has left the ghost image of stairway on the markings of the wall shared with the building next door; the pastel hues of what must have once been a massively endowed dining room stands at the head of the vanished stairs.

Kittredge, forgive me for going on at such length after being in Uruguay only a few days, but, do you know, I never had an opportunity to enjoy Berlin, or even look at it. I know you were expecting a little more substance, but a good rule to follow in these matters is to make certain that you have reached the other side.

Yours devotedly,

Herrick

I didn't receive a reply for two weeks. Then came a short note. "You have reached the other side. Now, dispense with the excelsior. Send the dry goods. K."

Dear Mary-Margaret all: Good days I feel like Catherine
of Aragon. Maria. I display the wrath. Your Hugh. Hugh
Berwick. It's all the fault of the important child I born. As
superior spirit will dwell away as before long. In the
interim, know that on re-reading, I thought your sense of the
half-pint pot was bad. Will you buy me one of those
dolly painted ones for Christmas? We also you terribly. Hugh
without knowing it. I note that making us for both of us. A
dear spirit is away the missing. So write up a nice letter
will of yours.

Your motherless. Kittredge.

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I was hurt. I did not reply. Another couple of weeks
went by with so much work at the Embassy, and the only change
in this period was to transport myself and my two suitcases
from the Victoria Plaza Hotel to the Cervantes, a considerably
cheaper hostelry. In fact, it was situated next door to a
fleabag. In the early hours of the morning, lost sounds came
up from the gutter of bottles breaking.

Then came a second note from Kittredge.

Dear Harry--forgive all. Some days I feel like Catherine of Russia. Worse. I display the wrath. Poor Hugh. Poor Herrick. It's all the fault of the impatient child I bear. An imperious spirit will dwell among us before long. In the interim, know that on re-reading, I thought your dance of the half-pint paint cans was fun. Will you buy me one of those gaily painted autos for Christmas? We miss you terribly, Hugh without knowing it, I more than making up for both of us. A dear spirit is among the missing. Do write me a nice letter full of shtuff.

Your number one. Kittredge.

November 16, 1956

Dear Catherine of all the Russias,

How I prefer the kiss to the knout! Since you ask for the daily dreary, I'll give it all. We're an unhappy station. That is because we are waiting for our Chief of Station Designate, Mr. E. Howard Hunt, to arrive. The present COS, Minot Mayhew, is an old Foreign Service officer going back to 1930 or thereabouts. On State Department liaison with OSS during the war, he asked to come along with the Agency, in the Great Recrouping of 1947. Given all his time at the State

Department, however, they could start Mayhew no lower than Deputy Chief of Station. He soon rose to COS, and has been at that level ever since, doing stints in Bolivia and Paraguay. Now, he is waiting to retire, and does nothing. No sports--of which, more later. No social functions. Not even much Agency work. He comes in at nine with the rest of us, and by ten is usually over at his stockbrokers' where he spends the morning buying and selling. Word is that he has built a retirement egg. Everyone agrees, however, that Mayhew is nifty at one aspect of his job: he does keep decent relations with the Ambassador. I've heard horror tales, as I'm sure you have, of how strained relations can get at an embassy when the Ambassador looks upon the Chief of Station with a jaundiced eye. Here, however, we're left at peace in our portion of the second story wing, and that may be due to Mayhew. The Ambassador, Jefferson Patterson, understands Spanish, but can only speak with a stammer, so Mayhew, whose title is First Secretary, fields some of the Ambassador's work with Uruguayan officials. Mayhew has also been instrumental in bringing over, via diplomatic pouch, soccer equipment for a Catholic team in Montevideo. Other than that, he's rated by us as decimal point zero zero zero one. Our real direction comes from the Deputy Chief of Station, an ex-World War II Marine Lieutenant with a

bull neck named Augustus "Gus" Sonderstrom. Augustus must have been a very tough guy once, but has now gone, not to seed, but to beer belly. He tends to give his all to golf, and it's not as silly as it sounds. At the country club, he teams up with the operations officer or the communications officer to play in foursomes with various Uruguay government and business types. That establishes a climate for semi-official favors. The Russians, despite an injection of new KGB types called "Joy-boys," (who wear London suits instead of Russian burlap bags) are not yet competitive in golf and tennis. So, Gus Sonderstrom's social contacts with Uruguayan golfer-officials often have us holding aces to the KGB kings. On the other hand, we certainly need whatever help we can get. The President of the Uruguayan government, Luis Batlle, is head of the Colorado Party which has been winning elections here for the last hundred years. Socialist-oriented, the Colorados spend and spend. Uruguay is a true welfare state--which may be why it's so peaceful and crumbling. This Luis Batlle is anti-American and at the moment is trying to work out cattle and hide deals with the USSR.

