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C.G.

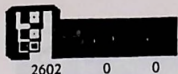
The problem was that we couldn't fit enough five gallon jerricans into the trunk of the Cadillac, and Harvey wouldn't strap any to the outside of the car. "A sniper could hit us with an explosive bullet."

"Bill, why don't we go by airplane?" she asked.

"We have a couple of German mechanics at the air base. It's too easy to sabotage a plane. I ought to know."

Maintenance welded a bulletproof auxiliary tank into the trunk, and with two hours lost to that, and an hour waiting out some last minute papers, we took off with Mr. Harvey riding shotgun, while C.G. and I were in the rear.

It was, as he had promised, a fast-moving trip. The checkpoint on the Brandenburg Autobahn offered no trouble to our entering East Germany, nor did the second checkpoint an hour later when our southern route took us back into West Germany. We drove through flat black fields while he drank his martinis and told a tale of a captured Soviet agent who had a microdot message installed beneath a gold inlay filling. "I was the one to spot the son of a bitch," he informed us. "X-ray the lying bastard," I said, and sure enough there was the faintest line between the inlay and the bottom of the cavity. "Either the dentist is no good," I told my gang, "or the microdot is there." So we unplugged the fellow's filling. Eureka: the microdot. The Russians never stop working at this job. Ever hear of their prussic-acid pistol? Shoots a spray. Nifty. The operator comes up to you on the street, fires it in your face, and *blap!* You're dead. Delay the autopsy even a few hours, and there are no signs of poison. That's why I won't walk the streets of Berlin. I want my friends to know I was terminated by the Sovs, rather than have them wondering if I popped a blood vessel from too much booze." He refilled his martini glass. "The antidote for this kind of attack, Hubbard," he said, "assuming, that is, that you are expecting some such take-out maneuver on your person, is to swallow a little sodium thiosulphate before going out. Look up the dose in the Medical Shelf at GIBLETS, Classified Manual 273-AQ, or, which is more likely, because you do have ten or fifteen seconds at your disposal before Nepenthe welcomes you, is keep some amyl-nitrate capsules handy in your jacket pocket.



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Pop them fast as you can after an attack. I always keep a few handy," he said, punching the glove compartment open, pulling out a bottle and pouring a handful. "Here," he said, passing back a dozen capsules to C.G. and to me, "keep these around. Hey, watch for those wagons, Sam!" he added to the driver without missing a beat, "give a wide berth to any wagon you see," and Sam swerved to the left at one hundred miles an hour to keep a good distance between us and a horse and wagon trundling along, step by step, on the shoulder. "I don't trust any farmer out on these roads at 2:00 A.M. with a cart," he stated, and went back to the poison pistol. "I saw a demonstration of it once down at Pullach, which is where we're going, Hubbard, in case you didn't guess."

"I guessed."

"The Heinies killed a dog for our benefit. The BND man performing the stunt just walked up, fired, and out the door. The dog did a four-legged split. Dead inside a minute. All behind glass."

"I'd like to get to the people who killed the dog," said C.G.

"One poor dog less, okay," said Harvey, "but one image seared on our retina forever. No length the Sovs are not prepared to go."

"The BND enjoys that sort of thing too," C.G. insisted.

"Now wait a minute," said Bill Harvey, "you're maligning Mr. Herrick Hubbard's friends who invite him down to Pullach for the weekend."

"Chief, I swear to you, I don't know what it's all about," I said.

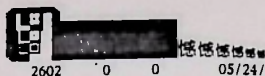
"Here, take a look at this," he said, passing over a five-by-seven index card covered front and back with single-spaced typing. "This is the way I want my research presented in case I ever drop a comparable assignment on you. Skip the heavy history. Just the nuggets. Quick things. Like a box in *Time* magazine."

By the illumination of the rear seat light in the Cadillac, I read:

REINHARD GEHLEN

Now President of BND formerly known as the Org.





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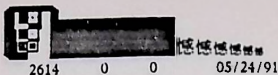
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Headquarters in Pullach, on the banks of the Ysar, six miles south of Munich. Originally a small compound of houses, huts, and bunkers. Built in 1936 to house Rudolf Hess and staff. Later the residence of Martin Bormann. After WWII U.S. Military Intelligence appropriated it for Gehlen. General established his combined office and abode in "The White House," a large two-story edifice at the center of the original estate. In the ground-floor dining room of the White House, wall murals are unchanged from Bormann-Hess era. Big-bosomed German ladies braiding ears of corn into garlands. Sculptures of young men in gymnastic stances surround the fountain in the garden.

At present, Pullach has added many modern buildings. 3,000 officers and personnel work there at present.

Gehlen is 5'7", nearly bald. Appears slim in earlier photographs. Now putting on weight. Often wears dark glasses. Has very large ears. Wears noiseless rubber sole shoes. Is highly family-oriented.

Cryptonyms: The only one available to us is *Dr. Schneider*. No first name available. Gehlen is reputed to wear various wigs when traveling as *Dr. Schneider*.

Could this be the man I had met at the canal house? *Dr. Schneider*? The little man with the large ears who had crooned over Harlot's every move on the chess board? My mind was agog. Now, I knew the meaning of agog.

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

"Love the story," said C.G.

"On the other hand," said her husband, "in the old days when Gehlen's Org was expanding every month, the Krauts suffered from chronic lack of funds. Gehlen used to cry big tears



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to us. He'd claimed he'd given up all that U.S. Military lucre to sign a contract with CIA, and now we weren't forking over the gold fast enough to suit him. Well, in fact, we were paying out a fortune, but it wasn't enough. Greedy bastard. Not to enrich himself, you understand, but to build up the Org. So, Gehlen got word out to his General Agencies,"

"What are they?" I asked.

"About the equivalent of our Stations, only situated in every major German city. 'Enrich yourselves,' Gehlen told the General Agencies, and then he would get on the phone with some of his old friends in the U.S. Army. When it comes to a study of American corruption, go back to the chicken and the egg. Which came first? The U.S. Army or the U.S. Mafia? Anyway, Gehlen and our boys cook up this fiduciary maneuver. The General Agencies hand over a couple of petty SSD agents to the American Military Police who otherwise wouldn't know an enemy spy if he was confessing. Now, in return for feeding our boys with a few doormen on the Soviet payroll, the MPs pay back the local General Agency with truck-loads of American cigarettes. The Org promptly sells these cigarettes on the black market to get the funds to meet their Friday payroll. Then, so soon as the Org has walked off with the cash, the MPs confiscate the truckload and return the cigarettes to the Org, who promptly sell them again to other black marketeers. The same ten thousand cartons of Camels get resold five or six times. That, my friend, was in the late forties, before I got here. The good old days."

"Tell the story about General Gehlen and Mr. Dulles," said C.G.

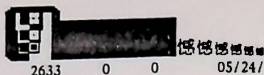
"Yeah." He grunted and was silent. I could feel him resisting the impulse to tell me one more tale. Had he just remembered that I was in disfavor?

"Tell it," repeated C.G.

"All right," he said. "Did you ever hear of Major General Arthur Trudeau?"

"No, sir."

"Trudeau was the head of U.S. Army Intelligence a couple of years ago. When Chancellor Adenauer visited Washington in 1954, Trudeau managed to get a word with him. He unloaded



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on Gehlen. Trudeau had the moxie to tell Adenauer that the CIA should not be supporting a West German organization run by an ex-Nazi. Should it hit the world press, that could be very bad for all concerned. *Ja*, says Adenauer. He's no lover of Nazis, he tells Trudeau, but in German politics, you can't make a three-egg omelette without one being rotten. One of Adenauer's people now passes this conversation on to Gehlen who thereupon complains to Allen Dulles. Our Director takes it over to the White House and informs President Eisenhower that General Trudeau is kicking American interests in the chops.

"'I hear,' Eisenhower tells Dulles, 'that this Gehlen of yours is a nasty job.'"

"'Mr. President, there are no archbishops in espionage,' says Allen. 'Gehlen may be a rascal, but I don't have to invite him to my club.'"

"Well, a battle royal ensued. The Secretary of Defense and the Joint Chiefs of Staff were on Trudeau's side. Yet, Allen won. John Foster Dulles always gets the last word into the President's ear. Trudeau was sent out to some fly-boy command in the Far East. I think it put a scare into Gehlen, however. He must have concluded that German money was safer than American. A year later, he convinced the Adenauer people to put the Org into German service. Now we have the BND. End of tale. Enough of enriching your mind. Tell me, kid, what do *you* know about our pal?"

I had been waiting for the question through each of these anecdotes. He had a habit of telling a good story with all the contained force of a lion sitting on his paws. Then—swipe!—you were part of the meal.

"I don't know much about the man at all," I said, but through the ensuing silence was obliged to add, "I'll give you any details I have."

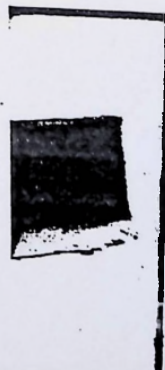
"Yes," said Harvey. "Details."

"I met him at the house of a friend of my father's. He was called Dr. Schneider. I hardly talked to him. He played chess with the host. I'm amazed that he remembered me."

"Who was the host?"

"Hugh Montague."

"Is Montague a good friend of your father's?"





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"I don't know how friendly they really are."

"But friendly enough to invite you to dinner?"

"Yessir."

"What did Montague talk to Schneider about?"

"Not much. Schneider presented himself as a concert pianist. He played one recital, he claimed, for Wilhelm Pieck, the East German President. He said Pieck was a barbarian with low tastes. He liked to leave his official residence in the castle—I don't recall the name."

"Schloss Niederschön-something?"

"Yes."

"Good."

"Pieck would leave the official Schloss and go to a room in the servants' quarters where he would take off his shoes, put on slippers and old workingmen's clothes, and cook his evening meal. Old cabbage soup, cold noodles, pudding for dessert. He'd eat it all off the same tin plate, the pudding mixed up with the noodles. I remember wondering how Dr. Schneider could learn all this by playing an official concert for Wilhelm Pieck."

"What else did Montague and Gehlen talk about?"

"Chess."

"By the way, here's a verified photograph of Gehlen." He passed me a photostat of a snapshot. "Just to make certain that Schneider equals our man."

"He was wearing a white wig that night, but, yes. I would make a positive identification."

"One hundred percent?"

"I'll go one hundred."

"Good. Gehlen and Montague talked about chess in your presence. Nothing else?"

"I spent most of the evening talking to Mrs. Montague."

"Kittredge?"

"Yessir."

"What about?"

"Chitchat."

"Expatiate."

"Sir, if I may say, I feel more comfortable with Mrs. Montague than with her husband. We talk about everything under the sun. I think we were laughing together in the kitchen be-



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cause of the funny noises Dr. Schneider, I mean, General Gehlen, was making while he played chess."

"How long have you known Montague?"

"I met him at his wedding to Kittredge. She was close to my family, you see. Her father bought my family's summer house. Since then, I've seen Mr. Montague socially once or twice."

"What do you think of him?"

"An iceberg. Nine-tenths under."

"Oh, isn't that true," said C.G.

"Well, we now," said Bill Harvey, "have a general picture that fails to explain why Gehlen asked me to bring you along to Pullach."

"Kittredge and I are third cousins," I said. "If she mentioned such a family relationship to Gehlen, he may wish to reciprocate the courtesy. Your briefing says he's very family-oriented."

"Are you saying Kittredge requested that he invite you?"

"No, Chief. Just that Gehlen must know who's working for you at GIBLETS."

"On what basis do you come to that conclusion?"

"It's my impression that everybody knows everything in Berlin."

"Son of a bitch, yes."

For whatever reason, that caused him to cease speaking. He had the ability to end a conversation as effectively as if he had turned off a light. We drove in silence while he drank alone from the jug of martinis. Flatlands gave way to rolling country but the highway curved little and there was no traffic. At Braunschweig we left the Autobahn and drove along two-lane roads, the driver reducing his speed to ninety miles an hour on the straight, seventy through the curves, and down to sixty through each village we traversed. Gonorrhea and fast car trips. I was discovering, did not accommodate each other. Yet my desire to urinate was overcome by my lately acquired knowledge of the price. Near Einbach we picked up the Autobahn again and went along at one hundred and twenty miles an hour. At Bad Hersfeld, the back roads began once more, and an endless series of turns in hill and forest and village took us to Würzburg where a better road went on to Nürnberg and the beginning of the last stretch



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of Autobahn to Munich. There, at an all-night gas station, 4:30 in the morning, Bill Harvey spoke again. "I need a pit stop," he said.

We parked in the shadow behind the gas station.

"Check out the men's room and the ladies' room, Sam," he told the driver. When Sam came back, and nodded, Harvey got out and motioned to me. "How about you?" he asked C.G. "Long trips never bother me," she said.

He grunted. His breath came across the night air on a riser of gin. "Come, kid," he said heavily, "just you and me and the shit-house walls." He picked up his attaché case and handed it to me.

Although Sam had presumably scouted the premises, Harvey withdrew one of his guns from the shoulder holster, turned the knob on the bathroom door and threw it ajar with one smooth pass, sighted in from that angle, crossed the open door space too quickly to be hit by any but the fastest trigger, sighted from the reverse angle, and satisfied, now entered, wheeled, squatted to scan the floor, threw upon the stall doors, then smiled. "Sam is good at checkout, but I'm better." He did not settle, however. He carefully lifted the cover on each water tank, peered into the inside, took a coiled wire from his pocket, ran it a foot up the flush tunnel of each bowl, and finally let out his breath. "I have one bad dream," he said as he washed off the wire. "I'm trapped in the men's room when a satchel bag full of demo goes off."

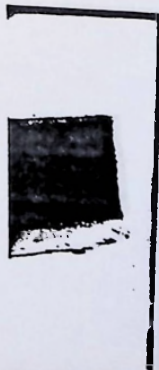
"That's a bad dream."

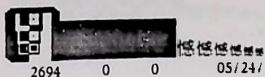
He burped, unzipped his fly, turned his back to me and unleashed a urination worthy of a draft horse. I took the next stall, waited like a dutiful inferior for my own laggard waters to enter their small sound against his heavy one, and did my best not to wince as a hot wire went up my urethral passage in compensation for the pus-laden stream going out. I do not think the paucity of sound accompanying the urine I ejected was lost on him.

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

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

"That's one hell of an instrument you have there," he said





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over his shoulder.

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Yessir," I said, lying right through the pain of wire-thin piss.

He lifted his free hand and clapped me on the back. "I'm glad," he said. "I hope you gave it to her good. Was she a cockeyed wonder in bed?"

"Fabulous," I muttered. My gonorrhea served me an undeniable lightning bolt.

"I might have had a whack at her myself if I hadn't given up on all that. Loyalty to C.G. mit lots of hard work—that's how the operation runs these days. So, I'm glad you laid the wood to her good. I hate that son of a bitch Montague."

I was discovering the secret of an escape route. You found it by making the effort to escape. "I hate him too," I said. To myself, I added, "Forgive me, Hugh." I did not, however, feel that much disloyalty. Harlot, after all, had encouraged me to find my own route through the crux.

"Have you talked to Kittredge lately?" Harvey asked.

"Yes."

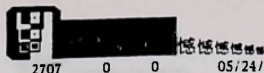
"When?"

"A few days ago. After you lost confidence in me. I guess I called to complain about my troubles."

"That may be forgivable." He gave a last thwack to his penis, put it back in his pants, even as I was concluding my small torture, and said, "Do you think she could have been the one to call Gehlen?"

"It might be," I said. "Dr. Schneider certainly acted like he





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was crazy about her."

Harvey yawned suddenly. That is to say, he belched emptily. Under the dangling light bulb, his skin had gone pale, and he was full of perspiration. I think it was an honest spasm of his much abused system. He went on speaking, however, as if physical discomfort were an element of the given, like heavy air in a railroad coach. He nodded. "If she called him, it makes sense. Gehlen would probably do anything for her. Yes, I can live with this one." Now, he seized me by the arm, and dug each one of his stubby fingers, strong as iron bolts, into my triceps.

"Are you loyal to Gehlen?" he asked.

"I don't like the fellow," I said. "Not from what I saw. I assume if I get to know him well, I will like him even less."

"And me? Are you loyal to me?"

"Chief, I'm ready to take a bullet for you."

It was true. I was also ready to die for Harlot, and for Kittredge. And for my father, conceivably. I was ready to die. The thought of sacrificing myself was still as large an emotion as I could find. The proctor in my personality, however, that young dean of probity installed by the canons of St. Matthews, was horrified at how easily I could succumb to large acts of lying, and outrageous expressions of excessive emotion.

"Kid, I believe you," he said, "I'm going to use you. I need stuff on Gehlen."

"Yessir. Whatever I can do."

He bent over, his breathing heavy, and opened the attaché case. "Take off your shirt," he said. Before I had time to question his purpose, he removed a small plastic tape recorder.

"This is the best sneaky we've got," he said. "Here, let me tape it on."

In two minutes, his fingers fast and deft, he taped the recorder to the small of my back. Then he installed a switch through a small hole he slit in my pocket and ran a wire through a button hole in my shirt to which was attached a small white button which was, I realized, a microphone. He handed me an extra tape. "You've got a total of two hours, one hour each tape. Get everything Gehlen says once we're there."

"Yours, Chief."

"Now leave me alone. I got to throw up. It's nothing per-



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sonal. Vomit once a day, you keep the doctor away. But leave me alone for that. Tell C.G. I'll be back in ten minutes. Maybe fifteen. I got to take my time with this. Oh, Jesus," he groaned as I went out the door, and I heard the first caterwaulings come up from his belly.

Back at the car, Sam was overseeing the transfer of gas from the reserve tank to the main, and C.G. was alone in the rear seat.

"How long did he say?" asked Sam.

"Ten minutes."

"It'll be twenty," Sam looked at his watch. "Every time we go down to Pullach he wants to break the record, but we're going to miss tonight. It's a shame. No ice. No fog. No delays for construction. No detours. He's going to ask why we didn't cut any minutes off our last time. I can't say it's 'cause he fucks around in the pit stop."

That was the longest speech I ever heard from Sam.

"Well," I said, "it's a crazy night."

"Yeah," said Sam, "tell it to the Marines." He strolled over to the door of the men's room and stood guard outside.

Back in the rear seat with C.G., it occurred to me that if luck was a current in human affairs, one had to ride on its tide. My hand went into my pocket to activate the switch to the sneaky.

"Is Bill all right?" she asked.

"He will be in a few minutes," I said.

"If people knew how hard he worked, they would understand his eccentricities," she told me.

I wanted to warn her not to utter a word; I was eager to manipulate every speech she offered. Bright was the inner light of the last martini on my moral horizon.

"I guess he's never been understood well enough," I said.

"Bill has so many gifts. It's just that the Almighty never provided him with the simple talent not to make needless enemies."

"I suppose he's taken on his share," I said.

"You may well believe that."

"Is it true," I began. "No," I said, "I won't ask."

"You can. I do trust you."

"I'm going to ask it then," I said.

"I'll answer if I can."

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"Is it true that J. Edgar Hoover did not like your husband?"

"I would say Mr. Hoover didn't treat him very fairly."

"Yet Bill Harvey worked hard for the FBI." When she did not reply, I added, "I know he did."

Her silence was only to control her indignation. "If it hadn't been for Bill babysitting Elizabeth Bentley all those years," C.G. said, "you would never have heard of Alger Hiss and Whittaker Chambers and Harry Dexter White, and the Rosenbergs. The whole slew. Bill had a lot to do with exposing that gang. That, however, did not warm Mr. Hoover up toward him. J. Edgar Hoover likes to let his best people know who is the boss. His secretary, Miss Gandy, who is certainly no more than her master's voice, is perfectly capable of sending a Letter of Censure to a top operator if he happens to come into the Director's Office with one spot of dust on his shoes. This, mind you, after ten days out in the field."

"Did that ever happen to Mr. Harvey?"

"No, but it did to two of his friends. With Bill it was worse. Inhuman, I would characterize it. The Company doesn't ever treat its people the way the Bureau did."

"Did Mr. Hoover actually fire Mr. Harvey?"

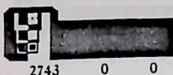
"No, Bill could not have been fired. He was too well regarded. Mr. Hoover wanted to put him in purdah, however, and Bill was too proud. So, he resigned."

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

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

"About when was this?"

"The summer of 1947. You see, Bill had put in an immense amount of work trying to penetrate the Bentley network, but no dramatic success, so to speak. It would all come out later and Joe McCarthy would get the credit, but in the meantime, Bill was burning the candle at both ends. Which I attribute to his deep unhappiness with his wife Libby. They married awfully young. Bill, you see, was the son of the most esteemed attorney in Danville, Indiana, and Libby was the daughter of the biggest lawyer in Flemingsburg, Kentucky. I know only what Bill tells me, but that marriage, according to him, did contribute to his woes."

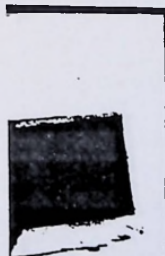


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"Yes," I said. I was beginning to appreciate Montague's remark that closemouthed individuals, once under way, do not stop talking.

