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looking for her."

"And what is her boyfriend like? This Fiorini?"

"Adventurer. Heavily suntanned. He'd look happy with a shark's head on the bloody deck of his boat."

"Isn't he linked with Masferrer?"

"I expect you're right."

And Masferrer, I told myself, was linked with Mario García Kohly, who was ready to kill the Executive Committee of the Frente—or would it be now the Cuban Revolutionary Committee?—when they landed on the beachhead in Cuba. I must have been growing paranoid at the length of these link-ups, for I asked, "Did the girl have fabulous dark hair?"

"Yes," said my father, "and green eyes. A nice combination."

"Do you have a picture of her?"

"Regretfully, no. Not with me tonight." He took a sip of his Grommes and Ulrich bourbon, a bottle of which, he confided to me, Sans Souci always kept on hand for him. "It may also interest you," he said next, "that the new attempt offers real possibilities. A network belonging directly to Trafficante is behind this next attempt, or so Giancana assures Maheu."

"Do you trust any of them?"

"I don't see what there is to lose."

"Well, sir, for one thing, the FBI might be worth thinking about."

"I do not jump at last month's shadows," he told me. He did not have to add that if the new attempt were successful, the past would be shielded over by the present.

"Trafficante's network," said Cal, "is prepared to use a restaurant where Castro often eats late at night. It seems we have a dedicated waiter there. So, the odds look decent."

"Good enough to bypass all that *santeria*?"

Cal laughed. "I've been researching into some of that filthy stuff. You won't believe the potions those *mayomberos* cook up. I obtained a recipe for confounding any and all dark purposes of your enemies: You boil the head of an executed murderer together with seven scorpion tails from midnight to two in the morning. You add a little blood from the *mayombero*'s arm, shred a cigar butt, dissolve a drop of quicksilver, put in lots of pepper

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to season the cadaver meat, fold in ground herbs, tree bark, ginger, garlic, cinnamon, ten live ants and twenty live worms, offer several carefully selected incantations, add one dried lizard, one squashed centipede, a quart of rum, two dead bats buried last night and dug up tonight, three dead frogs, ditto, a small log of wood teeming with termites, and the bones of a black dog. Last of all—crucial to the soup—one quart of Florida water. I call that *cooking*." He roared with happiness. "I suppose gathering all that stuff is no more life-consuming than trade-craft." His face went blank for a moment in the midst of his laughter, an indication to me, as always, that he was debating whether to tell more.

"We're but a couple of weeks away from the beachhead," he now said in so low a voice that I was just about reading his lips. "Which means that the restaurant job—if it does work—can make the difference." Without pause, he said, "Let's get you some Hennessy for the coffee," and signaled to the waiter. "Now that you're working down the hall," he went on, "I want you to have a better conception of what went on last month. Needless to say, treat it like homeopathic medicine. One drop at a time fed to others when necessary."

"Yessir."

"Trinidad was the place to land," he said, as soon as the waiter who brought my brandy had stepped away, "but Dean Rusk put the weight of the State Department into blocking that option. I don't trust Rusk. When he was head of the Rockefeller Foundation, Allen asked for a look at the diaries of Rusk's top people following their visits with international figures. Didn't Rusk just refuse! Couldn't *imperil*, he said, the *integrity* of the Rockefeller Foundation. Whereupon, Allen went ahead and managed to read their mail. Through an operation—it may interest you to know—that Hugh set up. I don't know how it happened, but Rusk found out. Now Rusk does not trust Allen. You can bet he doesn't! All we keep hearing from Rusk, therefore, is that the President does not want the Cuban affair to jeopardize larger U.S. interests. Goddamnit, Harry, there's nothing larger right now than Cuba. They can keep debating about the Russian threat to Berlin, but I'm not losing sleep over that—Berlin is a logjam. Cuba is the hot spot and we're mucking

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it up. Trinidad was the town to hit. Good landing beaches, and all the rest. But Rusk had to put the kibosh on it. Too much *noise*, he said. What if women and children get killed? So we lost to State. Trinidad was out. The new landing place is located back of hell in the devil's asshole. An area called Bahía de Cochinos. Bay of Pigs. Cherish the name."

"Does it have any virtues?"

"It's inaccessible as hell. We will establish a beachhead with no pain. How we are going to deploy from that perimeter, however, is another matter. The beachhead is surrounded by swamp. It will be hard for Castro to get at us, but just as hard for us to get out. Of course, there won't be *noise*. Just us Cubans and the fish. Compliments of Dean Rusk."

"Is he receiving these negative signals from Kennedy?"

"No question," said Cal. "Kennedy's inclination is to *mañana* the invasion. We had a date in March, now it's been moved into April. In fact, I don't believe we would have anything at all without Allen. He keeps pressing on the President as hard as he dares. Informs him that the Soviets are supplying Castro so fast that by May, it will be too late. Keeps telling Kennedy that the Joint Chiefs have rated the Brigade as being, man for man, the best trained force in Latin America. 'Mr. President,' says Allen, 'if the Brigade is never employed, you are going to have a disposal problem. Think of this highly trained, incredibly motivated force rattling around in southern Florida with nothing to do.'

"'Well,' replies Kennedy, 'the invasion must appear Cuban. Since all the world is going to know we're behind it, the bandages must be clean.'

"'Nothing will show,' says Dulles. Then he says to the President, 'I feel more confident about this Caribbean job than I ever did about Guatemala.'"

"I can't wait," I said.

"You'll be in it," said my father. "You are going to the beachhead with Howard Hunt."

"Definite?"

"Definite."

That fine leap of fear, almost as sensuous as the stirring of sex, went from my heart to my lungs, to my liver, to all of the

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capital cities of my soul. A large phrase, but then the brandy was ready to declare what everything was all about.

"Take my advice," said Cal. "Keep a diary over the next few weeks. I never did during the war, and God, I miss it now."

"Maybe I will."

"Security is always a problem, but you can insert your pages in the mail slot in my safe. No one goes near my safe."

I was silent. I was trying to mask an amalgam of small panic and pride that my father thought enough of me to suggest a journal.

On our way out of Sans Souci, Cal said, "I forgot to tell you that while I was in Miami to interview Fiorini's lady, I happened to take in the third Patterson-Johansson fight."

"You didn't tell me you were in town."

"I've been in Miami a number of times without telling you," he said so clearly that I had no desire to pursue it.

"How was the fight?"

"A good club fight, no more. They are supposed to be champions. I mention the evening only because I happened to run into Sammy Giancana again, and he was in a splendiferous mood. Had the most attractive girl on his arm. A true stunner. The sort you have to be ready to kill for. Most marvelous combination of black hair and green eyes."

"Did you get her name?"

"Something like McMurphy or maybe it was Mo Murphy. The name hardly suited her."

"Is she the same girl who was with Castro?"

"Certainly not. What gave you that idea?"

"You described Fiorini's girl as having black hair and green eyes."

"I didn't." Now he was distressed. "Did I misspeak, or did you mishear? Fiorin's girl is a blonde with green eyes."

"Then I believe you misspoke."

"How peculiar." He punched my bicep hard enough to let me share his pain. "Maybe a *mayombero* is doing a job on me," he said.

"Never."

"Before *your* brains go, keep a journal."

"Yessir."

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"Bequeath it to someone from the start. It will focus your entries."

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April 1961

In the event of my demise, these journal pages are to be delivered *by hand* to Kittredge Gardiner Montague, TSS, Detached Duty. My father, Boardman Kimble Hubbard, will serve as my executor and vet these entries for security should he deem it necessary. I do not wish to embarrass Mrs. Montague or my executor.

Let this first entry serve, therefore, as a cover page. Subsequent entries will be placed in envelopes and transmitted to safekeeping as per mode agreed upon.

Quarters Eye, April 4, 1961

This page marks the first sealed entry.

After some deliberation, I have decided to keep a journal. The invasion of Cuba is to take place on April 17, and that is precisely two weeks from today. So soon as a perimeter is secured, I expect to be flown to the beachhead with the exile leaders of the Cuban Revolutionary Council. It occurs to me that I may be describing the last two weeks of my life.

April 5, 1961

I would like to apologize here, Kittredge, for my mode of transmission. You may ask why I simply didn't pass it on to you care of Hugh. Please do communicate to him that no man with

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the possible exception of my father has had more influence on my life. Hugh possesses the most powerful and decisive mind I have ever encountered, and it is precisely for this reason that I do not wish him to be an intermediary between you and me. If, for his own good and sufficient reasons, he were to judge that you should not see these pages, he would destroy them. For that matter, even the thought that he might read this journal would inhibit the writing of it. After all, I have been hopelessly in love with you from the day we met at the Keep, eight years ago this summer. If I die in battle, extinguished by some errant shell that missed a more military mark, I will go out cherishing my love because it provides me the moral wherewithal to face my death and fight for a cause that—considering the fell complexities of Alpha and Omega—is a cause I would say I believe in. Our fight against Communism does offer dignity and sanction to the lonely quarters of one's soul. I suppose that I am in the proper occupation, therefore, and I do love you. Since I revere Hugh, yet am here admitting to unfocused designs on the security of his home, I now see myself as his Shade.

Enough. I have said what did not, perhaps, need to be said. For the rest, let me keep this journal lively enough to satisfy some of your omnivorous curiosity on how things work.

April 6, 1961

Given the irregular nature of our much-enclaved Agency, it occurs to me that perhaps you do not know where Quarters Eye is located.

We are a good stone's throw away from the I-J-K-L, and have our own World War II shacks on Ohio Drive, a former Wave barracks that actually faces the Potomac. Needless to say, we require special ID and maintain our own communications center which neatly bypasses the rest of the Agency. It worked for Guatemala, goes the theory, and will again.

Well, we may have moved our distance from the Reflecting Pool, but the drains continue to clog in the Washington swamplands, the old barracks floor creaks, and the poor ventilation reminds us of the old problem; shower as we do, and raid the exchequer for deodorants as we must, nonetheless we discover all over again that we are not odorless beasts. I mention this as

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the intimate cruelty put upon our work. Never have so many good people devoted to personal cleanliness and dedicated labor had to suffer such an awareness of close quarters. This may be the penance we were not prepared to pay. Every time I come back to work in Washington I am reminded of it. One term for our local bastion is Stale Quarters.

At any rate, there's not much to picture. Two floors of a large barracks. Upstairs is the Newsroom—Hunt's and my bailiwick. Desks, posters, propaganda displays in various stages of development. Always the ubiquitous cubicles. One studio at the north end for draftsmen. We are comparatively good on light compared to the first floor where the War Room is located (and requires still another ID card—took forty-eight hours to clear me, even if Cal has an office adjoining). The War Room, of course, is where one wants to be. Enough communications systems and cable-snakes to compete with a film set; large maps and charts covered with acetate overlays, still virgin for the most part of grease pencils. One has entered a sanctum. I am reminded of a surgical theater. There is the same kind of palpable hush before the first incision.