I was thrust into all this on my second day of real work in the Embassy which, by the way, is a splendid white mansion. Vaguely ante-bellum, it has a veranda fronted by two-story

white wooden columns, and is situated on nothing less than the Avenida Lord Ponsomby, next to a park so elegant that it could only have been designed by a Parisian landscape artist, circa 1900. In this part of Montevideo, rest assured, nothing crumbles. Our Embassy is as spotless as Navy whites, and Sonderstrom in our first interview wants to know about my tennis game. Seems we need one more good player for the country club intrigues. Did I bring a racket, Gus wants to know.

Well, so soon as my father heard of my assignment to the Uruguay Station, he sent a stiff warning by way of one of his historically few letters to me: I was told to avoid the golf and tennis circuit! The idea, according to Cal, is that younger officers who put time into that play-ground should have control of their technique, which is to say that if you're courting a foreign diplomat, let His Specialness take the set, whereas if you're teamed with your Chief in doubles against a State Department pair, then don't for God's sake, let the Agency down. "You, son," Cal wrote to me, "haven't, in my opinion, that kind of equipment. I love your fast serve when it goes in--it's got heart!--ditto the overhead forehand, but we both know that your backhand can't speak back to any opponent who knows how to insult it. And you tend to lose your

temper. So stay away from tennis--you'll drop too many points in other places." Comporting myself as a dutiful son, I told Sonderstrom that I didn't even know how to find the handle on a racket. When he brought up golf, I said, "Sir, the one time I got out on a golf course, I shot a five, first hole."

"Fantastic," he said.

"Yessir, and I shot a thirteen and a fifteen on the next two. By then, I had lost all my golf balls." Actually, I'm better than that, but I wasn't about to tell him.

"What sports are you good at?" asked Sonderstrom.

I said boxing and rock-climbing appealed to me. That took care of it. Gus grunted and said there weren't too many rocks in Uruguay and any boxing I did had better not be in bars. I could see he was going to squeeze a little more golf and tennis out of the players available at present, and leave me to take up some of their load in desk work. On the other hand, now that I was, in his eyes, a boxer, he wasn't going to be needlessly snide about it. He's really out of shape.

One result, I expect, of being thus laggard on golf and tennis, is that I've received an all-night chore from one of the other operations officers. (Yes, he plays tennis!) Maybe it's just the job they pass on to the newest arrival at the Station. The irony is that it's the task I enjoy the most, and

so I think I'll tell you about it first, because at least it has a whiff of cloak and dagger, although don't get misled. It's only one night a week, and couldn't be more untypical of how I spend the rest of my working time.

This Tuesday all-nighter is called AV/ALANCHE, and is a modest operation involving seven teen-agers from a local gang of more or less decent right wing Catholic youths. They are in the work for the ideological satisfaction, we hope, and the excitement, I expect, and certainly, the money. We pay each of them the equivalent of ten bucks a night. Their task is to go out under cover of darkness once a week to deface Communist posters, and paint our--that is, their Catholic party slogans--over the Red ones. Sometimes, we put up new posters when our old ones have been defaced by Communist gangs. It's sweet. I confess I like the action, I like the kids. I remember on my first day in Montevideo I saw along one deserted street in huge black letters on a white wall, this slogan: UNIDAD PARA AVANZAR AND TRIUNFAR. It was radical, I supposed--"Unity in order to Advance and Triumph"--but then I had to wonder whether it was left wing or right? I could not tell by the sentiments, and the party logo had been smeared over. Now I know. It is radical and our gang had defaced it just before I joined them.

Of course, I also must confess that I've been right there on the street with AV/ALANCHE only once and that by dint of convincing Sonderstrom it was my duty, I had to pick up some feel for the Op. Actually, active participation is too chancy for the Agency. I hear that very occasionally, our anti-Communist gang consisting of AV/ALANCHE-1, the leader, and his six lieutenants, AV/ALANCHE 2 through 7, will run into a roving bunch from the MRO, who are very tough fellows indeed, ultra-leftists (Revolutionary Movement Organization) who believe in armed insurrection. Street fights not only break out then but occasionally, there are arrests. If I were picked up on such an occasion by the police, it could be in the hands of the wrong arm. It seems Montevideo flics come in political flavors, left or right. Depends on the precinct. (We're in South America, after all.) Sonderstrom allowed me to set up my credentials with these kids by going out this once with them and their paint cans and glue pots. Afterward, however, he forbade it. "I didn't sleep till you got back," Gus told me next day. I had returned at five A.M. and called him at his home, per instructions, leaving him vastly relieved. I had no fracas to report. All the same, the tension is enormous. Think of it! Scuttling around the streets in an old truck, working by flashlight as occasional stragglers and drunks pass

at two in the morning. Are they lookouts for the Reds? We were defacing PCU posters (Partido Comunista de Uruguay) and that meant going on sorties into mixed working class neighborhoods. At two in the morning, those barrios are as silent as cemeteries, but even so, this is work in No Man's Land. It brings back all of what I used to call the ultra emotions--that time in adolescence when adrenalin throbs in your limbs like your first taste of booze.

