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November 17, 1956

(after midnight)

Dear Kittredge,

I want to take up a question that Hugh talked about on one of the High Thursdays. It is paranoia. When is it a vice, and when, in our occupation, an asset? For cases, Porringer is definitely paranoid, but often shows powers of accurate anticipation. Of course, trying to convey tales from these

Uruguayan spy grounds is like tracing a vine through a thicket. I find that I have to begin with AV/OIRDUPUIS, who is Gordon "Gordy" Morewood, one of our two contract operations officer. He's an old hand who worked for the British in Hong Kong during the Thirties and has put in contract stints since for us in Vienna, Yugoslavia, Singapore, Mexico City, Ghana--God, you'd think the man would be fascinating--always out there by himself, never working from inside the Station, just taking on jobs like a private detective and being paid for them. Well, Gordy is a huge disappointment when you meet him. He's a small dour Scotchman about sixty with a gimp leg (arthritis, I believe, not gun shot) and a sour splenetic disposition. Very bad ad for old spies. All he seems to care about is his per diem which he inflates unconscionably. AV/OIRDUPUIS is a buzz-word among cryptonyms, apparently. It was bestowed on Gordy to alert cable traffic that this man eats well off his expense accounts. Minot Mayhew refuses to have anything to do with him which costs us a good deal of telephone time. Gordy is always on the line wanting to talk to Mayhew and we have to stall him out and take the abuse. He's capable of saying (and he has the most nasty thin voice), "Look, dear young novice, you are altogether incapable of hiding the fact that Mayhew is

skulking around the Embassy right now, and must be reached by me. I cannot speak to you. You are too low on the pole."

As I write this, he sounds interesting, but he isn't. The voice comes forth in a distracted whine as if he has been speaking that way for thirty or forty years. All he wants is to get more money, and knows that by pestering us thoroughly, he will obtain a workable fraction of the extra amount. He certainly knows how to twist accounts by dint of his cover. He fields an honest-to-God import-export business in the center of town. The building where he has his office room is the largest in Uruguay, twenty-one stories high, and sports mansard roofs, bell towers, cupolas, arcades, five varieties of turret, and swirls of stone to put Antonio Gaudi to shame. (The construction of this shabby masterpiece had to be a saga of bankruptcies, and architects not speaking to one another.) It's the perfect place for Morewood who mixes just about enough legitimate trade together with imports of cigarettes, liquor, and gourmet items for the Embassy commissary (one of his perks) to make any accounting of his finances close to impossible. Our administrative officer, Nancy Waterston, who's a sweet, plain, bright, hard-working spinster, absolutely devoted to Minot Mayhew--for no better reason than that he happens to be her de facto boss--is also devoted to Sonderstrom because

Gordy is somebody's darling back in Foggy Bottom. I've heard over separate beers with Sonderstrom, Porringer, Gatsby, and the Commo Officer, Barry Kearns, that Helms, Tracy Barnes, Desmond FitzGerald, or Dick Bissell is his protector (whether from old-boy solicitude or in fear of something Gordy knows, is another matter). His position is, in any case, sacrosanct. We cannot say goodbye to him.

Moreover, we can't afford to. He's a total pain in the tender regions, but very good at his job. We might not, for instance, have a mobile surveillance team (AV/EMARIA-1, and 2,3,4) consisting of four off-duty Uruguayan taxi drivers without Gordy. He trained those fellows himself (at a 100% override for us, we reckon, on the hours of instruction) but at least we have them in place and they do bring results. Left to ourselves, what with our paperwork and our fifty-fifty Spanish (fifty per cent of what we say and hear is comprehended) how could there be the time, wherewithal, and savvy to train the mobile surveillants? We'd have to bring in a team from Mexico City or D.C., speak of expense.

So, yes, the fact is that we can't afford to say goodbye to Morewood. He's the only consummate professional among us, and when a real problem comes up, we do call on him.

This time, it involved an operation that we characterize as cumbersome--we want to get a Uruguayan official, who is also a Russian agent, arrested by the Uruguayan police. It came about in this fashion: A couple of months ago, just before I arrived, we were sent a warning by the FBI. That it reached us two years behind the fact is another matter, but in any event we now had reason to be interested in a gentleman named José Hipolito Gomez. He is, at present, a well-placed official in the Uruguayan Foreign Ministry, but back in New York, when he was serving in the Uruguayan Delegation to the U.N., Gomez had clandestine contact with the KGB. Now, the FBI belatedly handed him over to us to do something about. A perfect example, then, of the kind of case Gordy excels at.

By the end of a week, using his contacts in the Legislative Palace, he has found out the following about Gomez: Our target likes to drink, and to gamble in the Casino at Carrasco. Separated from his wife, he needs money. Full of self-pity, he is a bore. On Tuesday nights, Gomez goes regularly to visit his mother who lives out on the Avenida Italia and this road passes just north of Parque José Batlle y Ordóñez (which, if you remember, is adjacent to our Embassy.)

We called on our mobile surveillance team. AV/EMARIA-1, 2, 3, and 4 to take turns trailing Gomez's car. On the fourth

night, a Tuesday, after visiting his mother, Gomez drove into the park, stopped his vehicle under a tree, and went for a walk. Gordy, who was with the driver, ^atrilled Gomez discreetly on foot, and reported to us that while the park was sparsely lit, and Gomez disappeared in some bushes, he did, on his way out, take a stroll across the green to a nearby path where he righted a park bench that had been tipped over--pretty obviously a signal that his dead drop was now cleaned out. After which, Gomez turned back to his car, and drove home. On the following Tuesday, just after dark, we staked out the area around the dead drop. Porringer, Sonderstrom, and Morewood stationed themselves out there, and had a considerable wait, but at approximately ten in the evening, a man who was recognized by Sonderstrom as one of the attachés at the Russian Embassy came sauntering along, inserted an envelope into the hollow cleft of a tree, and strolled by the park bench, stopping just long enough to knock it over. Needless to say, this part of the park is absolutely deserted at night. Gomez appeared in the next twenty-five minutes, took the envelope from the dead drop, righted the same park bench, and went back to his car. This was two weeks ago.

The following week was spent in an all-out discussion of what to do. Cable traffic doubled. The problem was not Gomez,

but the Russian attaché. Should we try to get him picked up also by the Montevideo police? It would be a grievous embarrassment for the Sovietskys, and the attache would be sent home. Beyond the local publicity, however, where would be the gain? The decision, after many a cable, was to leave the Russian alone and concentrate on getting Gomez arrested.

There was discussion among us whether to continue to use Morewood, but prevailing sentiment was that he had cost too much already, and besides, Sonderstrom has his own pride. So, he and Porringer, instead of playing their Friday afternoon foursome with the Chief of Police and the Deputy Police Chief, took them out to lunch instead. Over coffee, Sonderstrom introduced the defalcations of José Hipolito Gomez. The Chief of Police, Capablanca, (yes, same name as the old Cuban chess champion) was even angrier than the Deputy Peones, and offered to spit in the milk of Gomez's mother (even as he was drinking his cafe con leche!) Plans were made to set up a stakeout and catch Gomez in the act. Sonderstrom came back to the Station in an excellent mood. Not Porringer. Before long, he and Sonderstrom were going at it. Their voices carried through a closed door. Soon, the door flew open and Sonderstrom waved in Gatsby and Barry Kearns and myself to monitor the debate, I suppose. I cannot say why else we were there.

"I don't believe we can ask Capablanca to wait! He's put this thing in motion already. He'll look like a fool to his own people. Then we'll lose him for sure."

"That's right," said Gatsby. "Latins have to be as high on saving face as Orientals."

"I agree," said Kearns.

"This is South America," Porringer said. "In these lands, the jefe can always change his mind. It just means the money is coming from another direction."

"Who," asked Sonderstrom, "is in favor of going out Tuesday for the arrest?"

Kearns's hand went up, and Gatsby's, and Sonderstrom's, of course. I was about to follow suit, but some instinct held me back. Kittredge, it was the oddest sentiment. I had the feeling Porringer was right. I could feel his paranoia clear across the room, and it was no dull cloud. In fact it was an electric vector pointing to NO. To my amazement, I voted with him. I am linked with Oatsie.

Well, we found out. On Tuesday night, the most curious event occurred. Worst of luck, I wasn't staked out in the park like my associates because it happened to be the night for AV/ALANCHE to put up posters. I heard about it afterward, however. In addition to Sonderstrom, Porringer, Gatsby and

Kearns, a squad of Uruguayan police were installed in observation points (bushes) not too far from the now-famous tree. The Russian attaché came sauntering in at the stroke of ten, same time precisely as the previous occasion. (More and more we get the impression that the local KGB feels far enough away from Moscow to be pretty casual about security.) Our Russian approached the dead-drop, primed it, tipped over the bench, and left. By radio, came the word. Gomez had parked his car and was approaching on foot. He actually had come within twenty yards of the tree when a police car, top lights revolving, sirens screaming at the moon, came tearing down the nearest park road toward the stakeout. Gomez, of course, took off instantly. With a great blast of tire dust, screech, and funk, the patrol car stopped right by the tree and out stepped Capablanca. "Oh," exclaimed our law and order worthy, striking his forehead with a mighty sledgehammer of a hand, "I cannot accept this. The radio told me that our man was already apprehended."

In the general confusion, Gatsby managed to slip around to the dead drop and withdraw the envelope. Next day, Sonderstrom presented it at the Central Police Station. In Spanish, the note listed, by proper serial number, each document that Gomez was supposed to photograph in the following week. Sonderstrom

was proposing that this ought to be enough to begin a full-scale investigation.

We can activate nothing, Capablanca told him. By the evidence presented, it was obvious that some unknown foreign power was spying on the Uruguayan government. Nations always spied on host nations, however. One needed more to proceed. Owing to the unfortunate lapse in communications among his own people for which he alone, Salvador Capablanca, would take full responsibility, he could see no way to move against José Hipolito Gomez. How I can see Gordy Morewood cackling away!

It is now 3:30 A.M. and I am tired. I'll sign off, and wait for your next letter. Do write soon.

Besitos,

Herrick

Here we have the fact that infants look mighty well and in the
first minute they're born, healthy, better, than we are, and
covered with enough white and strength of blood to have been
in a war zone. Of course, that face soon disappears, and he
hasn't again for mighty years. At present, Christopher seems
like an angel, doesn't he? I am the only one to remember where he
came from--that shadowy peninsula of youth.

When the phone told a bell? The only time I attended a
High Mountain Thursday. You was talking about the appalling
inter-relations of mental-emotional. There is to my dear
survivor, he actually said, "Our studies went into penitence.
He search for the deepest captivity--the shadowy peninsula
of youth--for which I'm not, perhaps, I am
indebted to a Mr. Spencer Brown who is so quoted in the U.S.S."

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Three days later, an open commercial cable came from
Harlot.

NOV. 20, 1956

I L CHRISTOPHER, EIGHT POUNDS ONE OUNCE, BORN AT WALTER REED
ARMY HOSPITAL AT 8:01 A.M. MOTHER FINE, SENDS LOVE, FATHER
TRANSMITS FOND REGARDS.

MONTAGUE

from us the fact that infants look eighty years old in the first minute they're born, eighty, bitter, mean as rue, and covered with enough welts and streamers of blood to have been in a car crash. Of course, that face soon disappears, not to be seen again for eighty years. At present, Christopher shines like an angel cherub. I am the only one to remember where he came from--"that shuddery penetralia of caves."

Does the phrase toll a bell? The only time I attended a High Montague Thursday, Hugh was talking about the ineffable inter-relations of counter-espionage. Leave it to my doughty warrior, he actually said, "Our studies move into penetralia. We search for the innermost sanctum, 'the shuddery penetralia of caves'--for which inimitable phrase, gentlemen, I am indebted to a Mr. Spencer Brown who is so quoted in the O.E.D."

At that moment, Harry, I didn't know if my mustachioed Beau Brummel was the acme of audacity or asininity. I did think it was crass to oblige all you young crewcuts to listen to such smelly stuff. I didn't go back to the Thursdays. I am becoming more and more like my mother, especially these days. I look at Christopher, and am transported to bliss, then, as quickly, am dropped right back into the darkness of our human roots--damn shuddery penetralia. Harry, I can't tell you how much your generous letters have meant. Station work, for all

old. That's long enough to put up with one leaky faucet of a mother."

Well, I want to kill him. It's simple again. I bless Hugh in my divided heart because anger does take you out for a while from your dismayed liver, but, oh, Hugh is such a large part of the p.p.d.'s. As are you. I read your letters, all there, everything given to me sans facons, and think, "Why can't I dwell among these idiot station men with their sacred procedures?" So I start to miss you. Keep writing. I get a lot from you. Your detailed sendings bring light and shadow to the dream-like two-dimensionality on which my feeble work is projected. Besitos, estupido. Yours, for more Spic-talk.

Hadley K. Gardiner Montague (Mrs.)

P.S. The roses were aces, bearcat, corkeroo! Four large bouquets filled the room. Mille baisers. You are the dearest gnat's whistle.

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Jan. 3, 1957

Dearest Kittredge,

I am now a proper godfather. I can't keep from studying the snapshots you enclose. Christopher's cherubic sense of himself pushes right through the silver iodide. I must say he looks a good deal like Winston Churchill, and that delights me. Not every day does one become surrogate paternitas to Old Winnie!

Well, I certainly must be full of gelignite and lyddite, cordite, nitro, peter and soup, to speak of my mother in such fashion. (Actually, I can't resist listing these words. I hear them all the time.) We Station hands certainly don't use explosives very often, (once a decade?) but we do know how to throw the jargon around. Bang juice is the latest favorite. Obscene enough to do the job. We naturally passed through a host of Christmas parties these last two weeks, each of the married couples (which involves Mayhew, Sonderstrom, Porringer, Gatsby, Kearns) plus Nancy Waterston and myself as singles, giving an evening at their homes. I, still ensconced in my all-but-fleabag hotel, reciprocated by inviting four couples together with Nancy Waterston and myself--Mayhew didn't show up at any party but his own--whereas I, took, yes, all ten of us to dine in the grand (and overpriced) dining room of the Victoria Plaza. In the course of after-dinner drinks, we all got off for some silly reason on bang juice. Kept passing the term around, looking for new connotations--which came down, predictably, to the old connotation. But we had a merry time formulating bang juice toasts: "A bigger bang to your bang juice!" or "Blessings and bang juice to Augustus Sonderstrom, our own Gus, banging his big woods and juiced-up irons, and may all the bang juice be wiped off his hard-hitting putter," yes,

it got as elaborate and stupid as that. From Porringer, of course, who was drunk-drunk, which is analogous to punch-drunk.

Anyway, I had one insight into Sally and Sherman late that evening. At the end of dinner, about the time we were all thickening up--you can't call it sobering up--they happened to be sitting alone for a moment at one end of the table, and she was looking sad and sour, and he was sitting there in all his bilious much compacted anger. (I know he had to be upset that his elaborate golf-and-bang-juice toast did not go over.) The Porringers sat there like a warning to all who might contemplate marriage, old before their time. It's awfully sad, because she, for one, has a perky little face. Maybe she was a cheerleader in high school--I'm going to find out--and certainly she has a nice body. You could, if you dared, toast the bang juice she must put into her bath salts. Forgive me. Once you hear those two words, you can't get rid of them.

I must say I began to notice what the Porringers were doing with their napkins. It told the tale. Sherman had squeezed his piece of linen and released it, squeezed it and released it (with his thighs, I assume) until now, laid on the table, it looked like a piled-up thundercloud. Hers, to the contrary, appeared to have undergone a regimen of successive flattenings from the palm of her hand. Still, the cloth, like

her poor trapped heart, kept rising more than it ought. I think the Porringers are both from the Southeast, college sweethearts perhaps, I seem to recollect that he went to Oklahoma State. The point to this, I expect, is that each of them touches me in the oddest way. Ever since I voted with him against Sonderstrom, his relations toward me have been a study. Stop-and-go. Brusque; friendly. Highly critical of my work, followed by a clap on the back. Superciliously superior, then giggly. I, in turn, don't know if I like him any better. I mention this because he did pass on a plum of a job for me. Right in front of Sonderstrom, he said, "Rick can field this one better than Gatsby, and you and me just don't have the time."