April 7, 1961

Howard's immediate boss in Quarters Eye is called Knight. In Uruguay, Howard used to speak of earlier days in Guatemala when Knight was working for him, so I happen to be in on the fact that the fellow's real name is David Phillips. This sets up an embarrassment. One must pretend not to be aware. What compounds the irony is that it doesn't really matter. It wouldn't wreck a thing at Quarters Eye if we knew him as Dave Phillips. In Miami, cover may be another matter, but the general feeling up here is that we're laying on a little too much hygiene. Hence, this journal will call him David Phillips. It's how I think of him, and it is a perfect name for what he is, a tall man, reasonably built, a Texan with a pleasant face, not too strong, not too weak, and reasonably manly. He looks intelligent, yet not overly cultivated. Central Casting would take him for a CIA man, and, at the moment, he rules the propaganda roost here. Around 1958, he cut his CIA ties and opened a public relations office in Havana on the sound expectation Batista would lose. He antici-

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pated that all the old publicity firms would then be *persona non grata* under Castro. What he didn't count on, he now admits, is that Castro would move to the left so quickly that the Communist Party would not allow anyone but themselves to take care of publicity. Naturally, the Company also had Phillips doing a bit of contract work in Havana, so when he pulled up stakes and left for America, Tracy Barnes signed him on again, and with a promotion. Phillips is now a career man on the express elevator. While he and Howard get along ostensibly well, I would guess they relate like in-laws.

Phillips has been pleasant enough to me, and I like him, although not that much. Perhaps it's his air of corporate geniality. He could have worked the front office for General Motors, IBM, Boeig, General Foods, Time or Life, name it. I expect that he's as ambitious as Howard.

Moreover, he has a social vice that puts me off. Phillips is always telling stories. They are funny enough provided you put in a little work behind your laugh. While chuckling away at his tales, I feel not unlike a pastry tube being squeezed for a bit more whipped cream. One sample is sufficient: "I knew," he begins in practiced fashion, "an American newsman in Beirut who once had the following experience on the road to Damascus. He was driving a Volkswagen when the young soldier on guard at the Syrian border proceeded to stop him. Why? On the charge that he was smuggling an automobile engine across in his rear trunk. To cut down on corruption, the Syrian government had plucked their loyal guards right off the farm, and this new lad in uniform had never seen a vehicle with a rear-mounted motor before. My friend, however, being an old hand, shrugged, turned around, drove one hundred yards down the road to the Lebanese guard post, and then backed up to Syrian customs again.

"The guard went to the rear (which two minutes ago had been the front of the car), opened it, discovered it to be empty, and said, 'You may enter my country.' So my friend got his story by driving into Syria ass-backwards."

Do you know, Kittredge, how many anecdotes at just this level of exaggeration are forever being swapped back and forth around here? I realize that I've always avoided Agency men like

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Phillips where I could. Their brand of humor reminds me of the one drink before dinner that is taken by people who do not like alcohol but are following doctor's orders.

At any rate, we have a troika. Phillips tells his jokes, Howard whinnies, I chuck-chuck-chuckle, and our laughter, once it has lasted respectably long enough, stops like a slow-moving car with good brakes. I swear, there are more damn ways to lose your soul.

April 9, 1961—second entry

A report has come to the War Room regarding the cargo vessels we leased. They are to serve as troop transports and have arrived at Puerto de Cabezas in Nicaragua. By way of HALIFAX, I learn that they are gangrenous old tubs with rusty cranes and winches and are bound to cause a slowdown in loading supplies. Our people on the spot did not have a favorable reaction. "It gave me a cold feeling," reported one of them in cold cable-ese to Cal.

Let us hope this is not symbolic of the venture. I alternate between fever and chill. While the Brigade was most impressive in February, their numbers have since doubled. In consequence, half the troops have to be seriously undertrained. The Fifth and Sixth Battalions were created just a few days ago out of recruits who signed up in the last couple of weeks, and one can worry about the collective makeup of our personnel, since it is indubitably a middle-class army and has only fifty Negroes in the ranks. Which could prove a problem. More than half the population of Cuba is black. In addition, the Directorate of Intelligence tells us that only 25 percent of the Cuban population is opposed to Castro. Somehow, that causes less concern. It seems our pride here at Operations is to pay no attention to what comes over the transom from the Directorate of Intelligence.

All the same, I keep being bothered by that statistic; can only 25 percent of the Cuban population be opposed to Castro? If it is true, why won't the man permit an open vote? I must say that I keep swinging back and forth in confidence. Chills when I think of Castro's army. We estimate it at thirty thousand trained soldiers, and his militia could come to ten times that. Of course, our assumption is that the militia will fall away from him

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at a great rate. *All wars in Cuba have been won by the smaller force.* In other words, Cuba is a magical system. So I experience what I would term *good fevers* at the thought of the outcome. Combat, according to Cal, is the largest magic show of them all and always takes place "on that damned old darkling plain," fraught with coincidence and intervention. Yes, I worry over the Brigade.

April 10, 1961

A report has just been forwarded to me from Zenith. My number-one Miami agent, the same Chevi Fuertes I worked with in Uruguay, keeps warning me about two gentlemen named Mario García Kohly and Rolando Masferrer. There is serious talk in Miami that their ultra-right-wing group is planning to assassinate the Cuban Revolutionary Council en masse, just so soon as that political body is flown into Cuba. To me it sounds more like a threat than an execution, but the element to give pause is that if I were Castro, Kohly's underground in Cuba would be precisely the people I would not wish to arrest until they had fulfilled their mission against the Cuban Revolutionary Council. This is to assume that Kohly, like the others, has been penetrated by Castro.

When I go with this concern to Cal, he shakes his head at me. "Do you ever read the newspapers?" he asks.

It is right there for me in the first section of the Washington Post. Rolando Masferrer was indicted today by a Federal Grand Jury in Miami for conspiring to send a military expedition to Cuba. That is a violation of neutrality laws.

"Well," I say, "we don't always mess up, do we?"

"Not always," says Cal.

later, April 10, 1961

Hunt, Phillips, and myself, at work in a conference room on the second floor, must sound like we are programming a computer to print poetry on demand. Come D-Day, our Swan Island short wave transmitter is going to bombard Havana and the provinces of Cuba with enough transmissions to paralyze whatever section of the DGI is assigned to intercepting our messages to the underground. The transmissions, while nonsense, will

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have the ring of tradecraft. It is a neat concept. Our people in Cuba will ignore messages they do not understand on the assumption those words are being beamed to other groups. But the DGI will feel obliged to deal with each and every transmission. In preparation, as good conscientious wordsmiths, we fine-tune our output. "The jackal is loose in the sugarcane," for example. We argue whether jackals are indigenous to Cuba, and whether they have a tropism for sugarcane. We do not want to send any message that will reveal an ignorance of Cuban natural history. We could certainly use one sophisticated Habanero right at our side. Instead, we call on the Caribbean Desk in the Directorate of Intelligence. Since they are excluded from the operation, however, we request no more than a rundown on topography, prominent flora and fauna, and agricultural techniques in the eastern and western halves of Cuba. Then we'll know if we can employ, "The owl hoots at midnight," "The bobcat moves over the ridge," "The swamps are draining," "The papaya fields show smoke." Or, best of all, "Wait for the eye of the Antilles."

April 11, 1961

The cherry blossoms came out today on the Potomac. A faint reflection of that natural bounty is in our collective mood today at Quarters Eye, or do I make a case out of a few errant smiles?

The Cuban Revolutionary Council, hereinafter known as the CRC, has by means of one or another subterfuge been brought up to New York to meet with their overlord, Frank Bender, a bald, cigar-smoking East European who speaks no Spanish. He has gotten them into one small meeting room at the Commodore long enough to announce that the invasion is very much in the works, and that if they wish to be flown to the beachhead, they must now agree to be sequestered in a hotel suite in New York for the next few days or perhaps a little longer—security forbids any closer information concerning the dates. They will be able to make no phone calls. If any one of them does not wish to agree to this, he is free to leave and free to miss the invasion. Bender, an old hand at East European ironies, also gets across the notion that any CRC leader who did not wish to

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join such an agreement might find himself enough of a security risk to be sequestered all alone. Naturally they agree to go into the communal lock-up together. Hunt claims that these elaborate steps are necessary because of Manuel Ray, but I can think of Toto Barbaro, and am just as happy that none of them can now send a message on when the invasion will commence. It does occur to me that we must have used at least twenty people at Zenith to set up the various pretexts that brought these six highly individual Cuban gentlemen to New York. Well, we are good at that, and so should we be..

Bender, who is now cloistered with this crew of esteemed prisoners, informs Hunt that they are importuning him already for advance news. "If we are to be captives," they say, "can we not at least have the compensation of acquiring some privileged knowledge?"

In the meantime, to steer CRC publicity properly, Knight has hired a Madison Avenue public relations firm named Lem Jones Associates. Actually, he has rehired them. Lem Jones, who used to do a good bit of work for Wendell Willkie and Spyros P. Skouras of Columbia Pictures, has already done work for the Frente. I can see by the expression on Phillips' face that I am in for one of his stories.

"I would say," commences Phillips, "that Lem Jones earned his Frente money last September. Castro was slated to speak at the UN that month, and Lem and I decided to meet him with a couple of busloads of Cuban women. 'Mothers from Miami.' It was to be 'a Caravan of Sorrow' and would climax with a prayerful session at St. Patrick's Cathedral.

"En route, however, from Miami, our chartered Greyhound buses were obliged to slow up. We had carefully selected four pregnant women, and now they had to stop and pee every ten miles. We came in late at Washington, D.C., and missed a photo opportunity. Ditto, Philadelphia. Lem Jones could visualize the mothers arriving in Manhattan in the dead of night. So, he slowed them up at Trenton and brought the Caravan of Sorrow to New York one full day late, but in the morning we did get news photos of the ladies praying in Saint Patrick's. It made the papers and the wire services. I would say Lem Jones has earned his reemployment.

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April 12, 1961

The tempo of real action is commencing. One can feel it in the War Room.

I learn today that the loading of the supply ships at Puerto de Cabezas progressed even more slowly than anticipated. The winches kept fouling, and a huge hatch cover on one of the ships had rusted in place. Hours of effort were taken up in prying it loose. The Brigade troops, however, full of high morale, threw themselves into manhandling the cargo. My imagination is sufficiently vivid to hear winches screaming and hoists wheezing from one end of the harbor to the other. So soon as they are loaded, off they go to anchor a few hundred yards away, their share of the Brigade already on board. Word comes back that the troops are sleeping in hammocks below deck and on tarpaulins over the hatch cover. The officers, still living in pup tents on shore, will celebrate a Mass tonight after receiving their full orientation on the invasion plan. Only then will they learn where they are going to land in Cuba.