"Bill's critical troubles with Mr. Hoover go right back to one specific night in July 1947. Bill went to a stag party out in Virginia with a few FBI friends and had to drive back after midnight in a heavy rainstorm. He slowed down for a large puddle in Rock Creek Park, and a vehicle passing in the other direction was inconsiderate enough to race by. Bill's car was deluged with so much water that his motor conked out. He did manage to coast to the curb, but there was a foot of water all around him, and he was exhausted, poor man. So he fell asleep at the wheel. It was his first good sleep in weeks. He didn't wake till 10:00 A.M. And no police car bothered him either. Why should they? He was parked properly, and the puddle had receded. Since his car was able to start, he just drove home to Libby. But it was too late. Libby had already phoned FBI headquarters to tell them that Special Agent William K. Harvey was missing. She was hysterical enough, or mean enough, or scared enough—I won't judge her—to hint at suicide. 'Bill has been so despondent,' she told the Bureau. Of course, that went right onto the record. When Bill phoned in a little later to tell the Bureau that he was at home, intact, the Bureau said no, you're in trouble. You see, the FBI expects an agent to be reachable. If you're not where they can find you, you're supposed to call in every two hours. Bill had been out of touch for nine and a half hours during which period the Bureau had mistakenly supposed he could be contacted at home. That was a big point against him. Then there was the potential embarrassment. What if a police car had stopped and questioned Bill while he was asleep? What if he had been arrested? Mr. Hoover sent down the worst memo: Serious reexamination of Special Agent Harvey's occupational readiness is advisable in the light of wife's deputation that Special Agent Harvey has been morose and despondent for considerable periods.

"Bill dared to carry the fight right back upstairs. These are the exact words he wrote to the FBI inquiry: 'My worry is the natural worry that would come to anyone who has dealt as intimately with the Communist problem as I have since 1945.' The



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aide from Mr. Hoover's office who was conducting the investigation actually sent a memo up to Mr. Hoover saying that Bill had always been given a rating of Excellent, and no administrative action should be taken. Mr. Hoover just told the aide to write another memo. This one said: 'Special Agent William K. Harvey is to be transferred to Indianapolis on general assignment.' "

"Cruel," I said.

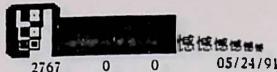
"It broke Bill's heart. If the Agency hadn't been there to ask him to come over, I think he might have been truly despondent."

At this moment, Mr. Harvey returned with Sam, got in the car and we started out again. I clicked off the sneaky.

12 | Bill Harvey fell asleep on the Nürnberg-Munich Autobahn, and was so heavy-eyed in the dawn, that C.G. insisted on checking in at a hotel, rather than meeting General Gehlen for early breakfast. In the elevator, Chief grimaced. "Let's grab thirty minutes of shut-eye and a shower."

The thirty minutes became one hundred and thirty minutes, then an hour more. Not until noon did Harvey and I get to Gehlen's office.

The General did not look a good deal like my recollection of Dr. Schneider. The absence of the white wig showed a high forehead and his mustache was gone. He looked no more than fifty years old. His lips were well chiseled, as was his long nose, his nostrils, his small chin. His thin hair was combed straight back. Only his ears remained as large as I remembered, and continued to give him much resemblance to a bat. But I had no time to wonder why General Gehlen had chosen to be in disguise at the canal house. He pointed at me with a quick finger,



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and said, "Delighted to meet again." I noticed that his pale blue eyes were strikingly different. The left was aloof; the right eye belonged to a fanatic. I had not noticed that much before.

"Gentlemen," said Gehlen, "First things first. Is your young man approved for relevant levels of clearance?"

"You invited him, didn't you?" said Harvey.

"To dinner, perhaps, to reciprocate for a fine dinner, yes, but not to dine out on what I say here."

"He stays," said Harvey. I did not know if Chief's loyalty was to me, or to the sneaky.

"So be it," said Gehlen. "He will remain unless you decide it is unwise, or I deem our colloquy concluded."

"Yes," said Harvey, "we take it step by step."

"Have a smoke," said Gehlen.

He took out a pack of Camels, extracted three cigarettes, and laid them on the desk in front of Harvey. "Dear Bill," he asked, "which one of these coffin nails might distinguish itself to you?"

Harvey examined the offering. "Can't tell without the lab," he said.

"Why don't you," suggested Gehlen, "light the one on the left? Two full puffs. Then, put it out."

"It's your toy. You take it through the hurdles."

"Well, if you are not in the frame of mind to pick up on a sporting chance, I must." The General lit his prize, took the puffs, put it out, and handed the long stub over.

Harvey stripped the cigarette paper carefully. On the inside was a message. Chief read it, nodded casually, as if not much impressed, and handed it over to me.

A short, neatly printed communication was visible:

base chief berlin to pullach
to discuss security of catheter

"Good guess," said Harvey, "but that is not why I am here."

"All the same, are we able to discuss CATHETER?" He looked at me.

Harvey waved a hand in my direction. "Hubbard is cleared."



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"Then sooner or later you will tell me the motive for this visit?"

"Affirmative."

"Let me now hear what I am doing so unhappily."

"Kidding is kidding," said Harvey, "but I want you to get your ass off my pillow."

Gehlen giggled suddenly. It was a high-pitched giggle which leaped like a trapeze artist from grip to flying grip. "I will remember that. I must remember that. English is the treasure. a—what do you phrase it?—the treasure *trove* of rude and gossily vulgar remarks that are—isn't it so?—*bissig*."

"Biting," I said.

"Ah, you speak German?" said the General. "You are one of those rare birds among your countrymen familiar just *ein bisschen* with our foreign tongue."

"Don't count on it," said Harvey.

"I will not. I will put myself in your hands by limping along in my lame English. May I hope it is not also halt and blind."

"It's practically perfect," said Harvey. "Let's go to back-ground."

"Yes. Educate me, then I will educate you."

"We may even be in the same place."

"*Zwei Herzen und ein Schlag*," said General Gehlen.

"Two hearts and one beat," I said hesitatingly after a look from Harvey.

"Can we agree," said Harvey, "on your losses in East Germany these last six months?"

"I think your young man's valiant efforts in German are charming, but I am not prepared to discuss material relevant to BND while he is among us."

"What," asked Harvey, "do you think we talk about in Berlin?"

I could not remember Chief Harvey discussing the BND with me, but Gehlen shrugged, as if that must be an undeniable if disagreeable fact. "All right," he said, "we have had our losses. May I remind you? Before I and my Org entered the picture, 90 percent of all American intelligence concerning the Soviets proved false."

"Your statistic goes back to 1947. We're in 1956. In the last



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year, your Eastern networks have been devastated."

"Such ravages are more apparent," said Gehlen, "than actual. The situation in Berlin tends to misguide one's estimate. Admittedly, Berlin shows interpenetration between BND and SSD. I would have to warn you myself if you did not warn me. The mixture of information and disinformation could approach the chaotic unless"—he held up one fine finger—"unless one possesses my foundation in the tradition of interpretation."

"You know how to read what you get and I don't?"

"No, sir. I am saying that Berlin is a study in the use and abuse of counterespionage. It is an evil city when there are more double agents than agents. Double espionage is equal in difficulty, I always say, to *Kubismus*. Which planes push? Which ones pull?"

"Cubism," I said.

"Yes," said Harvey, "I got it." He had a fit of coughing. "It is not," he said thickly, "your handling of double agents that bothers me. We have a little saying in my office: If it calls for an expert to handle one double agent, Gehlen will take on three and triple them."

"Triple them. Yes. Yes. I like that. You are a demon with your compliments, Mr. Harvey." Again I heard that odd intake of breath, somewhere between moaning and crooning that Dr. Schneider had exhibited once over a chess board.

"It is not your abilities we question," said Harvey, "it is the goddamn situation. You now have a large number of BND operatives in West Germany who have no instruments to play in the East. A large orchestra with no sheet music. So your boys are getting into mischief."

"Whatever are you saying?" asked Gehlen.

"I'm calling it as I see it. In Poland, you've taken a whipping from the KGB; in Czechoslovakia, you have bogged down; and now the SSD has rolled you up in East Germany."

Gehlen held up a hand. "Not true. Simply not true. You are drenched in gross misapprehensions. That is precisely because you listen with one ear, not two. Take away your CATHETER, and you are deaf, blind, and dumb. Since you do not have reliable Intelligence of your own in Germany, you contracted with the English to construct CATHETER. *With the English*, Mr.





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Harvey! The English, who are so feeble a presence these days that they cannot even slap Mr. Philby on the wrist."

"Let's leave the British out of this."

"How can you? British Intelligence is a sieve. MI6 might just as well be based in Moscow. It would be more convenient for everyone. As for MI5, well, I will sit down with you on one of these days when we are absolutely alone and fill you in on their real masters. MI5 is not so healthy as they pretend."

"Are you? Am I?"

"You may be the worst. With your CATHETER! To depend entirely upon intelligence received from such an outrageously overextended venture. To live with a paucity of corroboration from other sources! It is like going into an enemy hospital, lying down on their bed, and hoping that the intravenous they pump into you is glucose, not strychnine."

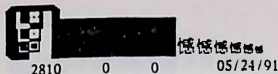
"I'm the one who's studying the input," answered Harvey, "and my professional reputation is committed to the validity of this product. I testify to the primacy of the conversations we tap into. A gold mine of stuff, Gehlen. You'd love to see it. You'd wallow in it."

"I should, indeed, have the opportunity. I am the only man alive on our side who has the accumulation of experience to interpret what is there. My skin starts to crawl when I think of the insights you are obliged to miss because you do not possess the background, nor the backup personnel, nor the German patience to put your hindquarters into a chair and sit there for a year if that is what it takes to come up with the well-balanced answers. All the same, I can think myself into the nature of this operation. Boxes and cartons of transcripts from your CATHE-TER always accumulating because CATHETER never stops spewing and spitting out tapes. Rooms full of dejected people over in your Hosiery Mill, yes, your room T-32 in Washington, all those poor people trying to make sense of it. And from that, you pick what you please, and choose to . . . to sneer, no, to . . . to . . ." and he barked at me, "*anschwärzen*. Translate, please."

"I don't know," I said. I was in some panic. "Pinch nipple?" I asked.

"Yes," said Gehlen, "*denigrate* us. Denigrate us with your





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very much biased selection of useful-for-you *trinkets* out of a mountain of ore. We at the BND are not in the dire straits you paint us. I have agents of a caliber," said Gehlen, "that no one can match. At the Soviet Union desk . . ."

"You mean III-f?" asked Harvey.

"I mean right in our III-f, I have one superior soul. At counterespionage, he is outstanding."

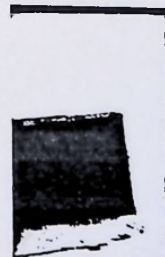
"The fellow you call Fiffi?"

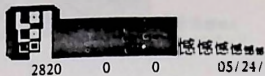
"Yes. You know what you know, and I know what I know, so you have heard about Fiffi. You might give your eye-teeth to have Fiffi. He produces for us what others cannot. Here, Harvey, you are the great American in Berlin, you know every secret of the city, but one. You cannot tell me anything dazzling about KGB Headquarters in Karlshorst, can you? There they are, the *sanctum sanctorum* of the KGB for all of Eastern Europe, right across the line in East Berlin, not twelve kilometers away from you, yet what can you tell me that I cannot learn from an air photograph?"

General Gehlen walked over to what looked like a very large rolled-up movie screen on the wall. From his pocket, he took a key, inserted it with ceremonial precision into a lock on the case enclosing the screen, and pulled down a carefully drawn plan in many colors about eight feet wide by six feet high. "Karlshorst," said Gehlen, "from soup to nuts. My bird Fiffi has acquired his information of this place feather by feather, straw by straw. He updates it. He adds to details. I can, at present, point out for you by name each parking space on their lot for each KGB officer. Here," he said, moving his finger with a quiver of pride and much sense of ownership, to another area. "is the lavatory used by General Dimitrov, and this"—he now walked his fingers over the plan—"is the conference room of the East German Ministry of State Security."

"We," replied Harvey, "obtain transcripts of telephone calls going from that room to Moscow. But, proceed! Tell me about the chairs they put their Red asses on," said Harvey.

"We, by way of Fiffi and his informants, can give a comprehensive weekly report on the state of SSD and KGB intelligence operations, while you are still packing up mountains of undigested slag and shipping them over in cargo planes to the Ho-





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siery Mill. The rapier, not the avalanche, let me remind you, is the appropriate instrument of Intelligence."

"I believe your Fiffi is the best thing," said Harvey, "since Phineas T. Barnum."

"I believe I understand the reference. It is insulting. Every item in Fiffi's map of KGB headquarters that we have been able to corroborate is exact."

"Of course it is," said Harvey. "It's too exact. The KGB is handing it to Fiffi. I can't believe this. You Krauts go crazy over shit-holes. Just because you know where General Dimitrov drops his load in the morning, you think you're holding the crown jewels." He pretended to ponder this. "And your other big act," said Harvey. His face was getting a good deal of color now. "Washington! Let's get into that. You've been sending beaucoup material to Washington from your high source, as you term him, in the Central Committee of the Socialist United Party. I don't believe you command that kind of guy in the highest ranks of the East German Communists."

"Dear Mr. Harvey, since you do not have ingress to my files, you certainly cannot demonstrate how my output is fiction."

"Your large assumption, buddy. I might just have a songbird in the BND. Maybe I know what kind of all-out bluff you're running."

"You have a source in the BND? It is a comedy how many sources we can put into focus concerning your show at Berlin Base."

"Yes," said Harvey, "I'm sure you know which one of our Juniors has just gotten a dose from a German fräulein, provided said Junior has been idiot enough to go to a private doctor. But my key people are clean. My office is sanitized. You do not have the inner picture."

"I ask you to invite your friend Mr. Hubbard to leave us alone for a moment."

"No, we take it as it comes," said Harvey. "I've already discussed this with my aide, and it's shocking. I know you've been telling Washington that CATHETER can be penetrated."

"Of course it can," said Gehlen. "Of course it can. CATHE-TER is so unstable that even hoi polloi of the lowest sort, the riffraff and trash of the agent pool in Berlin can pick up items



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on CATHETER. One day, at one of our minor desks in Berlin, who walks in from the *street* but one of the lowest Berlin riffraff, a piece of total abomination. He knows something about something, he announces to us, and he wants to sell it. My man at the desk in Berlin knew nothing about CATHETER that morning, but by evening, once he had finished debriefing your piece of filth, he knew too much. My man came running to me in Pullach by the night plane. I had to emphasize the solemnity of the classification for him. He is reliable, my man, he will not talk about CATHETER, but what are we to do with your bottom-level agent? He has a history to terrify a psychiatrist."

"Let me see if we are talking about the same fellow," said Harvey. "The father of this so-called riffraff was a pornographic photographer who worked for Nazi officials in Berlin?"

"Continue as you will."

"And the photographer ran into a little trouble?"

"Say what you mean."

"In 1939, he was put into a mental hospital for murdering several of the young women he had photographed."

"Yes, he is the father of the agent in question."

"The agent is young?"

"Yes."

"Too young to fight in the war?"

"Yes."

"But not too young to be a Communist, an anarchist, a student revolutionary, a possible SSD agent, a homosexual, a cellar-bar pervert, and now he is committed to you and to me."

"To you. We wouldn't touch him."

"I'll trade with you. We call him Wolfgang. Cryptonym WILDBOAR. What do you call him? Now that he's walked into your office?"

"Actually, his name is Waenker Lüdke and the name he gave you, Wolfgang, is too close, in its consonants, to his real name, how otherwise? Agents have no sense."

"And the cryptonym?"

"I am already familiar with the cryptonym WILDBOAR that your office bestowed on him. So I do not feel obliged to exchange on this item. You cannot expect me to give something for nothing?"

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"You didn't complain in time," said Harvey. "A bargain is a bargain."

"So, you have to possess our cryptonym? For part of your stamp collection? Here—RAKETENWERFER. You like it?"

"Rocket-launcher," I translated.

"You give your word as a German officer and gentleman that you are telling the truth?" asked Harvey.

Gehlen stood up and clicked his heels. "You honor my sense of honor," he said.

"Horseshit," said Harvey. "I happen to know that you flew over to Washington with this tale about Wolfgang. You wanted the National Security Council to decide that CATHETER had been penetrated. You tried to scourge my backside. I happen, however, to know the real story. This so-called riffraff, this Wolfgang, happens to be one of your best Berlin agents. You had the consummate gall to steer him onto one of our people working in CATHETER."

"You dare not advance this scenario. It will not hold."

"You, General Gehlen, being one of the eighteen Intelligence officers, American, English and German, privy to the conception of CATHETER . . ."

"That was originally. By now, it's one hundred and eighteen, two hundred and eighteen."

"Keep to my point. You, General Gehlen, were in a position to put one of your best penetration agents onto one of my CATHETER technicians."

"How would I know who are your technicians? Have you no security at all?"

"General, now that the BND has messed up in East Germany, your Berlin officers have so little to occupy them that they keep an eye on every last one of my Berlin people. Child's play for you to point your pervert of an agent at my sorry little faggot of a technician, get the two of them photographed in the act, then try to squeeze my sick little fuck-up of a fellow into telling just enough about CATHETER so that your top agent, my WOLFGANG alias your RAKETENWERFER, can go into your General Agency and fool some desk man there, thereby giving you credibility enough to run screaming to Washington with the tainted scenario you just tried to palm off on me."

to utter fragments of ideas into the open air. "Yeah . . . won't work . . . tricky payoff . . . don't add up . . . fry Wolfgang's nuts . . ." That was the limit of the sounds that came out of him for the first half hour after takeoff. Then he spoke at last to me. "Get that tape off your back."

I nodded. In the rear of the cabin, I removed the apparatus, and returned to them. So soon as I handed over the tape recorder, however, Harvey raised his protruding bloodshot eyes. "Kid, how many tapes did I give you?"

"Two, sir."

"Where's the other one?"

"In my travel bag."

"Get it."

"Mr. Harvey, it's in the car with Sam." The bag might be, but the tape of C.G.'s voice describing Mr. Hoover's relations with Mr. Harvey was in my pocket.

His telepathic powers must have been going their ruminative round, for he growled, "There isn't anything recorded on the backup reel, is there? No incidental remarks?"

"No, sir."

"Just a good clean empty tape?"

"Has to be."

"Let's see what you have here." He turned on the beginning of the interview, and ran the fast-forward to Gehlen's last speech. The recording, however, was muffled and offered odd doublings of resonance. Sometimes it sounded like the creak of a rocking chair.

"At the Farm, they didn't teach you to sit still when you're wearing a sneaky?"

"Well, sir, they didn't."

"What I hear best is the twitches in the crack of your ass."

"Do you want me to do a transcript?"

"Is there a typewriter in your apartment?"

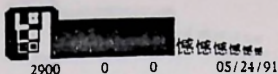
"Yessir."

"I'll drop you off there."

"Wouldn't it be easier at the office?"

"Yes," he said, "but I'm dropping you at your apartment." He commenced a careful study of me after this remark.

"Hubbard," he said, "do yourself a favor."



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"Yessir?"

"Don't leave your apartment."

I looked at C.G. She merely nodded. None of us spoke for the rest of the flight. Nor did he say good-bye when his car left me at the door.

Three hours later he telephoned. "Done the transcript?" he asked.

"Halfway through."

"Can you read the voices?"

"Eighty-five percent."

"Try to do better."

"Yessir."

"Sam phoned in from Bad Hersfeld. Trip report is routine. No BND is following him."

"Yessir."

"I told Sam to inventory your traveling bag."

"Of course, sir."

"He found no tape."

I was silent.

"Provide an explanation."

"Sir, I have none. I must have lost it."

"Stay in your apartment. I'm coming over."

"Yessir."

As soon as he hung up, I sat down. A fiery twinge passed through the canal of my urethra, sharp as a needle from hell. I had been taking oral penicillin in so much quantity that any unpleasant thought was sufficient to make me retch. I was in a pit of gloom, exactly one of those deep and dripping caverns that the dark shadows of Berlin streets seem to propose as one's final lot. My apartment worsened this mood. I had never spent any time in the place. With the exception of Dix Butler, my other roommates and I were almost wholly dissociated, since we were invariably off at work, away at play, or asleep in our separate bedrooms. I knew the scents of their shaving soap in the bathroom better than their voices. After three hours, however, of reconstructing my way through Harvey's interchanges with Gehlen, I could no longer keep to my seat. I began to explore the apartment and learned more about my roommates in twenty minutes than in two months. Since I have not stopped to de-



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scribe them previously, I will not elaborate on them now except to say that there was a unique combination of neatness and slovenliness present in each of them. One fellow, a code clerk, Eliot Zeeler, punctilious in appearance, had a wholly slovenly room with stale underclothes mixed up with stale sheets and blankets in a tangle with shoes; another had all of his mess—dried orange peels, sweatshirts, newspapers, unopened mail, black-ringed coffee cups, laundry cartons, beer bottles, whiskey bottles, wine bottles, an old toaster, a discarded golf bag, and a ripped bolster—all carefully piled into a pyramid in one corner of his room—a social light was this fellow, Roger Turner, well turned out for every party and function that the social resources of the State Department, the Department of Defense, and the Company could offer in West Berlin. I used to pass him coming or going in his dinner jacket. His bed, however, was made, his windows were spotless (which meant he went over the panes himself), and his room was immaculate except for that pyramid of detritus. By contrast, Dix Butler's room was as formally kept as a midshipman's quarters. I said to myself, "I'm going to write Kittredge a letter about all of this," but thinking of her brought me back to Harlot, and thus to Harvey, and my own present and intimate mess. No wonder I was studying the order and disorder of my roommates—I must be looking for a few guidelines to my own. Never did the dilapidated and once prosperous dimensions of these large rooms with their heavy doors, massive lintels, overhanging window-moldings, and high ceilings bother me more. The death of ponderous, middle-class Prussian dreams permeated the odor of these color-deadened carpets, these stuffed chairs with broken arms, the long bier of the living-room sofa with its claw feet, one missing, replaced by a brick. "Couldn't any of us have contemplated the commonweal long enough to put up a painting or a poster?" I asked myself.