Do you know, I realize that all of this letter has been a preamble to a serious decision. Everything I've disclosed up to now can be seen as venial, but if I fill you in on the new job, and am discovered, I'm in the soup. As are you. So, let us wait a couple of days. I'll write again before the week is out. It's 3 A.M. once more. Apologies for this abrupt ending. I have to think this out for myself. It's of too much consequence to rush into.

Love,

Godfather Hubbard

certainly felt cold enough to recognize that a very small part of me, which was nonetheless quintessential, would never forgive Kittredge for having another man's child.

Jan 5, 1957

Dearest Number One,

I've weighed out the contingencies. As you may have supposed, I am going to tell all. Our operation is called AV/OCADO, and if it works as well as we hope, there's a good deal of entree. I suppose you could say it's in fulfillment of one of our two major objectives. Ideally, according to the Missions Directive, A Priority here is to effect a penetration into the Soviet Embassy, and/or into the higher ranks of the PCU. (That last, if you recall, is the Uruguayan Communist Party.)

Well, this second objective is well along. Thanks to Porringer, it's become my baby. I'm inheriting a Priority Task. Let me take you into it, for I may need advice farther down the line. I can tell you--I don't want any repetition of

that embarrassing Berlin period when I was on the secure phone just about every other day to our mutual friend. This time I want to bring the job off on my own, and maintain it.

Let me provide the necessary filler. I seem to recollect that in the course of describing Gordon Morewood, I happened to mention we had two contract agents. The other is named Roger Clarkson. He's also done good work for us. His main thrust is an offshoot of his cover, which is excellent. He not only works for the most prestigious public relations firm in Montevideo (they handle media and advertising for most of the U.S. corporations here) but he has put in a lot of time with the local Anglo-American drama group. You would think that is not a particularly fertile place to pick up our kind of information but, live to discover where the uncharted trade winds of gossip will blow. It seems many upper class Uruguayans gravitate to the Montevideo Players on the premise, call it the excuse, that they wish to improve their English, whereas, actually, it's a thriving arena for the great South American upper middle class sport--infidelity. Roger Clarkson has served, I fear, as our equivalent of a KGB joy-boy. He's tall, good-looking, straight nose, blond hair, Princeton--a splendid example of what we're covertly advertising to the rest of the world. So he's learned a lot of what is going on at the

Legislative Palace. Not only by way of the Uruguayans, but from English ladies. No great haul, but indispensable in small ways. It feeds us information from another angle, far to the side of our heavier sources--the usual Uruguayan legislators, journalists, businessmen, etc. In effect, Roger Clarkson's gleanings offer a refutation or corroboration in profile.

Two months ago, he came up with a big one. Eusebio "Chevi" Fuertes popped up at the drama group. Almost as good looking as Valentino, Roger assured us, at least if you are ready to discount a somewhat chewed-up Latin street face. Fuertes, apparently, comes out of Uruguayan working-class stock--probably spent his adolescence putting the last quarter-inch of a half-pint can of paint on the communal rust-spotted heap. Intelligent, however, and went to the University of the Republic here, then married up into a middle-class family of local lawyers and doctors, part of the Montevideo radical establishment.

At present, Fuertes is a member in good standing of the PCU, ditto his wife. The picture, however, is complicated. He is no stable hard-working Communist, but is, on the contrary, somewhat taken with himself, and thereby is pulled in many directions. For example, he quit his university studies in the middle, and with no money went off to New York for a year.

of new words!) often run in parallel. So, Clarkson and Fuertes are fascinated with one another.

I confess to equal fascination. I'm learning how much you can pick up about a man from studying reports. Clarkson, who handles his job like a tidy ship, has been feeding detailed memos to the Station after each evening he spends with this high-octane target, and, I, having been assigned to take over when Clarkson leaves (which is just a couple of weeks away and is, as yet, an event unknown to Fuertes) naturally read everything Roger turns in with as much poetic fascination as if it were Gerontion or Remembrance of Things Past. Clarkson's no stylist--he's not, dear God, supposed to be!--but the material, considering my oncoming personal relation to it, grows progressively stimulating. Fuertes is very clever, very suspicious, always on the alert against manipulation, has startling insights into Clarkson, then spasms of rage against American imperialism which alternate with spells, spasms, and vitriol against Uruguayan Communists. He most respectfully declares his love for his powerful wife, but soon allows that he despises her. He loves Clarkson yet hints he'll leave a knife in him someday should Clarkson ever betray him, that is, prove to be a CIA agent. This is Fuertes' declared suspicion of our Roger. In a bar, on their last meeting after rehearsal

(the Montevideo Players are now doing Paul Osborn's, The Vinegar Tree) Chevi not only accused Clarkson of working for the Agency but stated that he must be in the CIA since it was well-known that fifty per cent of the Agency's contract people were either working for American public relations firms or were journalists, or in import-export. "Like your Gordon Morewood."

"Whatever gave you such a notion about Gordy," Roger counters.

"Everybody in Montevideo knows that Gordon Morewood is an agent of the Americans, the English, and the French," replies Fuertes.

Kittredge, contemplate the cable traffic on that Summary of Meeting. Tracers are flying right now over the I-J-K-L. Poor Gordy. His smudged expense accounts may yet receive the detailed scrubbing Nancy Waterston was never able to provide.

All this while, Chevi, despite his yaws and lurches, has been drawing closer and closer to Roger. They no longer double-date their actresses all that much. Chevi's real desire, he now announces, is to talk over his problems--as between men. His problems, he declares, are acute in the region of emotion. (Don't you enjoy the formal turn Latins bring to English?) His hatred of the Communist Party in Uruguay is una enormidad, he confesses. Of course, on other

days, it is the Soviet Union who gets berated. They have betrayed the world revolution. Next night, he goes back to laying the blame on the local party. The lust for power of the Uruguayan leaders, and the stupidity of the rank and file are at fault. They are not revolutionary, but bourgeois.

Communism in South America has degenerated into a middle-class phenomenon, Chevi informs Roger, a virulent fever of the decaying middle classes. From Robespierre down to the present era, the villains of every revolution have revealed their unconscious attachment to the middle-class umbilicus. There are times, Roger allows, when he can't keep up with Fuertes. Should Clarkson try to put in a good word for the U.S., Chevi bombards him with polemics. Capitalism feeds on the excrement of progress. The people of the United States are dispossessed of their souls. Capitalists are pigs. Pigs in limousines. He says at the end of one of these sessions, "Since I know you work for the Central Intelligence Agency of the United States of America, and you are aware that my wife and I are members of the Partido Comunista de Uruguay, and that I am unhappy in such a role, why do you offer no proposition?"

"Because I'm goddamned if I can trust you!"

Roger is not only bold enough to make that reply, but is forthcoming enough--or is it scrupulously responsible

enough?--to include it in his Summary of Jan. 2 Meeting with AV/OCADO. (Needless to say, Sonderstrom does not leave that little speech uncensored on its way to Argentina-Uruguay Desk, God, they would have thrown the book at Clarkson.)

Roger had been accoutered with a sneaky that night. Of course, his returns were garbled sufficiently to give the usual trouble in transcription, but Clarkson, like a good soldier, filled in some of the blanks. He claims to have respectable ability at recalling conversation, and calls the result "fortified transcription." For certain, he has produced a document which I think enough of to type up for you.

AV/OCADO: You cannot trust me?

AV/UNCULAR: No.

AV/OCADO: That is because you do not comprehend me. You are too insulated. As are all Imperialists. So must they be in order to fulfill their soul-destroying functions.

AV/UNCULAR: Why don't you just cut the crap?

AV/OCADO: Si, Senor, I am full of crap. But how may I cut it? I am buried in such crap. You, Senor, are speaking to your younger brother, joven mierda. For you, too, are in the species of shit!

You desire to make an offer to me, yet you dare not. You worry whether I will turn on you.

AN/UNCULAR: Have a heart, friend. How am I to trust you? You don't trust yourself.

AV/OCADO: I do not. It is no less than the truth. I am a man who lives in a posture of anguish that is self-perpetuated. I have to accuse myself. I am lacking in pundonor. Do you comprehend pundonor?

AV/UNCULAR: I would say you are never without pundonor. Why, that, to me, is first cousin to death-guts. You, amigo, have death-guts.

AV/OCADO: I thank you for the sentiment. You have spoken like a friend. But I cannot trust the authority of your sentiments because you do not understand our ambiente. In the cono del sur, from here to Patagonia, a man must live for his pundonor. Without it, he has nothing. But, with it, he must be prepared for mortal confrontation every day of his life. Do you know? It is a comedy. All Uruguayans live to be eighty. Whether or not we face our death-guts, we still live to be eighty. We are comico, my friend. (Long pause.) Perhaps you are not my friend. You do not comprehend me. What can be the value of a friend if he is not the generous and unselfish spirit of comprehension? You, however, are a North-American. You are looking for an edge. A grip on me. Go fuck yourself.

AV/UNCULAR: Let's have another drink. It'll make you more mellow.

AV/OCADO: You cannot improve my condition. I feel myself humiliated. I speak, and you pretend, but you do not comprehend me. You cannot enter my profound sense of humiliation.

AV/UNCULAR: How can I? You won't tell me what it concerns.

AV/OCADO: Yes, for such people as you, I must spell it out.

AV/UNCULAR: Have it your way.

AV/OCADO: I must spell it out, or spit it out. These are established modes of communication for Americans, verdad?

AV/UNCULAR: We're no good.

AV/OCADO: Now, I know it. I have seized it. You are CIA. It is in the logic of your responses. You are a proud North American, yet you choose not to challenge me to step outside this bar, after I have uttered such scathing insults upon you and your country.

AV/UNCULAR: Would you challenge me if I insulted Uruguay?

AV/OCADO: There would be no alternative.

Kittredge, this is the clearest part of the conversation. After that, it became too garbled over the next ten minutes for Clarkson to restore. Then, he must have shifted sneaky or his seat, because their exchanges begin again to come through loud and strong. Here is more of the fortified transcription.

AV/OCADO: In the course of my twenty-eight varied years, I have habitually stationed myself on the barricades of independent thought, independent emotion.

AV/UNCULAR: Is that a fact?

AV/OCADO: You could not comprehend. What does an American know of independent thought? I do not have a group mind, my friend, like you and your compatriots. I do not have sentiments prepared for me as pre-designed antidote to lack of inner subjectivity. Therefore, I am, at present, drenched in the poisons of humiliation.

AV/UNCULAR: Explain it to me. I will listen.

AV/OCADO: I am a lawyer who serves clients who are too poor to pay their bills. I am a husband who attracts less respect in public than his wife. I may be more intelligent than my spouse, but my ideas veer too far to the right, then too far to the left. That is because I lack sufficient foundation to hold them in place.

AV/UNCULAR: What do you require, then?

AV/OCADO: A salary large enough to give ballast to the discordant parts of myself. I need commercial focus. I am like all the other shits.

Believe me, dear Kittredge, it immediately got garbled again. That hardly matters. The consensus (which here consists of Sonderstrom, Porringer and myself meeting with Roger at a safe-house) is obviously of two minds which are about as far apart as the two opposed spirits of Eustabio "Chevi" Fuertes. Do we take him on, or don't we? He hates his wife and the PCU enough to work for us for a few months--on that we all agree. But will he gear into the job and make something of himself in the Party? Obviously, from our point of view, it is desirable for him to labor at PCU tasks so diligently that he becomes a high Party functionary. I argue that to achieve equality with his wife would be a real and powerful motivation for him. In that case, what a probe we could install on the Communists. The breadth of this possibility is going to push us into taking him on, but, oh, the tremors. Sonderstrom, who has experience, after all, in these matters, says he is selling himself so hard he could be a dangle. Roger, however, disbelieves that Fuertes is a gift of

the KGB. "Given the confusion he's emitting," says Roger, "he'd have to be a fine actor to pull it off. Over at the Montevideo Players, we see him as a ham."

What aggravates the problem, of course, is Roger's return to the States. His contract has already concluded as of two months ago. Given the potential importance of AV/OCADO, he has delayed his departure twice, but now Roger has given final notice to the Company. He is getting married to his childhood sweetheart--one plain Jane by her photographs--and plans to work for her father. This does not make much sense, given the importance of what he's doing for us here: Why can't the bride come down to Uruguay? Then we are treated to the subtext: The childhood sweetheart is going to inherit a fortune. She may be plain-looking, but has enough temper for an ugly duchess. Roger does not dare to keep her waiting. Her father, you see, is an advertising tycoon with a mucho maximus job for Roger. In a week, Clarkson is definitely departing.

It's not the best of situations to insert me at this point, but where's the choice? Roger is not going to kiss those money-bags goodbye.

Sonderstrom, for all his faults, is, I'm beginning to recognize, not the worst den mother. He knows how to put a reasonable face on things. "Your situation could turn out

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Jan. 18, 1957

Harry, dear,

It's my turn to make a confession. I kept wanting to acknowledge the brooch, but couldn't. Dear heart, please accept this next--it happens to be true, but I'm going through a rite-of-passage getting myself to tell. You see, I've lost it.

The confession gets worse than that. I had the most unsettling premonition when I opened your little package--so

small, so carefully wrapped, obviously your Christmas gift--and beheld that breast-pin. I know you are merely guessing at its history, but I know, I can't say how. It has to come from some particularly nasty old family who suffered some horrible stroke. Some sort of disaster.

I've always had psychic powers there was no sense talking about. They proved no use to me, and usually came at the oddest times and for the most inconsequential reasons. I even wondered why I possessed this one milligram of magic so altogether unconnected to the other hundred and twenty pounds of me. Since Christopher has been born, however, it's come to focus. It's a gift, a power of maternity, if you will. I developed an exceptional sense of what to have in our house for Christopher, and what should not be there. Dear Herrick, when I opened your package, I wondered if you had gone in for the cruellest kind of joke. I felt as if I had started to bite into a scrumptious éclair, and a bug came swimming up out of the cream. I almost shrieked. That brooch was loathesome. I could not understand how you and I, so close in so many ways, could be so far apart on this one matter. It stayed with me in the most unrelenting fashion. I didn't want to keep your gift in the house. Given my feelings, I couldn't pass it on to a friend, and it's dangerous, my instincts tell me, to throw away

any object you consider evil. (Measure my true regard for you by the honesty of these remarks!) I decided finally to sell it. Filthy lucre can, at least, demagnetize the aura of awful things--after all, isn't that what they invented money for? Then, I just might wash that cash in another transaction or two, and get it back to you. Such was my plan. Instead, I discovered this morning that the brooch is gone. It disappeared from its box, which I kept in a corner of the bookshelf. I can't believe the nurse or the cleaning woman stole it. I'm in a state as I write this, and now hear the baby crying. I'll have to continue in a while.

Two hours later

Well, he had colic. Two diapers full of the universal sludge. I submit that baby-doo doth smell as if the little creatures discovered corruption all by themselves--that much to back up Original Sin. Then, I had a salary negotiation with the nurse who feels she's underpaid and wishes to rewrite our original understanding. (That has to bring out the worst in me!) Then, I had to go shopping for formula and three medallions of beef for the Montagues' Wellington tonight, (two

for Hugh) and shallots, and chanterelles, which were in our local shop--how he adores them--I think he would leave me, baby and all, for a boxcar load of chanterelles provided they would guarantee to keep until he finished them off thirty or forty long deliberate years from now. Then, I remembered that I must complete my the letter to you, dear putative warlock, whom I comprehend no longer. When I came home, however, I decided to clean Hugh's study. (Which I hadn't been near for a week.) First thing I saw was the brooch, hanging from a little metal knob on one of the cubbyhole drawers of his desk. For obvious and inchoate reasons both, I had never mentioned your gift to him. Now, Hugh had appropriated it. I suppose he thought it was something I had picked up in a flea-market--that should wound your feelings properly. I hope it does.