Our people in Puerto Cabezas also reported that Luis Somoza, President of Nicaragua, adjured the Brigade to: "Bring me a couple of hairs from Castro's beard." Our observer added: "Since Somoza is a plump and powdered dictator with pancake makeup, I'm afraid his expectation of hearty applause had to put up with a few snickers as well. One rugged Cuban yelled back, 'The beard above or the beard below?'"

It is also being bruited about at Quarters Eye that our rented freighters from the Garcia Line are so old they will lend absolute authenticity to our claim that the invasion is financed by Cubans and run by Cubans. No self-respecting American would ever go near such tubs. Phillips comments: "Keeping this operation authentically Cuban may have been carried a little too far."

still April 12

I keep alternating between two systems of perception. One part of me fastens on every report from TRAX and Puerto de Cabezas. The other reminds me that the fate of the Brigade may yet be linked to my own. In a week or less, I will join them on the beachhead. That does not yet feel real. As a result, my

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anxiety lives in my body like a mild grippe and sensitizes each movement of my limbs.

Now, it occurs to me that if I am on the beachhead, I can be captured, and if they conclude, as they will, that I am CIA, they could torture me. I could talk. (Could I? I do not possess the answer.) I realize that I may know too much. This produces a childish reaction—I am furious at everyone in the Agency who has told me too much. "It will be your fault, not mine," I actually say to myself, and am appalled. The truth is that I have no basis in experience by which to measure these new ventures. So I am as wild in my thoughts as a man alone at a party to whom no one speaks.

still April 12

The large news today at Quarters Eye has been Kennedy's statement at a packed press conference this morning. "Under no conditions," he declares, "will there be an intervention in Cuba by the United States Armed Forces."

Naturally, these words are striking enough to be put up in type on the Newsroom billboard and downstairs in the War Room. Hunt is beaming. "A superb effort," he concludes, "in misdirection." We know the aircraft carrier *Essex* is waiting at the port of Vieques in Puerto Rico to rendezvous at the Bay of Pigs with the Brigade flotilla.

Down in the War Room, however, Cal is much less pleased: "If Kennedy means what he says, we can get out some black drapes."

Cal is obviously counting on a full military follow-up by the U.S. That suggests Bissell and Dulles are of the same persuasion. The assumption has to be that Kennedy will never accept defeat. Arguments rotate around this. Does our President mean that he will not intervene under any circumstances, or is it a master stroke, as Hunt hopes?

In the War Room, I am more aware than ever of how prodigiously large is our map of the Bay of Pigs. I see it as a species of technological magic to pose against the bloody, twisted chicken necks in the *mayombero's* soup.

later—April 12

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Another piece of news takes over the rest of the day. A Soviet spaceman named Yuri Gagarin orbited the earth in a spaceship. That is to say—the language is new—he has circumnavigated the planet in a space capsule. At Quarters Eye, most of our people are glum. It is a frightful shock. How can the Russians have won the race into space? On the other hand, my father takes hope. "It couldn't have happened at a better time," he says. "This could get Kennedy's Irish up for the beachhead."

No one says Bay of Pigs around here. We speak of Red Beach, Blue Beach, and Green Beach. Shades of Normandy? Tarawa? Iwo Jima?

April 13, 1961

I missed an interesting remark made yesterday by Jack Kennedy at his press conference. "The indictment of Mr. Masferrer of Florida, on the grounds that he was plotting an invasion of Cuba in order to establish a Batista-like regime should indicate the feelings of this country toward those who wish to establish that kind of administration inside Cuba."

April 14, 1961

Today, D minus 3, the Brigade is under sail. Our troops are crowded into five old tubs; our operation is called Zapata. Tomorrow, D minus 2, eight exile B-26s will take off from a Nicaraguan base near Puerto Cabezas and launch an air strike against three Cuban airfields. We aim not only to knock out Castro's air force, but to prove to the world that the operation was performed by Cuban defectors flying Cuban planes purchased by Cubans. The prevailing opinion at Quarters Eye is that a large air attack on D day itself would have too American a signature. Hunt and I are agitated by the choice, however. While our networks in Cuba have probably been penetrated, some of our assets could go into hiding during the confusion of an opening air attack on invasion day. That way they could be available in weeks to come, and, perchance, blow a number of bridges that Castro's tanks might use.

Bombing these air fields on D minus 2, however, is going to give Castro time to roll up our networks. It is likely, then, that there will be no serious underground in Cuba on invasion day.

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Late at night, when we argue in our living room, Cal will not admit to this logic, but I have an intimation for the first time of how calculating Allen Dulles must be. While he is taking off to Puerto Rico, tomorrow to fulfill a speaking engagement he agreed to make months ago—which hopefully will confuse the DGI into thinking the invasion is not that near—I decide that only Mr. Dulles could have made the cold estimate that if our networks in Cuba were now, on balance, so infiltrated as to be of as much use to Castro as to us, then let him arrest all those tens of thousands of Cubans in a massive roundup. Most likely he will be imprisoning a great many of his own double agents as well. This could produce extremely bad morale for his intelligence forces further down the line. As for our underground morale—well, that appears to be expendable. I can all but hear Harlot saying, “When push comes to shove, more support is given to a platoon of Marines.” It is interesting that my discomfort stirs in me most when I think of trying to explain such reasoning to Chevi Fuytes.

Hunt and Phillips are also worrying about the millions of leaflets that will *not* be distributed during the D minus 2 air strike. All payload on the B-26s has now been given over to bombs for knocking out Castro's planes. Later, if there are more air strikes (no one seems certain how many have been authorized, and Phillips is beginning to pound the desk because he cannot find out), we may be permitted to drop some paper, but any thought of a Guatemala-like coup seems to have been put on the back burner. To mollify us, we are assured that the supply ships will carry the leaflets. “Once we have a beachhead and an airstrip, your input will come in very handy.”

“Too late,” Phillips tries to explain. Since he may be the most impressive physical specimen in Quarters Eye, as much an Agency man as a cadet at Sandhurst is a Sandhurst cadet, it is odd to see him so frustrated that his mouth and face crinkle like a five-year-old refusing tears. “They can't get it straight,” he says. “We're the foreplay. Are we going to introduce foreplay after fornication?”

April 14, later entry

On pressure from the State Department, someone above

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us, possibly Bissell, has decided that in the air raid tomorrow, an extra decoy plane can fly directly from Nicaragua to Miami. It will purport to be a Cuban B-26 who defected from Castro's air force, bombed the Havana airfields, and then flew over to us.

Hunt foresees all manner of things going wrong with this caper, and gets on the Encoder-Decoder to Happy Valley which is our code name for the airport in Puerto de Cabezas. He proceeds to explain what is essential in the way of preparation. The plane must look as if it took a bit of a drubbing in combat over the Cuban air space. Camouflage artists can put bullet holes and burn marks in appropriate places. Hunt's comment: "This one gives me the collywobbles. Get one detail wrong and it can all come undone."

Knowing that the air raid will strike at dawn, most of the Quarters Eye personnel are staying over tonight. We rest on army cots with surprisingly nonstandardized mattresses—either bone-hard or flaccid—drink coffee, and idle out the hours. I suppose all situations that require one to wait for news from outside are prison-like. One is suffering sensory cut-off, which is, I suppose, what prison is all about.

8:00 A.M., April 15, 1961

The room stank of cigarette smoke through the night, and the stale, near-sickly odor of too many men sleeping with too much tension. Shortly after dawn, however, the cable traffic concerning our three strikes commenced. A wing of three B-26s called "Linda" has for its target San Antonio de los Baños, a big and crucial military airfield thirty miles southwest of Havana. "Puma," another flight of three B-26s, will hit Camp Liberated just outside Havana, and "Gorilla," the third wing, two B-26s, is to strike the other end of the island, Santiago de Cuba Airport in Oriente Province.

Now the reports come in all at once. All three airfields have been simultaneously bombed and strafed. Havana is erupting into hysterical broadcasts, and our Cuban pilots are reporting to us that Castro's air force has been wiped out on the ground.

How our sleeping dormitory is transformed! At 6:30 A.M. windows open, and we are cheering. There is a whoop of a rush to get clothes on and go down to the War Room. More euphoria

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there. Officers are hugging each other. Bissell is receiving congratulations. "Nothing official," I hear him say, "we still have to wait for official confirmation from our U-2 photographs," but he is beaming. I hear other officers murmuring, "It's over. Havana might as well be in our hands."

Meanwhile, the lone B-26 that flew from Happy Valley to Florida landed at Miami International Airport, and the pilot was immediately led away by Immigration and his plane impounded. We listen to American news reports that the Miami pilot was wearing a T-shirt, a baseball cap, and dark glasses, and looked remarkably cool smoking a cigarette. His airplane had certainly been chewed up. One engine was dead, and the fuselage showed many bullet holes.

A statement comes out of New York from Miro Cardona. "The Cuban Revolutionary Council has been in contact with and has encouraged these brave pilots." We have a ten-inch black-and-white TV set in the War Room, and I watch Cardona as he speaks to reporters. He looks tired. He removes his dark glasses and says to the press, "Gentlemen, look into revolutionary eyes that have known little sleep of late."

"Are the raids a prelude to invasion?" asks a reporter.

Cardona smiles. He spreads his hands like an umpire calling "Safe." Cardona says: "No invasion, sir."

Barbaro, however, seated next to him, says, "Spectacular things have begun to happen." Barbaro looks hysterical to me.

an hour later

Bizarre events as well. At Key West, an unforeseen emergency landing had to be made by one of our bona fide exile bombers when it developed engine trouble after participating in the strike at Camp Libertad. When real events conform to fictional scenarios, no one is prepared. The local high school in Key West was getting ready to celebrate Olympics Day at Boca Chica Naval Air Station. They were there with all the trimmings: track events, parents, marching bands, cheerleaders. All canceled. Olympics Day was called off by the Navy.

Then another B-26 from the San Antonio de los Baños strike had to land at Grand Cayman Island when one of its fuel tanks failed to feed. Since Grand Cayman flies a British flag,

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returning the pilot and plane to Happy Valley will not be automatic. As Cal remarks, "You can't trust the British on things like this. They can get formal at the goddamnedest times."

The director of Immigration and Naturalization appears on the TV news from Miami. He refuses to give the names of the two pilots who have landed in the U.S. Their families in Cuba must be protected. A reporter asks: "Wouldn't Castro's air force generals know the names of their own pilots?"

"I cannot help you," says the director. "These pilots have requested that their names be kept secret."

Hunt shakes his head. "I can hear the bilge sloshing in the hold."

He is right. All through the day, reporters in Miami and New York keep posing new questions. I begin to see that they are another kind of force in our field of forces, and have a homing instinct for every hole in the tissue of a tale. One reporter actually managed to get close enough to the plane that came down in Miami to notice that the muzzles on the machine guns of the B-26 were still taped. While that is done routinely to keep dust and detritus out of the breech, it also means the guns were not fired. That question hangs in the news reports. All through the Newsroom and the War Room, I can hear men muttering, "These son of a bitch reporters—whose side are they on?" I can hear myself saying it. The questions are getting worse, and no answers are coming back. The radio and TV announcers are underlining "No comment" with more of a resonant pause each time.