Harvey appeared. He had a neat knock. Two quick raps on the door, a pause, two quick raps. He came in with a look for each of the rooms much like a police dog sniffing through a new abode, then sat down on the broken couch, and took a Colt revolver out of his left shoulder holster. He rubbed his armpit. "It's the wrong holster," he said. "The regular one for this piece is over at a Kraut shoemaker. Being resewn."



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"They say you own more handguns than anyone in the Company," I offered.

"They can go kiss my royal petunia," he said. He lifted the Colt from where he had set it beside him on the couch, broke it open, revolved the cylinder, took out the bullets, looked at each one, put each one back, closed the breech, pulled back the hammer far enough to turn the cylinder one round over, then eased the hammer back. If his thumb had slipped, the gun would have gone off. This ceremony succeeded in lifting me right out of my depression and into his adrenaline. "Do you want a drink?" I asked.

He belched for reply. "Let's see the Gehlen transcript." He took a flask from his breast pocket, nipped it, offered me none, and put it back in his jacket. With a pen that wrote in red ink, he corrected the errors I had made. "For conversation like this," he said, "I have total recall."

"It's a faculty," I offered.

"You did a decent job."

"I'm glad."

"All the same, you are marooned in dog shit."

"Chief, I really don't understand. Does this have to do with SM/ONION?"

"Your nifty little scenario does not seem to be holding up. My MI5 man in London thinks Crane was offered a carrot by MI6 and started chewing on it." He belched again and took another nip from his flask. "You dumb stupid son of a bitch," he said, "how did you get into all this?"

"Chief, bring me back on course. I can't follow."

"You are insulting my intelligence. That's worse than outright disloyalty. Have a little respect."

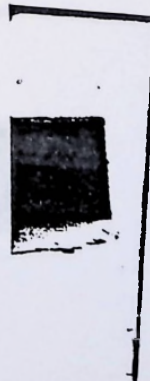
"I do. I have a lot."

"Certain games cannot be tried on me. Know what you need for this profession?"

"No, sir."

"An understanding of light and shadow. When the light shifts, the shadow had better conform. I kept shifting the lights on Gehlen and the shadow didn't move properly. Almost, but not right."

"Will you explain?"



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"I'm going to. You work for the wrong people. You have potential. You should have hooked up with Uncle Bill right here. Like Dix has. I've needed a good inside man for years. It could have been you. Now, it can't. Don't you see, Hubbard, how obvious it was to me that somebody collateral to the immediate picture had to have told Gehlen to let you stay in the room? Gehlen made moves to get you out, but they weren't real. The shadow didn't conform to the light. Do you believe Gehlen would allow that much talk about the BND in front of a Company Junior? Do you think an old fox like Gehlen couldn't spot a sneaky on a beginner like you? Buddy, if I had really needed a transcript, I would have put the sneaky on me and hid it in a way that would never be picked up. I put it on you to see if he'd choose to flush it. He didn't."

"You're not suggesting that I am linked in any way with Gehlen?"

"You are somewhere in the floor plan."

"Why would he ask for me to be brought down to Pullach if he were working with me?"

"Double gambit, that's all. Hubbard, there's a time to talk. It's getting close for you."

"I'm bewildered," I said. "I think games are going on, and I don't even know which piece I am. I have nothing to tell."

"I'll give you something to digest. You are under surveillance. You dare not leave this apartment. You have my permission to go quietly crazy here. Drink all you want. Get the DTs, and then come to me. In the interim, offer up a little prayer. Every night. Hope and pray that CATHETER stays secure. Because if it blows, people are going to be up on charges all over the place, and there is no way you won't be one of the candidates. You could end with your keister in a military can."

He stood up, returned his Colt to the holster that chafed, and left me alone. I tried to compose myself by going to work on a transcript of C.G.'s tape.

It took a couple of hours, and I had barely finished before the first of my roommates arrived from work. Then, for the next couple of hours, they were coming and going. Roger Turner was engaged to an American girl who worked for the overseas division of General Motors in Berlin, and he was excited. Her par-



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ents, in Europe on a visit, were meeting him tonight. Dressed in a pinstripe gray flannel for this occasion, he was taking them to a cocktail party at the Danish Embassy; Eliot Zeeler, out to improve his colloquial German, was on his way to the UFA Pavilion on the Kufu to see *Around the World in Eighty Days* which had just won an Academy Award, and was being presented, Eliot assured me, in German subtitles, thereby offering an enjoyable means of improving one's colloquial competence. Did I wish to accompany him? I did not—I didn't tell him that I couldn't. My other roommate, Miles Gambetti, whom I rarely saw, phoned in to ask if there were any messages. He had described himself on the one occasion we talked as a "glorified bookkeeper," but Dix upgraded that. "He's the accountant who watch-dogs our Berlin proprietaries. The KGB would take a crack at Miles if they knew what he did."

"Why?"

"Because once you pick up on how the money is allotted, you can draw a good picture. KGB can name our banks here, and our airline, the religious groups we fund, the magazines, the newspapers, the cultural foundations, probably even the journalists we pipe into, and they have a window on the labor union officials we own. But how much do we allot to each? That shows the real intent. Hell, if I was KGB, I would kidnap Miles."

I was thinking of this conversation now that the night was on me and I was alone in the apartment. Indeed, in curious fashion, I clung to Dix's remark, and pondered the work and functions of Miles Gambetti (who had a most neutral presence, neither handsome nor ugly, neither tall nor short) because I now needed some sense of the size of all our activities, not only in Berlin but in Frankfurt and Bonn, in Munich, in all the Army bases where we had dummy working slots, all the American consulates in Germany, all the corporations where we might have a man or two, I needed some sense of my work as small and in its place, not large, not damned, not doomed. So I prayed that Chief's powers of exaggeration equaled his bulk and I was but a passing mote in his eye. Alone in the apartment, I felt as alone as I had ever been.

Dix dropped by to change his clothes. He was off for the evening. He invited me along. This time I explained that I was



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restricted to quarters. He whistled. He looked sympathetic, so sympathetic in fact that I began to distrust him. He was Harvey's man, I reminded myself. I, who had always been able to calculate my loyalties, and the loyalty of the members of my family as closely as a table of organization (so that it never mattered if you liked a particular cousin or not—depending on the preordained relation you would call upon, or pay out, whatever sum of loyalty was involved) now felt as unattached as a bubble in a bowl of soup.

I also knew that loyalty was of small concern to Dix. Tomorrow he might turn me in, but tonight he could feel compassion.

"You had to fuck up big," he said, "to buy a house arrest."

"Can you keep it to yourself."

"How not?" He repeated this with pleasure. "How not?" That had to be a new phrase. Picked up from a drunken Englishman, no doubt. A month ago, he had traded quips with a Russian tank colonel at the Balhaus Resi who spoke only enough English to keep saying "Of course! Vy not?" Butler had loved that. You could ask him anything for the next two days. "Will we win the Cold War?" "Should we have Irish whiskey with our coffee?"—dependably, he would reply, "Of course! Vy not?" So I knew now that I would hear "How not?" for the next week—if there was a next week. I might be coming to the end of all such weeks as this. I might be out of a job—I saw my father's eyes. I might be in jail—I saw my mother's picture hat on visiting day. I was like a man who has been told by his doctor that the disease is, all odds carefully reviewed, incurable. This verdict keeps returning in quantum packets. One plays solitaire, one chats, one listens to music—then, the dire news washes back like haze over one's mood.

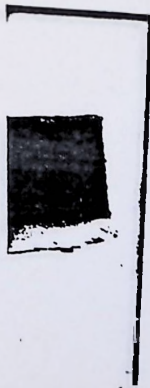
I clung to the five minutes Dix Butler would be in the apartment.

"Well, what is up?" he insisted.

"I've thought it over. I can't tell you. I'll fill you in when it's over."

"All right," he said, "I'll wait. But I am wondering." He looked ready to leave. "Anything I can do for you? Want me to bring Ingrid over?"

"No," I said.





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He grinned.

"If you run into Wolfgang," I said, "talk him into coming here."

"Dubious."

"Will you try?"

"Since you ask, yes." I had the feeling he would not try.

"One more thing," I said. I felt as if someone who had lived alone in this large apartment for years had died here, and it had been a long and lingering death. No one had been at peace in these rooms since. "Yes, one more thing," I said. "You mentioned that you would let me see Rosen's letters."

"Why do you want them now?"

I shrugged. "For diversion."

"Yes," he said, "that's right. All right." But I could see he was reluctant. He went to his room, closed the door, came out, locked the door, and handed me a thick envelope. "Read it tonight," he said, "and when you're done, slip it back under the sill."

"I'll read in this room," I said, "and if anybody unfamiliar knocks, anyone official, that is, I'll put the letter under your door before I go to answer."

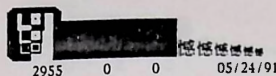
"Approved," he said.

14 |

Dear Dix.

Well, here I am on hotshot duty in TSS, and there you are, honcho number one to the big man in Berlin. Congratulations. The old training group PQ 31 is doing all right for itself, even if PQ has to stand for *peculiar*—which is what I can say about my





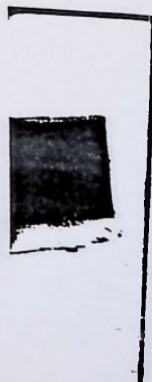
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work now. Dix, procedure for this letter and any other I send you, is BAP. (which in case you forgot is Burn After Perusal). I don't know if work at TSS deserves to be as hush-hush as is presented to us here, but it is certainly a special place. Only geniuses need apply—how did they ever miss you? (Before you get too pissed off, recognize that I mean it.) The overseer for all us Mensa types is Hugh Montague, the old OSS legend, and he's an odd one, remote as Mt. Everest, confident as God. I can't imagine what would happen if you ever tangled with him. Anyway, TSS is but part of his *demesne*, which I deliver as a gift to your love of big words. (*Demesne* is the etymological origin of domain, that is, the lands belonging to the Lord *for which he pays no rent*.) Montague, so far as I can see, pays no rent. He reports only to Dulles. Over at Top Sanctum Sanctorum (true meaning of TSS), we tend to be savage in our opinions of everybody, but on Montague, we agree. Unlike many in the Company, he is no dedicated brown-noser.

Which reminds me. Are you the guy, confess! Are you the guy who wrote on the latrine wall at the Farm, "Rosen is the anagram for Noser, as in Brown-Noser. Keep your nares clean, Army." That one ticked me off, I admit it. I'm sure it was you, you see, because of the use of "nares." Dix, you are one cruel son of a bitch. I know how much I value our friendship because I choose to forgive you. I would not forgive anyone else. But I want you to recognize that the allegation is unfair. Because, whatever I am, abrasive, unfeeling of the sore spots of others, too pushy (New York Jew with a lot to do—I know!), but whatever I am, whatever my faults, I am not a brown-noser. In fact, I defeat myself by being rude to superiors. We're alike that way. And I do not forgive most people who bitch me. I like to think they live to regret it.

Anyway, I don't want to be boring on this. I recognize your ambition. I even believe that some day, we two outriders, very much on the flank, having not been born with a silver espionage spoon in our mouth like Harry, may own two big pieces of the Agency. Equal to Montague and Harvey when our time comes.

Montague fascinates me. I've only seen him a few times, but his wife is an absolute beauty, and they whisper around here that she's the only true genius the Company has got, in fact, they say



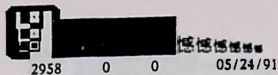


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she's made Freud twice as complicated as he used to be, although of course that's hard to believe. One of the Company ills I'm beginning to observe is too much self-exaggeration of our own worth. We're not in a position to measure ourselves, after all. In any case, nobody can say to a certainty what Hugh Montague does. His working moniker—I don't believe it's a cover name or cryptonym, or any one of the variants for cable use—but they do call him Harlot. I guess it's because he's involved in so many things. A true demesne. No rent, no bureaucratic accountability. He's got his own piece of Counter-Intelligence which drives the Soviet Russia Division crazy, and then, he has other people spotted all over the Company. His enemies in TSS say he's trying to be a Company within the Company. Dix, you have to spend time in Washington to learn the ropes. You see, in theory, the Company, bureaucratically speaking, is all posted territory, but Dulles is soft on old OSS heroes and friends, and besides, he doesn't really like bureaucracy. So he creates independent movers and shakers. Knights-Errant, he calls them. They are empowered to cut across categories. Harlot is most definitely a Knight-Errant. They say he is looked upon as the spook's spook in the Company. The inner poop that we get over at TSS (where we're supposed to *know!*) is that Dulles speaks of him as "Our Noble Phantom." Dix, I have to hand it to you. I used to laugh in the beginning at the way you were gung ho about certain words, but I'm beginning to see the light. Where I went to school, everyone knew the words, so my education may have left me a little too complacent about the real powers of vocabulary. I'm beginning to think *le mot juste* is the Archimedean lever that moves the world. At least, this is true for the Company, I swear.

Back to TSS. I find an unholy desire to tell you about the worst fiasco we ever had, which is why this letter has to be Ultra-BAP. It could fry my *kishkes* if read by the wrong eyes. Do not bother about the meaning of *kishkes*. That is argot from Yiddish and will advance nothing you're interested in. I mention it only because the nominal head of TSS is named Gottlieb, and *kishkes* is the only Jewish word I ever heard him use. Of course, they assigned me to him—I guess they figure we have something in common. Well, not all that much. Some Jews are deep in





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tradition like my family, which is half religious-orthodox, half socialist—typically Jewish, ha, ha—but some Jews go in the other direction. They become mirrors of their culture. (Like me!) Like Disraeli, the British Prime Minister under Queen Victoria, born of Jewish parents, but they say he had the best upper-class English accent of anyone in the British Isles.

Well, Gottlieb is like that except he's cosmic in scope, interested in everything. Odd! He lives on a farm outside of Washington and gets up every morning to milk his goats. The farmhouse itself used to be a slave cabin, but Gottlieb is a Sunday carpenter, so it's big enough now to house his family. Mrs. Gottlieb, incidentally, spent her childhood in India. That may be the explanation for the goats! She's the daughter of Presbyterian missionaries. Gottlieb also raises Christmas trees. And he has a club foot, but loves all the same to square dance. He's only a chemist with a degree from City College, but he's nonetheless a genius. Which is why in summary he sounds like nothing but pieces and parts. I must say, he messed up. Of course, only a genius can when in concert with another genius like Hugh Montague. It actually happened three years ago, but it's still the worst-kept secret at TSS. You can't go out with a colleague for a drink and get a little intimate without being told The Story. I find it interesting. There's some principle of reverse-morale here. Montague is so elevated that I think The Story makes him human for us. Of course he only failed in a judgment call. He put his bet on Gottlieb, and Sidney did the damage.

Here's the *gen*. (Old OSS word for poop.) Three years ago the big rumor at TSS was that the Sovs had synthesized some magic drug. They could not only control the behavior of their agents, but could fix a spy's memory to self-destruct upon capture. They also had schizophrenia-inducing chemicals to free their agents from all moral concerns. Isn't this what Communism is all about anyway! The magic drug is in the ideology! Anyway, Gottlieb had come upon a physical substance that turns a few corners in schizophrenia. It is called Lysergic acid Diethylamide, LSD for short, and TSS people harbor the hope that it will become our wonder drug, since present techniques of debriefing enemy agents are too slow. Allen Dulles wants a chemical spigot to turn a defector on and off. Kind of a truth



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cocktail. LSD inspires one to tell the truth.

Now, it's hard to be sure, Dix, because I only acquired this at several removes, but Gottlieb seems to have had a honey of a theory, worked out in collaboration with Mrs. Montague and her theories. It is built on the premise that the psychic wall which schizophrenia builds to close off communication between opposite parts of the personality is composed of an immense number of lies, and the truth is encysted behind it. Any drug that can induce schizophrenia might also, if used on a start-stop-start-stop basis, induce enough of a vibration in the lies of that schizophrenic wall to shake it and, conceivably, crack it. More normal people, in contrast, only choose the lies that will keep their ego intact. By the Gottlieb-Gardiner theory, a defector's wall, whether psychotic or normal, can be shattered by the use of LSD. First, however, Gottlieb had to test the compatibility of LSD to his purpose. He and a few colleagues tried it on one another, but they were aware of the experiment. Unwitting LSD recipients were what was needed.

So, one night at a small cocktail party a TSS researcher managed to slip a dose of LSD into a pony of Cointreau that a contract scientist was drinking. The victim was not witting of the experiment. Now, I don't know his name—that fact is sealed, but let's call him what he is—VICTIM.

As it turned out, he did not react well. VICTIM returned to his home in a state of agitation. A very disciplined man, he fought the effects of the LSD. No symptoms of overt derangement presented themselves. The only manifestation was that he could not sleep. Then he began to tell his wife that he had made terrible mistakes. Only he could not specify what they were. After a couple of days, he was so agitated that Gottlieb sent him to New York to see one of our psychiatrists. Gottlieb's own deputy stayed with VICTIM in a New York hotel room. VICTIM, however, got worse and worse. Finally, right in front of his keeper, he took a running dive through a closed window and crashed ten stories to his death. They gave his widow and children a government pension, and Gottlieb got away with a slap on the wrist. Montague sent a memo to Dulles: Formal punishment would tend to interfere with "that most necessary spirit of initiative and outright enthusiasm so prerequisite to this work."

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Dulles did send a personal letter to Gottlieb scolding him for poor judgment, but no copy of this letter—at least so goes the gen—ever landed in Gottlieb's file. Sidney is in fine shape at TSS these days.

I had a strong reaction to the letter. I could read no further. The fear that I was being used by Harlot in careless fashion had just been confirmed. VICTIM kept falling in my mind.

I had to reach a secure phone. Harvey had told me I was now being watched, but that was not certified, and Butler on several occasions had been caustic about the weakness of our surveillance personnel. It might be worth a chance. I put on my coat and went out the door. Immediately, I let myself back in. I had not only forgotten to slide Rosen's letter under Butler's door, but had neglected to put away C.G.'s transcript and tape. These tasks accomplished, I went out again, with considerably less confidence in my clarity of mind.

A cab came by as I reached the curb, and I jumped in. We had not gone a tenth of a mile before I realized that this taxi could have been waiting on the street expressly for me. So I paid him off, darted up an alley, turned in the middle to see if I was being followed, and leaped in my heart as a cat jumped off a backyard fence.

Nothing stirred, however, and so far as I could see by the light that came into the alley from the back windows of tenements on either side, nothing was in sight. So I walked back to where I had entered the alley, and the cab I had paid off was still waiting. I strolled past to catch the driver's eye and he gave me a casual Berlin turn of his hand.

I leaned into his window, however, and said, "*Zwei Herzen und ein Schlag!*" At which he started his motor and drove away quickly.

This comedy proved felicitous to my mood. I no longer felt I was being followed and stepped along briskly for half a mile, occasionally doubling back on my steps. Then I took a cab directly to the Department of Defense, signed and made my way along the hall to the secure phone.

At the canal house, Kittredge answered. "Harry, is it you?"

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she asked hesitantly, and added, "Do I sound as odd?" Her voice was fluted by the scrambler.

"Well, how *are* you?" I asked. My leg was beginning to quiver at the risk of expressing more. "Oh, God," I told myself, "I'm hopelessly in love." Even a cruel distortion of her voice gave me pleasure.

"It's forever since you've been away," she said. "I miss you outrageously."

"So do I."

"I can't hear you," she replied. "You sound underwater. Am I pressing some wrong button?"

"Haven't you used this kind of phone before?"

"No, it's Hugh's. I wouldn't dare go near. I thought it was him calling. He's in London, you see. Left yesterday."

"Can you help me to reach him?"

"Harry, I'm amazed he even told me which continent he's on."

"So you don't know if he's coming to Berlin?"

"He will. He asked if I had any sweet word to pass on to you. 'Give him *mille baisers*,' I told Hugh."

She began to laugh. I decided she couldn't possibly have said that.

"When Hugh calls," I limited myself to saying, "tell him that we have to talk. It's urgent."

"Don't be surprised," Kittredge said, "if he drops in on you first. But, Harry . . ."

"Yes."

"When you see him, don't complain. He hates complaints."

"Well," I said, "I won't." Speaking to her, my troubles did not seem as near.

"I have wonderful news," she said, "which I'll impart to you on a better occasion."

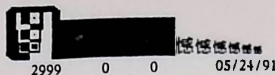
"Give me a hint."

"Well, before too long, I'm going on leave of absence."

"To do what?"

"Oh, Harry," she said, "just think of me as being in Hong Kong."

Was she going undercover? Into Asia? I had instant visions of Kittredge in some opium den with Russian and British and



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Chinese operators.

"Will I see you?"

"Tell Hugh to take you back with him."

"He can't do that. I would have to get clearance from Harvey."

"Hugh does not look at obstacles in the way others do," she said.

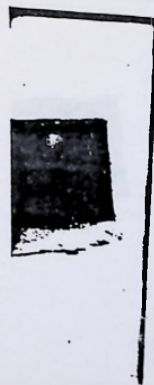
At this point, the Scrambler-Descrambler must have started to spark, for a great deal of static came over the line. We said good-bye in a series of staccato echoes. "Good-bye, can you hear me? Good-bye."

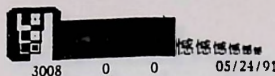
As I came out of the main door of the Department of Defense, I could see two men in dull gray overcoats standing about one hundred feet apart on the other side of the street. I took a sharp left and walked at a good pace to the corner. There I wheeled around abruptly. They had not moved. I turned the corner and peeked back. They still had not moved.

I walked down the block, then retraced my steps to peer around the corner again. The two men were gone. I started to walk at random but now with the most overpowering certainty that I was not without a tail. I must have been in the hands of experts, however, for I saw nothing. If I had a sixth sense it was certainly not located between my ears.