Now, however, when on a Tuesday run with my gang, I position myself a half mile away in one of our radio cars, and keep in contact with AV/ALANCHE-1 through his walkie-talkie. He actually prefers this arrangement. I'm free on the perimeter to take off and get them bail or hospitalization if things should go wrong. AV/ALANCHE-1, a tough wiry kid with the greatest head of thick powerful black curls, reassures me that they're better off if I station myself outside where I can be of real service if the evening caper goes belly-up.

Sonderstrom, however, suggests that I do drive by afterward to make certain they did the job. I obey him, but am unhappy about it. These kids are taking risks while I'm secure in my radio car; yet I, in effect, must proceed to distrust them. All the same, Sonderstrom, who usually looks like he's smelling a bad cheese, is not all wrong. Occasionally, they

complete no more than half a job before they get nervous and decamp. Then, unhappily, they neglect to tell me. I make note of that, but still pay them. If it gets worse, I'll confront AV/ALANCHE-1.

For the rest, however, my daily work is not that enthralling. I've been burrowing into my office jobs for weeks, and have discovered a hideous principle. In the beginning, Agency executives must have been afraid there would not be enough to keep us all occupied. Our work, when you get down to it, is a little intangible, and the country you're in seems huge. (All countries, even little ones like Uruguay, are huge when you're only a handful of people in an office.) So, a method was developed: Even when nothing goes on, there is a great deal to do.

Sample day:

I come in at nine, have my coffee, get down to reading the local papers. Given my Spanish, that could take two hours, but I push it through in thirty minutes. Slowly over the weeks, the nuances of the political situation get clearer to me. I come to recognize the more esoteric legislative players. Of course, I also discuss local events with my cohorts. Under Gus Sonderstrom, there are three Operations Officers (of which I am one--before I arrived, there were only two), one Communications

to be up on my stuff. If I'm out all night twice a week with AV/ALANCHE, Gatsby has to know whether to call or not call my hotel if something comes up next morning.

Back to the daily stint. After we've digested the newspapers and incoming cables, we write our outgoing messages which circulate round-robin so that we are also witting of what cohorts are sending out. (In Berlin, I worked intensively on fragments. Here, all of us have to be able to handle the entire operation. The need-to-know, far from being restrictive, is ubiquitous.) What with phone calls to answer or to initiate, and occasional pieces of State Department cover work, lunch is on us soon enough. In the afternoon, considerable time goes into studying the travel movements of Uruguayan officials. Our anti-Communist stance. I believe I've told you, not being shared by the Colorados, a good many of their highest officials are Communist sympathisers. The movement of such individuals in and out of the country is of importance to us. Most of them are travelling to Paraguay, Brazil or Argentina for hook-ups with the Communist Party there, but we also find a surprising number of so-called trade missions to the East European countries and the USSR. We excel, therefore, in Travel Control. Our agent, AV/OUCH, in Uruguayan Customs at Carrasco Airport keeps an eye on those

movements to target countries. Our files build. But time! It all consumes time. Having dinner one evening with AV/OUCH (who is a seedy little family man pleased to get a fancy meal) I talked him into recruiting an agent I am going to call AV/OUCH-2. It gets me thinking of the Thursdays. Of course, we don't have any major agents in serious government work yet, but it certainly isn't as difficult as I expected to pick up the petty ones. It's just money and AV/OUCH-1 will get his piece from AV/OUCH-2 who will never know who he is working for, but will be eager to exploit his post in Passport Control at Carrasco International to note incoming Uruguayans whose passports show visa stamps from any target country.

Of course, after we locate such bona-fide Communists, there remains the question of what to do about it. Mayhew's lack of initiative hurts here. I'd like to try turning a few of these Uruguayan Communists into double agents, but Sonderstrom tells me to wait until E. Howard Hunt arrives.

Let us say it is three-thirty P.M. in our office by now. Be certain, we have been going through the dossiers of the foreigners who will attend our Embassy function tonight. We have to be ready to warn the Ambassador of any dubious Embassy Row characters.