In the UN, Raul Roa, the Ambassador from Cuba, has a debate with Adlai Stevenson. I catch reports of that on radio all afternoon. Stevenson is saying: "These pilots defected from Castro's tyranny. No United States personnel participated. These two planes, to the best of our knowledge, were Castro's own air force planes, and, according to the pilots, took off from Castro's own air force fields. I have a picture of one of these planes. The markings of Castro's air force are clearly visible."

I feel merry and woeful all at once. It gives me an odd and unexpected sense of importance that so famous a personage as Adlai Stevenson is ready to lie for the Agency. It is as if he, too, is part of that transcendental wickedness that partakes of good-

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ness because its aim is to gain the rightful day. Nonetheless, I am depressed as well. Stevenson seems such a consummate liar. His voice is absolutely sincere.

"I don't know that he's witting," says Hunt.

The Cuban Ambassador to the UN, Raul Roa, certainly is: "This air raid at dawn is the prelude to a large-scale invasion attempt, supported and financed by the United States. These mercenaries have been trained by experts of the Pentagon and the Central Intelligence Agency."

At a White House press briefing, Pierre Salinger, the press secretary, denies any knowledge of the bombing.

later

Toward evening, I stop by my father's office to share a cup of hot coffee. He is not in a good mood. Word has just come in of the first casualty. On the *Atlántico*, one of the rented freighters, there had been .50-caliber machine-gun practice, and the mountings tore loose from the (no doubt rusted) deck plates. A spew of bullets loshed the deck. One man dead, two wounded. A burial ceremony at sea. Full uniform, prayers, and the body goes into the sea at sunset.

Cal Hubbard sees needless death as a bad omen; he is also worried about Adlai Stevenson. "I don't think Adlai knows those two planes were ours. Tracy Barnes gave him the orientation, and Tracy can be vague if he chooses to be. There will be hell to pay when Stevenson finds out. God, he might talk Kennedy into scrubbing the invasion." Cal immediately adds, "That won't happen," as if the force of his will can become as much of a factor as the untrustworthy air absorbing his words.

evening

Tonight, after dark, Hunt is paid a visit by Dorothy. He slips out of Quarters Eye and they sit in their car and talk. He has not told her that we are leaving for the beachhead in less than seventy-two hours. He has not even packed a bag. He will probably join the Cuban Revolutionary Council shortly after they are flown down to Opa-Locka, and there he will pick up some chinos and army boots. Ditto for me. I picture Howard and Dorothy in their car, talking of her mother's recent death, the children's

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school—their domestic agenda. We are heading into tropical country but again I feel a chill. It is not quite real to me that I am going to war. Nonetheless, my death is vivid to me. I can picture my dead body. Since this journal is for Kittredge, I presume to ask: Does Omega tease Alpha with images of that death it is more willing to meet than its uncooperative partner?

Sunday morning

Few of us slept well on our cots last night. Even though the invasion is not scheduled until early tomorrow morning, men kept getting up and going down to the War Room. Over coffee and doughnuts, Phillips regales us with a story. One of the secretaries, taking her turn on a cot for a little rest last night, was panicked to awaken to the sight of a strange man sleeping in the bunk next to her. He was very big and very pale, and she had never seen him before. Was he an interloper? No, Phillips said, he was Richard Bissell, our leader, catching forty winks.

About 9:00 A.M., with half of Quarters Eye absent for an hour or two to see their families and/or go to church, disturbing news rises from the War Room: The aerial photographs, after close scrutiny, reveal that the strike on the Cuban airports yesterday was less successful than first reported. Not all of Castro's planes were destroyed. Apparently, our Brigade pilots had seen what they wished to see. By the War Room's count, two-thirds of the Castro force is destroyed or out of commission, but there still remain three or four T-33 jet trainers, the same number of Sea Fury fighters, and two B-26 bombers. A cleanup mission is needed, therefore, to finish the job. Our air operations officer was ordering such a move when General Cabell, now Acting Director in Mr. Dulles' absence, came back to the War Room from a Sunday morning of golf.

I was out of hearing, but soon learned that Cabell refused to approve this second strike without calling Secretary of State Rusk first, and Rusk, in turn, asked him to come over to the State Department. Richard Bissell, visibly upset, departed with Cabell.

Two hours later, our second air strike is still being held up. The mood at Quarters Eye has shifted again. As Cal explains to me in passing, the main body of troops are scheduled to land

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around 2:00 A.M. Monday morning, and the supply ships have to be unloaded before dawn; otherwise, they could be mangled by the remains of Castro's air force. It is possible to finish the task before morning light, says Cal, but only if everything goes well. That's a good deal to ask of an untried invasion force coming in by dark on old ships to an unfamiliar shore.

two hours later

We are still waiting. It is late afternoon. We are getting worried. The lead story in the *New York Sunday Times* by Tad Szulc has done all too good a job of chasing after "puzzling circumstances." The questions are getting worse. Why, for instance, are the pilots' names still being withheld when the news photos have revealed their faces and the numbers of their airplanes have been visible in the background? Does Havana not know, in these circumstances, who they are?

Then there is the question of the B-26 nose. Castro's planes have transparent plexiglass turrets—the Miami B-26 showed a solid nose.

Hunt outlines the real trouble. Our fake story has to hold for another couple of days until our landing is accomplished. Once we have an airfield operating in the Bay of Pigs, our little fiction about the defecting pilots can be buried by immediate and real events. In the meantime, however, the State Department may have lost its stomach for more air attacks. All we know is that the meeting between Rusk, Bissell, and Cabell continues, and queries from Happy Valley concerning the delayed air strike continue to pile up. The mood is reminiscent of a waiting room.

I am busy, however, preparing messages with Hunt and Phillips. They will be broadcast many times this night to Cuba from our clandestine radio station on Swan Island and, hopefully, will prove most confusing. "Alert! Alert!" we send out. "Look well at the rainbow. The fish will rise very soon. Chico is in the house. Visit him. The sky is blue. Place notice in the tree. The tree is green and brown. The letters arrived well. The letters are white. The fish will not take much time to rise. The fish is red." Too late I pick up from our language expert at the Directorate of Intelligence that "fish" is one more word in Cuba for phallus. Oh, well, "the phallus is rising, the phallus is red."

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Next comes in a Reuters teletype from Havana describing a funeral procession thirty blocks long that moves slowly through the streets of the capital behind the bodies of those who were killed in the air strike yesterday. The bodies had lain in state at Havana University through the night; now the cortège advances to Colón Cemetery where Castro is waiting to speak.

An hour later, Reuters provides excerpts of Castro's speech. "If the attack on Pearl Harbor is considered by the American people as a criminal, treacherous, cowardly act, then our people have a right to consider this act twice as criminal and a thousand times as cowardly. The Yankees are trying to deceive the world, but the whole world knows the attack was made with Yankee planes piloted by mercenaries paid by the United States Central Intelligence Agency."

I show the teletype to Cal. He nods. "I've heard," he says, "that Stevenson is in an absolute rage. He's found out our B-26s were not true defectors, and threatens to resign. So I don't believe they'll give us another strike. The political factors are going to ride right over the military considerations."

He is right. Bissell comes back at dusk, haggard, grim, composed. The invasion is on, he tells us, but the air strike is off. If the ships are not unloaded by dawn, they will have to withdraw, and go out to sea until the second night, when they can come back to finish their unloading.

I am struck by the reaction. The unhappy news is, at least, equal to the good news, yet the fifty or more of us assembled to hear Bissell start to cheer. *The invasion is on.* We are committed. The President is committed. That is the essential. The game is on. I believe we cheer in relief at no longer having to steel ourselves against rejection of the entire project.

I see that we are not without resemblance to a chorus, and feel as if I understand Greek drama at last. We are not merely a group of individuals commenting on the actions of the gods, but have become our own human field of force, and will seek, through the intensity of our concentration, to bend destiny toward our desires. Before long, we have begun to brood on the need to bring the supply ships and unloading craft closer to the beachhead. I would not be surprised if many of us, in our minds, are oiling the gears of the donkey engines on those rusty old

freighters.

later

There is a lull in the evening, and I am closeted in the john again, adding to these notes. Soon the local legend will have it that Hubbard doesn't keep a tight sphincter. If my absences every few hours are noted, and my hope is that in the general intensity and confusion they are not, all good and well. If, on the other hand, I become known as Shit-House Harry, that will be the initial price of this journal. I wish, by now, that I had not started. If they taught us one principle at the Farm over and over, it was to take no notes. Even as I write, I feel constrained. I am careful not to speak in any too great detail about our War Room personnel and their specific tasks, I try to describe no more than historical moments and, of course, the divagations of my own mood, but I still have to marvel at the basic impropriety of my father's makeup. He encouraged me to do this journal, knowing full well that such activities are, at best, professionally inappropriate. I marvel at myself. I obey him. How great is my need to get a little nearer to him.

All the same, these hours of writing, these meditations on whether or not I am preparing myself for the incalculable pressures of a beachhead headquarters and a conceivable visit to eternity, would be close to intolerable without this journal. And the risk is small. Every time I write a few pages, they are enclosed in an envelope and dropped in the mail slot in Cal's safe. I assume he collects them every few days for deposit in one of his secure boxes. In fact, as if it would compound the trespass, we do not talk about it.

Hunt has just informed me of the latest update on our itinerary. If by dawn the supplies are landed and the beachhead is secure, then we will be on our way to Miami to join the exile leaders. In another twenty-four hours, or less, we will be on the beachhead. Indeed, in the early hours of this morning, the CRC left New York for Opa-Locka. So soon as they debarked from their plane, they were immediately installed—I will not say incarcerated—in one of the barracks on the old air base. Naturally, they are in a half-boiled state; half simmering, half boiled over. I have never been able to come to terms with the all too readily

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available hysteria of the Cuban temperament, but I can appreciate their feelings in this situation. After all, they are on the outskirts of Miami, not ten miles away from their wives and families, yet they cannot get out. Being politicians, they would love to join the festivities. What we hear from every side is that the Cubans in southern Florida have taken off on a nonstop fiesta ever since the air attack Saturday. The recruiting offices have long lines. Everyone in Miami now wants a chance to join the battle against Castro. At Opa-Locka, however, the exile leaders are suspended between high elation at the commencement of war activities, and the quintessential Cuban gloom that comes from regarding their immured impotence in the face of events.