A cab was going by and I took it. On the way home I thought of looking for Wolfgang. I had no idea what I would do when I found him, nor did I have much sense of whether he would prove an aid to my fortunes, to Bill Harvey's or, for that matter, to General Gehlen's. I wanted to see him, however—if only to initiate an action. The desire came over me as powerfully as hunger for a cigarette on the day you are giving them up. Of course, I did not know where to locate Wolfgang. I could never find the alley of the cellar bar nor even, probably, its neighborhood. The place had been a distance off the Kufu, and good luck to all the miles of alleys and bomb-scarred housing off the Kufu. I gave up the idea with all the pain of relinquishing a true vocation—I felt not unlike a saint who has failed to climb the mountain chosen for his revelation.

I also contained a feeling, however, dull as lead, but indubitably weighty, that I should hurry home. The actual sight of my





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street, however, increased anxiety, for on the block, a respectful distance from my doorway, were the same two men who had been waiting outside the Department of Defense. Of course, there was nothing to do about them but go up to my apartment.

Five minutes later, the phone rang.

"Glad you're in," said Harlot. "You didn't seem to be half an hour ago."

"I was in the loo. Can't hear the phone from there."

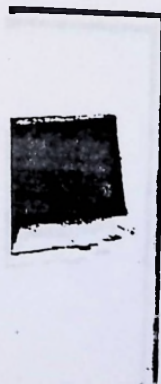
"Well, I'll send a car. The driver is called Harry. Harry will pick up Harry. In twenty minutes."

"I'm not supposed to leave the premises," I said.

"In that case," said Harlot, "I authorize you to go downstairs. Be prompt." He hung up.

15 | I waited through an odd twenty minutes, all too aware of how the films one had seen could, on occasion, command as large a part of one's brain as family and upbringing. I expected the two men on the street to knock at any moment on my door. I waited for Bill Harvey to arrive. I could also visualize Dix Butler coming into the living room accompanied by Wolfgang. Ingrid now entered the movie of my mind with the clear announcement that she had quit her husband for me. I listened with whole attention to the oaths of a drunk in the street below, but nothing ensued. Just the hoot of a lout. Time went by. When the twenty minutes were almost gone, I took C.G.'s transcript and went downstairs.

Harlot drove up in a Mercedes. "Get in," he said. "I'm Harry." He moved for only a few feet before stopping beside one of the men in the surveillance team. "It's all right," he told them. "Go home now. I'll call you as soon as I need you."





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Then we accelerated down the street. "I'm debating whether we can talk at my hotel," he said. "It's reasonably safe and they don't exactly know who I am, although it never pays to underestimate anyone in Berlin, as I'm sure you've discovered by now."

We drove in silence for a time. "Yes, let's go there," Harlot decided. "We can drink in the Lounge. There's no way the management would ever put up with the installation of any bugs. The woodwork is too precious. In the bedrooms, yes, but never the Lounge, not at the Hotel Am Zoo. It's an old place," said Harlot, "and nicely reconstructed. The *portier* is an exceptional fellow, I can tell you. Why, the last time I was here, there were no places available on commercial planes flying out of Berlin. And, for reasons of no concern to you, I did not wish to use the Air Force. Not that week. So I asked the *portier* to see what he could do. Two hours later, I came by his desk and he was beaming. 'Dr. Taylor,' he tells me, 'I managed to get you the very last seat out of Berlin, Lufthansa, this afternoon. In Hamburg you will connect with Scandinavian Airlines directly to Washington.' He was so obviously pleased that I had to ask him how he did it. 'Oh,' he said, 'I told the ticket office that you, Dr. Taylor, are the famous American poet, and it is absolutely essential that you be able to attend the Gisenius concert in Hamburg this evening! The rest is easy. Scandinavian Airlines has boodles of seats for America. You will be able to stretch out.' Yes," said Harlot, "that sort of skill is disappearing all over the place."

"And Dr. Taylor was your cover name?"

"Obviously." He seemed annoyed that I had not enjoyed his story more. "What impresses you about the choice of Dr. Taylor?"

"*Schneider* is the word for tailor. Are you that close to Gehlen?"

Harlot looked to be at a rare loss. "Do you know," he said, "it could have been unwitting."

I made no reply. I was not sure of anything I felt. "Well," he added. "Gehlen is awful, and I really can't bear that slippery sort of complacency you find in ex-Nazis who've gotten away with it. They carry such a subtle strain of self-pity. But all the same, Harry, I work with Gehlen closely. He's good at his job."

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and you have to respect that. The task is Sisyphean in its difficulties."

"I'm not sure he's all that good at his work anymore," I said.

"In my opinion, he is no longer a match for Harvey."

"Oh, dear, you will always be loyal to whomever you work for. It's that Cal Hubbard strain. Pure bulldog. Except you're mistaken. I happen to have gone over the transcript Gehlen sent me, and I can promise you, given what each man had to lose and gain, Gehlen came off well. Harvey was an impetuous fool to tip his hand on Wolfgang."

"I still don't understand how you can put up with Gehlen."

"Oh, anyone else with such a life would show no redeeming qualities. I choose to breathe on the ember of humanity I see in that little German."

We had come to the hotel. He left the car for the doorman, and steered me directly to the Lounge. "I had," I said as soon as we sat down, "a talk with Mrs. Harvey. It's here in this transcript. I think it's what you want." He pocketed the papers and the tape without looking at them. That annoyed me. I may have been reluctant to do the job, but I wanted to be praised on how well I had brought it off. "She's loyal to her husband," I said. "So I don't know that you'll find whatever it is you're looking for."

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

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

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

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



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"How much trouble am I in?"

"None," he stated.

"For certain?"

"Ninety-five percent." He nodded. "Tomorrow morning Bill Harvey and I have an appointment."

"Will I be there?"

"Most certainly not. But it will go the way I expect it to go, and in the late afternoon, you and I are booked to take the Air Force shuttle to Frankfurt and connect there with Pan American overnight for Washington. You'll be one of my assistants until we decide what you should do next. Congratulations. I cast you into the pit and you've survived."

"Have I?"

"Oh, yes. You don't know how opposed was your father to the idea of sending you to Berlin. But I told him you'd come out all right, and better prepared. Of course, you mightn't have gotten through it without me, but then you wouldn't have been parboiled if I had not been the chef."

"I don't know that I'm altogether out of it yet." My gonorrhea gave a mocking twinge. As I sipped my drink, I remembered that liquor was supposed to be antipathetic to penicillin. To hell with that. There was unexpected warmth in the Slivovitz.

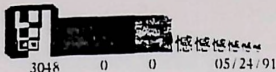
"I'll get you a room at the Am Zoo for tonight," said Harlot. "Do you have a lot of things at your apartment to take home with you?"

"Only the clothes I brought. There hasn't been time to buy anything."

"Go by your place tomorrow after I've seen Harvey, and do the packing then. After all, if Harvey finds out tonight that you've left the premises, he could send a couple of baboons to pick you up."

"Yes," I said. I was feeling anesthetized by the liqueur. I had thought I was full of a good many feelings for Bill and C. G. Harvey, but now they did not seem to exist. I didn't know the beginning of what I was doing, nor would I now know the end. Intelligence work did not seem to be theater so much as the negation of theater. Chekhov once said that an audience who saw a hunting gun above the mantel in the first act expected it to be fired by the last act. No such hope for me.





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"Why are you opposed to CATHETER?" I asked.

He looked around. CATHETER was still a dubious subject for conversation in a public room.

"There's a movement now in climbing," he said, "that I abominate. A team tackles a straight wall that offers no holds. But they take along a hand-drill and screw a bolt into the rock. Then they cinch themselves up and drill a hole for the next bolt. It takes weeks to do something major, but any farm boy who can bear the drudgery now becomes an important climber. There's your CATHETER," he whispered.

"I must say that your friend General Gehlen did not like what CATHETER was able to tell us. Especially what it had to disclose about the weaknesses of the East German railway system." Now I was whispering.

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

"But isn't it our priority in Europe to know when the Soviets might attack?"

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

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

"Yes, Bill's interests are contradictory. There's no one more anti-Communist than Harvey, but on the other hand, he has to keep speaking up for CATHETER even when it tells us what we don't wish to hear."

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

"Well, Harry, not a mind that merely verifies what is true and not true. The aim is to develop teleological mind. Mind that dwells above the facts; mind that leads us to larger purposes. Harry, the world is going through exceptional convulsions. The twentieth century is fearfully apocalyptic. Historical institutions





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that took centuries to develop are melting into lava. Those 1917 Bolsheviks were the first intimation. Then came the Nazis. God, boy, they were a true exhalation from Hell. The top of the mountain blew off. Now the lava is starting to move. You don't think lava needs good railroad systems, do you? Lava is entropy. It reduces all systems. Communism is the entropy of Christ, the degeneration of higher spiritual forms into lower ones. To oppose it, we must, therefore, create a fiction—that the Soviets are a mighty military machine who will overpower us unless we are more powerful. The truth is that they will overpower us, if the passion to resist them is not regenerated, by will if necessary, every year, every minute."

"But how do you know you are right?"

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

"And where do you get them?"

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

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

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

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

"Yes."

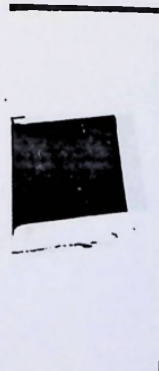
"Pack. I'll pick you up at your apartment in exactly an hour. The hotel bill is paid." Then, he added, "You are going to learn a few things in the next year."

My education commenced not a minute after I returned to the apartment. Dix Butler was alone and pacing about in a fearfully bad mood. "What's happened to Harvey?" he asked. "I've got to see him, and he won't even pick up the phone."

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

"Give my respects to your father," he said.

I nodded. There was no need to explain that on this day one might also take into account my godfather. "You," I replied,



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"seem somewhat upset."

"Well," he announced, and this was all the preamble he offered, "Wolfgang is dead."

I thought my voice was coming forth, but it wasn't. I asked, "Violent end?" I did manage to say that.

"He was beaten to death."

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

"Some old lover."

I went back to my valise.

"Or," said Butler, "them."

"Who?"

"BND."

"Yes," I said.

"Or," said Butler, "us."

"No."

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

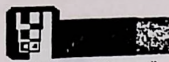
"I'll send you my new address in Washington," I told him.

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

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

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

16 | On the flight across the Atlantic, Harlot was in a splendid mood. "I must say," he told me in the confidential tone of a dean passing on a rich whisper at commencement. "it



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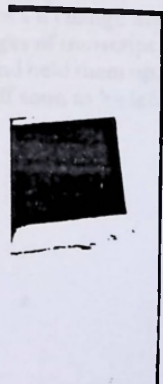
proved to be quite a meeting with your friend BOZO."

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

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

"So I looked into Harvey's file. Right there, in his 201, is a full account of how he was obliged to resign from the FBI. You know the story. You recorded all that stuff from C.G.'s own lips. But I can see by the way you nod your head that you recall it all. So do I. Every detail that C.G. imparted to you proved to be precisely the same as the version in his 201 file. I anticipated that would be the case when I put you on to C.G. in the first place. Consider what it means. Her version of events, as related in 1956, coincided perfectly with his account in 1947 when he first came to the Agency. It's as if an overlay had been traced over the original version. He obviously spoon-fed the 201 version to his new bride when they got together, and I suspect he reinforced it by repeating the same story to her from time to time. There's the clue. One of the few rules you can count on in our work is that a story will conform in every detail to its earlier version only if the initial account has been artfully fabricated and carefully repeated."

"That's all very well," I said, "but when you arrived in Berlin, you couldn't know whether I had had the opportunity to



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speak to C.G."

"I was coming over," said Harlot, "ready or not. Your situation was obviously falling apart. Besides, there was all that friction between Harvey and Pullach. Gehlen was playing an awfully fancy game. So, I had to take the trip even if I had no more in hand than my preconceptions. So C.G.'s transcript proved to be wonderfully fortifying. A talisman. I kept it in my breast pocket all through breakfast with Bill. It gave me further conviction that I knew the man I was dealing with.

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

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

"I had a sneaky on me I did not expect him to locate. A KGB toy the Russians have been testing in Poland. You install it in the hollowed-out heel of your shoe. Battery, microphone, the works. But we're ahead of ourselves. Point is that breakfast—Campari and croissants for Bill, one soft-boiled egg for me—didn't tarry too long on the amenities. We soon moved over to the opening insults. 'Hey, buddy,' he tells me, 'I cut my teeth on dark-alley operations in Hell's Kitchen while you Oh-So-Socials were eating crumpets with English buggers! Ho, ho, ho!' Tells me he's a three-martini man at lunch, 'a double, a double, and a double, ho, ho, ho!' I ask him which gun he's laying on the table. He says, 'It's not the gun, it's the hollow-nose bullets. I'll change my gun,' he informs me, 'before I'll change my shirt.' "

At this point, Harlot took a few pages of transcript from his breast pocket, peeled off the first two, and held them up. "Well," he said, "it's there now. Typed it myself soon as he left. Always

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get your tapes on paper as quickly as you can. It clarifies what happened. As I look at this little text, I keep thinking of Bill's buttercup mouth, so much at odds with the vile spew he spits. Oh, was he primed to go! He thought he had me." With that, he handed over the first two pages. "Figure out the *dramatis personae* for yourself," he said.

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

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

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

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

SON-IN-LAW: You are covered with protégé juices. Your protégé is, to be precise, in one fuck of a lot of trouble. You see, I know who SM/ONION is by now. Protégé confessed. Aren't you ashamed of yourself?

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

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

GHOUL: Nobody has confessed. Nothing to confess to. This Wolfgang person is not in your custody. I received a call at 6:00 A.M. from the south of Germany. The so-called piss-bar pervert is dead.

(Long silence.)

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

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

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the cards I actually am holding. They're stronger than you think. You could not squeak through if you were fluttered.

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

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

"Wait?"

"Yes."

"For how long?"

"Oh," said Harlot, "years."

"Yessir."

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

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

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

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

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

"Actually, it's thirty-eight eighty-two," he said, and with no transition, added, "Do you mind if I elaborate on a point I was attempting to make last night?"

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

"I would remind you," said Harlot, "that the true force of the Russians has little to do with military strength. We are vulnerable to them in another way. Burgess, Philby, and Maclean proved it. Can you conceive how badly it sat in me that Bill Harvey was right about that gang and I was wrong? Yet I had to recognize that Bill perceived something I missed, and in time it became one abominable thesis: The better your family, the more closely you must be examined as a security risk. For the Russians are able to get their licks in on whatever is left of the Christian in many a rich swine. It goes so deep—this simple idea that nobody on earth should have too much wealth. That's exactly what's satanic about Communism. It trades on the noblest vein in Christianity. It works the great guilt in us. At the core, we Americans are even worse than the English. We're drenched in guilt. We're rich boys, after all, with no background, and we're playing around the world with the hearts of the poor. That's tricky. Especially if you have been brought up to believe that the finest love you will ever come near goes back to the sentiments of Christ washing the feet of those same poor people."

"How would you feel," I asked, "if I said these things? Wouldn't you wonder which side I was working for?" My thwarted curiosity still lay like lead on my stomach.

"If I thought I was on the wrong side," he answered, "I would feel obliged to defect. I do not wish ever to work for evil. It is evil to recognize the good, and continue to work against it. But, make no mistake," he told me, "the sides are clear. Lava is lava, and spirit is spirit. The Reds, not us, are the evil ones, and so they are clever enough to imply that they are in the true tradition of Christ. They are the ones who work at kissing the feet of the poor. Absolute poppycock. But the Third World buys it. That's because the Russians know how to merchandise one crucial commodity: Ideology. Our spiritual offering is finer, but their marketing of ideas proves superior. Here, those of us who are serious, tend to approach God alone, each of us, one by one, but the Soviets are able to perform the conversion en masse. That is because they deliver the commonweal over to man, not God. A disaster. God, not man, has to be the judge. I will always believe that. I also believe that even at my worst, I am still

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working, always working, as a soldier of God."

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

"Of course."

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

"Oh, don't you know. All that is subtended by faith," said Hugh. "The simple subtends the complex. If not for my faith, I could wield a damned good Kierkegaardian dialectic. Why not say that the U.S.S.R., because it preaches atheism, is in no position to corrupt religion? So, unbeknownst to itself, it is the true bulwark of God. Religious conviction in a Communist environment has to be luminous in its beauty. After all, you have had to acquire it at such personal cost. Russia, therefore, has the social climate to create martyrs and saints, whereas we spawn evangelists. Harry, give in to Kierkegaard's dialectic just once and you're in a lot of trouble. It's worrisome. The possibility that we will all be terminated in a nuclear opera does make our average citizen go all out for pleasure. The truth is that the West builds pleasure palaces faster than churches. A secret desire begins to grow: Maybe there will be no judgment! Should the world blow up, God's faculties will also be atomized. Such may be the unconscious belief. So, the quality of work deteriorates. Everywhere, work deteriorates. Eventually, that has to hurt us much more than it will hurt the Russians. Lava has no need of quality." He sighed again—a long meditative note on the instrument of his voice, and was silent, then cracked his knuckles. "In any event," he said with a smile, "it is wise to celebrate a victory by reviewing morose thoughts. That keeps the devils away." He reached over and thumped my knee. "I'm nervous," he added, "because I feel twice blessed. That, dear boy, is asking for it. You see, quite beyond my good morning with Harvey, there's another matter. I'm your godfather, am I not?"

"Yessir."

"Been a good one?"

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"Superior."

"Well, now, return the favor."

"Hugh?"

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

The plane flew on.

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

"You are Kittredge's choice fully as much if not more than you are mine."

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

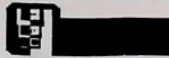
I was numb. I felt nothing. I wondered if I was going to die before I found out what happened with Bill Harvey. Indeed, it would take more than eight years before I would get to know the contents of the full transcript.

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WASHINGTON

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months of pregnancy. Her fine features were now enriched by the livelier colors of her character. I could feel the woman within—by which blank check of a phrase I try to pass over the more intimate grasp I now had of what it might mean to go to bed with Kittredge. My night with Ingrid had given some necessary dollop of gross sophistication—I knew that Kittredge was not only this ineffable array of the loveliest manners and graces, but had a body that could shape itself to mine and (here was the gross wisdom) this body might even offer up its secret odor; I assumed that would prove superior to Ingrid's stingy, catlike purchase on the cosmos.

Yes, I was in love, if love is the happy condition of feeling one's hours remarkably well spent even when one does no more than sit in company with the beloved and her husband and listen to a record player while it offers such musical events as Leopold Stokowski conducting the New York Philharmonic through *Boris Gudonov*. It was Harlot's contention that Moussorgsky gave infallible insights into the turmoil of late czarist Russia.

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

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

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

And I, traitor to their hearth, was happy that I understood one side of her better than he, and hoped she knew it.

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

"Why Uruguay?" I asked.

"Because it's small, and you will learn a lot."

Since Montevideo had to be thousands of miles away, it also

occurred to me that he might want his godson somewhat separated from his wife after the baby was born.

"You need a place to learn your trade," he told me. "Uruguay is fine for that. You'll come to know the diplomatic community, meet a few Russians, run a few agents, get a feel for the nuts and bolts. I'm looking down the line to years ahead when you'll be working more closely with me. But first you have to pick up the grammar—all the everyday housekeeping that goes into Station work and some of the dos and don'ts in espionage proper."

I confess that if I had heard *espionage* and *counterespionage* used more than a hundred times in the last year, I still did not know that I had mastered the distinction. "Can I train with you now," I asked, "while I'm at the Uruguay Desk?"

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

"That's two months away."

"Time spent at the Argentina-Uruguay Desk will be invaluable."

Perhaps it was. I did not think so at the time. I was too busy absorbing whole fat loose-leaf books of geographical, political, economic, cultural, and trade union material. Soon enough, I learned that Uruguay was a small cocoon-shaped nation on the Atlantic coast, and considerably further to the south than I had expected, for it was lodged between Brazil and Argentina. Uruguay was temperate in climate—hurrah!—void of jungle—fine with me!—the Switzerland of South America—ugh!—a semisocialist welfare state—paugh!—a land of pampas and cattle with only one large city, Montevideo; the entire country, somewhat under four million people, lived on the export of beef and hides, mutton and wool.

Most of my labor at the Argentina-Uruguay Desk went into coding and decoding cables. It was relevant work for it introduced me to operations I would soon be handling myself. For the rest, I slaved away at Intensive Spanish, suffered the heat of Washington through June and July, waited for Harlot and Kitredge's three weeks at the Keep to be over and his mysterious *Thursdays* to commence, and amused myself in the interim by copious speculations about the appearance of the officers and agents at the Montevideo Station. Since our cable traffic used

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

They were certainly talked about. Over lunch in the cafeteria one hot day, two senior officers, friends of Cal, offered me disparate evaluations: "Much ado about nothing," said one. "He's so brilliant it's unholy," said the other. "Why, you don't know how fortunate you are to be selected."

The class, now in its third year, had been commenced as a seminar on Thursday afternoons for some of Harlot's staff plus young officers who had been recommended for a few of his projects. Those were Low Thursdays, but once a month, on what soon came to be called the High Thursdays, important guests showed up by invitation, as did visiting professionals whose Company labors had brought them back to D.C. from various lairs abroad.

On all occasions, we would meet around the conference table in Hugh Montague's outer office, a large room on the second floor of the yellow brick villa that Allen Dulles used for his headquarters. Situated on E Street, well away from the Reflecting Pool and Cockroach Alley, it was an elegant building larger than most of the foreign embassies in Washington. Harlot was one of the few high-ranking officers to work in such proximity to Dulles, and so an added zest was brought to the occasion by the importance of our surroundings. Indeed, Allen Dulles would keep popping in and out, a beeper in his breast pocket

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prodding him back to his own office, and once, I remember, he made a point of letting us know that he had just gotten off the phone with President Eisenhower.