Harry, it's odd. The moment I saw your gift among his papers, I knew it was now all right. Hugh is so girded about with his own psychic talismans that I believe he can, without having any idea at all of what he is doing, make wise decisions when it comes to handling these indefinables. Your petite Uruguayan monster is absolutely stripped of its powers so long as it is attached to his desk--oh, never believe this, you can't, but just as I wrote these last words, I had one of those precious little fantasies it's tempting to call a vision. In

part, I saw the history of the brooch. The founder of the family who owned it was either a hanging judge or an executioner--some form of expediter of the bloodier social tasks.

I suppose I'll soon be able to treat this matter with the requisite tranquillity. It is far better to let Hugh follow his innocent instinct on what to do next with the objet. I won't interfere.

Well, even as I wrote this, I stood up, crossed to his study, looked again at fearsome Miss Bijou, and realized it has now become a part of the world that communicates with me. Ninety-nine and 44/100 per cent of such a world is composed of people, hurrah, but there is a tree here and there, and a bird I recollect from my childhood, as well as a beautifully ugly toy-pug my father gave me in adolescence. That dog was an absolute spirit; now, this bloody breast-pin. Harry, the brooch just told me that you had better watch your step with your highly disturbed Latin Communist. This Fuertes. Do be careful. He could wreck your career. Number One foresees a roller-coaster for the next ride.

Do forgive the gloves. I bought them in advance of your gift to me, but I must have been anticipating what a

treacherous brute is sleeping in your heart!

Love,

Kittredge

There was no sleep for me on the night I read her letter. She had told the truth, and that was more than I had done for her. I had bought her brooch with blind eyes on the morning after I began my affair with Sally Porringer. Since I was, at the time of purchase, not without anticipation of a vigorous sexual future, and feeling much guilt at my pleasure in such anticipation, I picked out the ornament by its price, and had the inner gall to pretend that it had been bought on a deep impulse. Or, had it been? Perhaps there were spirits of infection to be accounted for along with all other mortal debts and curses.

Jan. 22, 1957

Dearest Kittredge,

I am now set up with AV/OCADO, and for the present it's going a little better than one could have hoped. Sonderstrom was right. The changing of the guard has sobered up our Latin friend. Indeed, the transition went off well. We met in a

safe-house the Station is maintaining in a brand new apartment building on the Rambla above Playa de Las Pocitos, about a mile and a half from the Embassy. There are a good many similar such high apartment buildings now going up and when they're finished, I'm sure the Rambla will look like some subtly cheaper version of Lake Shore Drive in Chicago; already you can feel that developer's aura of the bare and the bleak. In the safe-house flat, looking from our picture window on the twelfth floor, the cars below seem as small as dog-track rabbits whipping by the wide clay-colored beach and the greenish-brown sea. Half the adolescents of Montevideo seem to be sporting on that far-away beach. Bikinis galore. Even from this distance, big Spanish hips on the girls. Once again, the 238 pounds of beef and pork per capita shows in this registry of buttocks.

Our safe-house is uncomfortably bare. We're paying whatever our substantial rent must come to, yet have purchased nothing in the way of furniture but for the bed and bureau in the sleeping alcove, and the folding couch-bed, plastic dining table, one armchair, one lamp, and a few bridge chairs set about the living room. Plus one discarded Embassy no-color-left rug. I don't understand safe-house economics. If we're anteing up for a luxury apartment, why not make it

appealing? (Perhaps this mean agenda has something to do with keeping the agent's stipend low.)

In any event, I don't know how to describe Chevi Fuertes. In advance, I studied photographs of him, and know more of his formal biography than I do, say, of Sonderstrom's, but I'm still not prepared for his presence. He is so alive that you want to shelter him. My first thought was: "Kittredge would adore him." He's dark, of course, and thin, with a hawk-like nose and a full share of that stygian Spanish gloom which always makes me think of the body pits of undertakers--there! I've just vented my hitherto unconscious dose of resentment at being stationed here. All the same, Chevi takes you by surprise with his smile. The face picks up lights, and a tender if wicked youth peers at you out of the mask of the gloomy man. He looks as if he has suffered some personal tragedy to which he has not yet paid over all of his youth. So his eyes send out glints of hope across the presence of Roger Clarkson, who has made a point of introducing me brusquely, even perfunctorily--my name, so far as Chevi knows, is Peter. Clarkson has proceeded right into business. He told Chevi that an emergency was calling him back to the United States and I would be the replacement. Work would proceed, however, as

After that, Fuertes seemed to declare a temporary truce. He listened soberly and answered the detailed questions of our debriefing with long answers. I won't bore you, Kittredge, with the product of these several hours. It was technical, procedural, and relatively smooth. Even as Fuertes gave us the Table of Organization of the PCU and the names of the leaders and section heads, my initial compassion for him began to deepen. He was so obviously divided. Perhaps 51% of the man had decided to go with us, but the other 49% is still attached to a network of old friendships, and old neighborhoods closely woven into his childhood, adolescence and university days, his Party work and his marriage.

It was, we all knew, preparatory. One of the tips Sonderstrom had passed along to Roger and myself was to interview Chevi at length about his childhood and young manhood. "Don't push for any psychological sidelights," Sonderstrom warned, "Do it as if you're newspaper men interviewing some public personage. I guarantee it will initiate a positive bond. He'll feel important. People aren't used to other people taking them that seriously."

Do you know, Kittredge, once again Sonderstrom was right. As Chevi spoke into our tape recorder, which was open on the table, I could feel resignation settle in over his gloom. It

was as if he had embarked on a boat, and was watching the shore of the past recede from the rail. When we were done, and the cash payment had taken place, which I, not Roger, disbursed per Sonderstrom's instructions--Chevi is getting fifty dollars a week--I noticed that he literally winced as the money touched his palm. (Do you know--I was perspiring from the effort of counting it out in front of him. It is humiliating to be obliged to humiliate a fellow human being.) I must say paper money had never felt so dirty to my fingertips.

Clarkson then did something subtle and proper. While Chevi had to be aware that we would discuss him in detail so soon as we were alone with each other, still, Roger had the courtesy to leave first. He gave an abrazo to Chevi, looked him in the eye, said, "I'll send a post card from the Balkans," and walked out the door.

Chevi and I must have looked like freshmen who will be rooming together for the year to come. We were standing an uncomfortable yard apart.

"I am going to make my first request to you, Peter," he said.

"Whatever it is, I will do it," I replied. I figured the request would not be unpalatable.

in a stolen car--sentence suspended. The truly heavy work is the cross-referencing of the take. We try to check out everything he tells us about the PCU, since we have already a good body of knowledge about their procedural habits and their personnel. While our local files bear no comparison to the Snake Pit, still, files have a tendency to become files. We don't always find what we know is there. Nothing is more demoralizing than to creep one's fingers over hundreds of folders trying to chase down a confirmatory fact that comes to seem less and less essential as the lost hour slips by. Well, I won't make you suffer with me. I'll pass over the infernal cable traffic with the Groogs. They're terrified, I think, that our Soviet Russia Division with all its maniacally suspicious people will come charging in if there's any real sense that AV/OCADO is a KGB dangle. So, we're looking, without quite admitting it to ourselves, at the best case that he's not. Which is pretty good. What he says does fit our fact list. At least so far. Of course, we haven't asked him for anything we label tendentious. (Have you noticed the marvelous skew the Agency gives to some words?) Tendentious, at this Station, is used to mean that one is revealing one's tendency, that is, giving away what you're looking for. Forswear that! We don't wish to feed the KGB, do we?

I chafe at this. I propose we send him for papers we can really use, but I'm shot down quickly. It's too dangerous still, Sonderstrom tells me. We will not imperil our agent needlessly. I'm becoming impressed with Gus. There he is, big, bald, red-faced, beer-bellied, bull-necked, ex-Marine, ex-FBI, yet his underlying passion is to be virtuous. It makes me think about Americans. You know, the French, they say, have a passion for security, and the English, according to my father, care only about manners. You can be a swine and get away with it if your manners are either good, or better, interesting. But in America, we have to be virtuous, don't we? Even the pimps and the drug dealers have their code, I hear. Roger certainly felt virtuous, going off to marry his money-bags princess. Didn't want the poor ugly girl to die of a broken heart. So, Sonderstrom. He worries about doing his job with decency. Even to throwing a golf game properly. Maybe it's late, and I'm sipping too much fundador, but my eyes fill with sentimental tears. Suddenly I love Americans.

I can't say that I always do at the office. The inquiries on AV/OCADO keep coming from the Groogs. It seems Fuertes is the agent-of-the-month, world-wide--I joke--but he is large enough to excite unholy interest back at Headquarters, and I am the one who is leading point. I talk to AV/OCADO, I know

what he looks like. (Of course, I tell myself, this is nothing to how they're debriefing Roger right now in Washington.) Anyway, we move forward like an elephant on clogs. I don't think you need worry yet about any quick perils to my career. What with the Groogs and Upper Whambo (Western Hemisphere Division) and Soviet Russia Division, now christened for you as the Sourballs, they won't allow me to get into Trouble.

I will tell you something that may amuse. Maybe not. The cable presence most feared down here, although never an inquiry has come from it, is an odd desk under the mysterious umbrella of your own TSS. Nobody knows quite what it does. It is called GHOUL. GHOUL reports only to Mr. Dulles. GHOUL, goes the word, only gets into the most serious intra-Agency disputes. I hear via Porringer, that even the Soviet Russia Division is leary of GHOUL. Should this mysterious desk ever become interested in AV/OCADO as a KGB dangle, our lives down here are bound to become sheer unmitigated cable hell. I'm told we'll be on the encoder-decoder twelve hours a day just for the questionnaires.

Of course, I presume to know who GHOUL is. If needed, I am ready to supply such poop by secure phone.

If I was attempting to amuse Kittredge by offering a glimpse of the consternation one of Hugh's cryptonyms could arouse, I was a little uneasy myself. It occurred to me that there were sides of Harlot I, too, knew nothing about.

Indeed, why had I invoked the name of GHOUL? Was it to stir my courage? It would take moxie to tell about Sally Porringer. There was much of me that wished to confess, if only to repay Kittredge for that night on the second floor of the Stable when I had had to listen in my bedroom to the sounds of lovemaking as practiced by the Montagues. I even enjoyed the hope that now she would be jealous. Of course, I also needed to talk to her as a friend. I did not know how I felt toward Sally.

On the other hand, a confession could prove fatal to our correspondence. While I was wise enough to understand that I did not know anything about women, still I knew--was this one more gift from my mother?--that Kittredge would react as if I had absconded with something belonging to her.

All the same, I decided to try a confession. Since I might lose my confidence in the middle and decide not to send such a bold disclosure, I took up the theme on a new page.

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Intermission for coffee and fundador

2 A.M.

Kittredge,

Brand new subject. Please save judgements until you've read all. What I have to tell will not, I pray, affect our friendship, for that is dearer than any pleasure I could find here. You must believe me.

I hope you will not be shocked or startled if I tell you I am now embarked on what may yet prove an ongoing affair. I know that in Washington you were always trying to find some attractive young lady for me, and I have met enough of your girlfriends and the sisters of your girlfriends to decide at times that you must be the proprietress of the Emily Lightfoot Smythe Dating Bureau. (Please accept this feeble joke.) In any event, the woman I'm now meeting with on the sly--this slippery cliché has certainly got the feel of it!--is, I fear, not suitable. In fact, she is a married woman with two children, and is the spouse, worse luck, of one of my colleagues here. (Now, I wish I were French--I could state with pride that I had found the perfect arrangement!) Well, I haven't, and I know that, but I must tell someone, and you, who are everything to me, happen to be the world's finest confidante.

All right, I know you'll ask how it began, and who she is, and I'll reply that you know about her already through my letters. She is Sally Porrringer, the wife of Oatsie, the one I danced with. And next--I hope you won't think this is presumptuous--but I find your concept indispensable for understanding my feelings: I believe I could answer your questions on whether Alpha and Omega are equally or

asymmetrically involved, by assuring you that very little or no Omega is present--that part of me cannot bear the woman--but my Alpha, if Alpha is, I assume, full of clay, and low mundane grabby impulses, well, Alpha is not disengaged.

Let me give the facts. They're no easier to relate than they may be for you to read, but I'm hoping to persevere. It began one evening about a week before Christmas after a party at Minot Mayhew's house. Our Chief of Station, having received word that E. Howard Hunt is finally coming to replace him toward the end of January, decided to throw a farewell party for himself under the aegis of a Christmas cocktail gathering. He invited us Station folk and wives and children, plus a number of his State Department cronies, plus an even larger number of relatively--I thought--undistinguished Uruguayan businessmen and their wives, sort of a last round-up, nothing remarkable, and in fact, tough to take, what with all the other Christmas parties going on.

For that matter, Christmas down here is curiously discordant in the heat of early summer. That sense of a rose-chill to winter twilight, sweet as fine sorbet, is missed. One is angry and compassionate in bursts. I often feel as if I'm coughing up little unexpected blobs of love. One is definitely off one's feed. I mention this because Mayhew's

even in Uruguay. I had the epiphany I always wait for as December descends into its climactic week, that feeling so hard to live without through most of the year--the conviction that Christ is really near.

Well, I was transported just enough to be fond suddenly of all my cohorts and their wives and children and I thought of all the sweet solemn calls of country, duty, rich endeavor, and one's dearest friends, most of all, I thought of you because I can often feel that Christmas is near to me again by recollecting your beauty--there, I've said it--and then, even as I'm singing out, "O come, let us adore Him," I look down and see Sally Porringer's face and she smiles back with a warmth and energy that is part of my own sudden good voice, and I liked her for the first time.

After the carols, we sat on the sofa for a while, and I asked her a question about herself. She gave me a considerable amount of her life story in return. Her father was a rodeo rider, but drank too much and left her mother who remarried a nice grain-and-feed man. Sally and Sherman knew each other in high school (Stillwater, Oklahoma), went on to Oklahoma State in the same class, but never saw much of each other the first three years. He was a grind getting all kinds of academic honors, and she was on the cheerleaders' team. (I was right

from the Embassy motor pool, offered to drop her off on my way back to the Cervantes. I hardly wanted to, I would just as soon have departed right behind Porringer--I did not like the idea of those paranoid eyes staring at me through the malign screen of his thick spectacles, but she looked so sad at having to leave that I stayed.

A little later, I danced with her. Minot Mayhew was now playing all kinds of what I call Charleston rags although I know the term is not accurate for dances like the Shag and the Lindy, and the Lambeth Walk. I didn't know how to do them, but she did, and we had fun. When he played a couple of slow foxtrots from the Thirties-- Deep Purple and Stardust are the ones I remember--she danced just a little too intimately, I thought, one hairline from circumspection. It was the sort of semi-flirtatious stuff that's acceptable, I suppose, if the husband is still in the room. Which he wasn't. Then, Barry Kearns, our Commo officer, cut in--to my relief. When I sat down, however, I was irked because she seemed to be enjoying herself just as much with Barry.

Sally was right there with me, however, on the turn of the party tide, and we left together. On the drive back to Montevideo from Carrasco, I searched for subjects to discuss, but we were silent. I was feeling the same kind of tension I

"May I ask you a personal question?"

"Yes," I said.

"Are you a queer?"

"No," I said.

"Then why won't you kiss me?"

"I don't know."

"Prove to me you're not a queer."

"Why do you think I am?"

"You talk so upper-class. Sherman says you're a preppie."

I plunged. She went off like a firecracker. I confess to you, Kittredge, I didn't know that women could be so passionate.

This last sentence betrayed what I had known from the beginning--I was not going to go to conclusion. The carnal details were not to be put into a letter. So I sat back in my chair, looked out my hotel room window at the grim building across the street from me, and returned in recollection to the act. Her lips had kissed mine as if our mouths were combative beasts. Her hands, free of any conceivable embarrassment, were at the buttons on my pants. Her breasts which she soon freed of her brassiere, were in my mouth whenever she had need to

lift her head to breathe, and then, to my horror, as if a long string of underground ammunition dumps in the sexual field of my fantasies were all to be detonated at once, she twisted, quick as a cat, bent down, and wrapped her mouth around the prow of my phallus (which seemed to me at that moment not only larger than I could ever remember, but worthy of the word phallus) and proceeded to take into her mouth the six, eight, nine, eleven jackhammer thrusts of the battering ram she had made of me, then added insult to injury. In the midst of the extreme ejaculations of these ammo dumps blowing up, she stuck her finger without a by-your-leave up my anus. I had obviously had one good Oklahoma cow-poke of a fuck, and we hadn't even had sexual intercourse yet.