I find an ax-hewn poetic justice in the fact that Frank Bender is the Agency man shut up with them at this point. Bender, from the little I saw of him when he would fly down occasionally from Quarters Eye to Miami, never got along well with Hunt or the Frente. An East European street man with tradecraft forged and annealed in the espionage mills of Vienna and Berlin, Bender has one principle from which he works backward—results. He is bald, wears eyeglasses, chews cigars, is abrasive as a corncob, and for months, whenever Hunt was speaking to him on a nearby phone, I would wait for the crash of the receiver when Howard's end of the phone came slamming down. Now, however, they are almost friendly. Bender, after putting up for three days with six Cubans in a hotel suite, and contained with them now in a barracks, is suffering from enough claustrophobia to metamorphose Howard's voice into a friendly sound. Sometimes, Bender even talks to me. "Give me some news, boychick," he says. "Something to divert these guys. They're ready to eat the rug."

"Tell them," I answer, "that Castro said the American news services purvey fantasy. 'Even Hollywood,' and I quote him, 'would not try to film such a story.'"

"Ha, ha, the son of a bitch is right," says Bender.

Howard yells over to me, "Tell Frank to inform them that things are going according to plan."

"They hate the plan," says Bender. "They want to be in the action."

"Tell him," yells Hunt, "that I sent his regards to his wife."

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"Bring down a box of cigars," says Bender. "I'm running low."

Two hours later, he calls again. Barbaro wishes to speak to me. "I have three words for you to pass on to your father," he says. "These three words are Mario García Kohly. Kohly, Kohly, Kohly. Ask your father if Kohly is under observation as fully as we are."

"Kohly can do nothing now," I say. "Masferrer has been arrested."

"There are many Masferrers, and only one Kohly. He is a bomb, and we will all be exterminated in the blast," says Barbaro.

A little later, Cal, on being asked, remarks that Kohly is merely a single cannon among 184 pieces of loose ordnance below decks. (This is the number of separate refugee groups in Miami.)

late Sunday night, close to midnight

We are trying to catch a few hours of sleep before the landing begins. The prepared text of the Cuban Revolutionary Council Communiqué Number 1, carefully crafted by Hunt and Phillips, is now complete. In a few minutes we will phone it in to Lem Jones, and he will take it down, type it up, mimeo it, get into a taxi, and start distributing it to the news services. They should have it by 2:00 A.M.

THE CUBAN REVOLUTIONARY COUNCIL WISHES TO ANNOUNCE THE PRINCIPAL BATTLE OF THE CUBAN REVOLUTION AGAINST CASTRO WILL BE FOUGHT IN THE NEXT FEW HOURS. THIS TREMENDOUS ARMY OF INVINCIBLE SUPERPATRIOTS HAS NOW RECEIVED ITS INSTRUCTIONS TO STRIKE THE VITAL BLOW FOR THE LIBERATION OF THEIR BELOVED COUNTRY. OUR PARTISANS IN EVERY TOWN AND VILLAGE IN CUBA WILL RECEIVE, IN A MANNER KNOWN ONLY TO THEM, THE MESSAGE WHICH WILL SPARK A TREMENDOUS WAVE OF INTERNAL CONFLICT AGAINST THE TYRANT. OUR INFORMATION FROM CUBA INDICATES THAT MUCH OF THE MILITIA IN THE COUNTRYSIDE HAS ALREADY DEFECTED.

I have had no time to think, but I have to wonder if we have any partisans left. This afternoon there were reports from Reu-

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ters of Castro's response to the Saturday air raid: Huge round-ups of Cubans are taking place in Havana and Santiago. I am beginning to wonder all over again at the wisdom of our first air raid. I suppose we were afraid that Castro's reconnaissance planes might spot the approach of the Brigade's rusty freighters if we waited too long and so Fidel would have time to disperse his air force, but how much has been lost by not striking everywhere at once? Well, I will not question my military superiors.

12:30 A.M., April 17, 1961

I am back in the loo, writing away. The paratroop contingent of the Brigade, 176 men strong, took off a while ago from Happy valley after a steak dinner. Their breakfast will be an apple. Now they are due to land in a couple of hours to set up roadblocks. For days I have been looking at a wall-sized map in the War Room of an area forty miles high and eighty miles wide, and it occupies the inner panorama of my mind. Perhaps I should describe the projected beachhead. Once action starts, there will not be time.

Our landing will occupy an L-shaped line of coast. The Bay of Pigs is a narrow body of water running from north to south for twenty miles down to the shore of the Caribbean, which is on an east-west axis. One part of our force (two battalions) will sail up the Bay of Pigs to the head of this body of water, twenty miles north. They will then debark at Playa Large (Red Beach). Our main force will come in at Girón on the Caribbean shore some ten miles around the bend. Playa Larga and Girón are thus thirty miles apart on a good road newly built by Castro. Further to the east, another twenty miles along the Caribbean coast, is Green Beach. There, a third force will come in later. Within twenty-four to forty-eight hours, it is expected that our forces will link up and we will have fifty miles of shore protected by the Bay of Pigs and the Caribbean to one's rear, and the great swamp of Zapata three miles to the fore. Miles ahead of our main body, the paratroopers will be sitting astride three roads that lead south across the swamp to the shore.

Soon these roads and this terrain will be part of my experience. I think of the paratroopers flying from Nicaragua to Cuba. The droning of those C-46 motors mixes in my mind with mut-

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tered outcries from the dreams of men asleep on cots beside me even as I stir and get up and walk to a stall in the men's room to pen this entry.

6:15 A.M., April 17, 1961

Much has happened in the last six hours.

The invasion force succeeded in getting ashore at Playa Large and Girón by 2:30 in the morning, but little else followed by plan. We are receiving messages from the area through roundabout means—the command post at Girón radios back to the Brigade's command ship, the *Blagar*, and thence to an American destroyer twenty miles offshore which relays the same communication to the Pentagon and to us in the War Room. It is hard to determine how much is fact, how much is false report, but after confirmations and refutations, this much I now know. The landing beaches were not sloping sandy aprons as expected, but jagged coral pocked with underwater rocks. In the dark, it took longer than expected to set out luminescent buoys on the sea lanes of approach. Most of the supply launches assigned to the troops could not reach the shore because they grounded on the coral; the men, holding rifles overhead, had to walk in through chest-deep water. Much equipment was soaked, including many radios. Their temporary (we hope) loss of function accounts for the slowness of our communications with the Brigade.

There was also an unforeseen contingency. A small detachment of Castro militia were on shore, and a few firefights took place before the locals surrendered or decamped. Castro, however, has to be aware now of the invasion. Several microwave radio transmitters had not only been installed in huts on this unlikely shore, but were still warm when our Cubans captured the equipment. So Castro will be heard from earlier than expected. Cal, passing me in the corridor, said, "He will try to mop up the operation before there is enough of a beachhead for us to be able to justify flying in the provisional government."

All the news arriving now becomes a function, therefore, of that race to build up the beachhead. The paratroops are in varying degrees of peril. On the eastern front, out toward San Blas to the north, the roadblocks are well armed and supplied.

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Some of the citizens of San Blas are even carrying supplies and volunteering as nurses. On the western front, however, at the roadblock north of Playa Larga, the paratroopers' supplies landed in the swamp (once again, we trained the troops better than the pilots) and the men have had to fall back to the beach.

So, at Playa Larga, Tony Oliva, the Commander of the Second Battalion on the western front, has been engaged in combat ever since he landed. It has been mess, horror, and some success. Both landings, Playa Larga and Girón, were supposed to be unopposed, both met fire from small detachments of militia stationed near the beach. Both Brigade battalions prevailed and are now dug in, but hours have been lost. The cheap, second-hand landing craft that we chose to camouflage the operation seem to have functioned badly. What radio traffic we receive from the combat area offers repetitive messages of outboard motors failing, boats wallowing through delays in the dark, and time-consuming imbroglios with the coral reefs. From something Cal said a couple of days ago, I believe the Agency was warned by Naval Intelligence that the Girón coast could present many such obstacles, but we chose to ignore those briefings. Once we lost Trinidad as a landing site, the Agency must have decided that we could afford no more such shifts or there would be no plan to execute. We are obviously on a do-what-it-takes program. Is there trouble landing?—get the stuff ashore any way you can. That is why the supplies are now coming in too slowly. It looks like no tanks will get onto the beach before daylight when the supply ships must move away from shore.

I have to cease this entry. I can hear commotion in the hall.

11:30 A.M.

It is five hours since the last entry, and much has taken a turn for the worse. The remains of Castro's air force appeared over Girón at 6:30 this morning, just six planes, and one was shot down, but we, in turn, lost one supply ship, and another is now foundering in shallow water three hundred yards offshore.

Some frightful facts appear. The *Houston* did succeed in getting all of the Second Battalion off at Playa Larga by dawn, but the Fifth Battalion, full of green recruits, was still on board when the *Houston* took a direct rocket from one of Castro's

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planes. Since the ship was also carrying ammunition and gasoline, it was a miracle that none of the inflammables were struck. The vessel did suffer a serious hole below the waterline, however, and headed for shore where it grounded less than a quarter mile out and began to sink like a dying bull (or so I see it), oil and bilge seeping out of its wounds, even as the Fifth Battalion jumped into the sea and swam to shore. They were strafed from the air. Reports put their deaths between twenty and forty, and other casualties are as yet uncounted. Tony Oliva, Commander of the Second Battalion at Playa Larga, needs those Fifth Battalion troops to back his advance, but they are at present ten miles south and presumably regrouping.

Just a few minutes later, came a larger disaster. Another of Castro's planes hit the *Rio Escondido* with another rocket, and that boat suffered a large explosion and sank. The survivors are still uncounted (although many were rescued by the *Blagar* which steamed up to help), but the real damage, as we have been learning over the last couple of hours, is that the *Rio Escondido* carried most of the necessities for the first ten days of fighting—ammo, food, medical supplies, fuel—nearly all of it.

Now we are receiving reports that the Brigade has succeeded in unloading only percent of its ammunition, *probably enough for today*, but the supply ships, after two such losses, have fled out to sea and will not be able to come in again until tonight. The Third Battalion, which was supposed to land at Green Beach, twenty miles to the east, had to be diverted instead to the base at Girón. It is now set up on the right flank, just two miles to the east of town. If Playa Larga on the western front does not hold, and Oliva's Second Battalion has to retreat all those thirty miles back to Girón, the beachhead will be only a few miles wide. In such a worst-case scenario, it is crucial that supplies get in.

That leads to the next problem. The freighters were told to rendezvous with the U.S. *Essex* and its accompanying destroyers in order to be protected from further air raids. That is only twenty miles out to sea, but the ships' captains are not responding to their radio instructions and have steamed out all over the place. Their merchant crews, while Cuban, obviously do not have the same high motivation as the Brigade. Result: The *Blagar*, the *Caribe*, the *Atlántico*, and the *Barbara J.* are scattered all

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over the Caribbean.