The lectures on High Thursday were, of course, the most exceptional. Harlot's voice became even more commodious then, and he could not have been more unabashed in his use of rich syntax. How much one learned directly, however, is not easy to measure. He gave no assignments. He might recommend a book from time to time, but never pursued our diligence, no, it was more a matter of sowing the seeds. A few might sprout. Since the Director himself was not only our peripatetic guest but had obviously given his imprimatur, and would often nod at the sheer wonderful glory of the subject—ah, one could almost hear Mr. Dulles say, "This wonderfully shrewd and metaphysical and monumental world of Intelligence itself!"—it took no vast acumen on my part to recognize that come a High Thursday, Harlot would teach our group from the top down. His preference was to stimulate his equals: On such occasions, the rest of us could scramble how we might. Low days were of more use to us. Then, the course served, as Harlot once remarked, "to rev up the Mormons." There were five of them, Ph.D.s from state universities in the Midwest, and they were always taking notes, always in crew cut, white shirt with short sleeves, pens in the breast pocket, dark thin ties, eyeglasses. They looked like engineers, and I recognized after a time that they were the galley slaves over in Montague's counterespionage shop at TSS, marooned in prodigiously demanding tasks of cryptography, file-searching, estimate-vetting, etc. To me it reeked of the Bunker, although obviously more purposeful, more lifelong—you could see it in their faces: They were signed up for a career of the highest level of clerking. I was, I admit, snobby, but then, as the son of a Bold Easterner, and thus, by titular descent, a Junior Bold Easterner, Ivy League out of Andover, Exeter, Groton, Middlesex, or Saints Paul, Mark, or Matthew, how could I not begin to feel well installed while listening to Hugh Montague? At full throttle on a High Thursday, he could employ rhetoric that was equal to high adventure. Since memory, for all its vicissitudes, can also be immaculate, I am tempted to swear that, word for word, this has to be close to the way he offered it.



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"An understanding of counterespionage presents difficulties to which we must return again and again," he would remark, "but it helps for us to recognize that our discipline is exercised in the alley between two theaters—those separate playhouses of paranoia and cynicism. Gentlemen, select one rule of conduct from the beginning: Too much attendance at either theater is imprudent. One must keep shifting one's seat. For what, after all, are our working materials? Facts. We live in the mystery of facts. Obligatorily, we become expert observers on the permeability, malleability, and solubility of so-called hard facts. We discover that we have been assigned to live in fields of distortion. We are required to imbibe concealed facts, revealed facts, suspicious facts, serendipitous facts."

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

"Rosen," said Harlot, "let us search for the answer." Harlot paused. I was all too aware of the way he played with the name. There had been just a hint of mournful woe in the long *o* of Rosen. "Rosen," he said, "assume that you are on a tour of duty in Singapore and a scrumptious blonde, a veritable *bagatelle*, happens to knock on your hotel room door at 2:00 A.M., and she is—let us say it is 90-percent verifiable—not employed by the KGB, but chooses to knock because she likes you. That, Arnold, is a serendipitous fact."

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

Harlot resumed. "Gentlemen," he declared, "in the more advanced regions of our work, sound judgment is paramount. Is the apparently unsuccessful operation that we are trying to analyze no more than an error by our opponents, a bureaucratic fumble, a gaffe, or, to the contrary, do we have before us an aria with carefully chosen dissonances?" He paused. He glared at us. Just as a great actor can give the same soliloquy to beggars or kings—it does not matter—he was here to expatiate on a theme. "Yes," he said, "some of you, on such occasions, will be in an unholy rush toward the Theater of Paranoia; others will leave

their name at the Cinema of Cynicism. My esteemed Director"—he nodded in the general direction of Mr. Dulles—"has sometimes assured me that I hold forth at times too long over at Paranoia House."

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

Harlot nodded. Harlot said, "The man with talent for counterespionage, the true *artist*,"—now using the word with as much nesting of his voice as an old Russian lady saying *Pushkin*—"draws on his paranoia to perceive the beauties of his opponent's scenario. He looks for ways to attach facts properly to other facts so that they are no longer separated objects. He tries to find the picture that no one else has glimpsed. All the same, he never fails to heed the warnings of cynicism."

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

Advanced were the High Thursdays, awfully advanced for the Lows. I would ponder some of his conclusions for many a year. If Montague's method of discourse on such days threw the more inexperienced of us over such high hurdles as the Theater of Paranoia and the Cinema of Cynicism, he could on any Low Thursday return us to the threading of a rusty nut to a dirt-grimed bolt. Indeed, the first day of the first Low had us working for two hours to construct a scenario on the basis of a torn

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receipt, a bent key, a stub of pencil, a package of book matches, and a dried flower pressed into a cheap unmarked envelope. These items, he told us, happened to be the pocket litter left by an agent under suspicion who had decamped in unholy haste from a furnished room. For two hours we fingered these objects, brooded upon them, and offered our theories. I forget mine. It was no better than the others. Only Rosen was to distinguish himself that day. Once all the others had finished their expositions, Arnie continued to look unhappy. "In my opinion," he said, "too many pieces are missing."

"This is the sum of your contribution?" asked Harlot.

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

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

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

2 | Back at the Farm, there had been a course called *Agent Recruitment*; it gave no clear picture of the reality. Mon-

tagne moved us quickly from conventional formulations to the marrow. "Espionage," he told us, "is the selection and development of agents. That can be comprehended by two words: disinterested seduction."

Taking his pause, he added: "If you see me as an advocate of unbridled carnality, you are in the wrong room. We are speaking of *disinterested* seduction. That is not, if you reflect on it, physical. It is psychological. Manipulation lies at the heart of such seduction.

"In our Judeo-Christian culture, therefore, difficulties arise. Manipulation is Machiavellian, we say, and are content to let the name judge the matter. Yet if a good man working for his beliefs is not ready to imperil his conscience, then the battlefield will belong to those who manipulate history for base ends. This is not an inquiry into morality, so I pursue the matter no further than to say that a visceral detestation of manipulation is guaranteed to produce an incapacity to find agents and run them. Even for those of us who accept the necessity, it may prove difficult. There are case officers who have spent their working lives in foreign capitals but cannot point to a single on-site agent they managed to recruit. Such failure tends to produce the kind of unhappiness you see on the face of a dedicated hunter who dependably fails to bag his deer. Of course, the odds in certain countries are very much against us."

I do not think any of us were too bothered by the idea of manipulation at this point. To the contrary—we wondered: Would we be able to do the job? We sat there in a mixture of anticipation and worry.

"At this point," said Harlot, "you may be thinking: So incredible a purpose, so difficult an achievement! How do I begin? Rest somewhat assured. The Agency knows better than to depend on your first instinctive efforts. Recruitment is usually the product of the time and care that is spent in studying each prospective client or target. If, for example, the condition of steel production in a certain country interests us, then a cleaning woman who has access to the wastebaskets of a high official in machine-tool production can, for the moment, serve us better than a high functionary in Agriculture. There is logic to this work, and to a degree, one can instruct you in it."

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Everyone nodded profoundly as if we had come to the same conclusion.

"Today, we will place ourselves in a specific milieu," Harlot said. "Let us suppose we are stationed in Prague, yet can only speak a minimal Czech. How is one to cook the omelette when the pan has no handle? Well, gentlemen, we have a support system. In the labyrinth, we are never alone. It is not expected that you, personally, will try to handle Czech agents who speak nothing but their own tongue. Obviously, there has to be an intermediary whom we can employ, a working native. This fellow is called a principal. The principal agent is the Czech who will solicit his countrymen for you. You will merely guide his work."

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

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

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

"To be able to think like a principal. Today, in fact, working in company, we will try to perceive ourselves as one such principal. All of you will now convert into one imaginary Czechoslovakian, an official in the Prague government who has already been recruited by the Agency. Now he—by which, of course, we now mean I, our surrogate principal—is trying to bring in a few more Czechs from nearby government offices. Manipulation commences. The first clue to effective manipulation happens to be the cardinal law of salesmanship. Would any of you be familiar with that precept?"

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

"How do you know that?"

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

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

"Be there to listen," said several of us at once.

"But what if I am dealing with a lonely man who dwells in

isolation out of personal choice?"

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

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

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

"Never! Not in the beginning."

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

"I'm temporarily at a loss."

"Savage?"

"Ditto."

"Hubbard?"

It seemed to me that the answer had already been provided. "Perhaps you should confess to the same longing yourself?"

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

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

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

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"Keep on," said Harlot.

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

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

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

We moved on. What if the client wanted to get his oldest son accepted at a prestigious university? The principal might then have to call on influential friends. Some preparations took years.

"One has, however," said Harlot, "to keep a firm grasp on the intrinsic problem. An exceptional friendship is being forged. One is acting as generously as a guardian angel. That can arouse suspicion in the client. He has to be aware, after all, that his job deals with government secrets. Your official might be as suspicious as a rich girl with a plain face who is being rushed by an enthusiastic suitor. Depend on it. Espionage has its parallels to matchmaking. Ministers sitting on large secrets are the most difficult to woo. One more reason to focus on the easier target—the petty official. Even in such modest purlieus, however, you, as the guardian angel have to be ready to dissolve the client's distrust as it forms. It is reasonable to assume that the client, in some part of himself, knows what you are up to, but is amenable to your game. Now is the time to talk him into taking the first step—that same first step which will lead him into becoming an espionage agent. The success of this transition—term it the *pass*—depends on one procedure so well established that it is a rule of thumb. Do any of you have a contribution?"

We were silent.

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

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

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

"Is this always true?" asked Rosen.

"None of what I tell you is true," replied Harlot. "At this point, you are being provided with scenarios to substitute for

your lack of experience. Out in the field, count on it, your agents are going to act in unforeseen patterns."

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

"Only in counterespionage," said Harlot. "In time, we will take a look at that arcane subject. For now, however, keep the transition modest, uneventful, dull. Reduce the drama. Request something minor. Your purpose, at this point, is not to net information, but to relax your client's conscience. A salesman, as Mr. Rosen's father can no doubt tell us, wants to keep a potential buyer from wondering whether he really needs the product. What procedure is analogous to our circumstances, Hubbard?"

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

"Good. You, the principal, are there to allay anxiety. Warm the soup slowly. 'Look, friend,' you might complain to your budding little agent, 'when I want to speak to someone in your office, the number is not available. I cannot pick up the phone and call them—I have to send a letter. No wonder our socialist economy creeps along. If you could let me borrow your department's telephone registry for one night, it would make my work so much easier.' Well, how can the client refuse after all you've done for him? It is, after all, a modest request. The intraoffice phone book is thin. One can slip it into the torn lining of one's overcoat. So the client brings it out to you, and you get it copied immediately, and return it early the next morning before work. Now what do you do?"

We were silent.

"You let a week go by. If any anxiety was aroused in the client's tender breast, it should have settled. Now, ask for a bit more. Can your friend let you have a look at X report? You happen to know that this X report is sitting on one of the desks in his bureau. Nothing weighty, just something your boss would be pleased to see. It could advance your boss's interests to have such information available to him.

"An unhappy sigh from the client," said Harlot, "but he agrees. The report is carried out in his briefcase that night, and is returned to him in the morning.

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

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

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

"Sooner than you would believe, our novice agent is ready for a more orderly arrangement. If he senses that he is entering into a deeper stage of the illicit, money can relieve some of his anxiety. For criminals, this is always true, and an agent is, at the least, a white-collar criminal. In our case, he has just emerged from an orderly but hitherto unsatisfactory middle-class life. Money becomes awfully attractive when one is perched on the edge. Strike your bargain then. You, as the principal, can bring in an offer from your boss. In return for regular removal of selected official documents, a weekly stipend can be arranged."

Harlot nodded. "An interesting period commences. Our novice's secret work now provides him with excitement. If he is middle-aged, you could say he is having a fling. If young, he might actually be stimulated by discovery of this potentiality for deceit in himself."

Here, Harlot looked around our conference table. Did I have the impression that his eyes rested just a little longer on mine? His gaze moved on. "I cannot repeat often enough," he said, "the importance of this regular cash stipend. It must, however, not be so large as to show up in a bank account, or a new home. Yet it has to be enough to quiet anxiety. Again, we rely on a rule of thumb. A good measure is to peg the supplements at not less than one-third and not more than one-half of the agent's weekly salary. Regularity of payment serves the same

purpose here as dependable meetings with a lady-love. Hysteria, always ready to flare up, is abated to some degree by predictable performance on your side. Questions?"

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

"Never. If you are able to manage it, don't let him know it is the Company. Especially in an Eastern satellite. His anxiety would be excessive. If, for example, he is a Czech Communist, let him acquire the notion that he is working for the Russians. Or if, like a few Slovaks I know, he is an Anglophile, you might slip across the idea that MI6 is funding all this. If he likes to see himself as a spiritual descendant of Frederick the Great, nominate the BND. Question?"

"What if the new agent doesn't want to take money?" I asked. "What if he hates Communism so much he wants to fight against it? Aren't we abusing his idealism?"

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

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

"Absolutely."

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

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

"Let us count our gains," Harlot said. "As principal, you have done your favors, avoided traps, made the pass, put the client on regular stipend, and concealed the source. A perfect performance to this point. Only one major step remains. What might that be?"

"Well, you have to train him," said one of the Junior Bold

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Easterners, "you know, weapons, illegal entry, one-time pads, all the stuff that's got to be learned."

"No," said Harlot, "training is kept to a minimum. He is not an intelligence officer, but an agent. Use him as you have found him. He will be asked to take out official papers from his office. He will be taught to photograph documents that cannot be removed. He must never be pushed, however, unless we are desperate to obtain relatively inaccessible material. That is dangerous use of an asset. A good agent ends up not unlike a good hard-working animal on a farm. We teach it not to gallop, but to pull its load. We regulate its diet. The end we seek is an industrious performer who will help us to harvest dependable product on a regular basis year after year. That is a valuable commodity never to be risked for too little, and never to be asked for too much. Underline this in your thoughts: *The stability of espionage work is the element that generates good results.* As far as possible, crises are to be avoided. Therefore, gentlemen, ask yourselves: What is the last step to be taken in the relationship between the principal and the agent?"

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

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

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

"Hubbard, who would have thought it? You are exhibiting the instincts of an intelligence officer." The class laughed, and I flushed, but I knew why he had done this. I had been sufficiently indiscreet once to confess to Rosen that Hugh Montague was my godfather; now the class knew it, and Harlot must have picked that up. "Well," he said, "instincts are indispensable in our occupation, but I will spell it out for those of you who are not as endowed as Hubbard. Some of us have spent a few years here brooding professionally, you might say, on how to keep an agent in quiet working balance. We have come to conclude that sooner or later, the principal must separate himself from his agent. Look upon it as analogous to the shift from early parental warmth to the increasing discipline that a child has to accept as

it grows older."

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

"Excellent. Identity is no more than how we perceive ourselves. To become an agent, therefore, is equal to assuming a new identity. But, note: With each change of identity, we are born again, which is to say that we have to take another voyage through childhood. So now the principal will reward the agent only for disciplined behavior. Of course, the agent, if he has been developed properly, should be in less need of an emotional bond than of good advice. He no longer requires a one-sided friendship nearly so much as he can use someone with the skill and authority to steer him through hazards. Given the danger, he wishes to believe that so long as he does exactly as he is told, his new life is safe and moderately prosperous. Of course, he must learn to take precise instructions. Certain precautions may seem onerous, but spontaneity is forbidden. In effect, the agent has a contract, and the free insurance that goes with it. After all, in the event of serious trouble, the principal is ready to pluck the agent and his family out of the country.

"All right, then. Their new roles established, the principal can complete his withdrawal from the agent. They still meet, but less often. After a few years, agent and principal may not even see each other. The agent, furnished with a dead drop, leaves his papers and picks up his instructions. On those rare occasions when it is crucial for the agent to talk to the principal, a meeting is arranged in a safe house, but since this is time-consuming in a hostile land, they usually stay apart. The principal is out breaking ground with new clients.

"This, gentlemen," said Harlot, "is espionage—a middle-class activity that depends on stability, money, large doses of hypocrisy on both sides, insurance plans, grievances, underlying loyalty, constant inclinations toward treachery, and an immersion in white-collar work. See you next week. Before too long, we will come to more damnable stuff—counterespionage. That is where we say farewell to white-collar mentality." He waved at us and walked from the room.

3 | That night, Rosen and I went to Harvey's Restaurant. If going out to dinner together after the Thursdays was now a habit, it came from no growing affection. I had arrived, however, at the glum conclusion that Rosen was at least as smart as myself, and knew a lot more of what was going on in the Company. He had not only managed to strike up an acquaintance with a variety of experts and many a desk, but had kept up a correspondence with everyone he knew in the field. One of Rosen's heroes, paradoxically, was Ernest Hemingway (paradoxically, I say, since what kind of welcome would Arnie have gotten if Hemingway did not even cotton to Robert Cohn?). No matter, Rosen knew Papa's sayings, and believed that an intelligence officer, like a novelist, should have a friend in every occupation: research scientist, bartender, football coach, accountant, farmer, waiter, doctor, so forth. Ergo, Rosen worked his tables in the Company cafeteria, and never seemed to worry about the size of the greeting. Half of what I knew about Agency secrets, hushed-up fiascos, or internal power struggles among our leaders came from him, and I noticed that Hugh Montague was not above inviting Arnie to dinner once a month. "It's like examining the contents of a vacuum cleaner," Harlot once complained. "There's an abundance of lint, but you can't ignore the chance that you'll find a cuff link."

A cruel estimate, but for me, Rosen's tidbits were undeniably interesting. He could, for example, fill me in on Berlin. Dix Butler had been writing back to him, and I heard a lot about Bill Harvey, who apparently did not even get three hours of sleep these days. That was the word from Dix. Contemplating the red flock wallpaper in Harvey's Restaurant, I was taken with the serendipity of the occasion. One was dining in an establishment founded a century ago by a man with the same last name; now, at the other end of the restaurant I saw that J. Edgar Hoover was in the act of being seated with Clyde Tolson. I had even been able to observe that the Director of the Bureau proceeded to his table with the heavy grace of an ocean liner. Having heard from C.G.'s lips of the simple inhumanity of Mr. Hoover, I could contrast his massive sense of self-importance with the kindly, limping, gout-ridden gait of Allen Dulles.



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

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

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

I was shocked. After Berlin, this was upsetting stuff. "That's a little too horrendous to contemplate," I told him.

Whereupon Rosen went back to Harvey. Did I want to hear more? I did.

"One joke making the rounds," said Rosen, "is that Wild Bill keeps getting teased about his adopted daughter. His friends tell him she ought to be given a medical examination. The KGB could have planted a subcutaneous sneaky before they deposited the baby on the doorstep. Harvey becomes tight as a tick. The possibility eats at him. It's implausible, but Harvey's under a lot of strain these days."

"You heard this from Dix?"

"How not?"

"Is he faring well?"

"Says to tell you Berlin is glum now that the tunnel is gone."

At the next High Thursday, Harlot would also speak of CATHETER. His guests that day were the most impressive single gathering we were to have at any of the seminars. In addition to Mr. Dulles, Frank Wisner was there, and Desmond Fitzgerald, Tracy Barnes, Lawrence Houston, Richard Bissell, Dick Helms, Miles Copeland, and there were four or five unfamiliar faces who I could see were Agency moguls. The set of their shoulders, so quietly supporting one or another unholy weight, spoke of elevated rank. Rosen whispered that this lofty gang would all be moving off afterward to a dinner Allen Dulles was giving at his home for Harlot.

This was one time when I knew as much as he did. In the morning, there had been an unexpected visitor at the Argentina-Uruguay Desk. The future Chief of Station for Montevideo stopped by for a chat. Transferred from Tokyo in July, he had come into the office one morning when I was out on an errand, had introduced himself around, and promptly disappeared.

"You won't see him again till Christmas," said Crosby, my

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section chief. As with other long-emplaced desk men, nine-tenths of his knowledge was on the dark side. So I heard a good deal about my new COS before I met him. His name was Hunt, E. Howard Hunt, and he was putting in his Washington time paying calls on Director Dulles, General Cabell, Frank Wisner, Tracy Barnes.

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

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

I liked Hunt when I met him. Of medium height, with a good trim build and well-groomed presence, he looked semimilitary. His long pointed nose had an indentation just above the tip that suggested a good deal of purpose in his trigger finger. He certainly came right to the point.

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

"Yessir."

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

"Yours."

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

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

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

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

"I understand," I said.

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

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

Pugh.

"I don't know if we want to invite Mr. Hunt," she said. "He's trying to breed up."

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

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

"I'm in the mood to hear a good joke," she said. "Tell me one."

Crosby had furnished a two-liner that morning, but I wasn't certain it could qualify as good. "Why won't Baptists," I asked her, "make love standing up?"

"Why won't they?"

"Because people might think they were dancing."

"Oh, you are wicked," she said. "Oh, dear, oh, dear." But she sounded merry. "I'm going to do it," she decided. "I am going to enable Howard Hunt to mingle with his betters. When Hugh looks at the guest list—which he pretends not to—I will tell him that it was all my fault, and that I did it to start you nicely in South America. Harry, don't confess that it originated with you. Not under any circumstances. Hugh does not believe I can be suborned. I'm serious," she said, as if she could perceive me smiling—which I was—"you have to hold the line."

"I swear."

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

"I swear."