That was remedied in surprisingly little time. I decided Lenny Bruce belonged with the birds on the inner logic of the second time. Only one far-off part of me could possibly be working for the ego bit. The rest was hell-bent on enjoying all I could, as much as I could, as fast as I could, and, yet, how I was repelled! It seemed manifestly unfair to raid the treasury of sex. In the middle of all my elation, exuberance, sexual wrath, and jubilee, in the midst of all my sense of something awfully strong in each of us now smacked totally up against one another, there was the long faint elevated horror

that Kittredge--for whom I had saved myself; Ingrid did not count!--was forever removed from the time line of first experiences of all-out frenzy and lust. I had always assumed this kind of heat could only arrive at the end of the deepest sort of love affair, each new momentum as gravely joyous as the urgency to mount toward elation grows in a majestic orchestra embarked on a mighty symphony. Sex with Sally was like a football melee with bites and bruises and chocolate squashed in your crotch.

By my third ejaculation, I was weary of her. The car windows were clouded, our clothes were a wadded-up joke, and I hardly knew if I were a stud or a rape victim. Drawing away from her, I managed to induce us to put ourselves together, Sally, half unwillingly. Her kisses--how cruel is the after-shade of desire!--now seemed leech-like. I wanted to get home.

I could not leave her at her door, however, like a package delivered by someone else. "I'll call you soon," I said, and felt all the powers of extortion being worked on me.

"Oh, you better," she said. "That was groovy."

Groovy! I had been offered the key to my own country. I was now a charter member of that great, unknown middle land of America that I was also prepared to defend. And felt a great

relief as I drove off because so far as I knew, no pedestrian had passed our automobile on that lonely street. The risk of what we had undertaken was just becoming real to me.

Well, I had seen her since, of course. Once at her home when the children were out with a babysitter--a dreadful clammy occasion when we fornicated in fear that Sherman in full deployment of his paranoid powers would pop home, and we had certainly done better in the Cervantes, although not without my backward glance at the lost integument, (the sanctity, that is) of the desk where I wrote letters to Kittredge. It had now become the unwilling witness of flips and rolls and carnal heats on a mattress that smelled of disinfectant. Finally, I dared all the gods of precaution and took her to the safe-house above Pocitos Beach where we coupled in a chair by the twelfth story window looking down on the passing traffic and the clay-colored waves.

No, I decided, it would have been hopeless to write about any of this to Kittredge, and I put aside the pages I had written about Sally. Because I could not ignore those changes in myself which pleaded for some kind of representation, some cover story, indeed, I conceived of a tale to close the gap.

Intermission for coffee and

fundador

2 A.M.

Kittredge,

Brand new subject. What I have to tell will not, I hope, affect us grievously since our relation is dearer to me than any loyalty or pleasure I could find on the banks of the Rio Plata. You must believe that. I hope you will not be shocked if I confess that after many weeks of the most intense suffering from sexual abstention, I have at last felt bound to go to one of the better brothels here, and after a week or two of the inevitable winnowing out of choices, concerning which I will regale you someday, I have now settled on one Uruguayan girl in the Casa de Tres Arboles, and have what yet may prove to be an arrangement with her.

It makes sense to me. While you will always be the nearest embodiment I can know of the ineluctable quest, so do I also know that you and Hugh will be together forever, as indeed you should be. In all of our necessarily unrecorded lives, there is no one closer to greatness than Hugh--oh, forgive the sententiousness of this last set of superlatives, but I just want to say that I love you and Hugh together as much as I adore you separately, which, mathematically, is like trying to

equate finite numbers with infinite sums--I come to full stop: all I wish to say is we must be truthful with one another as best we can, and I just had to have a woman. I know there's no conventional reason to ask your forgiveness, but I must and do. And I feel innocent, I confess. I hope you don't think that the next observation is facetious or in any way diminishes your work and its ongoing seriousness, but I have really found that Alpha and Omega are indispensable as tools of understanding for the sexual relationship. Sex with love, or sex versus love, can be handled so naturally by your terminology. I, for one, would say that at present, my Alpha and Omega are most asymmetrically involved. Very little, or maybe no Omega is present in the act--I tell you that what I consider a good, fine part of me cannot bear the woman, the prostitute, I have chosen. My Alpha, however, if Alpha is, as I assume, full of clay and low mundane grabby impulses, well, obviously, my Alpha is not wholly unengaged.

I went on with the letter, spinning careful false tales of the mood of the brothel and finally signed off, not knowing whether I felt vicious or wise in using my original if now unsent letter about Sally as a species of trot to guide the

false tale, but I knew myself well enough to feel a certain contentment at my guile even as I was falling asleep. It occurred to me with the last of my drowsing spirits that I might not be as unlike my mother as I had once supposed.

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The Stable

Feb. 26

Dear Harry,

I was awfully pleased by your last letter. It isn't the
trouble, of course, you have to explain some of the word and
had experienced these words have to explain. I confess that I
missed and dropped as a failure. It was just a little that all
the more (because for that) better of them only at the way you

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The Stable

Jan. 26

Dear Harry,

I was awfully annoyed by your last letter. It isn't the brothel. Of course, you have to explore some of the good and bad experiences these women have to offer. I confess that I, blessed and trapped as a female, did go into a silent (but all the more intense for that) tantrum of sheer envy at the way you

men are free to explore your sexual curiosity and alter yourselves in the process. I hope not for the worse. Yet what is freedom ultimately but the right to take serious chances with one's soul? I do believe that somewhere in sexual excess--at least for good people, brave people--there is absolution. Am I babbling? Do I sound like that smelly old libertine, Rasputin? What a swath he would have cut with some of the Washington ladies I know!

At any rate, I'm still annoyed with you. First, for shipping off dubious pieces of jewelry whose history you are insensitive to, and now coming in like an overfed bull to trample over my terminology. It left me grateful for the first time in moons that my theories for all effective purposes, are sealed in TSS, and I am no household name. Because I do not dare to think of how the nuances of Alpha and Omega would be crunched by the magazine public when even you expose such a gross misconception of what it's all about.

I will lecture you, then, one more time. I promise not to go on too long. The key principle in Alpha and Omega is that they are not to be seen as the equivalent of burlap bags for the psyche, the one to the left collecting whores and business routines and baseball games and drunken evenings, while the other broods on philosophy and reads your mail. That's the

journeys of the mind between history and karma; or, if you wish, history and reincarnation; even, history and teleology). I do not insist that Omega's bridge, or Alpha's, is more preeminent, I merely suggest that in the highly delineated separate personalities of Alpha and Omega, we should be able if we possess the skills--which, alas, we do not at present--to separate them out from the murky confusion with which at present we pretend to analyze individuals. In psychology, we now understand patients for too little, that is, by the aid of schemata that are equal to plumbing systems (Freud), or blunder about in assumption there is only one psyche and it is oceanic (Jung). Harry, I am beginning to think that the world is filled with geniuses but only a few survive. The rest perish in the desperation of having to repeat themselves. (Since I am certainly no genius, perhaps I will endure.) But I certainly must repeat, over and over, that Alpha and Omega are individual people. Each Alpha, each Omega, is different from all others. One Omega can be artistic, night-dwelling, a seer; another Omega can be Omega only in name, even as you can find a Sicilian, I suppose, with blue eyes, a cheerful manner, and blond hair. Ditto for Alpha. Sometimes Alpha and Omega borrow, loan, or steal each other's properties. They are, after all, wed together like the corporeal lobes of the brain.

They can influence one another, or spend their lives in all-out strife for power over the other. The paradigm is marriage. Or, if you prefer, the Republicans and the Democrats. Or the Czarists and the Bolsheviks--is that why the Russians tear themselves apart, and get drunk all the time? Your Chevi Fuertes is a superb example of Alpha and Omega in constant tug of war. You say it yourself when you remark that he is 51% with us and 49% against, functioning in great depression. He is almost totally divided--his Alpha and Omega cannot bear each other. One loves Communism and the other has so much concealed love for America. (Interestingly--he can only express love by his detestation of its opposite.) I think he came over to us because he knew that so long as 51-49 remained on the Communist side, what hope was there to break the stalemate? Linked up with Agency folk--I can't believe you are now a case officer!--and with sympathetic handling, (you'll be good at that if you can keep from buying brooches) he will become more and more pro-American, I predict, and this, precisely because his Communist side will be growing stronger at the same time. To endure, a double life must thrive on both counts. Just as in a marriage, where two antagonistic mates can usually live together with less friction if each of their careers is expanding, so is this true for Alpha and Omega. Since you will

be sweetening Fuertes' need for "commercial focus" by feeding him money every week, that will allow his governing Alpha or Omega (I do not yet have a comfortable sense which is pro-American in him) to say to the other witness, "I am taking care of both of us." This, of course, assumes he is not a dangle. If you are in actuality feeding the tip of the tongue of the KGB, then this analysis obviously has to take on more levels of complexity. (Actors can exhibit such dazzling shifts and divisions of power between Alpha and Omega that one's mind gets extended to the very end of its possibilities.)

All right, sir, fundamental concepts in place, now let us take up your bloody whorehouse capers. "Very little or maybe no Omega is in the act," you write squiffily as if you were a parson trying not to sniff his fingers after touching a dog turd. God, you are a farce. Then you are crass enough to go on about Alpha and his grabbies. Forgive me if I'm rude, but I'm also becoming aware of how irascible is the territorial imperative in me. So, dig a little deeper next time, dear old pit, for you are parading yourself as a silly. Don't take weak gropes at my terminology. The point about sex is that both humans, which is to say, the Alpha and Omega of one, and the Alpha and Omega of the other, enter the act. They digest the separate experiences they receive, digest them as individually

Now I'm fond of you again. No changing of the guard from Om to Alph or anything so psycho-governmental, no, I just gave Christopher the best of both my temperamental jugs, and he seemed to like it. We drew closer and closer and by the end were spanning little universes. His fingers kept tapping my breast like a fat man rubbing his own belly after a good meal. This never happened before.

Suddenly I realized I'm in debt to you. My disposition grew sweet with the baby because the nasties were liberated by writing a letter which will wound you on all your soft places. But that's all right. It's time you toughened up. You'll forgive me, because I've already forgiven you. Honored you indeed by speaking the truth. Truth for truth.

Feeling better, I can reveal that I've been keeping a plum for you in absolute velvet wrappings. You won't believe how fortunate you are. Hugh and I decided a couple of weeks ago to find out a little more about your Chief of Station Designate, so we invited Howard Hunt, and his wife, Dorothy, to dinner. Oh, Lord and sweet peas, do I have stuff to tell you. Now, you must wait for the next letter. Hugh has just come home.

It's after midnight, but I don't care. Hugh, for once, is asleep ahead of me, and after raking all that abuse over your fine head, I want to present you with your plum, so let's get to Howard Hunt.

Only, not all at once. You do need the background. You see, Howard and Dorothy were invited to dinner as part of the Montague Plan. Hugh never does anything without a reason. While this is certainly not one of his charms, I confess I'm amazed at how often he can get me to carry on like a loyal helpmate considering how spoiled I was when we commenced our marriage. I do end up working away for his notions, grand or silly. In this case, considering the Hunts, Hugh, while not about to admit it, did resent the now-legendary High Thursday when his peers came so close to pulling off their palace revolt. I've never talked to you about this, but there is an unspoken War of Succession going on as to who, eventually, will replace Allen. The old boy's gout is getting more frequent in its attacks. (He has not quit drinking and won't stop skirting, and I feel sorry enough for Clover Dulles to ask you not to gossip about this. If Allen was once so smitten as to marry a lovely twit like Clover, her only mode of counter-aggression to his numerous and obvious infidelities is to buy herself a sparkling dress from a top designer--at no

discount! Still, she's one lovely butterfly, and I do like her. So, don't repeat any of this.)

My point, I suppose, is that Allen won't be able to go on too many more years. The next question is who will replace him as DCI? Is it to be a bang-juice paramilitary and propaganda specialist, a Wisner or a Lansdale? One could name a dozen cronies of Cal's. Or, says Hugh to me, do we try to remember what we're all about, and continue to gather intelligence? Since we're not really here to fight those small nasty wars the Joint Chiefs are smart enough to pass on to us, Hugh keeps pulling and tugging on the side of Allen that is responsive to espionage and counter-espionage. Hugh feels the Russians are preparing deceptions on a grand scale, and the Berlin tunnel may have been KGB stage-managed by a mole in MI-6 from the beginning. Of course, that will have to wait on his assessment of the material. I don't know when my poor ice-climbing goat will be able to get near that mountain of files. He has so many urgent tasks. My father used to be a prodigious worker, but Hugh does put him to bed.

Yet, with all this work-load, and me coming to term last fall, why, no matter, "Let's have lots of people over to dinner by twos and fours," he said to me about a week after the near-fiasco of the High Thursday.

leading possibilities for the next Director. Hugh's glum choice is Dickie Helms (who's first in line anyway.) Hugh says Helms should have been born a duke since he certainly has one indispensable trait in common with several Your-Graces Hugh first met long ago at Harrow. It's the simple belief that a superior manner impervious to grace-notes, will be all one's ever going to need. Poor Hugh. He's gotten everywhere he has had to, by his excellence. Now, he's telling himself that he should play politics. He may be right. Once Allen goes, and it could come even sooner than illness by way of some mammoth bang-juice op that goes kablooey, (for Allen has no judgement for mammoth ops, says Hugh) why the Succession becomes all important to our Montague. Hugh, as you may have observed, owns a role which is perfect for his talents. Only a romantic like Allen Dulles could ever have set Hugh up so, and continued to accept him. Allen can't bear the bureaucratic side of things which, of course, threatens to engulf him. Ditto Hugh. So, he's helped to create a role that I think Allen, if younger, would have chosen for himself. You spoke half-facetiously about GHOUL. Oh, dear boy, GHOUL! I've told Hugh a hundred times to change it to GATES or MANSIONS or MEWS but no, his Omega grottos call for GHOUL. Well, GHOUL is top-drawer. Am I drunk? I'm sipping a lot of sherry as I pen

Allen for weeks after the Agency, via Hunt and some of his pals, got Arbenz pushed out. So I had to talk Hugh into studying Mr. E. Howard Hunt, and wife.

Darling, I can't go on. I'm not being a bitch. I will finish tomorrow. Don't know why I got into the sherry. Yes, I do know. I'm revealing too much, and feel unfaithful to Hugh. But I do want secret letters from you and must pay the price. It is dizzyness. On that word, I excuse myself.

K.

To the occasion. Mr. E. Howard Hunt. It's clear after the first five minutes, that Hugh and I have invited to dinner an overweeningly ambitious man. Afterward, we agreed that if there's anything in the world Mr. Hunt wants, it is to be DCI in years to come. This desire is, I hope, more pathetic than frightening. You see, Howard has a true country club mentality. Looking upward, he sees no more than a couple of bishops between his seat at the country club and the papal throne. "No hard feelings, I hope," was the first bloody thing Hunt said, right as he came through the door.

"Dear boy," replied Hugh, though he can't be more than five years older, "hard feelings about what?"

"The ruckus. I'm afraid I opened a bird bath for you on a certain Thursday."

"Howard," said Mrs. Hunt, "Hugh Montague may have thought of other matters since." She did it nicely. She's tough. Dark--I found out she's one-eighth Sioux--and determined. I wouldn't be surprised if she's the engine behind Howard's ambition.

Hugh could have left it at the bird-bath, but he's such a pertinacious dog. Self-imposed civility is as agreeable to him as dysentery. "Why, Mrs. Hunt," he said, "Howard is right. I

haven't stopped brooding. I assumed it was all part of a clockwork plot, and they wound Howard up."