The only good news is that we have a small airfield in the environs of Girón, and it is in decent condition. One drop of sweat goes right down my spine when I tell myself that that is the airfield where I will be landing. Hunt, however, comes by to say that our flight down to Florida to join up with the rest of the Cuban revolutionary Council, has been delayed by the bad news. It is interesting that in the interim the CRC has dealt out its portfolios. Cardona is, of course, the President, and Manuel Artime (at present with the Brigade) is called "Delegate in the Invading Army," but Toto Barbaro, a genius at checks and balances, is Secretary of Defense. Manuel Ray has received Chief of Sabotage and Internal Affairs, just the post he would seek if Hunt's suspicions of him as a Communist are accurate. Justo Carrillo is Economics Administrator, and Antonio Maceo is Secretary of Health.

Hysteria, nonetheless, reigns at Opa-Locka. One of the Ministers (Barbaro, I suspect) has sworn to kill himself unless he is released. He keeps telling Bender that he must speak to Allen Dulles.) Bender has been on the telephone to Dick Bissell adjuring him to send a couple of impressive Kennedy representatives down to Opa-Locka to calm these putative statesmen's nerves. Arthur M. Schlesinger, Jr., and Adolf Berle are mentioned.

Work at Quarters Eye has come to a standstill for many of us. Occasionally a cable comes to the War Room and its contents activate a few people into intense activity for a period—we are all eager to do *something*—but for the most part, we are like idle gears waiting to be engaged. The B-26s stationed in Nicaragua are constantly in the air, but the three-and-a-half-hour flight from Happy Valley to Girón and the equally long flight back consumes so much fuel that they can put in more than fifteen minutes over the beachhead. Carrying 3,000 pounds of bombs and eight rockets and eight .50-caliber machine guns plus fuel, these bombers manage to lift 40,000 pounds into the air. Which happens to be 4,000 pounds of overload. And all this is achieved by not carrying a tail gunner since the weight of his machine gun, ammo boxes, firing rig, etc., would come close to an additional thousand pounds, and that is enough weight to consume the fifteen extra minutes of gasoline made available for air time

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over the battlefield. How vulnerable these B-26s, bereft of a tail gunner, must be, however, to Castro's remaining fighter planes.

One unreflective fellow here—how happy I am that I am not speaking of myself!—asked why the B-26s weren't kept on the local airfield. Answer: They would be destroyed by Castro's planes.

3:00 P.M., April 17, 1961

Tempers are drawing fine. David Phillips, who obviously prides himself on his urbanity, is beginning to get downright testy. We are in an outright cauldron of indecision about what kind of CRC bulletins to release to Lem Jones Associates. Are we to acknowledge any difficulties in the operation?

We come up with the following: *The Cuban Revolutionary Council wishes to announce that action today was largely of a supply and support effort to forces which have been mobilized and trained inside Cuba over the past several months.*

We added a "quote" from an unnamed statesman: "*I predict that before dawn the island of Cuba will rise up en masse in a coordinated wave of sabotage and rebellion. . . . Much of the militia in the countryside has already defected.*"

Actually, the Brigade had so far captured a hundred militia, of whom half subsequently defected to us. We extrapolated the future of Cuba from that ratio.

Dean Rusk was somewhat more cautious. A transcript of his morning press conference is now passing around the Newsroom. It is incredible how many cigarettes are being smoked, how many ashtrays not emptied, how many mimeographed papers of every description end up on the floor. We Agency hands are normally the neatest people in America, but the tension of these last few days has extorted a species of excretion from our nerves. A gray excretion, be it said. All is gray—the news itself, the cigarette ash, the smoke, the detritus on the floor, the gray footprints on the fallen paper. Yes, we exude information as fast as we receive it.

RUSK: The American people are entitled to know whether we are intervening in Cuba or intend to do so in the future. The answer to that question is no. What happens

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in Cuba is for the Cuban people themselves to decide.

Q: Mr. Secretary, could you tell us what contact our government is maintaining, if any, with the so-called Revolutionary Council in New York?

RUSK: I am very sorry not to answer questions on Cuba, but I must stand on the statement I have just made.

Q: There is a very puzzling case of this pilot who landed in Miami after saying he had defected from the Cuban Air Force. Castro has challenged us to produce him. Why do we not allow the press to see this man? Is the Immigration Service making policy for the State Department?

RUSK: I think this is a question which started as one on the Immigration Service and became one on Cuba. I would not wish to answer that question this morning.

Q: If the rebels succeed in establishing a solid foothold in Cuba, would we be prepared to consider or to grant diplomatic recognition?

RUSK: That is a question for the future into which I can't go this morning.

Q: Mr. Secretary, I will get off Cuba.

RUSK: Thank you. (laughter)

Others, however, are not obliging the matter so quickly. Crowds, rocks, and smashed windows at the U.S. Information Agency in Bogota; tear gas employed in Caracas against an unruly demonstration. *Izvestia* reports "alarming news." I skim statements by foreign ministers in London, Paris, Rome, Bonn, Warsaw, Prague, Budapest, Peking, New Delhi, Kinshasa. More mimeos for the floor. Outside on Ohio Drive one can see the Monday-afternoon traffic going by. Motor launch passengers pass on the Potomac. At this moment, we might be the most important office in Washington, yet we are relatively idle. I feel hollow, exalted, twisted by caffeine, angry, and full of a most peculiar, even an alienated sentiment—I am a participant in history as it is being made, but only as a spear carrier playing his own small anxious part in the opera.

I cannot rid myself of a small sense of outrage as I read early editions of the evening newspapers. They are not *responsible*!

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The rumors printed in small type leap out at me like headlines:
CUBAN NAVY IN REVOLT
INVADERS HIT BEACHES IN FOUR OF CUBA'S SIX
PROVINCES

RAUL CASTRO CAPTURED
THOUSANDS OF POLITICAL PRISONERS FREED
CASTRO READY TO FLEE CUBA

Outrageous rumors daring to appear virtually as facts. I feel righteous that I am in Intelligence. At least we lie with some finesse. Then I think of our bulletins for the Cuban Revolutionary Council. That is not Intelligence. I hate Hunt for a moment, as if he is responsible for traducing me into propaganda. I realize that my nerves are living in two places at once. I had thought I would be in Opa-Locka by now and on the beachhead tomorrow; I am still in a consortium of stale armpits. Is anything so stale as exhausted deodorant? The gray excreta of our nerves spews onto the trays and the floor.

3:30 A.M., April 18, 1961

Battles at Playa Larga and San Blas go on through the night. Castro's troops reached the front at 3:00 P.M., twelve hours ago, and heavy action ensued. Reports seem to confirm that his men were mangled in the first attacks. Now the Brigade is under heavy artillery and tank fire and is answering with its own tanks, 4.2-inch mortars, and white phosphorus shells. The claim is that massive casualties are being inflicted. I cannot sleep. The battle sounds epic.

3:44 A.M., April 18, 1961

Unable to sleep, I listen to Radio Swan. An hour later, a transcript comes in of their broadcast to the Cuban underground. It may be worth entering in this journal. What the hell; Hunt, Phillips, and I worked on it hoping to inspire fear in all the Fidelistas who might be listening.

"Now is the precise moment for you to take up strategic positions that control roads and railroads. Take prisoners or shoot those who refuse to obey your orders! Comrades of the Navy, . . . secure your post in the Navy of Free Cuba. Comrades of the Air Force. Listen closely! All planes must stay on the

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ground. See that no Fidelist plane takes off. Destroy its radios; destroy its tail; break its instruments; puncture its fuel tanks! Freedom and honor await those who join us. Death will overtake the traitors who do not!"

6:31 A.M., April 18, 1961

More from Radio Swan:

"People of Havana, attention, people of Havana. Help the brave soldiers of the liberation army. . . . Today at 7:45 A.M., when we give the signal on this station, all the lights in your house should be turned on; all electrical appliances should be connected. Increase the load on the generators of the electric company! But do not worry, people of Havana, the liberation forces will recover the electrical plants and they can be placed in operation rapidly."

7:00 A.M., April 18, 1961

The Brigade won the battle at Playa Larga, yet lost the ground. By all our reports, Castro's casualties were high. His troops were obliged to attack along a road surrounded by swamp on either side. It sounds like an operation where one wounded human inches forward behind another, dead flesh a shield for bleeding flesh.

As I write the above sentence, I recognize that my senses are not wholly under control. I see myself in the wounded man pushing the dead man. I feel the dirty, intimate stickiness of blood.

Castro's troops could not break through. In turn, Oliva's Second Battalion has run out of ammunition. The Fifth Battalion, dragged ashore from the stove-in *Houston*, are without weapons. They never did join up with Second Battalion. A retreat has been ordered from Playa Larga to Girón. The fifty-mile-long beachhead is falling backward into a five-mile perimeter.

The worst news is that no new supplies came in last night from the sea. I must have gotten up four times during the night to read the cable traffic from Girón. It is confounding. Our supply ships are scattered over half the Caribbean. The crews of the *Caribe* and the *Atlántico* must have been berserk with panic.

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The first ship is now 218 miles south of the Bay of Pigs and shows no sign of returning for supply operations. The *Atlántico*, a mere 110 miles south, is asking to be off-loaded into LCU's *fifty miles from shore*.

It seems the explosion of the *Río Escondido* was the local equivalent of an atom bomb going off. Huge mushroom of smoke. An end of the world boom heard thirty miles away. While much of the crew was rescued by the *Blagar*, that same demoralized crew is now paralyzing all action. While the Brigade lost most of its ammunition and communications when the *Escondido* went down, the *Blagar* has enough supplies to keep our Cubans fighting for another two days. If it can get them in. But the *Blagar* is crawling back to Girón. It will not reach the shore by dawn, and that means it will not be able to unload again today. The survivors of the *Escondido* have so infected the *Blagar* that its crew now threatens to stop the ship's motors unless they are given American destroyer escort to shore. Since this is in negotiation (with the White House, I assume) they do permit the ship to return *slowly*.

I try not to sit in judgment. If I had been blown into the water, perhaps I could no longer control my will. The root of the problem with these mutinous crews goes right back, Phillips explains, to the way we obtained the boats. The Garcia Line who rented them to us (offices in Havana, New York, and Houston) was not only a bona fide shipping firm but indeed the largest in Cuba. The owners' decision to defect from Castro was doubtless not passed on to the crew who thought they were signing on for routine voyages.

later

The situation has become so acutely intolerable for Pepe San Román that he took off in one of his battered launches to scour the seas, looking to find a supply ship. Of course, from six miles out, which is as far as the launch, given its asthmatic motor, dared to go, he could nothing but transmit code-name cries by radio: DOLORES, THIS IS BEACH, NEED YOU. AM TRYING TO FIND YOU. DOLORES, PLEASE ANSWER BEACH.

I couldn't help observing that the text was as desperate as the notices in a personals classified.

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By dawn it seems evident that we will not be able to supply the beachhead until tonight. In compensation, President Kennedy did agree during the night to allow six of the B-26s in Nicaragua to try a strike against the remaining planes in Castro's air force.

We are, however, cursed. This morning, black, low-lying tropical clouds cover Havana's air fields.