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

4 | "Last week," said Harlot, "we took a tour through espionage. In that field, the basic building block is fact. Today, I look to enter the more complex world of counterespionage which is built on lies. Or, should we say, on inspirations? The actors in this kind of venture tend to be adventurers, aristocrats, and psychopaths. Yet, these personnel compose but half of the team. Their less visible counterpart is made up of a support system ready to devote ceaseless attention to detail. Scoundrels and scholars, we see, are in collaboration. The difficulties cannot be underestimated. Just as an honest man feels safe until he lies (since his habits for consorting with untruth are few), so is a liar secure until he is so unwise as to be honest. One cannot trap a total liar. He can say, for example, that he and a young lady were at the opera Tuesday night sitting in box 14, and when you tell him that is impossible since box 14 happens to belong to a good friend of yours who was definitely present on Tuesday night sitting alone there, *as he always does*, why, then, your liar will look you straight in the eye, and tell you he never said he was in box 14 on Tuesday night, it was box 40, and say it with such authority that you believe him. The liar has as simple a life as the honest man."

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

"Counterespionage, of course, does not permit the luxury of unbridled prevarication. On the contrary, we tell the truth almost all of the time, but tell it under the umbrella of a great lie: We pretend that the agent bringing our Company secrets over to our opponent is in their employ when, in fact, he is one of ours. That is unobstructed counterespionage. It is encountered, however, more frequently in theory than in practice. We and the KGB have both gotten so good that it has become difficult to lie successfully to each other. Should a Polish defector approach us with the desire to be spirited over to America—well, as a good many of us know—we tell him to earn his transatlantic wings by remaining at his ministry in Warsaw as our agent for a couple of years. Let us say he accepts our bargain. The moment he does, we are obliged to distrust him. Has he

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been dangled before us? We test him. We ask him to get information that should be out of his reach. If he is bona fide, he should have to come back and confess failure. Lo and behold, he produces the information. We know the stuff is accurate because we have gathered such intelligence already from other sources. So we test him further. Again he passes our tests, which is to say, he is too successful, and flunks. Do we drop him? No. So long as we can believe that the KGB assumes they have gulled us, we have an instrument. We can send the Russians off in the wrong direction by requesting precisely those documents that will confirm their erroneous conclusions about our needs. Of course, it is a delicate misrepresentation. We cannot violate too much of what they know about us already, or they will become witting to our use of their agent.

"Do I hear a sigh? The complexity of this is nothing compared to the mires of a real situation. There are so many games available that the only limit upon counterespionage is the extent of our human resources. It requires a host of intelligence people to examine the value to us of each real secret we send over to the other side as a sacrifice to the greater good of moving the enemy's determinations into the wrong direction. So many trained people become engaged in examining the seaworthiness of these calculated lies that counterespionage operations, unless they involve the highest stakes, tend to grind down. The wicked odor that comes up from such activities is neither sulphur nor brimstone—merely our overworked circuits smoking away."

To my consternation, the Chief of Station Designate for Uruguay chose to speak up at this point. "If I may say a word," he said.

"Please do," replied Harlot.

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

"Feel free," said Harlot, "even the children speak out here."

"Good," said Hunt. "I believe I'm expressing the point of view of some of us when I say—with all due respect—that it's never been that way out where I've been, not in my fraction of

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the total endeavor, anyway."

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

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

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

"That's one expression for it."

"No harm," said Harlot. "Sometimes capers are essential. Much of what I teach here, after all, is going to get turned on its head out there because—boom!—the explosion does or does not take place. You are in the lap of the gods." At the look on Hunt's face, Harlot nodded. "Would you like a projection of what I am saying?"

"Please," said Hunt.

"Yes," agreed a few of the guests.

"In that case," said Harlot, "it may be worth our time to take a look at operations on the ground level. Allow me to postulate some poor Arab conspirator who is in his home that morning cleaning his hand gun in the hope he will terminate an Arab leader a little later that day. This assassin is teamed up with a co-conspirator, equally poor, who happens to be out at the moment looking to steal a car for the job. The second fellow, like most thieves, is impulsive. Scouting for a suitable jalopy, he happens to pass an Arab-American hamburger stand. There, behind the counter, stands a dusky but beautiful young girl. She has been blessed with a pair of divine melons under her blouse. He thinks he will come to less in the scheme of things if he does not spend some time studying those melons at first hand. So he

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natters away with the hamburger girl. When he finally gets around to pilfering the car and returns to base, he is late. Our assassins, therefore, are not at the proper street corner at the precise hour when the Arab leader is supposed to drive by. They do not know their good fortune. This Arab leader has his own intelligence people, and they have infiltrated the little outfit to which these terrorists belong. If the gunmen had arrived at the right time, they would have been shot down in ambush and never have had a look at the leader. Another route had been chosen for him. Yet, now, the same Arab chieftain's car, quite by chance, happens to stop for a red light where our two conspirators, still driving about in full panic and acrimony over their failure, have just come to a stop in their stolen jalopy. The gunman, seeing his target, hops out of the car, shoots, *voilà!*—a successful assassination. Who but the Lord can unravel the threads of logic in such coincidence? I suspect, however, that there is a moral. Dirty operations, when too precisely planned, tend to go wrong. That is because we are all imperfect, and, at worst, serve as the secret agents of chaos."

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

"While I am not up," said Harlot, "on Guatemala, I have heard enough to believe we pulled it off by dint of a little luck and a good deal of moxie. I'm sure you put in your fair share of that. Gentlemen, I repeat: Give me a successful coup and I will point you to its father, a misconceived scheme."

There was a stir.

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

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

"Get off it, Montague," uttered another.

"Hugh, give us, dammit, give us something less fanciful than these woeful Arabs," said Dulles. He was ensconced in a large leather armchair, his foot in a carpet slipper upon a pad-

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ded stool. His walking stick stood in a ceramic umbrella stand by his side. He looked testy. I could see another facet of our Director's personality. On occasions like this, he looked not unready to thrash the air with his cane. "No, you fool," he might shout, "not the Port! Can't you see I've got the *gout*!"

"A concrete example," said Harlot, "may cause more unhappiness."

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

"Very well," said Harlot, "let's look at the Berlin tunnel. There's a major operation."

"Yes, give your views on that," said Richard Helms. "Agree or disagree, it has to be of considerable value for the rest of us."

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

"In that case, let us return for a brief spell to fundamentals," said Harlot. He had managed not to appear too uncomfortable during the altercation, but now that the situation was his to control once more, the full timbre of his voice returned. "Taken from an historical perspective, the gathering of information used to precede operations: The intelligence obtained would direct the venture. These days, however, large operations are initiated in order to acquire intelligence. This is a reversal of the original order, and can prove highly disruptive. Last winter, when the Berlin tunnel was still in operation, hundreds of translators labored over the prodigious output of telephone and cable traffic between East Berlin and Moscow. The effort was analogous to extracting a gram of radium from a mountain of uranium." There were sounds of acknowledgement from his audience.

"Now, suddenly, our gigantic operation collapses. We don't know how. One fine day this past April, Soviet military vehicles converge on the working tip of the tunnel in East Berlin, and in short order are shoveling their way down to the precise place where we have tapped into their cable. The Russians are going out of their way to make the point that they have been tipped off. They know our next two questions have to be: 'By whom?' and 'When?' Frightful questions when one does not know the

answers. The careful disciplines of espionage, counterespionage, and counterintelligence have all been buried under the sheer earth-moving vigor of CATHETER. Still, we must pick a route through the wreckage. For *whom*, we do have choices. Given the size of the operation, security had to be stretched thin; someone in the KGB, or the SSD, could have obtained information from one of our technicians. Counterintelligence explores this possibility in the hope that more damaging suppositions will not have to be faced. For the next stage down in our choices is abominable. Is it a mole in MI6? In the BND? Or, someone among us? If these paths have to be pursued, the analysts will be on it for years and are likely to collect half-founded suspicions concerning hitherto reliable officers. *Whom*, therefore, is a nightmare.

"*When* is even worse. *When* poses this dire question: For how long have the Russians known about the existence of the tunnel before they decided to *discover* it? If they only knew for a week, or a month, no great harm has been done—any attempt to feed us tainted information via their tapped phone lines had to be put together hastily. If we knew this was so, then we could afford to ignore the input of the last week, or the last month. The tunnel, however, took more than a year to build. After which, it was in operation for eleven months and eleven days. If the Russians had this considerable period of lead time, they would certainly have had the opportunity to create an immense work of disinformation. That is precisely the Soviet genius. We are posed, therefore, with an outright dilemma. While our Russian emigrés labor away in translation mills at a job that will take at least another two years merely to process the back material on hand, we still do not know whether such intelligence is to be trusted. If we could at least calculate the likely date on which disinformation was introduced, we might be able to interpret what the Russians wish us to believe. Instead, we are obliged to stare at open entrails and make divinations."

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

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

"Oh, dear," said Dulles. "Do you know, I prefer to look on the bright side. We have been given a bonanza in the newspa-

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pers and in the magazines. *Time* magazine termed it 'The Wonderful Tunnel.' Some headline writer over at the *Washington Post* classified it as 'The Tunnel of Love.' "

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

"What," asked Dulles, "is the balance sheet of the tunnel? Tremendous information, formidable headaches. Our business, the business of suspicion, goes on as usual. Nonetheless, we have won an overwhelming victory with the German people, West and East. We're fighting for the hearts of Europe, Hugh, and the fact of the matter is that everybody over there in East Germany is tickled with our tunnel, even the Russian bear, *malgré lui*. Why, my God, half of East Berlin is going over to Altglienicke for a visit. The Soviets have had to put up a snack bar right on the site."

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

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

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

Harlot resumed his lecture, but I, for one, was more ready

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to study the division of feeling in the room. The most hostile of the officers had jobs in the Agency that you could deduce from their faces. More intelligent than the instructors we had had at the Farm, they, like Hunt, still shared that no-nonsense paramilitary glint of the eye which was so often a substitute, even an effective substitute, for intelligence itself. I began to wonder at their presence on this High Thursday. Why had Dulles invited them to Harlot's dinner later tonight? Would they come as friends, or to study Hugh Montague, their future foe?

A few days later, I had the small but firm pleasure of discovering that I was not off by much. "It got a bit political," Harlot said. "Your new Chief of Station is, I fear, one of *them*. You must not become infected by him with cheap patriotism. It's as bad as cheap Christianity, and it is running like a virus through the Company."

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

"Bet on me."

"Was," I asked, "Mr. Dulles the least bit on your side about the tunnel? I didn't receive that impression."

"Well, Allen does like good public relations. He'll even decorate Harvey before he's done. But, in fact, he is awfully worried about the tunnel. What if one of us did hand CATHER over to the Russians?"

"A mole?"

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

"Are you serious?"

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

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

"Yes, exactly. Go on."

"But once the tunnel is blown, all such intelligence is tainted. It can't be relied on for military policy. Certainly doesn't allow us to slow things down. We have to keep arming just as we have been doing."

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

Thoughts like this, however, kept one on a wicked edge.

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"Doesn't such a premise implicate you?" I asked, "at least from Mr. Dulles' point of view?"

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

"And did you?"

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

"Well, what was holding you back?"

"As I once told you: In faith, the simple subtends the complex. Patriotism—pure, noble patriotism—means dedication to one's vows. Patriotism has to remain superior to one's will." He nodded. "I am a loyal soldier. So I resist temptation. All the same, Allen can never trust me completely. Which is proper. Of course, he was worried. That was why I chose to talk about Berlin in front of so inauspicious an audience. If I was the author of the end run, why would I advertise the drear results?" He made a face, as if reflecting on the cost of the mockery visited on him. "I must say," he added, "I was startled at how self-important these operations people are becoming. One has to tip one's hat to your future Chief of Station. He knows enough to parade himself as a bang-and-boomer. However, I looked up his record. He's more a propagandist than a paramilitary. Getting to be Chief of Station is a plum for him. Although, give him credit, he does mix his bullshit with pluck."

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

"Yes," I said to Harlot, "you were good in what you said on

counterespionage."

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

5 | That evening, after dinner, we went to a nightclub. It was at Kittredge's suggestion, and much against Hugh's inclination, but she was insistent. Pregnant, she was insistent. There was an entertainer named Lenny Bruce performing at a new bar and coffeehouse called Mary Jane's, and she wanted to see him.

Montague said, "Bar *and* coffeehouse? One or the other ought to be enough."

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

An old roommate at college had described this comedian in a letter as "devastating." Kittredge was curious. "She never said *devastating* once in four years at Radcliffe."

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

The lighting was harsh, the sound system had squalls, and a small black painted dais served for a stage at Mary Jane's. The drinks were expensive, and we sat on folding chairs. I remember Montague complaining at the expenditure of a dollar fifty for Scotch and soda against the two-dollar minimum. "Outrageous," he declared in no small voice.

Since we had come in before the second show, there was opportunity to look about. While most of the couples in the room appeared to be office workers in D.C., I estimated that none of them could be employed at the Agency. No, as if I were a personnel officer, I could see they would not do. They were—I thought of a new word making the rounds—*permissive*. There was some sly secret they seemed to share.

The lights went down. Against a black backdrop, a spotlight focused on a microphone and stand. Out strolled a slim young

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man with short curly hair, dungarees, and a dungaree jacket. If not for protruding eyes and a wan face, he might have been pleasant in appearance. The applause was fevered.

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

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

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

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

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

There was pandemonium. It was followed by applause. I had found my own fever. He was talking in public to strangers about matters that I knew little enough about but still, on my night with Ingrid, had there not been some hint from her for more? The fire and ice of that Berlin hotel room came back to me, and the dread I felt of staying any longer in that rented chamber. Now, I did not know if I wished to remain in this club.

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Where could it all end? Kittredge's eyes, reflecting the spotlight, glowed; Harlot's expression seemed set in stone. And Lenny Bruce had emerged from his fatigue. He seemed to be offering full proof of the proposition that he who gives life to an audience receives life back. "Yes," he said, as if everyone present were either a close friend or a dear adviser, "that second time is for your rep. You women, watch your guy next time he finds some reason not to go for the second shot, oh, he'll lie—he'll say anything—'Honey,' he'll tell you, 'I can't, because of the atabrine.' 'The atabrine?' you'll ask, 'Yes,' he'll tell you, 'they gave us atabrine in the South Pacific to hold off malaria but the Army never told us. It discolors the semen. That shows up when you do it the second time. Yellow! Yellow semen. It looks like pus!' A guy will tell any lie to excuse himself for not producing it that second time. Anything to keep his wife from getting wise to him. Believe me, isn't that what it's all about? Lying to your wife? Isn't that what all the bullshitters mean when they talk about marriage as a sacrament? We know better. Marriage is the advanced course in lying your ass off, right?"

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

"Maybe we're on to a working principle, fellows," Lenny Bruce went on. "Never tell your wife the truth. Because biologically it has been proven. Women's ears are not constructed to hear the truth. They will slaughter you if you tell it like it is. So, lie your ass off. No matter the circumstances. Suppose you've gone to bed with a new girl in your own house in your own double bed because your wife is away for the day, and you are giving this girl one hell of a *shut*. Whew!—can you believe it?—in walks your wife . . ."

"What is that word, *shut*?" whispered Kittredge.

"Yiddish," said Harlot.

"Oh," said Kittredge.

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

He paused again for the laughter. "Yes," he said, "deny it. Tell your wife any cockamamie story. Tell her you just got

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home, and here was this naked girl in *our* bed, honey. There she was, honey, shivering with acute malaria. Believe me, she was turning blue with cold. She was dying. The only way to save a life in such circumstances is to warm her naked body with my body. That's the only way, honey, to bring a human being back from fatal chill. Yes, tell her anything. Because in marriage you have to lie your ass off."

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

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

"Of course," said Lenny Bruce, "you can make the case that we were taught to lie by the apostles. They agreed to sell the story that Jesus gave them the wafer and the wine. 'Hey,' they said, 'We ate His flesh. We drank His blood. So, be a good Christian, will you?'" Lenny Bruce whistled. "Hey, hey! That had to be a pretty heavy line back then. You don't think everybody was jumping up to buy it, do you? Why, the first guy who heard it must have said, 'Give me a shovel—I got to dig my way out of this. I mean, what the fuck are they saying, "Drink my blood, eat my flesh." Come on, man. I'm no cannibal!'"

The audience laughed, although uneasily. It was happening too fast, and Bruce's voice was harsh. Two women got up and left the room. A man followed in their wake.

"Sir," said Lenny Bruce, "when you come back from the men's room, don't forget to tip the *shvartzer*. So he'll know you're not a tight-fisted prick!"

The door slammed. "Jerk-off artist," said Bruce. The man walked out of the club to the sound of laughter behind him.

"You know, I think a lot about this sacrament business. The wafer and the wine. They go together like ham and eggs. I start to wonder. Would it work with substitutions? Like give me a piece of that pie, man. I need a little more taste with the *flesh*. Or, keep that coffee hot, I can't drink wine, I'm in A.A., dig?" He shook his head. "Now that we're on the subject, let's get to the Big Lie. 'What! You never *shutpped* a guy? Come on, Mary, not even one stud? Not one leaky drop got in? It was a what-do-

you-call-it? a *what*? An immaculate conception?' Well, knock off, Mary. I'm not blind and dumb. I don't buy stories that stupid."

Kittredge stood up. She took a step toward the stage but Hugh gave a nod to me, and we managed to escort her outside. "Come back, lady," cried Lenny, "or you'll miss the circumcision."

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

"I hate you, Hugh," she said. "I was going to smack his filthy mouth."

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

"Are you all right?" asked Hugh.

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

"No telling," said Hugh.

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

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

"I couldn't care less."

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

She was silent.

"Newspapermen," said Hugh, "are swine. I think I saw a few of them in the place paying homage to your comic genius."

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

"Some people offer that look. I tell you, there's an abominable culture breeding away in God knows what sort of filthy dish. And Mr. Lenny Bruce is their little microbe."

"You should have let me at him."

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

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

"What?" I asked. "What ghost? At the Keep?"

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

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bother my baby."

"Harry, have you ever heard of a history of *visitants* on the island?" Hugh now asked.

"Well, there used to be talk about a kind of phantom, an old pirate named Augustus Farr, but we used to laugh about that. My cousin Colton Shaler Hubbard's father, Hadlock, told us that the creature went *dormant* about a hundred years ago."

I had intended this to have its humor, but Kittredge said, "Augustus Farr," and seemed to be holding off some near-involuntary tremor. "That's just the name to fit my awful night."

I was thinking of Dr. Gardiner and his bloody Elizabethan stumps. That had probably been sufficient to stir some poor shade.

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

6 | Ten days later, I went to Uruguay on a Pan American, Douglas Super-6, a four-motor propeller job that left New York a half hour before noon, reached Caracas by evening, and Rio de Janeiro in the morning. I didn't touch down at Montevideo until mid-afternoon. Flying through the night, I spent my nocturnal hours brooding once again upon themes imparted by Harlot. I was beginning to believe that long trips in the dark were the medium best suited for reviewing his precepts.

My final Thursday had been a Low, but Montague chose that day to give us his treasured lecture on Feliks Edmundovitch Dzerzhinsky. Toward the end, he said a few things that kept my mind close to the subject for a long time afterward. Let me offer, then, something of the last Thursday I was to enjoy with Harlot for a number of years.

In repayment, perhaps, for his acerbity on the last High Thursday, Mr. Dulles broke precedent by making the opening remarks himself. "What you will hear today," he told us, "is tricky stuff, but invaluable. From Marx on down, Marxists do not give much credit to the individual as a vital factor in the making of history. Nonetheless, the *amusing* aspect of their Marxism, if you permit me to apply the word to so overbearing and unpleasant a philosophy, is that Communists are always wrong at the critical moment. When we have to listen to an awfully vain tenor who can never hit his high note, we do grow fond of him after a time. His very inability finally offers the dependable pleasure. So it is with Marx and the Communists. The infallible Karl was wrong in his prediction that revolution would come first to the most advanced industrial nations, and was proved wrong again when the contradictions of capitalism did not prove fatal. Marx failed to see that business enterprise has to be considered in the light of its noun—*enterprise*! *Business* is merely the qualifier. That is because *free* enterprise puts the entrepreneur into a position of peril. He not only gambles with his economic substance but, more importantly, with his moral worth. Given the temptations of greed, a capitalist has to take his chances on heaven or hell! That is a lot of enterprise! Marx, contemptuous of the Judeo-Christian ethic, was insensitive to the importance of the individual conscience. His real desire was to get the individual out of history and substitute impersonal forces. It required the evil genius of Lenin, the most determined Communistic human being we encounter in this century, to prove Marx wrong, since there would have been no Bolshevik Revolution in 1917 without the individual named Lenin.

"Soon after, he was followed by another evil artist. In the middle of a large square in Moscow, stands a statue of Feliks Edmundovitch Dzerzhinsky. There he perches on his thin legs right in front of the Lubyanka. The square is named after him. How fitting! Founder of the Cheka, Feliks Dzerzhinsky is also the intellectual godfather of the KGB. Those skills in intelligence for which the Soviets are renowned take their inspiration from him. I concur with Hugh Montague. Dzerzhinsky is not only the first genius of our profession, but, like Lenin, is there to remind us that the most powerful element for change in

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history is still one great and inspired man, be he good or evil. My dear colleague Montague, who is as clever as could be, is going to talk today about this man, this genius of our profession. I was here for the same lecture last year, and can tell you, I enjoyed it so much, I'm back again. Hugh, it's yours."

"Thank you," said Harlot. He paused to draw us in. "Dzerzhinsky's life covers a gamut of experience. The son of a Polish nobleman, he became, in the period before the Revolution, a leading Bolshevik. In consequence, he spent eleven years in Siberian mines as a political prisoner of the czar, and emerged with a tubercular cough. He spoke in a whisper. He assumed he would not have long to live. For this reason, perhaps, he was without fear, and during the chaos of 1917 and 1918, Lenin chose him to create an internal security force, the Cheka. In the Civil War that followed the Bolshevik Revolution, Dzerzhinsky unleashed the first Soviet terror. On principle, the Cheka would shoot ten innocent people before they would allow one guilty man to escape.