Can you conceive of this conversation opening our evening? But Howard is breezy. "No sir," he replied, "I did it on my own. You are looking at an honest-to-god espontaneo. That's my vice."

"Have a drink," said Hugh, "we'll measure vices."

I was debating whether to booze a little--would the relaxation sweeten my milk more than the liquor would sour it? Afloat in such primary questions of motherhood, I hate the first twenty minutes of any of these evenings. But Hunt is a talker. Needs attention. Has that hole in the ego which hollows out the voice. So by the time we sat down to dinner he was offering scads of biographical facts. Knowing what our dinners were up to, this was his event-of-the-week. I began to feel like the girl in Personnel conducting an interview. Awful sensation. Not altogether awful, however. Harry, I have to tell you that in no way am I a snob except for the endless amusement of it. It is fun to observe a climber trying out new steps on the slippery slope. Nothing makes such people more nervous than to be observed, and of course, I'm not all that nice in my cat-bird seat. I offer an assortment of blank smiles.

Well, tonight I'm holding New York State aces to Howard's kings. Although I grew up in Cambridge, my father happens to be old family from Oneonta, N.Y. which, while nothing to make you hold on to your hat, is still leagues above Hamburg, that suburb of Buffalo where the Hunt family seat, bless all, was located. Now, Howard does have a few credentials. You may be certain he trots them out. His ancestor, Captain James Hunt, served in the Revolutionary War, and Hunt's Point in the Bronx is named after him. "That's so sweet," I say. I know he's studied my pedigree already for he offers hints that he is well up on Maisie and the ancient relatives on the Mayflower--by the way, I never told you, but my father, for all his Shakespearean buttresses, never quite forgot that he married up. I think he still sees himself as Othello to Maisie's Desdemona!

Mr. Hunt goes on, and of course, the more we listen, the more he tightens his own noose. It's a cruel business. He was kind of pleased with his family facts until they hit the light of our cold hearth. His father and mother, for instance, sang in the Cornell Glee Club.

"Oh," I say, "that's terrific. Is that how they got together?"

"Well," says Howard, "if memory serves, they actually met first in the Cornell Mandolin Club."

"Mandolins," I breathe back, "they have that darling dinky-dinky sound, don't they?" Couldn't resist. I haven't got rid of all the pregnancy weight yet, and still feel substantial. "Your father must have loved Cornell," I say.

"He did. Loved the place. One of the tragedies of my father's life is that I chose to go to Brown. He was the sort of man, however, never to express his disappointment."

"Good fellow," said Hugh.

"Yes. Dad, I warrant, is no fool. Said to me once, 'I'm on to your work, Howard. I didn't become a Thirty Second Degree Mason for too little, did I?'"

"How odd," said Hugh, "My father was also a Shriner."

"Let's drink to that happy coincidence," said Howard.

"Why not?" said Hugh, "why not?" But I winced. Hugh never talks about his father. It brings back the night when mama blasted daddy out of existence with a shot-gun. Of course, Hugh can ride right over such rocks without suffering visible scratches on the hull. "Yes," he said, "my father was a secretive man,"--a sip of his wine--"and my mother." Second sip.

This warmed Howard. He knew he had been tendered some small favor by the master. I believe Hunt is not without psychic gifts. His next remark was certainly aware of sudden

mortality as an appropriate topic. He began to talk about a plane crash. Last summer, due to a booking error, the Hunts, returning to Washington from Tokyo, lost their sleeping bunks. Since, as Howard put it, "I am not one to subject my family to inferior accomodations when the government has already coughed up the stimulus for proper treatment, I chose to postpone our departure. It was inconvenient, but the later plane had bunks for all of us. Lo, the discerning finger of Kismet!" concluded Howard in the mildest voice as if to discount any outsize claim to magical selection. "Do you know, the original plane went down in the Pacific? All passengers lost."

I thought there was a hint of special pride in the way he told the story, as if providence had peered up through the smog of mankind long enough to spare one E. Howard Hunt and family. They must, after all, have large roles to play in the future.

There it is. He isn't so much outrageously ambitious as filled with the idea that he's anointed. Since Hugh is the only other person I know who's absolutely convinced of his special situation, he had to be fascinated with Hunt. It must have been a great shock for Montague to witness his own vanity in a somewhat inferior person.

Be certain, however, in all your dealings with Howard Hunt not to lose sight of this belief he has in himself. If he

weren't half attractive, which he is (he gives off a low, lecherous, but most dependable lust for women and that--is there no end to my buried tendencies?--is somehow agreeable) the man would be intolerable. He's too confident for too little. But just like Allen--his Alphavitch and Omeganova are pumping libido all the time. Both houses.

Item: The Hunts occupied a house in Tokyo designed by Frank Lloyd Wright. Not bad for a Chief of Covert Operations in North Asia. (Howard's highly titled job, so far as I could make out, consisted of propaganda, public relations, and leaving stink-bombs at Communist meetings.) Hunt, by the way, calls them Who-Me's.

"Who-Me's?" I ask.

"Yes," says Howard. "They ask you, 'did you leave that odor?' and you answer, 'Who? Me?'" He then laughs at his own explanation, with an involuntary whinny, a snaffling sort of sly skinny laugh. (I think he considers it the appropriate response to genteel humor about the anus.) I naturally am more interested in being given some idea of what it was like to live in a Frank Lloyd Wright house, but he doesn't respond directly to such questioning. His pleasure comes from the name: Frank Lloyd Wright. Goes on to describe the moon-gate, the courtyard, the garden with granite shrines and the deep lily

pond. "It was, of course, lovely," said Howard, "but upon due consideration, and the assurance by the Japanese gardener that the lilies would eventually grow back, we pulled them out and converted the pond to a swimming pool that could serve the children."

"Didn't you hesitate," I asked Dorothy, "over the lilies?"

"Well, I did," she said.

"I didn't," he said. "Not so soon as I knew it was feasible. I didn't hesitate for a moment. Children's priorities precede aesthetic considerations." I expect Dorothy must have rapped his shins with her foot because he now said, "Why did you nudge me, darling?"

"I didn't. I'm afraid I was just looking for my shoe. Forgive me," she said without missing a stitch.

As you can see, he's a bit of a menace. When he speaks of his daughter Lisa, for instance, it is all too often by her full name. Obviously likes the euphony of Lisa Tiffany Hunt, always pronouncing the middle name on another note, as if it were in italics. "Her birth," he tells us, "is inscribed in the Civil Register of Mexico City where she was born while I was establishing the first OPC station in that region for Frank Wisner. As a result, Lisa is on the Consular List of Americans

born abroad, and belongs thereby to a special and insufficiently recognized natural club of birth."

Just as I've come to the conclusion that this is pretty heavy-going--Consular List--my suffering little toe!--why, he crosses me up by adding in a faintly spiteful voice, "of course, some Americans in foreign settings are just out for the oofah."

"Oofah?" I ask.

"Jack and stack. Stickum." When I am still blank, he translates, "the simoleons, the shekels." I remember that he's already spoken of money as "the stimulus." He has an astonishing number of synonyms in this area of endeavor. It's analagous to adolescent boys who end up with hundreds of substitutes for the four-letter word, esoteric stuff such as tool, boff, make, and bang. I anticipate this trait because I couldn't help noticing how much Howard's mouth likes shaping the moolah words--there we go!

Seriously, he's not only anointed, but wistfully greedy. All too keenly aware of the economic sacrifice we all make in working for the Agency, he can't figure out how he'll ever be big-rich, oofy, and opulent, so he keeps piling up the synonyms in his little Wish Book. Just like those sixteen-year-old boys who can't say f---. Well, I just discovered I can't even write

the word. Aren't we peculiar? Harry, the pen flew up in my hand. I think I'm laughing at Howard Hunt a little too much. He may be as stuffy as turkey stuffing, but he's sly for all that. I suppose I find him more attractive than I'm willing to admit. So may you. He's going to love having you on board. Practically had his hat in his hand as he told Hugh that a friend of his at Brown had gone to St. Matthew's and was on the soccer team Hugh used to coach.

"I remember him," said Hugh. "Tried hard. Slow feet."

Living with a man in holy matrimony is analogous to taking a course in human mechanics. Hugh, I have discovered, has gears in his voice-box. They tell me when he is ready to take over the conversation. "I hear you did a nice job of preparation in Guatemala," he now said.

"It killed me," answered Hunt, "to be taken out before the real op began, but the powers-that-be insisted my job was done. I was needed in Japan."

"Well, the powers did loan you that Frank Lloyd Wright house for consolation," said Hugh.

"Hardly compensatory," said Hunt.

"Yes, it must have hurt not to get your full share of credit."

"It's nettling to hear, far away in Tokyo, that your former assistant was actually invited over to the White House and congratulated by President Eisenhower for his fine work. Most of that fine work was mine."

"I heard from my top-chair sources,"-- Hugh's reliably effective reference to Allen--"that the President was effusive. 'To take that country with just a few hundred men! All that sleight-of-hand!'"

"I'm glad you can understand how I feel," said Hunt.

"Well, before we quaff the cup of eternal friendship," said Hugh, "let us put it to the test. What would you say if I remark that your famous little operation, in my opinion, was something of a gross error. American interests would have been better served if we had allowed Arbenz to build up a little Communist state in Guatemala." For all his desire to play politics, Hugh is not capable of it.

"What you're saying," said Hunt, "seems awfully liberal to me."

"Say behind my back that I wish to bugger little boys, but do not suggest that I am liberal. I loathe the faintest emanation of Communism. If successful, it will bring justice to no one, power to a mediocre gang of wily managerial types, and will certainly adulterate, if not pulverize, every Western

culture. It is a cancer in full metastasis on the body of the Western world."

"Hear, hear," said Hunt. "My sentiments are being most elegantly expressed. Aren't they, Dorothy?"

"Of course," she said.

"But, sir, if it is a cancer, why not operate on it? Whenever and wherever you can."

"Because each cancer is a study in its own anomaly," said Hugh, "and world Communism is a weak cancer. You see, Howard, it got into metastasis before it asked itself whether it was ready. It doesn't have the inner wherewithal to fight those cancer wars on every front. Guatemala was, potentially, a desperately expensive proposition for the Soviets. They would have had to invest in that country, supply it, and probably end up feeding it. Their economic system is altogether unsuited for such a job. A huge inefficiency would have been sent to succor a dwarf inefficiency. Why, we could have gotten Guatemala back whenever we wanted, and cost the Russians a pretty penny in the bargain. Or, if they had been so foolish as to invest real force, we could have pulled off your surgical incision then. That would have exposed them to serious mockery around the world."

"Wouldn't it also increase the danger of a nuclear war?" asked Dorothy.

"Nuclear scenarios must never be linked to small scale foreign operations. Nuclear war will come, if it ever does, from another factor altogether."

"Would you name it?" Dorothy asked.

"Despair. World despair. Nuclear war is mutual suicide. A husband and wife make a pact to kill themselves only when they believe they do not have the right to continue to exist. They are spoiling too much. Whereas, in the real world, no two countries are as vain as the USSR and the USA. Neither of us can believe for a moment that we could spoil anything. But if I decide that I am wonderful, and it's the other fellow who is the mess, I guarantee you, Mrs. Hunt, I will not embrace him in a deadly grip and jump off the fatal bridge. I will try to get rid of the beast by other means."

"By starving the Russians out?" she asked.

"Exactly. Exhaust their wherewithal. Entice them into places that use up Soviet energies to little avail. Just think of a million Red Army soldiers in Mexico. What chance would they have against us in a land war?"

"I wouldn't want the numbers to get that high in our backyard," said Hunt.

"They never would," said Hugh. "The Russians are never excessively stupid. Would we try to put a million soldiers into Eastern Europe? We certainly didn't make the move in Hungary, did we? Yet we can afford a war in far-off places far better than the Soviets. I repeat. We should have left Guatemala alone. They would built up a third-rate Communist state that would have soon been looking to us for aid. We can always give poor nations a better economic shake than the Russians--especially after such little nations have turned Communist. Because once they do, they've got to live with the girl of their dreams, and is she ugly!"

"I can't agree, sir," said Hunt. "I believe we must shoot varmints between the eyes before they grow up to raid our crops."

"Your point of view may prevail," said Hugh, "but if it does, it is we, and not the Russians, who will wear ourselves out."

"I," said Hunt, "hate Communist rats, wherever I find them. They go around nibbling holes in everything fine and mighty and wonderful that we've got."

Harry, he was seized, as he said this, with the most peculiar intensity. His voice was as husky as a boy getting ready to kiss a girl, and if he felt close to murder, and I

Benjamin Harrison family on the father's end. (He made another point of saying, "President Benjamin Harrison" -- I suppose this august name does not register for all.) "There," he might just as well have declaimed, "is our little tit to your fat tat, Miss Mayflower." Yes, Howard Hunt keeps his kickers for the end. Be sure to tell me all about him.

Dec. 22, 1907

Dearest Kittredge,

Well, the C&M-Salipata is our new COB. He arrived with his family, wife, two daughters, son, maid, and Cadillac on the S.S. Minot Mayhew. Mayhew leaves in a week -- which can't be too soon for any of us including Mayhew. Long live the new thing! God, Hunt and his wife, Dorothy, came in like P. Scott Fitzgerald and Zelda. Really big pieces of luggage, all accompanied with an S.S.A., no less. Plus untold furniture and cartons. All this related to us by Tatyana Isakov of sorts (spelled?), who was deputized to go with Mayhew to the pier and take him through Customs. -46- would all have gone but we had a hell with attention to the arrival. Hence nothing, of course.

Hunt arrived in Montevideo one day in advance of Kittredge's last letter. I had formed my own impression by then, and did not agree with her all that much. Kittredge had never served such a pallid chief as Minot Mayhew. So, I was high on Hunt's arrival. Guarded, but high. I had indeed begun a letter about him before being interrupted by the receipt of hers. We are going inside. He stimulates a goodly entering in.

Jan. 29, 1957

Dearest Kittredge,

Well, the COS-Designate is our new COS. He arrived with his family, wife, two daughters, son, maid, and Cadillac on the S.S. Rio Tunuyan. Mayhew leaves in a week -- which can't be too soon for any of us including Mayhew. Long live the new king! God, Hunt and his wife, Dorothea, came in like F. Scott Fitzgerald and Zelda. Twenty-two pieces of luggage, all monogrammed with an E.H.H., no less. Plus untold furniture and cartons. All this related to us by Gatsby (speak of serendipity), who was deputied to go with Mayhew to the pier and take him through Customs. (We would all have gone but one can't call such attention to new arrivals. Agency policy, of course.)

The Hunt entourage, staying at present in a suite at the Victoria Plaza, are already in touch with real estate agents selected by the Embassy Procurement Officer. They are looking for an appropriate home in Carrasco, the suburb, and ten miles out of town. Great changes are going to take place in the Station. We know that. Hunt appears quiet and affable, but dynamos are going inside. He stimulates a room by entering it.

He is obviously, and with total happiness, full of himself.

It's his first stint as COS.

Can't write any more at this point. Will finish tomorrow.

Harry

By the next day, I decided to hold the letter. I did not feel like receiving one more of her caustic responses.

Besides, the loneliness that underwrites long letters was no longer so powerful in its pull on me. Sally was using up my odd hours.

Hunt, however, was the largest reason for altering one's habits. Station work became more interesting from the day he came in. Even before Mayhew had departed (and that did not take the usual month, but was accomplished in seven working days), we had already been given a full address by our new COS.