Finally, by way of AV/ERAGE, our Uruguayan journalist (who works the society beat) we keep track of who is being invited to foreign embassy affairs. It can be worth something to know that a Uruguayan official who is secretly in the PCU (Uruguayan Communist Party) is on the guest list at British Embassy. We have to decide, if this official is being wooed by the English, or is taking them for a ride. If the latter, are we advised to send warnings? More grist for the cable mill. Such queries, if not decided at the Argentinian-Uruguay Desk go all the way up to Western Hemisphere Division.

By sundown, one or two of us may have an agent to meet at a safe-house or a cafe. (I'm not up much on that, yet. Alas!) Then the evening work commences. Since I'm putting in no hours on golf or tennis, and do have a dinner jacket and tails, it's incumbent on me to be present at American and foreign embassy functions. It's droll. I never even went to cocktail parties in Berlin. Here, I'm working every night. My tails, incidentally, elicit a most dependable response from Sherman Porringer: I may pretend, he says, to have State Department cover while working for the Agency, but since the only males who still wear tails in North America are to be found in the State Department, I must be using the Agency to cover my State Department work! One mighty wit is Porringer. Sherman

Oatmeal, my private name for this good fellow, is another of those owl-eyed Ph. D.'s from Oklahoma, blue-jowled even with two shaves a day, another quintessentially dank example of our heroic Agency propensities for bottomless work. He is also Sonderstrom's old reliable. Porringer has the largest case-load, the unhappiest wife, (I will get to her!), the most comprehensive sense of the nitty-gritty of Uruguayan politics, and--I hate to admit this--is kind of creative compared to the rest of us, about initiating new operations. He is, however, desperately jealous of my ability to do a better job at parties and dances. Oatsie also goes to his number of such affairs, but cuts the wrong kind of figure. Essentially unathletic, he has compensated by serious stints of weight-lifting (keeps his own barbells at home), and, in consequence, is over-developed on top, somewhat concrete-posted on bottom. He takes a lady onto the dance floor and steps about in spiritual pain. Being one of these wholly-disciplined Ph.D. mentalities who need only to define their will and they will follow it, he is used to telling each limb what to do. Choppy seas for the partner.

Meanwhile, I cavort a little with his wife, Sally. She's a narrow-minded twit, I fear, hates Uruguay, won't learn Spanish, inveighs not too attractively on the stupidity of her servant, but she does know how to dance. We have fun at that.

We try not to cut too much of a figure for fear of exposing our little secret, but we are able to have what approaches unholy if very small pleasure in anticipating each other's moves. Her Alpha may be as uninteresting as an out of date phone book, but, oh, what Omega! I must say, it's a pity she isn't more of a good Agency wife. If her abilities as a dancer weren't wholly compartmentalized, she could charm a number of foreign diplomats, and that, after all, is what we're supposed to do. Sonderstrom, who goes dutifully to a lot of these functions (even took tango lessons) steered me aside before I even went to the first one: "Get the focus, and keep to it, Hubbard. These shindigs have an ongoing action--the Russians and us. We may hardly speak to each other, but it's like the Montagues and the Capulets, do you comprehend?" I confess for a moment I thought of Hugh and Kittredge Montague before I came back to the shock that, yes, there were also some Capulets mentioned. Beer belly Sonderstrom is not only a hard-working and improving tango-man, but ready to refer to Shakespeare. "When we and the Russians show up at the same function, all eyes follow what goes on between us," he adds.

"Should I fraternize then?"

"Get a shot, take it," said Gus. "They're dying to make friends with us." He went on to lay out the hazards and

potentialities: While both sides know that you can't cut loose and make friends, feelers can nonetheless commence. "Just don't make dates for lunch without prior authorization."

You can guess how Sally Porringer might fit into this. Indeed, I've encouraged her to dance with one or two of these Red devils, but she shook her head. "Sherman said that if he ever saw me flirting with a Communist, he'd put my left tit in a wringer." (This, incidentally, is the only forbidden word I ever heard her use.)

"Well, you tell him," I said, "to have a talk with Sonderstrom. There are many roads to Rome."

"What does that add up to, Buster?" she asked. "I'm a married woman with two children. End of case." Right after that, for the first time, her belly touched mine in our dance, and just as gently as one hand being laid on another in the dark of a movie theatre. Kittredge, do women play with two decks? Why do I know that Sally Porringer is dying to flirt with the Russians? I've even got the fellow picked out. They have one Under-Secretary, Boris Masorov, who has a very attractive wife, Zenia--the most beautiful Russian woman I suppose I've seen. Very feminine (if a touch plump) with raven hair and the largest black eyes. In turn, Zenia has an undeniable eye for the men. Exchanging glances with her is