"Such feats belong to the abattoir. Dzerzhinsky's true vocation, counterespionage, evolved only after the Reds won the Civil War. By 1921, the Soviet government was trying to govern a fearfully backward, war-ravaged, crippled, half-shattered nation. Tumultuous disorder was Lenin's inheritance from victory. To govern at all, the Reds had to employ many former czarist officials. They happened to be the only people with enough experience to man the administrative desks. This meant that White Russian emigrés had no difficulty in placing their spies throughout the Red ministries. Indeed, it was not even feasible for Dzerzhinsky to pluck them out. The machinery of government would have come to a standstill. So they stayed in place—ex-czarist officials pretending to be Red, but remaining White within. *Radiski*—the word for radishes—became the term to describe these noble folk dedicated to bringing back the Czar. There they sat in the same offices, *radiski* and Chekisti, side by side, wastebasket to wastebasket. What to do? The British and the French are financing the most dangerous of the *radiski*.

"Dzerzhinsky now conceives of an incalculably elevated plan. On a given night, he seizes Alexander Yakovlev, one of the highest leaders of this monarchist circle, a charismatic, cul-

tivated, sophisticated Russian aristocrat. Yakovlev is—at least as *radiski* go—a liberal, a Constitutional Democrat. Feliks not only arrests him quietly, but talks to him in great secret. Following one night of intense conversation, Yakovlev agrees to work for Dzerzhinsky." Harlot held up his hand.

"We do not know the intimate details of what happened on that all-consuming occasion. We have only the bits of information that Soviet historians would later release to the world. According to their Soviet version (which, I must say, has its own internal logic), Dzerzhinsky appealed to Yakovlev's patriotism. Since a number of Yakovlev's fellow conspirators were admittedly fanatic, and were looking to bring off a right-wing coup d'état, the ensuing bloodbath could prove even more catastrophic than the Civil War. Russia, itself, would be the victim. Might it not be more prudent to look for a peaceful coup d'état? That could result in a benevolent constitutional monarchy. 'Let us work together,' said Dzerzhinsky, 'to overthrow Communism. Our common aim will be to save good *radiski* and eliminate bad ones. The cadres that you trust, Yakovlev, will be promoted. You can develop your own directorate within the present government to be ready to take over.'

"Of course," said Harlot, "Dzerzhinsky made it clear that Yakovlev would have critical tasks to perform. He would, for example, have to convince the British Secret Service that they must reduce the scope of their sabotage. For if they didn't, the more punitive forces in the Cheka whom Dzerzhinsky was trying to restrain, would gain power and grind up all *radiski* without discrimination.

"Yakovlev may well have asked: 'How do I convince the British of this? What do I say to the emigré groups? They are exceptionally suspicious.'

"This, I assume," said Harlot, was Dzerzhinsky's answer: 'You have one formidable advantage. You, Yakovlev, can present yourself as a man who has penetrated the Cheka.'

"Yes, and how do I prove this?"

"Why," says Dzerzhinsky, 'you will prove it by furnishing the British with accurate intelligence of the highest order. It will prove accurate, because I, Dzerzhinsky, will prepare it.'

"Counterespionage, in its modern form, was born," said

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Harlot.

"These two fellows struck a pact. Yakovlev built an intelligence organization out of those *radiski* in whom he had confidence. Indeed, he called it the Trust. Within a year, this Trust had gained the collaboration of the Allies, and most of the emigré groups. Foreign agents were brought into the Soviet under the auspices of the Trust, did their work, and left. Naturally, Yakovlev encountered skeptics in Western Europe, but the size of his operation was awesome. British officials were taken on secret tours of the Soviet Union. Underground religious services were arranged for the more distinguished emigrés. (Needless to say, the Orthodox priests who conducted the Mass were members of the Cheka.) For the next five years, working under the cover of Yakovlev's Trust, the Cheka was able to control every serious move made by their enemies. Emigré agents entered Russia and embarked on operations subtly designed by Dzerzhinsky not to be effective. It is probably the largest neutralization of an enemy brought off in the history of counterespionage."

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

"By half, my answer is yes," said Harlot. "It happened to work. So we respect it. But recognize the difference. This operation was built on a profound deception which was then orchestrated by its creator. While the possibility for error and treachery was enormous, and any number of defections of minor personnel must have occurred over the years, such was Dzerzhinsky's genius for detail that all such betrayals were overcome by intricate countermoves. The beauty of this operation puts a critical focus upon others less brilliantly conceived, less elegantly continued."

"Yessir."

"For our purposes, however, I would put emphasis on the first night of conversation. What was agreed upon between Dzerzhinsky and Yakovlev? From that, we know, all else came forth. Did Yakovlev take up the offer with a view to eventual

escape, or did he seriously wish to become Prime Minister of Russia? Did he actually believe Dzerzhinsky was on his side? How did his emotions shift in the years of collaboration? Obviously, Yakovlev's character had to change. For that matter, so did Dzerzhinsky's.

"It is fair to ask: How much of a double game was Dzerzhinsky playing with himself? What if Bolshevism should, indeed, fail? Was Dzerzhinsky looking to his own survival? Such motives may have been larger than Soviet history would lead us to believe. Go back to the primal night. Both men met, and an active, not a disinterested seduction ensued. When a man seduces a woman, he may gain her not only by strength, but through his weakness as well. That can even be seen as the commencement of love—honest interest in the other's strength and the other's need. When seduction is inspired, however, by the demands of power, each person will lie to the other. Sometimes, they lie to themselves. These lies often develop structures as aesthetically rich as the finest filigree of truth. After a time, how could Yakovlev and Dzerzhinsky know when they were dealing with a truth or a lie? The relationship had grown too deep. They had had to travel beyond their last clear principles. They could no longer know when they were true to themselves. The self, indeed, was in migration. That is the point to this analysis.

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

At this point, Allen Dulles brought the jovial and manipulative halves of his own enterprising spirit together long enough to give one hearty clap of his palms, and say, "Wonderfully put."

Harlot went on a while longer, but that was the end for me. I meditated upon a future life in counterespionage as I traveled

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toward the city of Montevideo in the land of Uruguay where I would perform the simpler chores of espionage. Two and a half years would pass in learning my craft.

7 | The night before I boarded that plane for South America, Kittredge and Hugh invited me to a farewell meal at the canal house. After dinner, Montague went off to work in his study, while Kittredge and I, on finishing the dishes, climbed to a small sitting room she kept for herself on the second floor. As a mark of my advancement to godfather, I was now invited occasionally upstairs. Once, indeed, when it was late at night and we had talked for hours, they even asked me to stay over, which invitation I finally accepted, but I certainly had the oddest sleep. Small and not quite locatable noises went on until dawn.

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

I may have been thinking of that early morning while Kittredge and I talked in her upstairs parlor. Since our night at the club, she had been in what I can only term a jagged depression, gloomy but with odd flashes of wit. Rosen had subsequently informed me that Mary Jane was one more term for marijuana, and I had even brought this etymological tidbit to dinner in the naive hope it would prove amusing. I soon gave up. Kittredge seemed on the edge—I cannot call it hysteria—of some sort of merriment altogether removed from what we talked about. I was glad when dinner concluded and Kittredge and I were installed

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upstairs. Now that I was actually leaving in a couple of days, I was beginning to feel uneasy. I wanted to speak of such feelings, but she cut me off.

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

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

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

"What are you telling me?"

"I don't know a damn thing about people. I come up with theories that other people say are wonderful, but I don't know that I am getting anywhere in my work. And I am so naïve. I loathe that Lenny Bruce, I do. I also envy him."

"You envy him?"

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

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

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

"Yes. What *were* you up to?"

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

"And in you? Isn't it possible you are well-suited for each other?"

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

"He has fabulous control," I said.

"He needs it. His mother, Imogene. Know anything about her?"

I shook my head.

"Well, she used to be as pretty as Clare Boothe Luce. I must say, she's kind of grand for Denver, Colorado, but that woman is a witch. I believe she's evil. Hugh is all but convinced, you know, that she did murder his father. How would you like to

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grow up with a little thought like that in your coffee mug every morning?

"Yes, but he has come a long way since then."

"All the same, Hugh can't take in too much human stuff at once."

"Can you?"

"Well, I always thought I could until the other night. That Mary Jane place! I wanted so much for Hugh to obtain a bit of insight into what the rest of America might be like, and then it was awful—I discovered I'm just like Hugh. Narrow as a needle."

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

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

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

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

"What?"

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

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

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

"Hugh does insist that the real game is counterespionage," I said.

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

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

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

At the look of consternation on my face, she began to laugh. "Hugh is awful," she said. "He says that sixty-nine is nothing but counterespionage for amateurs."

"What?" I had to say again.

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

"Well, frankly, no. I don't know if I want to think about it."

"I hear it's heavenly."

"You do?"

"One of my married friends told me so."

"Who is it?"

"Oh, Harry, you're as naïve as me. Don't look so stricken. I haven't gone mad. I've just decided to talk like Lenny Bruce. Don't worry, dear godfather of our child, Hugh and I are very much married."

"Good," I said. "I don't think you're nearly so naïve as you claim."

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

"You're asking me to break the law," I answered.

"Yes," she said, "but we won't get caught, and it's very simple."

She reached into her blouse for a piece of paper. "I wrote out all the instructions. This is a perfectly safe way of sending letters back and forth. It's all done with the State Department pouch. Absolutely airtight." She nodded at what must have been the look in my eye. "Yes," she said, "I suppose I am asking you to break the law. But not really, darling," and Kittredge gave one of her kisses, a fell, wet, kissing cousin of a full kiss. "Write the longest letters you can," she said. "Put enough in to get us

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hanged." She gave the oddest laugh, as if nothing in all the world could be as sensuous as conspiracy itself.

I didn't look at her note until I was on the plane. It was but a few lines long:

Just address your pouch envelope to Polly Galen Smith, Route AR-105-MC. Once the pouch reaches Washington, your letters will be delivered to a post office box in Georgetown that Polly still holds but has passed over to me, key and all, since she has obtained an additional box for her own use. Hence, she won't ever know who is writing to me.

Besitos,
Kittredge

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PART FOUR

MONTEVIDEO

1956-1959

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Montevideo

Sunday, October 14, 1956

Dear Kittredge,

I haven't been out of this city since I arrived. From the little I've been told at the Embassy, our work is often heavy enough to call for sixty- and seventy-hour weeks. The consequence is that Montevideo, with its one million people, half the population of Uruguay, is all I'm likely to get a look at for a while.

My hotel, the Victoria Plaza, a brand-new red-brick edifice, all of sixteen stories high, looks, I fear, like a cardboard carton on end. "That's where the action is," E. Howard Hunt advised me before I left, and I assumed that my future Chief of Station would know, and yes, there is action of a sort—businessmen of various nationalities in the hotel bar looking to make deals. Since I can barely afford the room, I've spent my time walking about. You see, on Thursday when I arrived, my superiors, all two of them, were absent on Company business, and Porringer, the man who met me at the airport, told me to look around until

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Monday and get the feel of the city, because I wouldn't have a chance later. He was too jammed right then, he added, to install me properly.

Wonderful. I have the feeling this is the last weekend I am going to have free until Christmas. My cohorts in our small wing of the Embassy up on the second floor have the look of Hugh's Mormons. Hellishly overworked individuals.

Well, it's also hell to be alone in a country. I've been so tired from walking all day that I fall asleep right after dinner—no nightlife to report as yet—then up again in the morning to stroll around again. Would you believe it? I find Montevideo half beguiling. That is an achievement since, to the casual eye, it's nothing remarkable. For that matter, most of Uruguay looks to be of modest interest. It can boast of no Andes; indeed, it hardly has hills, and there's nothing of the great Amazonian jungle. Just rolling plains and cattle. Montevideo itself is a seaport on the estuary of the River Plata where it enters the Atlantic, and a lot of silt from the riverbottom separating Uruguay and Argentina colors the water a clay-gray brown, not in the least reminiscent of the blue Atlantic we know in Maine. Nor does the port amount to much. It looks like Mobile, Alabama, or Hoboken, New Jersey; all industrial harbors look the same, I guess. Access to the docks is mostly interdicted, so you can't wander down to where they unload. Anyway, the port seems dingy. Winches scream in the distance.

The main street, called the Avenue of the 18th of July, is full of bustle, and has a predictable plethora of stores—nothing special about the main street. An occasional plaza sports a bronze general on a horse.

All right, I know you're ready to comment—what is unique about Montevideo? And I answer: Nothing, until you learn how to look.

At this point, I put aside what I had written. It was not a lively enough letter to satisfy my lady.

Montevideo

October 14, 1956

Dear Kittredge,

You wouldn't know you were in South America, at least not by my preconceived idea of this continent. There's no heavy foliage and very few Indians. Apparently, they all died off from infectious diseases brought in by the first Europeans. So, on the street you see a Mediterranean population—Spanish, with an underwriting of Italian. Earthy, serious-looking people. The older architecture, Spanish baroque and Spanish colonial, is not inspiring unless you develop an eye for little surprises. This land has a spirit I could not locate until it came to me: I feel as if I'm living in an ink drawing of Italy in the eighteenth century. I suppose I am thinking of the sort of prints you find in old English travel books—a lonely hiker rests on a knoll, and contemplates an empty landscape. All is in repose. The ruins have crumbled gently and live in peace with the edifices that still stand. Time is a presence high in the sky, hardly moving. Eternity has come to rest at noon.

For example: the Legislative Palace. During the week, all governing takes place here. It is as large as a railroad station and looks like a cross between Versailles and the Parthenon, yet in front of this huge wedding cake, at the debouchment of the grand and empty Avenue of the Libertador General Lavelleja, stands one policeman dressed in the hat and cape of a Paris cop. One bicyclist rides by. It is Sunday, but even so! On a side street off this edifice, a small plump man in a blue workingman's smock is entertaining kids with an incredible foot-and-forehead species of juggling with a soccer ball. It seems medieval. On the next street a beggar sits on a box, his swollen foot stretched out before him.

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

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streets. Montevideo is spreading out all the time, and the old parts don't get rebuilt, merely repaired in a fashion. Most of the natives here are not living in history as we know it. When I left Washington, everybody was concerned with Hungary and Suez and the presidential campaign; now I feel far away from the world's troubles. In Montevideo, all the public clocks seemed to have stopped. It is always 9:00 and 2:30 and 5:21 in different places parts of town. Not much on the scale of world history is ever going to happen, evidently, in Uruguay. The trick, I expect, is to know how to live for the sake of living.

For example: the cars. They love automobiles here. You see old vehicles of every make and twenty-year vintage. They keep patching and repainting them. I think the owners can't afford enough paint to do the entire job at once, so they start with a half-pint and cover the worst rust spot first with whatever pigment is available, usually about enough to slap up half of one door. Then a month later, another patch of rust pops out. If they can't find the old paint can, they put on another hue. After a while, the cars clatter by like Joseph's coat of many colors. What verve! I must say they prance like prize bulls at a fair.

In many neighborhoods, however, the streets are peacefully spooky. The other end of the world may be rushing along, but not on some poor block of shabby houses where the only vehicle in sight is an old olive-drab Chevy sporting bright yellow and orange splotches. Such silence prevails that I feel as if I'm in a wood. A boy in the near distance is wearing a yellow sweater, same hue as the bright yellow someone splashed on the old olive-drab car. Another old car, on another old street, is jacked up by the front end, its hood lifted so high that it looks like a duck quacking. It has been repainted a brilliant off-blue. Above it, on a battered old balcony, laundry is drying. I promise you, Kittredge, one of the shirts is the same off-blue as the car.

I think when a land is sheltered from the storms of history, smaller phenomena take on prominence. In a Maine meadow protected from winds, wildflowers pop up in the oddest places as if their only purpose is to delight the eye. Here, down the length of one low, commonplace, nineteenth-century building, I see an ongoing palette of stone and stucco: brown and gray-brown, aquamarine, olive-gray, and tangerine. Then lavender.

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Three foundation stones in rose. Just as the cars reflect the sediments left in old paint cans, so, under the sooty pervasive city-color is this other subtler display. I begin to suspect that these people keep an inner eye on their street, and if a unique patch of moss-green has been put on a sign, then there, at the far end of the block, someone chooses to paint a doorway in the same hue of green. Time and dirt and damp and peeling plaster work their inter-washings into the view. Old doors fade until you cannot determine whether the original was blue or green or some mysterious gray reflecting light from the spring foliage. October, remember, is like April here in the Southern Hemisphere.

In the Old City, on a street that runs down to the water's edge, the gray claylike beach is deserted. At the bottom of this vista is an empty plaza with a lone column standing against the sea. Can they have selected the spot to prove that De Chirico knows how to paint? So often in these lonely landscapes, one sees a solitary figure dressed in mourning.

The old city, and the medium old city, and the city they have put up in the last fifty years, are all, as I say, quietly crumbling. What dreams must have gone into the construction of all these baroque whirls and turns and whorls and fenestrations. On the commercial streets are bay fronts and wrought-iron balconies, round windows, oval windows, ogival, and gothic and art-nouveau windows, and roof balustrades with broken pediments. Iron gates lean in various stages of disrepair, old doors are bereft of pieces of their molding, and laundry hangs in the apertures of grand windows.

Kittredge, forgive me for going on at such length after being here only a few days, but, do you know, I never had an opportunity to enjoy Berlin, or even look at it. I know you were expecting a little more substance, but a good rule to follow in these matters is to make certain that one's means of sending a letter actually do work.

Yours devotedly,
Herrick

I didn't receive a reply for two weeks. Then came a short

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note. "Dispense with the excelsior. Send the dry goods. K."

2 | I was hurt. I did not reply. As I foresaw, the next couple of weeks went by with a great deal of work at the Embassy, and the only change in my personal life during this period was to transport myself and my two suitcases from the Victoria Plaza Hotel to the Cervantes, a considerably cheaper hostelry, situated next door to a fleabag. In the early hours of the morning, sounds came up from the gutter of bottles breaking.

Then came a second note from Kittredge.

November 13, 1956

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

Your number one.

Kittredge

P.S. The routing for mail works perfectly at this end. I assume it's ditto at yours.

November 16, 1956

Dear Catherine of all Russia,

How I prefer the kiss to the knout! Since you ask for my working day, I'll give it. We're an unhappy station. That is because we are waiting for E. Howard Hunt to arrive. The present Chief of Station, Minot Mayhew, is an old Foreign Service officer who had loads of seniority and so was able to sign on in 1947 with the Agency at the level of Chief of Station. He has been at that level ever since, doing stints in Bolivia and Paraguay. Now Mayhew is waiting to retire, and does *nothing*. No social functions. Not much Agency work. He comes in at nine with the rest of us, and by ten is usually over at his stockbrokers'. Everyone agrees, however, that he is nifty at one aspect of his job: He keeps up decent relations with the Ambassador. I've heard horror tales, as I'm sure you have, of how strained relations can get at an Embassy when the Ambassador looks upon the Chief of Station with a jaundiced eye. Here, however, due to Mayhew, we're left at peace in our portion of the second-story wing. The Ambassador, Jefferson Patterson, understands Spanish, but can only speak with a stammer, so Mayhew, whose cover title is First Secretary, fields some of the Ambassador's work with Uruguayan officials. Mayhew has also been instrumental in bringing over, via diplomatic pouch, soccer equipment for a Catholic team in Montevideo. Other than that, his rating is close to zero. Our real direction comes from the Deputy Chief of Station, an ex-World War II Marine Lieutenant with a bull neck named Augustus "Gus" Sonderstrom. Augustus must have been a very tough guy once, but has now gone, not to seed, but to beer belly. He tends to give his all to golf, and it's not as silly as it sounds. At the country club, he brings along our Operations Officer or Communications Officer to play in foursomes with various local government and business types. That establishes a climate for favors. The Russians, despite an injection of new KGB types called "joy-boys" (who wear London suits instead of Russian burlap bags) are not yet competitive in golf and tennis. So, Gus Sonderstrom's social contacts with Uruguayan golfer-officials often lets us hold some good cards. On the other hand, we need all the help we can get. The President of the Uruguayan government, Luis Batlle, represents the Colorado Party which has won every election here for the last hundred years. Socialist-ori-

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ented, the Colorados spend and spend. Uruguay is a true welfare state—which may be why it's so peaceful and crumbling. This Luis Batlle is anti-American and at the moment is working out cattle and hide deals with the U.S.S.R.

I was thrust into all this on my second day of real work in the Embassy which, by the way, is a splendid white mansion. Vaguely antebellum, it has a veranda fronted by two-story white wooden columns, and is situated on nothing less than the Avenida Lord Ponsonby, next to a park so beautifully laid-out that it could only have been designed by a Parisian landscape artist, circa 1900. In this part of Montevideo, rest assured, nothing crumbles. Our Embassy is as spotless as Navy whites, and Sonderstrom in our first interview wants to know about my tennis game. Seems we need one more good player for the country club intrigues. Did I bring a racket, Gus wants to know.

Well, so soon as my father heard of my assignment to Uruguay, he sent a stiff warning by way of one of his rare letters to me: I was told to avoid the golf and tennis circuit! The idea, according to Cal, is that younger officers who put in their time in this manner must have control of their technique. If you're courting a foreign diplomat, let His Specialness take the set, whereas if you're teamed with your Chief in doubles against a State Department pair, then don't, for God's sake, let the Agency down. "You, son," Cal wrote to me, "haven't, in my opinion, that kind of concealed mastery. I like your fast serve when it goes in—it's got *heart*!—ditto the overhead, but your backhand can't speak back to any opponent who knows how to insult it. So stay away from tennis—you'll drop too many points in other places." Recognizing the wisdom of this, I told Sonderstrom that I didn't even know how to find the handle on a racket. When he brought up golf, I said, "Sir, the one time I got out on a golf course, I shot a five, first hole."