"Ever since I came back to Washington from Tokyo, I've been studying this Station, and I can warrant that there will be changes. Before we get down to analysis and rectification, I think it's incumbent on me to fill you in. I want you to know the Agency credentials of the man you will be working for. This is my first full Chief-Of-Station slot, but I feel

"Good. I think it's worth being familiar with that magazine. Buckley was my assistant in Mexico, and damn good at it, and might be with us still if the magazine world had not called him in that direction. After Mexico, I came back to Washington where I was posted as Chief of Covert Operations, South-East Europe Division. That meant Desk at Headquarters and concomitant trips to Athens, Frankfurt, Rome, Cairo, other points. Through Kermit Roosevelt, I had the interesting experience of meeting President Gamal Abdul Nasser. From South East Europe Division I was transferred to the Propaganda and Political Action Staff for the Guatemala op, and at that post I prepared the ground for that most successful ousting of Colonel Arbenz. With three hundred men and a consummately brilliant psychological and radio communications campaign, we succeeded in giving the top Guatemalan Communist leaders a false impression that thousands of rebels were advancing on the capitol. The Arbenz government was quick to decamp. Moses designed the march into Israel, but he never got there. I, speaking as the poor man's Moses, if I may dare to use such exaggerated terms, also did not get to enjoy the fruits of my design at first hand. I was en route already to Tokyo to handle Covert Operations in North Asia Command. There, in fulfilling my duties, I had the interesting task of devising

means to confound, confuse, and psychologically disorient, dismay, and dishearten every effort of the Chinese Communists to spread their propaganda throughout Japan and South Korea. No small job, but then I may have a few tales to tell you as we work together, for we certainly learned how to handle Chicoms and their own characteristic do-it-by-the-numbers mentality.

"That brings us up, more or less, to the present. In Washington, preparing myself to come here, I could not help but be aware that there's a feeling down here, which is held, I admit, in equal degree at Argentina-Uruguay Desk, that this Station is not a mainstream activity. Well, let me pass one bit of advice. There are no small jobs in our life. South America, in my opinion, is the land of musical chairs. You never know who's going to lose his seat next. That's axiomatic. Any Station in South America, therefore, can become the center of high Agency focus. It helps to get there if our work is active, skillful, and imaginative. We are going to bring initiative to the Uruguay Station of a like that has not been seen before. By the time we're done, the going remark will be, 'Yessir, Uruguay is the tail that wags the South American dog.'

Dear Harry,

I shall write more as time goes on. I trust it

March 5, 1957

Herrick,

Six weeks have gone by since my last letter. Are you now the rage of Montevideo, or just the King of the Brothels?

Please advise.

Kittredge

There was, however, a lipstick kiss on the flap of the envelope.

Startled to recognize once more how much I was in love with Kittredge, my impulse was to answer in haste. I was discovering, however, that love can bring out the cunning of a negotiator. If my silence had produced a sweet, even an adolescent response from Kittredge, more of such silence might produce more of the same. Three weeks went by before I learned that amateurs should not look for quick profit.

March 27, 1957

Dear Harry,

I detest owing money or favors to anyone. I loathe it

even more when people I care about are in debt to me. Silence is the commencement of debt.

Kittredge Montague

April 5, 1957

Dear Kittredge,

Yes, yes, no and no, yes, no, and yes. You may pick any of the above answers to your questions. Yes, I am the king of the brothels, no, I am not; yes, Mr. Howard Hunt is mad about me, no, he is not; yes, I miss you, no, I don't; I'm too busy to think.

Take this as an apology and trust me. I will write a long letter in the next ten days. I will make time for that. If I fail you, I recognize the price. I will have damaged my dearest friendship.

Your own H.H.

P.S. Wish I hadn't signed off by my initials. I realized for the first time that Howard Hunt, but for his beloved E, is the same as me, and God, are we different. Hugh, Harvey, Hunt, and Herrick Hubbard. I've always thought H was the most peculiar

letter in English. The Cockneys never came to agreement with it, and they're a practical people. H is the silent letter in "ghost" as in Holy Ghost. It is the capital proprietor of Heaven and Hell. It is half-silent as in half, and changes error to horror.

P.P.S. As you see, I'm as mad as you are. Head, hand, home, horizon, and harbor the hour.

I went out and mailed the letter before second thoughts could commence. Then I went back to my hotel room and tried to sleep while the sheets reeked of Sally, formaldehyde, and me. She always left behind a strong odor of herself, half-carnal and half grudged out of existence by her deodorants which didn't always do the job. When they did, I hated the deodorant. It left her armpits reminiscent of a bedroom that has been closed for a week.

I mention such details because I did not know what to do about Sally. We were so much more intimate than our affection for each other. And my derelictions of duty were growing serious. If Porringer was working triple-time under Hunt, I took time out from my own double-time to arrange a meeting with

Chevi Fuertes which I knew would not take place. I had not notified him. Instead, I saw Sally. A week later, I did as much again. Professionally speaking, it was unforgiveable, and for all I knew, felonious, but it was easy to conceal. Agents could miss meetings. Like horses, they bolted at the sight of a leaf blowing by. I had to file reports on such missed meetings, but they were routine--at least, they were still routine--and bought two hours each time with Sally in my bedroom at the Cervantes. There, we went through our indoor ritual (as opposed to making love in a car, or in her hallway standing up while the children slept on the floor above.) I, waiting for her, would have my clothes off, and my bathrobe on; she, knocking on the door with a tap followed by two taps, would be out of her shoes and off with her skirt even as we embraced in the first of her powerful kisses.

"Glue-sandwiches," I labeled them when not in the mood. I was, however, usually in the mood, and we were often as not divested of clothing, and five seconds later (it took that long at least for me to cross the divide between undressed and, call it by its true state, bare-assed naked) we were grappling toward the bed, stealing handfuls of each other's flesh en route, as we dived down into the song of the bedsprings, although not always so quick as that, for I was learning with Sally what it was to

be bare-ass naked. Her mouth was always engorging my cock. There are a hundred words, I suppose, for the phallus, but cock is the one that goes with fellatio, and her greed, her open marriage with lust, abandonment, impurity, and sheer all-out hunger for Hubbard's New England prong gave that fellow a mind of his own, a hound off his leash, a brute, pillaging the temple of her mouth, except who could call it a temple?--she had confessed to me in one of our post-copulatory interludes that from high school on she had a natural appetite, or was it thirst, for this outpost of the forbidden, and God, it was out of control by the time she came to me.

I, in my turn, was developing tastes and inclinations I did not know I had. Before long, she was presenting her navel and pubic hair toward me, and I, facing the contradictory choices of domination or equality, found my own head reaching to explore her sandy, almost weed-like bush. I am cruel enough to mention how wild and scraggly it looked because that came to mean little. It was the avid mouth behind the hair that leaped out to a part of me that did not know it was there until I was licking and sucking and tongueing away with my own abandon which I had never known could belong to my critical lips until they opened into the sheer need I knew to jump across the gap from one bare-ass universe to the next. The only way I ever

felt close to Sally Porringer was when her mouth was gorged on my cock and my face was plastered to the canyon between her legs. Who could know what things we had to tell each other at such times? It was not love we exchanged, I expect, but all the old bruises and pinched-off desires of the mediocre middle of us each--how much there was of that! Lust, I was deciding, had to be all the vast excitement of tons of mediocrity being released. (Then I would wonder afterward when alone in my bed if new mediocrity had been ingested just as much as the old had been purged.) I was discovering that I had the gusto of a high school football player and the chill estimates of a man so noble in perception of each unhappy nuance as T.S. Eliot.

Say this for the act of fucking. When we rose dripping from the funk and sweet-sour mire of feeding on one another, the illimitable hunger of our throats now somewhat sated, the exertions of the copulation came pounding happily out of me. When I fucked slowly, it was to recall the search with one's tongue in cunnilingus, and to fuck fast was to throw one's heart into the breech and pound enough blood to the head to banish Thomas Stearns of the Eliot family. One gunned the motors of one's soul and the sugar of one's scrotum--what a joy to discover that Hubbards also secreted scrotum sugar--up, up, over the hill, and into the unchartable empyrean beyond. That

vision seemed to disappear almost as soon as it afforded its glimpse. I would be happy for a while to know I was a man and that she wanted me and I gave her pleasure. Soon enough she would be stirring once more. She was not insatiable, but near enough. By the third time, I would be thinking of Lenny Bruce, and the worst of all this passion was not its successive blunting, but the knowledge that when we were done, we would not know how to talk. We were about as essentially happy with each other in this situation as two strangers, not wholly suited, who attempt to make conversation on a train.

Whatever the shortcomings, two days later, I would want her again. It was hardly an environment in which to write to Kittredge, but, force majeure, some jobs have to be done.

April 10, 1957

Dearest Kittredge,

Your delineation of Howard Hunt was of no uncertain help to me, and I do appreciate the time you put into it, even if guilty to being the clod who did not acknowledge all this earlier. But, Lord, angel, I have been busy. You have had a glimpse of the social side of EH2 (which is what we call Mr. E.

Howard H. on occasions when he is not around) but we have been living with the professional end of the man, and that may be as different in kind as the first Alpha and Omega. (Forgive the joke if it strikes you disagreeably--see, you've reduced me to a jelly of uneasy anticipation.)

EH2 is a martinet for work. That is, the work he inspires us to perform. He takes a lot of time off for himself to play golf, and hunt and fish. Claims it is to meditate. We, in turn, have to end up suspending judgements on such habits because his outside recreation is invariably with important Uruguayans. Having taken over Minot Mayhew's role, he stands in as nominal First Secretary of the Embassy at all those diplomatic functions which, if you remember, Mayhew used to pass on to Sonderstrom, Porringer, and myself. So, that's one change. Howard and Dorothy (who handles social credits and debits like a chief auditor, and manages her parties with skill comparable to any admiral steering the fleet) have taken over an astonishingly large part of Montevideo society. We worked and scraped under Mayhew (via Sonderstrom) to eke out a few useful relationships, but Hunt puts all this to shame. He is off every weekend at some large estancia in the pampas hunting for perdiz and working his American charm on very rich landowners. As a small corollary of this, he's thrown out the

old intriguing AV/AILABLE and AV/IARY style of cryptonymming (if you'll forgive my coining one more awful word) and has announced that any term we desire can now follow AV. His saddlebags, for example, come in as AV/HACIENDADO. It's a great switch to us traditionalists down here, but, do you know, he's right. There aren't that many AV words left, and according to Hunt, we're going to need them in plenty for the new operations he plans to set up.

Needless to say, most of the advertised-in-advance EH2 ops are still in the planning stage, but I mock him not. He laid it out for us on the first day he took over when he gave a long credentials speech that worked somehow. Normally one would get tired of listening to a man talk about his deeds, but Hunt left me feeling wistful for my own lack of an exciting life. While I know he can't have done as much as Cal or Hugh, by God, he has had adventures and served in interesting places. All the envy I felt as an adolescent that I was too young to fight in World War II and missed the OSS has now come back. Hunt made me realize how young I am, and how much life experience you need to be a proper Chief of Station. So I ate up what he had to tell us. Kittredge, I know you'll give that wholly superior toss you do have to offer your amazing and incomparable head, but men are more impressed by an action-filled life than women,

so if you want to comprehend our scene here, forbear quick criticism.

On the second week after taking over, there was another speech. Again, Howard laid it out for us. He had a burdensome and ongoing task, he told us. There was a power elite in this country, and he had to locate them. "The real Uruguayan eminences are invariably gray," but he, nonetheless, had the "sometimes onerous obligation" to cultivate them. "There will be times when you will think I came down to Uruguay on good Company money to hunt and fish up a storm for myself. Nothing is farther from the truth. So I want you to trust me. Yes, I do love hunting and fishing. I cut the jib of my appetites on the same keen pleasures that Ernest Hemingway has pursued all his life. But, get it straight, men. These powerful Uruguayans are also rod and gun folk. They love a man who can ride and shoot with them. A man who can bring in a fighting fish on sporting line. Hell, I may even go up to the Argentine Andes to ski with them come this July. But know what I'm up to. Envy is poison on a Station, so fix on this fact: I may enjoy myself at times, but I will always be working within. Remember I am also a novelist. Do not forget that. Novelists, very much like Station Chiefs, are always working. A part of their mind will never relax. In the midst of any social

gathering, no matter how prestigious, I will be pursuing Company business. End of sermon, gentlemen. Gather round. I have a small assignment for you." Whereupon, he handed out copies of the same communication to all of us. It read:

NGECL	RBNEL	XYEDE	LYNYE	SYRPJ
NJLVS	BFYED	BXNBF	DOLPN	UDBUS
BULZE	YSGGD	NPZVD	MORYE	ILPLU

Kittredge, that's not even half--there are thirty-six of these five-letter groups--but I promise you, I'm tired of copying it. He wouldn't give us a one-time pad, said it was a clear one-for-specific-one, and we could work it out on the periodicity of the letters. "The text deserves it," he said. "Lose an hour this afternoon, and learn again what we're all about."

Well, you know, we were rusty. A clear one-for-one is not hard to decode, but it takes time. Porringer and Kearns were the driving force, and I put in my share. Sonderstrom sat in the corner and looked like he was going to have a stroke. I have never seen Gus' face so red. He's all thumbs on deciphering--even hates to use the Encoder-Decoder--and, of course, we were deprived the use of one for this. Our COS had given us back-to-school homework.

Here was the readout:

IFTHE	UNITE	DSTAT	ESIST	OSURV
IVELO	NGSTA	NDING	AMERI	CANCO
NCEPT	SOFFA	IRPLA	YMUST	BEREC

And here again, enough is enough. When we were done, Porringer insisted on reading aloud. "If the United States is to survive, longstanding concepts of fair play must be reconsidered. We must develop effective espionage and counter-espionage services and must learn to subvert, sabotage, and destroy our enemies by more clever, more sophisticated, and more effective methods than those used against us."

"My Aunt Mary," said Sonderstrom, "he had us decoding the Doolittle Report."

Kittredge, can you imagine? Who among us is not familiar already with such holy text, but Howard had us picking up the peas with a knife. Next morning, on the wall above each of our desks, Nancy Waterston, following his order, had tacked up an 8 X 10 piece of white cardboard to the wall of each of our cubicles with the five-letter groups, all thirty-six, neatly typed. Presumably, we are to do our work for the rest of our two or three years here with the Doolittle Report staring at us in that Simple-Simon code. I didn't know whether Hunt was a genius in the making, or a third-rate malefactor. The Doolittle Report! We had fun over beer that evening. "I

he has a real shot. He speaks no Angolese--whatever it is called. And once he thought he would replace Mayhew. I've come to recognize how tough the Company can be, which is, of course, as it should be. In any event, I'm now not so much impressed by Porringer's acumen as depressed by my lack of same. Of course Sonderstrom would look to move. Hunt has taken over all his functions, golf and social work, plus all the things Sonderstrom didn't and couldn't do, such as cultivating very rich ranch owners in the pampas. Moreover, it was clear by the end of Hunt's first month, that he had struck up a tighter, tougher relationship with Salvador Capablanca (the Chief of Police of the Gomez adventure, remember?) than Sonderstrom ever did. It seems, according to Porringer, that Hunt seized the nettle. Took the Police Chief out to lunch, as any First Secretary of the American Embassy might, (remember--this is Hunt's most serious cover-title) but right after coffee, in answer to Capablanca's condescending, "Mr. Secretary, now tell me, sir, how can one be of service for you?" Hunt replied, "Easy, Salvador, just tap a couple of Embassy lines for me. Soviet, Polish, East German, Czech. That should be enough for starters."

Porringer says Capablanca lost his poise.

"Oh, then. . ." he said, "oh, then. . . You are. . ."

"Yes, I'm CIA," said Hunt. "You don't think I really look like one of those flapdoodles in the State Department, do you?" Flapdoodle was apparently one great choice of a word. Capablanca laughed as much as if he were having lunch with Bob Hope. (Incidentally, that's what Hunt's ski-jump nose reminds me of--Bob Hope!) But Porringer says Capablanca only laughed so much because he was frightened. Our CIA reputation casts a long shadow. Even people like the Chief of Police of the Federales down here think we're capable of disposing of them with a snap of our fingers. Just as well they don't know how relatively law-abiding we are. In any case, I believe Hunt was knowingly playing on such fear. Next thing, he said was: "Señor Capablanca, as you well know, such taps can be put in mit or mitout."

"Mit or mitout? Would you explain, Señor Hunt?"

"Mit or mitout your help."

"Oh, I see." Capablanca laughed again.