Of course, the fact that this flight was authorized after the same mission was vetoed on Sunday has put everyone in an ugly mood. "Irish Hamlet" may be the one epithet applied to Kennedy that is not too vicious to memorialize, and Cabell has hardly been seen on these premises since he paid that catastrophic visit on Sunday morning in golfing clothes. There is also some resentment of Bissell. The story, as it is coming out (and I have heard two virtually congruent versions from Cal and from David Phillips) is that when Bissell and Cabell went to Rusk's office in the State Department on Sunday afternoon to argue for the need to reinstate the bombing raid, Rusk, obviously more concerned with our compromised situation at the UN, proceeded to call President Kennedy at Glen Ora. Over the telephone, he did give a fair presentation of Cabell and Bissell's arguments on the need for a second air strike, but then told the President that he did not agree. Whereupon Kennedy said he would go along with Rusk, who now relayed this message to our officers, and pointed to the phone. Did they wish to speak to the President? They did not. Three days later, you can still hear the muttering at Quarters Eye. Of Cabell it was to be expected, but why had Bissell been silent?

I asked my father. He put a quick end to that subject. "Dickie was afraid," said Cal, "that if he pushed too hard on the absolute necessity of a second air strike, Kennedy might reply, 'If it hangs on that thin a thread, call it off.' " Cal gave me one wild look. "Every now and then in a man's life," he said, "one can have a little trouble with an erection. What's the advised procedure? Get it in, boy, even if it's only the tip. Then, pray to God for reinforcements. Please, God, just let an elephant step on my ass."

How my father, son of the greatest headmaster St. Matthew's ever had, developed his sexual view of the universe is to

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me, after eight years of living with the idea, the best single proof of the existence of Alpha and Omega.

3:00 P.M., April 18, 1961

Roberto Alejos' brother, Carlos, the Guatemalan Ambassador, has just made a speech to the UN in answer to Cuba's charges. As I watch on TV, Carlos Alejos says, most forcefully, that the troops who landed in Cuba, were not trained in Guatemala. His country, he solemnly states, is not about to allow its territory to be used for aggressive acts against fellow American republics.

I am overcome. In part, I must admit, it is with admiration. Large lies do have their own excitement. I much prefer a major mistruth in the name of a real purpose than all that pandering to Mothers of Miami and Caravans of Sorrow.

4:00 P.M., April 18, 1961

The front is relatively quiet this afternoon. Castro's forces, a little more respectful after their mauling last night, are moving cautiously down the road from Playa Larga to Girón. At San Blas, on the eastern front, where equally heavy fighting took place yesterday, there has been some realignment of our troops. The Third Battalion, which went ashore with Pepe San Román at Girón and has seen no action so far, is moving over to the eastern front to relieve the paratroopers at San Blas. The Fourth Battalion, dispatched to Playa Larga yesterday in lieu of the half-drowned Fifth Battalion, has now been pulled back to cross over to the eastern flank. The Sixth Battalion, playing musical chairs with the Fourth, has shifted to the western end. It occurs to me that I have not accounted for the First Battalion. Then I realize they are the paratroopers. Yes, they are back taking a well-earned rest in Girón for a few hours. I think of beer bottles in cantinas, and men diving under tables when Castro's planes come over. I have no idea if the image has any validity.

At TRAX, Pepe San Román impressed me as lean and lithe, with a small, pinched, totally consecrated face, utterly humorless. Whole determination to win. It was obvious he was altogether capable of sending men out to die since he had no doubt of his own ability to do so. Now he is at the edge of his temper.

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BLAGAR: This is Task Force Commander. How are you, Pepe?

PEPE: Son of a bitch. Where have you been, you son of a bitch? You have abandoned us.

BLAGAR: I know you have your problems. I've had mine.

GRAY: (an Agency man on the *Blagar*): Pepe, we will never abandon you. If things are very rough there, we will go in and evacuate you.

PEPE: I will not be evacuated. We will fight to the end here.

GRAY: What do you need?

PEPE: Weapons, bullets, communications, medicine, food.

GRAY: We will get you all these things tonight.

PEPE: That's what you said yesterday and you did not come.

5:02 P.M., Tuesday, April 18, 1961

Cal tells me, via his State Department leads, that Khrushchev sent a strong note to Kennedy. He has part of the text and shows it to me.

Written at an hour of anxiety fraught with danger to world peace: It is not a secret to anyone that the armed bands which invaded Cuba have been trained, equipped, and armed in the United States of America. There should be no misunderstanding of our position: We shall render the Cuban people and their government all necessary assistance in beating back the armed attack on Cuba. Sincerely interested in a relaxation of international tension, we shall, if others aggravate it, reply in full measure.

Kennedy's answer is available to us. He is going to say that in case of outside intervention, the U.S. will feel obliged to honor immediately its hemispherical treaty obligations.

The fish is red and the soup is heating!

8:00 P.M., April 18, 1961

A message from the *Blagar*: PROCEEDING BLUE BEACH WITH 3 LCUS. IF LOW JET COVER NOT FURNISHED AT FIRST LIGHT BELIEVE WE WILL LOSE ALL SHIPS. REQUEST IMMEDIATE REPLY.

12:30 A.M., April 19, 1961

The *Blagar* waits for an answer even as we have been waiting

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all night. It has taken this long for Bissell, General Lemnitzer of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, Admiral Burke, Dean Rusk, and Robert McNamara to get a meeting underway with the President. Very much in the way was a formal reception at the White House tonight. The President and First Lady have to greet his Cabinet, members of Congress, and guests.

No sooner has the President left the party for the meeting, however, than one of my father's contacts, a Congressman present at the White House reception, reaches Cal to tell him about it. I have always known that my father is, by half, a gregarious man, but I had never realized until the last two weeks of bunking with him how many tips, leads, sources, feeds, ties, and links he has to Congress and Departments of the Government. Where Hugh Montague is devious, and full of pressure points he can tap, my father treats it all as a social matter. He is full of friendly curiosity, or so, at least, he presents himself, and given his personal force, which always leaves you feeling as if you're setting more weight on one foot than the other (for he is certainly capable of tilting you), people do come forward with answers to his inquiries. Tonight, from the mouth of this minor Congressman, who is delighted to be able to get through to a senior officer in CIA, Cal has learned the following: The President, immaculate in white tie and tails, and Jackie Kennedy on his arm in a pink evening gown, came down the main stairs to the ballroom at 10:15 P.M. while the Marine band in dress red uniforms played nothing less than "Mr. Wonderful." The President and the First Lady had a dance looking "elegant as champagne," then mixed with the guests until close to midnight, whereupon apologies were made, and the President left the party, went to his office, and now is closeted with the high officials who are going to help him to decide the fate of the Brigade. Cal informs me that Bissell has some daring and whole-hearted goals to shoot for at this point. My guess is that Bissell has been in contact with Allen Dulles in Puerto Rico. According to Cal, Admiral Burke and General Lemnitzer in company with Bissell will ask Kennedy for the following: (1) Complete air support from the U.S. Navy carrier *Essex*, now twenty miles off the coast of Giron; and (2) Bite the bullet! Put ashore the 1500-man Marine battalion stationed on the *Essex*. In short, the tip is in;

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reinforce it. Bissell and Company will argue that this is the only way for the U.S. to save face.

I can't get over the picture I hold of the President coming down the main stairway of the White House with his wife (who in my mind now looks more and more like you, Kittredge). It might as well be a film by George Cukor, or Rouben Mamoulian. High intrigue *cum* white tie and tails. Of course, I haven't really slept in two and a half nights. My mind leaps like a fly with one wing.

2:30 A.M., April 19, 1961

About a quarter of an hour ago, Bissell came back to Quarters Eye. Needless to say, we all gathered about him. He looked tired to me, but spoke as if much has been gained. The President, he said, had authorized six jet fighters from the *Essex* to provide air cover over the beach from 6:30 A.M. to 7:30 A.M. They would be there to protect the B-26s from Castro's fighters. While our jet fighters were under orders not to be the first to fire, they were now authorized to reply. With such protection, the Brigade's B-26s ought to be able to cause serious damage to Castro's troops and tanks at the battlefield. During that hour, the *Barbara J.*, the *Blagar*, and the LCUs can also unload their supplies at Girón.

I, knowing how much military aid was asked for, and how little has been granted, am surprised at the enthusiasm with which the news is received. Perhaps it is no more than the power to be electrified by some kind of positive response when fatigue and despair have hollowed one out, but you can feel the difference. Even Cal is not without enthusiasm. "We asked for a lot, and didn't get it, but those were bargaining chips. When Admiral Burke spoke of sending in the Marines, Kennedy had to offer something."

"Is it enough?"

"Well, Kennedy can't pretend he's a virgin anymore."

3:30 A.M., April 19, 1961

I walk around with a knot of anxiety as large as an apple in the long road of my esophagus. It is all very well to send B-26s in under an umbrella of American jet fighters, but what Kennedy

may not know, and Bissell did not necessarily tell him, is that nine of the sixteen B-26s with which we began, are down; most of the remaining bombers are battered. Since Sunday night, the pilots have been up in the air almost constantly. What with seven hours for each round trip and at least two trips a day, they are exhausted. In fact, some of them, not believing in our promise to give jet support, now refuse to take off. Someone, obviously without authorization, must have promised jet support yesterday that did not materialize.

Cal has also informed me that two of the four planes going out on this mission are actually being flown by Americans, two to each plane. Four Americans, contract pilots, any one of whom, if he parachutes out and is captured, can sink us internationally. Moreover, one of the Cuban pilots on this mission, has served notice that he will not take his B-26 past Grand Cayman Island, 175 miles south of Giron, unless he is met by fighter cover.

Well, he will not be met. Fighter cover doesn't begin to show until they are much nearer the *Essex*. In any event, it's academic. That same pilot has just radioed in that his right engine is gone and he has to turn back. We are down to three planes. I try to conceive of how difficult it must be to fly dangerous missions once you have lost the belief that your side can win. Your brave actions must begin to seem suicidal. Valhalla is for victorious warriors.

I am by now in that state of mental disarray where simple computations have to be made over and over again. If the planes are to arrive at 6:30 over the beach, then they must leave at 3:10 A.M. our time, or 2:10 A.M. Nicaraguan time.

Since Bissell only returned at 2:45 A.M., I am trying to calculate how the B-26s can possibly get to the beachhead on time. Then I realize (while imbibing all the spiritual ecstasy of an epiphany opening its gates) that even if Bissell did not leave the White House before 2:30 A.M., the decision to accompany the B-26s with *Essex* jet fighters had to have been reached earlier. The order probably went out at 1:45 A.M. So, of course, the planes had time to take off. As I calculate, they could leave at 3:10 A.M. our time, and make the 6:30 A.M. rendezvous. Since they are probably keeping their clocks on Nicaraguan time, they

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took to the air, I assume, at 2:10 A.M. Nicaraguan time, and will arrive at 5:30 their time, 6:30 ours.