"Fantastic," he said.

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

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

I said boxing and rock climbing appealed to me. That took care of it. Gus grunted and said there weren't too many rocks

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in Uruguay and any boxing I did had better not be in bars. I could see he was going to squeeze a little more golf and tennis out of the officers available to him at present, and leave me to carry their excess load in desk work. On the other hand, now that I was, in his eyes, a boxer, he wasn't going to be snide about it. He's really out of shape.

One result, I expect, of being laggard on golf and tennis, is that I've caught an all-night chore from one of the Operations Officers. (Yes, he plays tennis!) Maybe it's just the job they pass on to the newest arrival. The irony is that it's the task I enjoy the most because it has a whiff, at least, of cloak-and-dagger, although don't get misled. It's only for one night a week, and couldn't be more untypical of how I spend the rest of my working time.

Called AV/ALANCHE, it's a modest operation involving seven teenagers from a local gang of more or less decent right-wing Catholic youths. They are in the work for the ideological satisfaction and the excitement, and certainly, the money. We pay each of them the equivalent of ten bucks a night. Their task is to go out under cover of darkness once a week to deface Communist posters, and paint our—that is, *their* Catholic party slogans—over the Red ones. Sometimes, we put up new posters where our old ones have been defaced by Communist gangs. I confess I like the action, and I like the kids, although I will confess that I have been out there on the street with AV/ALANCHE just once and then only by dint of convincing Sonderstrom that it might be my duty to pick up some feel for the op. Actually, active participation is considered too chancy for the Agency since our seven kids in AV/ALANCHE run occasionally into a roving bunch from the MRO, who are very tough fellows indeed, ultra-leftists who believe in armed insurrection. Not only do street fights break out, but there are arrests. If I were picked up on such an occasion by the police, it could be in the hands of the wrong arm. It seems the *stics* of Montevideo come in political flavors, left or right. Depends on the precinct. (We're in South America, after all.) Sonderstrom allowed me to set up my credentials with these kids by going out this once with them, but afterward he forbade it. "I didn't sleep till you got back," Gus told me next day. I had returned at 5:00 A.M. and called him

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at his home, per instructions, leaving him vastly relieved that I had no fracas to report. All the same, the tension is there. Think of it! Scuttling around the streets in an old truck, working by flashlight as occasional stragglers and drunks pass at two in the morning. Are they lookouts for the Reds? We were defacing PCU posters (Partido Comunista de Uruguay), and that meant going on sorties into working-class neighborhoods. At two in the morning, those barrios are as silent as cemeteries. It brings back that time in adolescence when adrenaline throbs in your limbs like your first taste of booze.

Now, however, on an average Tuesday run with my gang, I position myself a half mile away in one of our radio cars, then keep in contact with AV/ALANCHE-1 through his walkie-talkie. He actually prefers this arrangement. A tough wiry kid with the greatest head of thick powerful black curls, AV/ALANCHE-1 reassures me that they're better off if I am free on the perimeter to take off and get them bail or hospitalization if things should go wrong.

Sonderstrom, however, tells me to drive by afterward and make certain they did the job. I obey him, but am unhappy about it. These kids are taking risks while I'm secure in my radio car; yet I, in effect, must proceed to distrust them. All the same, Sonderstrom, who usually looks like he's smelling a bad cheese, is not all wrong. Occasionally they complete no more than half a job before they get nervous and decamp. Then, unhappily, they neglect to tell me. I make note of that, but still pay them. If it gets worse, I'll confront AV/ALANCHE-1.

For the rest, however, my daily work is not all that enthralling. In the beginning, the Agency must have been afraid there would not be enough tasks to keep us occupied, since our work can often be a bit intangible, and the country seems huge. (All countries, even modest ones like Uruguay, are huge when you are only a handful of people in an office.) So, a method was developed to make certain that there is always a great deal to do.

Sample day:

I come in at nine, have my coffee, and start reading the local papers. Given my Spanish, that could take two hours, but I push it through in thirty minutes. Slowly over the weeks, the nuances of the political situation become clearer to me. Of course, I also

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discuss the political personalities and local events with my other two Operations Officers, and the Communications Officer, plus our Station Administrative Assistant, who is Mayhew's secretary. Kittredge, that's the sum of our people in the Station office! Outside the Embassy, we can also boast of two skilled operators on contract—details to be furnished later.

As my office cohorts go over the daily news together, I pick up what I can from the Senior Operations Officer, Sherman Porringer, who is the most knowledgeable about Uruguayan politics. All that stuff in training that failed to interest me—labor unions, local party maneuvering, etc.—is now the meat of daily discussion.

After local news analysis, we peruse all the overnight cable traffic, our own first, followed by a thorough look at our associates' intake since we never know when we will have to fill in. If, for example, my fellow Operations Officer, Jay Gatsby (do you believe the name?—he's one of the most colorless people I've ever met!) is out on a golf foursome with Sonderstrom and, lo and behold, Gatsby's number-one agent, AV/IDITY calls in, I obviously have to know a bit about Gatsby's projects.

All right, incoming cables digested, we compose our outgoing messages which we also circulate round-robin so that all are witting of what is being sent out. Along with phone, and an unexpected turn or two, lunch is on us soon enough. In the afternoon, I put in considerable time studying the travel movements of Uruguayan officials, many of whom are Communist sympathizers who visit Paraguay, Brazil, or Argentina for meetings with party colleagues there. We also find a surprising number of trade missions to the East European countries and the U.S.S.R. Our agent AV/OUCH, in Uruguayan Customs at Carrasco Airport, keeps an eye on such movements. Our files build. But time! It all consumes time. Having dinner one evening with AV/OUCH (who is a seedy little family man pleased to get a fancy meal) I talked him into recruiting an agent I am going to call AV/OUCH-2. It got me thinking of Hugh's Thursdays. I'm afraid the Station doesn't have any major agents in serious government work as yet, but it certainly isn't difficult to pick up the petty ones. It's just money. AV/OUCH-2 will be eager to exploit his post in Passport Control to take note of those Uruguayans

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who are returning with visa stamps from target countries.

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

Let us say it is 3:30 P.M. in our office by now. Be certain, we are now going through the dossiers of the foreigners who will attend our Embassy function tonight. We have to be ready to warn the Ambassador of any dubious Embassy Row guests.

Finally, by way of AV/ERAGE, our Uruguayan journalist (who works the society beat) we keep track of who is being invited to other embassy affairs. It can be worth something to know that a Uruguayan official, secretly a PCU member, is on the guest list at the British Embassy. Is he being wooed by the English, or taking them for a ride? If the latter, do we send warnings?

By sundown, one or two of us may have an agent to meet at a safe house or a café. (I'm not up much on that, yet. Alas!) Then, evening work commences. Since I'm not putting in hours at golf or tennis, and do have a dinner jacket and tails, it's incumbent on me to be present at American and foreign embassy functions. That's droll. In Berlin, I never went to one cocktail party. Here, I'm out every night. My tails, incidentally, bring out the sardonic in Sherman Porringer: He declares that I am a State Department man using the Company for cover. One mighty wit is Porringer. Sherman Oatmeal, my private name for this good fellow, is another owl-eyed Ph.D. from Oklahoma, blue-jowled even with two shaves a day, another quintessentially dank example of our heroic Agency propensity for bottomless work. He is also Sonderstrom's old reliable. Porringer has the largest caseload, the unhappiest wife, the most comprehensive sense of Uruguayan politics, and—I have to admit—is kind of creative compared to the rest of us at initiating new operations. He is, however, desperately jealous of my ability to give a competent performance at parties and dances. Oatsie goes to his number of such affairs, but cuts the wrong kind of figure. Essentially unathletic, he has compensated by serious stints of weightlifting (keeps his own barbells at home), and, in consequence,

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is over-developed on top, somewhat concrete-posted on bottom. He takes a lady onto the dance floor and steps about in spiritual pain. Being one of these wholly disciplined Ph.D. mentalities who need only to define their will and they will follow it, he is used to telling each limb what to do. Choppy seas for the partner.

Meanwhile, I cavort a little with his wife, Sally. She's a narrow-minded twit, I fear, hates Uruguay, won't learn Spanish, inveighs not too attractively on the stupidity of the servants here, but she does know how to dance. We have fun at that. I must say, it's a pity she isn't more of a dedicated Agency wife. If she wanted to, she could charm a few foreign diplomats, and that, after all, is what we're supposed to do. Sonderstrom, who goes dutifully to these functions (even took tango lessons) steered me aside before the first one: "Get your focus, Hubbard. When we and the Russians show up at the same function, all eyes follow what goes on between us," he adds.

"Should I fraternize, then?"

"With caution." He went on to lay out the hazards and potentialities: While you are not to cut loose and make friends, *feelers* can commence. "Just don't make a date for lunch without prior authorization."

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

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

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

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

Do you know, there's so much to tell and so little time. It's now 2:00 A.M., I'll try to pick up this letter tomorrow night. I realize, thinking over what I've written, that my life couldn't be more different than it was in Berlin. There I knew what it was to be prematurely old. Now I feel young, but ready to take charge of a few things. Hugh was right. Here is the place to develop.

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

H.

p.s. Actually, I feel no undue anxiety on committing all this to the mails. Your pouch routine impresses me as secure.

3 |

November 17, 1956
(after midnight)

Dear Kittredge,

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Trying to convey the feel of these Uruguayan spy grounds seems equal, at times, to tracing a vine through a thicket. How, for example, can I delineate AV/OIRDUPOIS? He is Gordon "Gordy" Morewood, one of our two contract Operations Officers, an old hand who worked for the British in Hong Kong during the thirties and has since put in contract stints with us in Vienna, Yugoslavia, Singapore, Mexico City, Ghana—God, you'd think the man would be fascinating—always out there by himself, never working inside a 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 gunshot) and a splenetic disposition. A sour bad ad for old spies. All he seems to care about is his *per diem* which he inflates unconscionably. This man eats well off his expense accounts, and Minot Mayhew refuses to have anything to do with him. That costs us a good deal of telephone time. Gordy is always on the line asking for the Chief of Station, 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. He always wants more money, and by pestering us thoroughly, knows he will obtain a decent fraction of the new and extra amount. He is certainly adept at using his cover to jack up his expenses, and fields an honest-to-God import-export business in the center of town. It's the perfect setup for Morewood, who imports just about enough gourmet items for the Embassy commissary to make any close accounting of his finances impossible. Our Administrative Officer, Nancy Waterston, a sweet, plain, bright, hardworking spinster, absolutely devoted to Minot Mayhew—for no better reason than that he happens to be her boss—is also devoted to Sonderstrom because he runs the Station, and to the rest of us because we're doing our patriotic job. Needless to say, she loves the Company more than church or kin. You can imagine how neat she is, and how fussy. Gordon Morewood will drive her, we fear,

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into nervous exhaustion. She pores over his accounts, but he has managed to weave a web that entangles every one of her good accounting principles. I have seen Nancy Waterston close to tears after a session with Gordy on the phone. He is always moving on to new projects, new bills, new receipts, new out-of-pocket expenses. There is no way she can keep up with his divagations from accepted bookkeeping practice. Once, she was desperate enough to importune Mayhew to authorize the dispatch of a top-flight auditor to Montevideo, but Mayhew, with all his detestation of Gordy, nonetheless wouldn't put her request on the wire, which makes me suspect that Gordy is somebody's darling back in Foggy Bottom. Over separate beers with Sonderstrom, Porringer, Gatsby, and the Commo Officer, Barry Kearns, I've heard that Gordy's position is sacrosanct. We cannot say good-bye to him.

Moreover, we can't afford to. He's very good at his job. We would not, for instance, have a mobile surveillance team (AV/EMARIA-1, and 2, 3, 4), consisting of four off-duty taxi drivers, without Gordy. He trained those fellows himself (at a 100-percent 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 (50 percent of what we say and hear is comprehended), how could there be the time, wherewithal, and savvy to train 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 good-bye to Morewood. He's the only consummate professional among us, and when a real problem comes up, we have to call on him.

This time it involved an operation that we characterize as *cumbersome*. We were looking to get a Uruguayan official who has become a Russian agent arrested by the Uruguayan police. Not at all automatic.

But let me take it in order. Over a month ago, just before I arrived, we received an alert from Western Hemisphere Division that gave us reason to be interested in a gentleman named Plutarco Roballo Gómez. A year ago, the FBI reported that Gómez, serving then in New York on the Uruguayan Delegation to the UN, was playing footsie with the Soviets. Now that Gómez

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is back in Uruguay, and is well-placed in his Foreign Ministry job, we decided to call on Gordy to find out a little more about him.

Gordy has learned that Gómez gambles nightly at the casino in Carrasco, and always needs money. On Tuesday nights, however, he does go to visit his mother at her home near Parque José Batlle y Ordóñez, which is the large park adjacent to our Embassy.

We ordered in our mobile surveillance team. AV/EMARIA-1, 2, 3, and 4 took turns trailing Gómez's car. On the last trip to his mother's house, Gómez drove into the park, got out of his vehicle, and went for a walk. The paths being sparsely lit, Gordy was able to trail Gómez discreetly on foot, but gave up such pursuit when his target disappeared into a clump of bushes. A few minutes later, Gómez emerged, and crossed to a nearby path where he righted a park bench that had been tipped over; obviously a signal that he had serviced his dead drop. After which, Gómez left the park and drove home. On the following Tuesday, just after dark, we staked out the area around these bushes. Porringer, Sonderstrom, and Morewood had a considerable wait, but at ten in the evening, a man Sonderstrom recognized as an attaché at the Russian Embassy came sauntering along, inserted an envelope into the hollow cleft of a tree, and, strolling by the same park bench, stopped just long enough to knock it over. Gómez appeared in the next quarter of an hour, took the envelope from the dead drop, righted the park bench, and went back to his car.

Much of the following week was spent in discussion of what to do. Cable traffic mounted. There was considerable discussion about whether to keep using Morewood. He had charged us a good deal already on these matters, and besides, Sonderstrom has his pride. So, instead of enjoying a Friday afternoon four-some with the Chief of Police and his assistant, Gus just took them to lunch. Over coffee, Sonderstrom introduced the defalcations of Plutarco Roballo Gómez. The Chief of Police, Capablanca (yes, same name as the old Cuban chess champion), was even angrier than his deputy, Peones, and offered to spit in the milk of Gómez's mother. Plans were made to catch Gómez in the act, then arrest him. Sonderstrom came back to the Station in

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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 would guess he wanted reinforcements.

Porringer argued that Gómez was one of President Luis Batlle's hand-picked protégés, and so the Chief of Police wouldn't make the arrest.

Sonderstrom agreed this was a bothersome element in the equation. "Still, you learn something about a man while playing golf. Capablanca hates missing a shot he should be able to make. I see our Chief of Police as a professional."

"My instinct," replies Porringer, "tells me to go slow."

"I don't know that we can," says Sonderstrom. "Capablanca is laying in the first steps right now. We can't make him look like a fool to his own people."

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

"I agree," said Kearns.

"In South America," Porringer said, "the *jefe* can always change his mind. It just means his money is coming from a new direction."

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

Kearns's hand went up, and Gatsby's, and Sonderstrom's, of course. I was ready to follow suit, but some instinct held me back. Kittredge, it was the oddest sentiment. I had the feeling Porringer was right. To my amazement, I voted with him. I am linked with Oatsie.

Well, we had an answer. On the next Tuesday, I couldn't join my associates on stakeout in the park because that is the night for AV/ALANCHE, but I certainly heard about it afterward. Sonderstrom, Porringer, Gatsby, and Kearns spent a couple of hours in the appropriate bushes with a squad of Uruguayan police. The Russian attaché came sauntering in about the same time as on the previous occasion, which is *poor* tradecraft. (The local KGB obviously feel far enough away from Moscow to be pretty casual about security.) In any event, he went immediately to the dead drop, primed it, tipped over the

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bench, and left. By radio, came the word that Gómez had parked his car, was approaching on foot. He was actually within twenty yards of the tree when a police car, top light revolving, sirens screaming at the moon, came tearing down a park road toward the stakeout. Gómez, of course, took off instantly. With a great blast of tire dust and screech, the patrol car stopped right by the tree. 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, Porringer managed to slip over to the dead drop and withdraw the envelope. Next day, Sonderstrom presented it at the Central Police Station. The note listed each document that Gómez was supposed to photograph in the following week. Sonderstrom stated that this ought to be enough to commence a full-scale investigation.

No, sir, we cannot, Capablanca told him. It is now obvious that some unknown foreign power was indeed spying on the Uruguayan government, but, then, nations always spied on host nations. One needed more than evidence such as this to proceed. Owing to the unfortunate lapse in communications on Tuesday night, for which he, Salvador Capablanca, would take full responsibility, he could see no way to move against Plutarco Roballo Gómez. He would, however, keep an eye on him. I can hear 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

4 | Three days later, an open commercial cable came from Harlot.
NOV. 20, 1956

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

NOV. 21, 1956

SPLENDID NEWS. GODFATHER BEWITCHED.

HARRY

I raided my checking account and ordered four dozen long-stemmed red roses to be sent to Walter Reed by way of the Agency Commissary in Washington. Then I went home early from work, stretched out on my mattress (which reeked of insect repellent) and stayed in bed at the Hotel Cervantes from six in the evening to six in the morning feeling as if I had been stomped on by a platoon of Marines.

Indeed, I did not write to Kittredge until a letter came from her about a month after the birth of Christopher. I no longer knew—if I ever did!—what she wanted from my letters, and I did not recognize the calm, hardworking young man who stepped forth in my handwriting. He had rattled on about his work as if he knew it inside out when, indeed, he only pretended to. Was that how I wished to be seen? The birth of Christopher mocked such vanity.

December 20, 1956

Harry dearest,

My child is a month old today and I, who was raised by my father to believe that iambic pentameter is the only suitable meter for the passions of murder and love, have decided to throw over his dictates, and become a devotee of the one-step. Thirty days old, Christopher weighs eight pounds, five ounces. Is fed every four hours. Is as beautiful as the heavens. Like a fixated witch, I stare at this blue-eyed creature with his minus-

cule hams of hands, pink and succulent. Watch! They seek his mouth. I examine his incomparable alabaster skin. My ears dwell on his gurgle of innocence. But I know better. All these corny palimpsests of infantitude hide from us the fact that infants look bitter, mean as rue, and eighty years old in the first minute they're born, and are 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* interrelations of counterespionage. 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 OED."

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 crew-cuts 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 its mediocre sleazy contacts and its tedium and frustration, still seems more sensible than all those highly slanted endeavors with which Hugh keeps himself and his helpmate, me, busy. So, don't stop writing. I love the details. Some of your items nourish me through the worst of the p.p.d.'s. Yes, p.p.d.'s. You, male lum-mox, probably don't know that I am speaking of *postpartum depression*. You can't conceive of how ill-equipped a new mother is at shaping up for the daily grind until you go through these doldrums. Even when I lift my baby out of the crib, and this warm little tenderness of spirit is in my arms, I bawl. For I begin to realize the cost and the beauty of motherhood. Everything within me is being rebuilt on new terms, and who knows how

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stern and exacting these terms will prove? Hugh comes in from some twelve-hour flap at Technical Services, sees me in the teary mopes, claps his hands, says, "Dammit, Kittredge, Christopher is thirty days old. That's long enough to put up with one leaky faucet of a woman."

Well, I want to kill him. It's simple again. I bless Hugh in my divided heart because anger does lift you up for a while, 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, 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 do enjoy your epistolary gifts. Your detailed sendings bring light and shadow to the dreamlike two-dimensionality on which my feeble work is projected. *Besitos, estúpido*. Yours, for more Spic-talk.

Hadley K. Gardiner Montague (Mrs.)

p.s. The roses were aces, bearcat, corkeroo! *Mille baisers*. You are the dearest gnat's whistle.

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Jan. 3, 1957

Lovely mother,

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 godfather to Old Winnie!

I also thank you for my Christmas present. It's summer here now, but the gloves will be most useful come July. I'm glad the

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roses got to Walter Reed. Did the brooch arrive, however, at the Stable? Don't tell me I was extravagant. Perhaps I was, but so soon as I looked into the antique shop window, I had to buy it for you. The ornament spoke to me of heavy old Uruguayan gentility, and yet, I don't know why, it reminded me of some inaccessible part of you. Can you possibly comprehend what I mean? In any event, don't count me extravagant. In truth, I wasn't. My mother, to my amazement, had just sent me a voluptuous check—it even felt plump and lustful in my bone-dry wallet. (Since I sympathize with your passion-to-know, I will not torture you needlessly.) Five hundred smackers! Sent along with a one-line note—"It's Christmas, so do it up properly, darling." She didn't even bother to sign. Her stationery is her signature. I must say I feel uncharacteristically full of love for her. Just as one grows to resign oneself one more time to her basic stinginess of sentiment, lo, she knows what you are thinking, and comes across with a flashing stroke. Someday I will write a Charles Lamb-like essay on The Multitudinous Vagaries of the Bitch.

Well, I certainly must be full of gelignite and lyddite, peter and soup, to speak of my mother in such fashion. (Actually, I can't resist listing these explosives. I hear them all the time.) We Station hands certainly don't use the stuff very often (once a decade?) but we do know how to throw the cordite and nitro 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 and Nancy Waterston (Mayhew doesn't show up at any party but his own) to dine, all ten of us, 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 such bang juice toasts as: "Blessings and bang juice to Augustus Sonderstrom, our own Gus, banging his big woods and juiced-up irons,