"But if we do it together, the take can be shared."

"I would have to tell President Batlle."

"Como no," said Howard, and they shook hands over that.

On the drive back, Hunt listened carefully to Porringer. Oatsie's read was that Batlle would be too anti-American to cooperate, but too spineless to get in the way of our taps.

However, the Deputy Chief of Police, Peones, who was also at the lunch, was ready to be recruited. Porringer told Hunt that he had been working on Peones for nine months. (Why does it always take nine months to make an agent? That's another one of our Station jokes.) Hunt shook Porringer's hand solemnly. "That will be one A-OK coup," he said. In fact, Kittredge, it now is. Peones has been in the fold since February. Brownie points for Porringer.

After this lunch, Sonderstrom hastened his departure. He and Hunt were civil to one another, and Gus did help Howard with the transition, but Gus and Howard were not in tune. Now, the Sonderstroms are gone, and Porringer is, at present Acting Deputy COS, and will take real title before long unless they ship in some rising star from Washington. Hunt can make the call on that. So I predict Porringer is permanent. He certainly is perfect to complement Howard. No two men could be more unlike yet mutually so respectful. Porringer's scrupulosity on detail and inside political savvy will back-stop Howard nicely.

Incidentally, I spent an interesting evening at Porringer's home just a couple of weeks ago. His wife whom I described to you as essentially nugatory, happens to be a super bridge player, and in the States was working up her National

Tournament Rating--don't hold me to the term--until the God in the Agency Machine plucked up the Porringers and dropped them in South America. She has, however, joined a Bridge Club in Montevideo, which forces her to learn Basic Spanish-- "Yo declaro tres corazones!" The Porringers brought in a member of Sally's local bridge club for my date, a dolorous, much-wrinkled duenna of seventy or seventy-five who spoke passable English, and played real hot cards. I do an acceptable college rubber, and Porringer is slightly better, but that was the size of the evening. I pass, you notice, quickly over the meal. Sally is, alas, no cook, and we had pot roast that tasted like boiled beef in dishwater, sort of reminiscent of the old St. Matthew's grub. Later, during bridge, the kids would stir once in a while in their all-American bedroom, bunk-bed small, and stuffed with half-broken toys as I discovered when sitting it out as dummy and thereby being the one free to walk the youngest back to her bed after she woke up for the usual nocturnal and fluvial reasons. Why do I tell you all this? It's just that our American domesticity is so strange to me that I look upon it as Martian. (Confession: I envisaged Christopher's bedroom in a few years. Please: no broken toys. Please: throw no shoes at me.)

The banality of the Porringer evening was relieved by one astonishing insight into Sherman. His house looks as you would expect--gray drapes, and blond wood furniture, formica dining table and chairs, unpainted stack shelves jammed with books and papers--exactly the way a Midwestern graduate student's apartment figures to shape up. Even a rug made of straw squares sewn together. And frayed. They had the furniture shipped down with them because that's at Company expense. (It gives you a feeling of all our modest U.S. outposts deployed around the globe.) At any rate, in the midst of this predictable household, is one glass case with eight painted eggs within. They're remarkably well done. A vista of tree and pond wraps around the egg in one. Another is a Gothic castle with moonlight shimmering through a purple forest; they all are separate and exceptional--painted by someone who can use those fine brushes with one or two hairs. Then I learn they are in the glass case because, Sally tells us, Sherman has carefully sucked out the egg by way of a tiny hole he drilled in the shell. Once that is accomplished, he paints the fragile surface. Likes the risk of it. You can lose all you've put in with one careless move. "Would you like to see these gorgeous things up close?" asks Sally.

Well, prepare yourself for the oncoming horror. Even as Sherman is passing the first of his eggs to me for detailed examination, said egg falls between our fingers to shatter on the floor. I felt as if a baby bird had just croaked.

Kittredge, there are clumsy accidents, and there are what I would call third-force accidents. This was in that latter category. The egg-shell left his hand and I swear it refused to reach mine but took its own willful flip into space.

Well, I apologized till I felt as if I were chewing aspirin, and he kept shrugging it off. I sensed, however, a bull-black rage stirring so deep in him it will just bury another piece of his much-suppressed soul. It was horrible. He's really a special minor artist of a sort, or, at least, a distinguished craftsman, and I'm sure ten, if not twenty, hours of immaculate work was lost. Nothing to do about it. He said at the end of a long time for me, but short enough, I suppose, for him to get his sentiments in orderly harness again--"Well, don't feel too bad. It's my least favorite egg. I always take it out first if strangers are going to handle the stuff." This is Porringer being gracious. His blue-black shaven cheeks looked as funereal as the occasion.

efforts to wake us up. I have not described Peones, but you would hate him. He's heavy, very vain, half Spanish, half Italian, and built to endure. Medium height, with massive shoulders and legs. Large black mustache. Frankly, he's swarthy. Gives off an animal odor which he covers with scent. Loves carnality in women. Is something of a connoisseur about that, I gather. Naturally, he knows all the brothels in Montevideo and scouts them for talent the way an assistant college coach will go out to high school football games to look for recruitments. Well, Porringer, I've learned, is something of a brothelmaniac himself. Much more than me, so don't stir up. I've settled down. I'm frankly working too hard. Porringer and Peones became friends, apparently, by running together from brothel to brothel. It's not the most discreet way to develop an agent, but it is, in its fashion, a dependable means of stoking a relationship. And please don't say, poor Sally Porringer. I'm sure Sherman has his reasons.

About three months ago, Oatsie made his pass on Peones. What would it take for him to work for us? (Mind you, Peones not only hates Capablanca, but was systematically deluding him about Sonderstrom and Porringer.) Kept insisting they were State Department, no more. Conceive of his embarrassment (and Oatsie's) when Howard popped out with the direct admission to

Capablanca that the lunch was under the auspices of the Intelligence Agency from the Colossus of the North. Peones was mad as hell after that lunch, but Porringer showed his skills. "Face it, Pedro," he told him--Peones' full name is, yes, Pedro Peones--"we've been working on you for months and you never join us. I tried to hold my Chief back but he's an impatient man. He wants to know straight out--how much is joining us worth to you?"

"We have an old saying," said Peones. "Money buys everything but integrity."

"We say: Every man has his price. Quid pro quo."

"I have quid pro quo, but it is hidden. It is sequestered."

"Where? Where is your quid pro quo sequestered?"

"Why, I tell you, Sherman, it is a little secret, but I tell you: It is sequestered in my cojones."

Kittredge, I did not believe this conversation when Porringer recounted it, but he swears to the back-and-forth. Pedro Peones' price was secuestrado in his no doubt massive testes. There was, it seems, a girl in the brothels of Montevideo who was so beautiful and so talented that she had gone to Havana two years ago to make her fortune. Now, she had become a legend from the Caribbean to South America. Her

name--the working name, that is--comes to no less than Libertad La Lengua (which in loose translation does not signify Freedom of Speech nearly so much as "Ah, Freedom--your tongue!")

Libertad, it appears, has been corresponding with Peones from Havana. She is the love of his life. He has not been able to approach The State of Happiness since she has been gone. If the Central Intelligence Agency would bring her back to Montevideo--of her own free will, of course--he is ready to serve in a manner befitting our Agency's high relations to the world and history. In his offer, Peones embodies the grandiose. All of Uruguay that we would need is at our disposal: selected government officials, individual dossiers, the telephone company, Embassy Row (which is no row since the Embassies are situated in more than one good neighborhood), all police contacts, all informers in left organizations. Peones finishes by saying, "My country is yours from asshole to appetite," which last four words he says in English.

Porringer carried the offer back to the Station, but hardly in all happiness. Peones' promises are vast, but can he to be trusted to deliver? Once the girl is here we can hardly deport her. What if he fails to come through? Moreover, can we afford it? From the advance account of how well she is doing in Havana, her shift of venue may prove prohibitively

expensive. But the cost, Peones promises, will not be intolerable. The girl sincerely desires to come back to him. It is a true love affair, he tells Porringer.

Moreover, says Pedro, the initial expenses can be amortized. He will establish her in business in one of several fine properties (brothels) he already commands. She will be Super-Deluxe. La Montevideana.

A part of the last six weeks has gone into cable traffic on projected costs and estimates. It's all highly unorthodox but not as prohibitive, economically speaking, as we feared. (A bonus of five thousand dollars, and transportation disbursements, first class, will get the girl here.) Moreover, EE2 knows his way around the appropriate fields in Foggy Bottom. I soon learn that where one COS will get empty pockets on the return cable, another, like Howard, will come up with the kale. You're right. Hunt does talk about money all the time, and he has more synonyms for checks and cash than anyone I ever met. "Does Libertad have any idea how many stick-em-ups it will take to transport her butt down here?" is one of his remarks. "Lettuce," he calls the stuff, and "frogskins," "cartwheels," (for silver dollars, I find out) and "farthings." "Bawbees," "tanners," "balboas," "bolivars." It's fun when he gets going.

not even yet arrived--Pedro has already installed a tap on the phone lines of his detested superior, Salvador Capablanca. Our listening post immediately gives us the confirmation we needed--Luis Batlle, President of Uruguay, is even more pro-Soviet than anticipated. Capablanca is completely his boy. We divined that already, but confirmation is to divination as ham and eggs to an empty belly.

Then comes the super-coup. We decide we have misjudged Peones. After the confirmation cable that Libertad was definitively en route, he made a speech to Porringer. "Sherman," he said, "my conception of life is fundamental. I live through my values. The highest value a man can possess is to be a caballero. Do you wish my personal definition? A caballero is a man who treats me like a caballero. Since you, Señor Porringer, now qualify, you will soon see what a caballero you have found in me."

Do you know, he was as good as his word. He had a prize prepared. He had obtained a lease over a year ago on a villa that is situated next to the Russian Embassy on Bulevar Espana. For a year, Peones chose to make no money on the rents--merely took in enough to pay his expenses from a family who, in return for the low rental, had agreed to move out on a week's notice. His instinct was certainly acute enough to know that we would

give much to be able to put some of our own people into such a building, but he never presented that possibility to Porringer. Took no advantage of it until he knew that we trusted him enough to bring Libertad back to Montevideo without knowing whether Peones would ever pay us back. I believe Latins test and reward you on a special spectrum that runs from extortion to large generosity.

If Sonderstrom were still here, he would be dubious as hell, and Hugh would approach it as a tainted sweetmeat, but Hunt will have none of that. Gatsby and Kearns both spoke up. What if this villa next to the Russian Embassy is already wired by the KGB, and Peones has suckered us in?

Hunt cuts through such arguments. "We'll use the house solely as a lookout post on the Soviet garden until we get a few security people flown down to check it out. Why, even if the Russians have bugged the villa, they are not going to hear anything of value."

No, we decide, not if we put the right people in. They must be people who know next to nothing of our business and will, when among themselves, speak only of other matters. They will have to be patient enough to sit for hours in back of the window curtains, always ready to turn on the Bolex H-16 movie camera should someone enter or leave the Embassy. They must

also keep an eye on the garden underneath the side windows. While it is getting late for outdoor parties, the weather here in April is warmer than Washington in October, so there figure to be a few more gatherings in the garden before cold weather comes. After that it will be small pickings until we're on the other side of winter. This means we have to find the proper tenants pronto. But, where do we get them? We don't want to rely on Peones for this.

Hunt decides to collar Gordy Morewood. He's in disfavor since Chevi Fuertes' characterization of him as working for everybody, but it turns out that Hunt's rabbi is well-disposed toward Gordy, or, at the least, owes him a favor. So, Morewood, once again, can jump from shadow to shadow and never suffer the scrutiny of the light. He is, however, not unhappy under the present clouded circumstances to come through for us; we soon have a local family installed in the villa, a father and mother about sixty years old, and a thirty year old daughter. They're vintage Jewish refugees from the Nazis and came to Montevideo in 1935 or thereabouts. Their name is Bosqueverde, which is changed from the original German, I assume. Grunewald may have been the original. Never altered Hyman to Jaime, however. So it's Hyman Bosqueverde, and his wife is Rosa. Daughter is Greta. They call her Gretel. They

are a timid, very retiring old couple with a shy, plain daughter, but very close. If the daughter sneezes, the mother shivers. I know all this because Howard has made me their case officer. Or, to be more accurate, their support officer. There was a problem, you see. Assuming the villa has been miked by the KGB, then none of us dare speak to the Bosqueverdes in English (a pity since their English is not bad) but it would be a total giveaway. (Although what could the Sovs do, stop giving garden parties?) The solution was to use me. My German is not great--hear! hear!--but I get away with laying a heavy Spanish accent over it. We hope the assumption will be that I'm some Spanish friend of the Bosqueverdes trying to improve his German.

At any rate, my duties are simple and small. In return for living in the villa rent-free, the Bosqueverdes are obliged to keep someone near the movie camera and tripod from six in the morning until dark. Since the daughter works as a librarian, I assume she puts in less hours than the mother and father. I go over there every third or fourth night to bring film and carry back exposed reels. Morewood gets the take developed in a safe lab, and I then put in my hours with a movie projector and screen studying the arrivals and departures from the front gate of the Soviet Embassy. Let me say that

chore builds in interest most slowly. At present, I'm only expected to attach a number to each new face. Then the film is pouched up to Soviet Russia Division back in Cockroach Alley where they can recognize faces and attach dossiers to them. Once they send back their findings, life becomes more interesting. One of the faces, for example, belonged to a high-level KGB man. He came to the Embassy a couple of times, left again on each occasion after a half-hour visit, and then flew back to Paris which we were able to determine after the fact via AV/OUCH-2 in Passport Control. Of course, we don't know why he made his visit, but SR Division has one more straw for their giant nest.

The garden parties are another matter. Two have been photographed so far, and I run the reels with as much absorption as if I were sitting on the bank of a lake at evening and can't stop studying the light on the water. It's a curious image to use because the Bosqueverdes are not skillful photographers, and the result is close to bad home movies with a telephoto lens thrown in. The pans are abrupt enough to make you feel as if a wrestler is throwing you half across the ring. Still, I study the footage over and over for clues to Soviet Embassy personnel relationships, and can't begin to tell you how absorbing that is. I feel as if I'm watching a film by

Roberto Rossellini. I'm tempted to relate more, but would rather wait until the next garden party which, we hear through the grapevine, is coming off this Saturday. Personnel from the American Embassy have actually been invited, and while the Ambassador won't go, Hunt may fill in for him as First Secretary, and I could be brought along as Assistant to the First Secretary. How odd and surrealistically splendid it will be if I am present at the party talking to Russians knowing all the while that I will be able to study them and myself at leisure in all our gestures. Howard is weighing the pros and cons. He is afraid that if they are indeed tapping the villa they may recognize my voice. I'll give you his conclusion next week.

For now, let me describe our tenants. They live, as I say, rent-free, and Hyman ekes out his income by giving Hebrew lessons to a few young Jewish pupils who are getting ready for their Bar-Mitzvah. Apparently, there is a substantial Jewish community in Montevideo. I am absolutely fascinated by these Bosqueverdes. They are the first Jewish family I have ever visited, and everything they do is of interest to me. Almost always when I go over at night, they are drinking tea in glasses, and so often they are eating some kind of light supper. It's often cold herring in sour cream with onions, and

the smell, while not disagreeable, does permeate the room. They always offer me food and I always refuse it (since my instructions are to get into no long conversations with them and certainly no verbal transactions about reels and equipment. They know enough to hand over the product silently.)

Sometimes one of Hyman Bosqueverde's students is there, working with the old man in an alcove removed from the camera, and I listen to the mutual recital of Hebrew as if all the words are magical. The man and the boy both wear skullcaps and that seems equally arcane to me. Think of it! They are getting ready for a Bar-Mitzvah in the midst of all this. As I go out, the old lady buttonholes me near the foyer and whispers directly into my ear in a strong German-Jewish accent, "Please, you should take the best care of Mr. Morewood. He works so hard for you."

"Ja," I say, "si, ja," and I smile and leave with the exposed reels rattling in my paper bag. (Which also has a loaf of bread sticking out of it.) And I am back on the street and sauntering along for three blocks to my pool car, taking a couple of leisurely stops en route to see if perchance I'm being followed. So far-- nichts! Good enough. I have the feeling that the villa is not tapped. The Sovietskys simply

don't feel the need to keep up to anything like their standards in Berlin.

On the drive to my hotel, I keep thinking about the Jews. They are only one-eighth of me but I have this peculiar whole response to them. On the weekend that you and I met in Maine, I remember how you spoke of ghost-overlays. I never did find out what they were, but being one-eighth Jewish must be some kind of equivalent.

Time for bed. Give my love to my god-son, and to you and yours.

Harry

"Scatology," says Howard. "has a hell of an impact in poor countries. Everybody's close to it."

"That's just the reason they won't spend an hour out there on the wall printing the word in neatly. And it could bring reprisals."

"Let me tell you what the Chinese did to the Japs during the war." And he provided a long tale about the OSS giving stink-bomb spray dispensers to Chinese kids who lived in towns where Japanese were stationed. The boys would sneak up and spray Japanese officers from behind. Just the littlest squirt on their pants. Five minutes later, the stuff warmed up and the officer smelled as if he had been bathing in dung. "What a loss of face for the Japs," said EH2.

"Yes," I say, "that's quite a story." He senses my resistance and does not push it. He's wise about his own foolishness, so to speak.

But he is rash. He is trying to get me to accelerate Chevi Fuertes' efforts, and that involves taking some serious chances. Chevi is coming along nicely with me and I am developing for my devoted readers back in the Groogs a fairly detailed picture of how top PCU personnel interrelate, and which PCU factions have clout with which unions, etc. Porringer, who has kept on the labor scene these last two

years, claims my stuff is good but hardly new--I'd hate to think this is repayment for the broken egg. In any event, Howard now wants me to push Chevi to install a couple of sneakies into the inner office of the PCU. That's no huge job. One has only to replace the present old-fashioned electrical wall outlets (which look like white porcelain door knobs) with new outlets, built to look exactly the same, but containing a miniature microphone and transmitter within. Gatsby has managed to rent a listening post in the office building near PCU headquarters to pick up these limited-range sendings, so the job is in place. Hunt says we're waiting for Chevi to bring his screwdriver.

The trouble is that the office is well guarded. Chevi, as a long-standing Communist with family connections is ranked high enough to draw the honor of guard duty once a week in the inner office. For this one night a week, he and a fellow Communist camp out there. Since the PCU is certainly paranoid about security, neither fellow is supposed to leave the other alone. They're not even supposed to go down the hall to the bathroom. A bucket is left in the room for the night. This rule, however, they do break. Once a night, Chevi's companion will pay a ten-minute visit to the loo. That can be counted on. In these ten minutes, Chevi could substitute our porcelain

outlet for the other. But if it goes wrong, I don't want to think of what would happen to Fuertes. I'm not certain they'd hurt him physically, but, at the least, he's ruined among his own people forever. Of course, in a sense, he is already, to himself, but then I also have to consider whether I'm being too protective of my agent. That is as bad as being too reckless. In any event, the pressure is now on me to push Fuertes, and I think I will. Hunt wants us to get more of ourselves out in every direction. For instance, Gatsby, who is now under Porringer's tutelage, has taken over Oatsie's relations with the local labor unions. There has been, however, a significant change. Porringer used centrist unions to keep him informed on left-wing unions. Hunt thinks that was a little too complacent. "We're here to war on the Reds," he says, "not to monitor their social progress." So, Gatsby has been pushed into using Who-Me's. Howard's tale about the unhappy-smelling Jap officer's pants was obviously not intended for me alone. A couple of left wing meetings have been broken up lately by students whom Gatsby (with an assist from Gordy Morewood) has recruited over the last three months. Lately, since Hunt pulled Gatsby from the golf and tennis circuit, work in these directions proceeds apace on the good ship stink-pot. What is this compulsion to make jokes about bad odors? After one

successful disruption of a labor meeting by the use of stink-bombs, we all found ourselves giggling like crazy next morning. Hunt insists there's double mileage in the use of Who-Me's. "It makes those labor leaders feel infantile. Helpless infants live in the midst of such smells. So, it deprives these labor leaders of the ability to take themselves seriously. That's a blow to a labor leader."

Gatsby, whom I don't believe I've described to you, is sandy-haired, scrub-featured, freckled, and, in a word, not very describable. (He used to be much more noticeable, even a month ago, when he maintained a mustache which happened to be dark-brown in color and so contrasted with his light hair. Hunt, therefore, convinced him to shave it off. Now--an asset to us--Gatsby is, to repeat, not very describable.) He has blossomed, however, with his new clean-shaven lip, and now offers three opinions on anything that crops up where before one was too much for him.

Last note on stink-bombs. Hunt has insisted that I arm AV/ALANCHE 1 through 7 with pellets that he has purchased locally through a contact of Gordy Morewood's. They can't be traced to us, and it will beef up morale for my kids. To my surprise, it does. Last time AV/ALANCHE 1-7 went out, they actually got into a pitched battle with a left-wing gang they

Since you may be wondering whom we could use to go up to the Bosqueverdes' door in broad daylight, let me tell you it's an ingenious piece of work--another nice touch from the unpopular Mr. Morewood. Gordy employs a twelve year old nephew of the Bosqueverdes whenever he wants Hyman to come out to a pay phone. The boy who lives near the villa merely saunters over in his skullcap and phylacteries to pay, ostensibly, a visit to his Hebrew teacher. Of such pointillism is the complete spy's palette. I wish one could like Gordy more--there is so much to learn from him.

At any rate, Hyman Bosqueverdes relayed to us that Samoilov was in and out several times this morning with members of his staff. Our office analysis on why the party was cancelled cannot anchor the reason, however. We notified the Groogs, and they, in turn, took it up with Soviet Russia Division. Their consensus is to postulate a sudden chill in the thaw. Khrushchev's friendly gestures of late toward the West have been intended obviously to slow down the nuclear buildup in NATO; so the invitation to us here in Montevideo had to be one of the far-flung expressions of such a gambit. Something, however, went wrong overnight, enough at any rate to pull back the friendly hand. We don't know what it was. A world-wide check-out on Soviet Embassy parties is always

available to Soviet Russia Division, but the Montevideo bash, plus a party in Johannesburg to which our Embassy people were also invited, seem to have been the only two on tap this evening. Interestingly, the Johannesburg party has not been cancelled.

Our best read-out after a three-way cable interchange all day is that the Russians were suggesting that a minor, not a major chill, is taking place. One, but not both parties were cancelled. Moreover, the entire party here was called off. That is an indirect courtesy to us. Far better, on balance, than only disinventing the American Embassy. God, what a way to waste a day. I'm at raw ends. And Barry Kearns is in a worse state. He had to spend the entire morning and afternoon on the Encoder-Decoder with Soviet Russia Division who were, as expected, ascerbic. If Kearns makes even the smallest error in routing, which is not hard to do, the Sourballs can be awfully nasty. (Merely to reach them, however, calls for invoking an entry code that changes with the day and the hour.) Kearns forgot that Washington, of late on Daylight Saving Time, is no longer an hour behind us--well, contemplate the return vituperations. Kearns' error cost the Sourballs some ninety minutes in the Great Bin of Lost Messages until they located his cable. Here is part of their reply.

NEXTT IMESH OWYOU RCERT IFICA
TEOFI DIOCY

I'll spare you the rest of that billet-doux. One gets an impression of the SR Division as composed of thick-spectacled creatures with half bald heads, woodpecker noses, and wholly splenetic dispositions.

Poor Kearns. I haven't described him to you, but he's our misfit. Six-four, he weighs much too much, maybe one of the heaviest people in the Agency, lard-like, even soft. I don't know how he played golf for Sonderstrom although I hear he had some ability to drive a long ball and was a finicky but reasonably dependable putter. His golf bag, however, is gathering dust, under Hunt's baleful supervision, Kearns' inadequacies are beginning to show up. He panics, and can easily blow a communications procedure. Kearns also has a heavy hand when trying to joke with the Groogs. There's a cable protocol, I could even call it a cable panache, that he lacks. Whereas, Hunt has it. This is what Howard sent last week to the Argentina-Uruguay Desk:

NOBODY TOLD ME BUT I BELIEVE TODAY TO BE THE
TENTH ANNIVERSARY OF OUR URUGUAY STATION. GIFTS AND
CONGRATULATIONS WILL BE GRATEFULLY RECEIVED. DO NOT
REMIT CASH. AND PLEASE FORWARD COPIES OF THIS

ANNIVERSARY NOTE TO KU/MUGWUMP AND ALL THE SHIPS AT
SEA. YOUR OWN WALTER WINCHELL ALSO KNOWN AS
AV/HACIENDADO.

Mugwump is one of our forty-eight saddlebags for J. Edgar
Hoover, and thereby a reminder that the origins of Western
Hemisphere Division were in the FBI. I can see how such humor
won't translate over to you, but given our oft-strained
relations with the Groogs, it was a funny cable. They sent
back the following reply:

WOULD YOU CONSIDER THIRTY THOUSAND AMERICAN
PENNIES TO ACCOMPANY THE USUAL FELICITATIONS FOR A
JOB PRETERNATURALLY (AS ALWAYS) HALF-BAKED TO A
PERFECT TURN. FROM THE COVEY OF YOUR ADMIRERS.

Well, I'm feeling psychic across six thousand miles. I
sense your Furies stirring. Kittredge, do try to forgive the
disappointment this letter must be.

Harry

P.S. We had the Bosqueverdes plus our camera pointed on the
garden, but nothing's there today to photograph but the gate.
It's going to be a long winter.

April 19, 1957

Harry,

I believe that I am a case officer manqué. I know that

April 20, 1957

Dear Harry,

Forget yesterday's letter if you can. I mailed it immediately upon completion, and that is all I remember. Whatever was in it cannot possibly be more than half-true since I speak these days out of an ungovernable and never-before-opened cavern of Omega, (that area in Omega which, precisely, refuses to enter relations with Alpha.) I suffer attacks like migraine, except my head does not hurt. It's just that I suffer temporary amnesia. On the Omega side, that is.

Have you given up your brothel girl or are you deep in the slop-pits with her?

I fear the worst.

I really do not wish to correspond with you any more.

This is an order.

Cease all communications with me.

Hadley Kittredge Gardiner Montague

If I had sworn to myself that I would not use the secure phone down here to reach Harlot, the oath now had to be broken.

Our Station's secure phone was kept, however, in a locked closet in Howard Hunt's office. Nor, as I anticipated, was he sympathetic to my request.

"Howard," I told him, "I must have use of it."

"Could you provide the reason?"

"Personal."

Howard sat behind his desk and shrugged. "In that case, you're out of bounds. Secure phones are reserved for ultra-commo exchanges."

"Howard, if I don't talk to a particular party. . ." I did not know how to finish the sentence.

"I suggest you get yourself a bag filled with small coins and find a pay phone on the other side of town."

"This is Company business. The man I want to reach won't speak unless the line is secure."

"Hugh Montague. Is he the gentleman?"

"Yessir."

Howard put his elbows on the desk and looked at me from the tent of his upraised and slanted fingers. "Harry, I think you ought to know," he said, "that Harlot is a legend in the Agency for six good reasons and eight bad ones. One of the bad ones is that you can't have a decent conversation with the guy unless you're using a secure phone."

"I accept the fact that Hugh Montague is a man of quirks. But this happens to be a family matter of first importance."

Howard showed his temper. "The secure phone is placed in my hands as Chief of Station. It is part of the trust invested in me. I have no interest in abusing a serious privilege."

"For God's sake, I used a secure phone all the while I was in Berlin. It was right at the end of a corridor in the Department of Defense. Anyone could use it."

"Berlin," said Howard, "is an orgy. A goddamned out-of-control orgy."

"Yessir."

"If I allowed you to use my secure phone for a private matter, I would be cutting a hole in the membrane of my integrity. Got a clue to that feeling?"

"Yessir. I hate holes in my integrity."

"Well, then speak to the issue."

"I have to talk over a family matter."

"I thought we passed that stop."

"Howard, I am godfather to the Montague's child, Christopher. Upsetting news came to me this morning by way of a letter. Christopher's health may be seriously in question."

"Isn't Hugh Montague your godfather?"

"Yes." But I could not hold back the question. "How did you know?"

He touched his thumb with his forefinger several times to indicate a duck quacking. "Could be that I had lunch back in Washington with Arnie Rosen."

"Yes," I said. "Rosey is better than an old fashioned telephone operator."

To my surprise, Hunt laughed. "Here"--he reached into a vest pocket and withdrew a small key. "There's the closet. Help yourself. Maybe I know what it is to be worried about a kid."

"Thank you, Howard."

"And when you're done, not today, but soon, I have a couple of things to talk to you about. Don't ask who, but a couple of people warned me off of one Harry Hubbard. Told me you fucked up in Berlin."

"Maybe I did."

"Well, everybody messes up. Especially under Bill Harvey. The real bad word, if you want to hear it, is that you're locked in with the wrong rabbi."

I made no reply. I was trying to be as silent as stone.

"Well," said Hunt, picking it up, "we can talk about it over drinks or dinner." He looked at his watch. "Hey, I'm

late for one big lunch. This office is going to be yours. Leave it as you found it." He laughed pleasantly to subdue the edge of quite a few of his last remarks, and was gone.

If obtaining a secure phone had just proved more difficult to accomplish in Montevideo than Berlin, employing it was no easier. In Berlin, there had been a Company operator who was always on duty to reach the secure operator in Washington. The Scrambler-Descrambler operated between them. Here, were relays of operators from Montevideo to Buenos Aires to Mexico City to Washington. If you failed to reach your party at the first number called, you had to commence the process again. On successive passes, I learned that Harlot was not in his office, nor at home. It took one more call to put me in Location Inquiry:Secure which then directed me to WILD GARLIC in Maine. I assumed WILD GARLIC was the cognomen given to Harlot's phone when he took it on the road, and I was right. An hour had been spent in Howard Hunt's closet in order to reach a man I dreaded speaking to.

"Are you calling about Kittredge?" Harlot said for greeting. Once again came the impression I was hearing a voice from the other end of a long tube.

"Yes," I said, "just what I am calling about."

"Not Company business."

"No."

"How the hell did you get to Howard's phone? Did you give away a piece of yourself?"

"Probably."

"Doubtless too much."

"Hugh, how is Kittredge?"

"She's all right. Under some sedation, but fine."

"Is she with you at the Keep?"

"Of course."

"Didn't something odd take place last summer?"

"Certainly did. Might even be at the root of this."

"Yet Kittredge wanted to return?"

"Seems to be the stuff she's made of."

Given the hollow of the sound, I could not tell whether this was a true impression, but his voice seemed to have a twang. Was some part of him back in Colorado? "Yes, Harry," he added. "We don't try to crawl away from the fire. We stamp it out."

I could not see how someone who was under sedation was going to get to the root of any matter (which, now, in addition, was ablaze) but he must have heard what I did not say, for he added. "I'm with her. She's not alone."

"Yessir."

"Harry, she didn't go out of her head, you know. It was overload. She was still trying to nurse the baby, and go back to work, and also, most unfortunately, experimenting with a substance. At such times, of course, she would not nurse the baby. Not when the substance was in her."

I did not know if I had heard him. "The what?"

"Kittredge would never test others before jumping in the pool herself. But her timing was ill-advised."

"Is she all right?" I asked.

"I told you. She is mending. She is under sedation. A good doctor-friend of mine is supervising her recovery. A good contract player. Friend of Allen's."

"Did she go to the hospital?"

"Of course not. A psychotic episode in your 201 is about as bad as joining the Communist Party in your youth."

Through the lonely reverberations of the tube, I could sense how his desire to talk was proving larger than he was ready to allow; in what a state must he be!

"Hugh, forgive this question, but are you certain she shouldn't be seeing a very good psychiatrist?"

"I know them all," said Montague. "We run them in and out of TSS in relays. I comprehend Kittredge far better than ever they could. They are not qualified to deal with her fine mind."