A simple calculation, but I am perspiring, and feel beatific from the ardors of the calculation. If three nights of three hours of sleep has done this to me, how well will I function under combat? I do not want to lose respect for myself, but I feel drawn too fine. By the look of everyone around me, I am not certain they are faring better. It is my hope that real combat delivers energies that staff work leaches out.

6:30 A.M., April 19, 1961

All of us are ill. The three B-26s, flying in prearranged radio silence, appeared promptly over the beaches of Girón at 5:30 A.M., *our* time. Since the support from the *Essex* was not due till 6:30, the Navy jets were still being brought up to the carrier deck about the time Castro's T-33 trainer jets came along to shoot down two of the three B-26s. The survivor, seriously crippled, managed to get away, and, at last report, is skittering back to Nicaragua on one engine while staying a hundred feet above the water. Naturally, none of our supply boats were approaching the shore at 5:30, and no ammunition has been landed. The *Essex* jets, which were only empowered to protect the B-26s from attack 6:30 A.M. to 7:30 A.M., will not even take off now.

Everyone is trying to determine how the error was made, but a wall of obfuscation has come up over this point.

I have a theory. Assuming other minds have been stretched into skews of calculation comparable to mine, someone in Quarters Eye must have sent a message for the B-26s to be over the beach at 5:30 *their* time, and something happened to the possessive to make it come out in Puerto Cabezas as *their time in Cuba*, or 4:30 A.M. Nicaraguan time. Consequently, the planes took off at 1:10 A.M. Nicaraguan time, or 2:10 A.M. *our* time, and what with radio silence, no one knew.

This is my explanation. I have heard five others. The most convincing is that Bissell and Admiral Burke never checked with each other, so separate orders were transmitted to Happy Valley and the carrier fleet. Cal whispers that the Navy is always on Greenwich Mean Time and we are sometimes on Standard Time. Oh, God! I can feel in me—I must admit it—one vein of

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pure nastiness. It is taking a lively, private pleasure in all these massive military mentalities failing to anticipate the one crucial trouble spot. The pleasure whips through me as fast as a squirrel crossing an open yard, then shame at myself wells up with more volume than I expected; behind it flows the woe of all that is being lost, and I am relieved to know that I am human, loyal to the team, and not a monster after all.

7:30 A.M., April 19, 1961

On the western front, a few miles to the west of Girón, Castro's forces are attacking. Also on the San Blas road. Troops pressing from the east. To the south is the Caribbean.

10:30 A.M., April 19, 1961

This journal may no longer be necessary. The messages sent to the *Blagar* by Pepe San Román tell most of it.

6:12 A.M. Enemy on trucks coming from Red Beach are right now 3 km from Blue Beach. Pepe.

8:15 A.M. Situation critical. Need urgently air support. Pepe.

9:25 A.M. Two thousand militia attacking Blue Beach from east and west. Need close air support immediately. Pepe.

On it goes. Obviously, no one explained to Pepe San Román that the jet support was only for the B-26s. In their absence, nothing.

1:30 P.M., April 19, 1961

More messages. "Out of ammo." "Enemy closing in."

3:30 P.M., April 19, 1961

They are still holding. I don't know what last negotiations have taken place between Quarters Eye, the Joint Chiefs, and the White House, but the Commander-in-Chief, Atlantic, that is, CINCLANT, has been instructed to bring off an evacuation. In force, if necessary. A copy manages to make its way among us. (Two days ago, such breach of security would have been unheard of—I am beginning to understand why old OSS men are the way they are. Security is for cold wars, but combat calls for

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mutual participation.) I hardly feel as if I am in the CIA any more.

CINCLANT was told: HAVE DESTROYERS TAKE BRIGADE PERSONNEL OFF BEACH TO LIMIT CAPTURE. DESTROYERS AUTHORIZED RETURN FIRE IF FIRED UPON DURING THIS HUMANITARIAN MISSION.

Two destroyers will lead the *Blagar*, the *Barbara J.*, the *Atlántico*, and the LCUs in to shore. The only trouble is that after the aborted attempt this morning, the supply ships dispersed again and are now about fifty miles out to sea.

At this moment, I am put to work on the last communiqué, Number Six, to be issued by Lem Jones Associates. I am given the guidelines by Hunt and Phillips who, I realize, are even more emotionally decomposed than myself. Decomposed? Or is there a brushfire burning within? I feel as if we are all in danger of being overrun by incoherence. I am happy to have a task to perform. I feel like a fire fighter.

4:20 P.M., April 19, 1961

BULLETIN #6, CRC, CARE OF LEM JONES ASSOCIATES. TO BE RELEASED UPON NOTICE TONIGHT:

The Revolutionary Council wishes to make prompt and emphatic statement in the face of recent astonishing public announcements from uninformed sources. The recent landings in Cuba have been constantly, although inaccurately, described as an invasion. It was, in fact, a landing of supplies and support for our patriots who have been fighting in Cuba for months and was numbered in the hundreds, not the thousands. The action taken allowed the major portion of our landing party to reach the Escambray Mountains.

I had difficulties writing the paragraph. Three times I misspelled "uninformed" as "uniformed." Mental fatigue takes on its images. I am in a dungeon, and a woman with an enormous vagina is waiting outside my door. I know she is enormous because her mighty thighs are spread and Hunt and Phillips are stroking her with a giant feather. Her greed to be stroked is insatiable. She has no interest where the feather went one minute ago. She wants to know: Where is it now?

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I begin to laugh. We are the gnomes who seek to please the great American public. To my horror, I am suddenly close to throwing up. Then I realize why. From the stalls around me, comes the odor of vomit. My nostrils are so acute that I can not only smell Scotch and vodka, but am convinced that the metallic odor of each pocket flask is in the spew, and so is the pharmacological smell of dexedrine. We've been spinning along on the stuff for days. I have an intimation that this is how one feels when a marriage is breaking up.

When I come out of the loo, I am assigned to write a few vagaries to take the place of the radio broadcasts we had prepared to send into Cuba after early victories. I compose it now: "The fish are brightly spotted. Javier is carrying his hoe. The whale will spout on the full of the moon. The grass is waving. The seed is dispersed."

There will be no argument over these choices.

5:00 P.M., April 19, 1961

I read a last message. It came via the *Blagar* at 4:30 P.M. I HAVE NOTHING TO FIGHT WITH. AM TAKING TO THE WOODS. I CAN NOT WAIT FOR YOU. PEPE.

5:30 P.M., April 19, 1961

This was followed by a transcript of a conversation which concluded at 4:40 P.M.:

GRAY: Hold on. We're coming. We're coming with everything.

PEPE: How long?

GRAY: Three to four hours.

PEPE: You won't be here on time. Farewell, friends. I am breaking this radio right now.

It is believed that Pepe San Román, Arttime, and their staff are heading into the Zapata swamps. Thirty or forty of them may succeed in making their way into the Escambray Mountains. Like Castro before them, they can build a mighty guerrilla movement. Or so, I suspect, goes the thinking of Arttime and San Román.

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6:00 P.M., April 19, 1961

Men are starting to leave Quarters Eye. Others remain. Most are not needed any longer. Nonetheless, they remain, as I do. Perhaps we have some elusive quality in common. I begin to think we must all be the sort of people who stay up till three in the morning listening to repetitive news broadcasts about a catastrophe, hoping to hear one new detail.

Indeed, one new detail does arrive. This Wednesday morning, the exile leaders threatened to smash their way out of their barracks. Bender succeeded in convincing them that the bad publicity would be a media bloodbath. Everyone will lose dignity. To keep them placated, Arthur Schlesinger, Jr., and Adolf Berle flew down this morning. Now, word comes back that the Council is in the air, and will land soon in Washington where they will be taken to see President Kennedy. Several of the exile leaders (Cardona, Barbaro, and Maceo) have sons fighting in the Brigade. Others have brothers or nephews. All are now dead or captured. In this swamp of desolation, I feel something positive for Kennedy. It is a decent act, I decide, to meet them at this time.

Dick Bissell comes up to the news room, and tells us that the exile leaders are now in a safe house near Washington, D.C. "Will you," asks Bissell of Hunt, "escort them to the White House?"

"I can't face them," says Howard. "They trusted me and I can't face them."

Frank Bender will accompany them instead. I think of wildly corrupt and wholly compromised Toto Barbaro engaged in small talk with the President. What does it matter?

Phillips slips a word into my ear. "I don't think it was the Cubans that Howard can't face, but the President. I would bet Howard wishes Kennedy six feet under and I don't know if I disagree with him."

The last teletype I read before leaving Quarters Eye was a wire service pickup of a story in the *Miami News*. "Rebel invaders claimed today to have driven fifty miles and scored their first big victory in the battle to topple Fidel Castro."

Well, at 9 P.M., Bulletin #6 will go out from Lem Jones

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Associates to confirm that nonexistent fact.

I send out last instructions to Happy Valley. Tomorrow, one of the remaining B-26s is to take our undistributed leaflets hundreds of miles out to sea, and dump them.

So ends this journal which I tried to present in a non-dramatic style appropriate to the posthumous tone. Now that I am instead alive, I will transfer all of these pages from Cal's safe deposit box to mine.

41 | Allen Dulles came back from Puerto Rico early Thursday morning with a terrible case of gout. To my father, who had gone out to meet him at Andrews Air Force Base, he said, "This is the worst day of my life."

On that same morning three exile leaders were flying back from Washington to their families in Miami, and I was on board to expedite the solution of any problems they might encounter upon arrival. Since it had been deemed discourteous to send our Cubans back alone, but none of my superiors wanted the job, I volunteered one moment before it would have been assigned to me.

It proved to be a quiet voyage. As heavy as pallbearers, we sat in our Air Force seats, and, on arrival, so soon as I had arranged for transportation, we shook hands gravely to say farewell. It was obvious they had seen enough of the Agency.

I was ready to take the next Air Force plane back to Andrews, but then I had left a telephone number at Zenith for these exile leaders to call if there should be need of assistance in days to come, so I decided to make an appearance at Zenith and familiarize some reliable officer on the need to forward their messages back to me in Washington. Since I was done with this

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task before noon and could take another Air Force plane in the evening. I decided to drive downtown, park the car, and walk about in the April warmth. Crossing NE 2nd Street, I felt an impulse to enter Gesu Catholic Church, a noble armory all of 180 feet wide and not much less than 300 feet in length, a Miami edifice to be certain, offering pink and green walls and golden-yellow chapels. I had gone there several times over the last ten months to service a dead drop in one of the missal books in the fifth pew of the thirty-second row off the southern aisle.

So, yes, I knew Gesu Catholic Church on NE 2nd Street. I had also dropped in there on my own after bouts of love with Modene, and I do not know why, but the church was balm, I found, for sexual depletions of the spirit. I even used to wonder, if in no serious way (since I understood that I was not the least bit inclined), whether one more High Episcopalian might not be tempted just a little to become a Catholic. As an expression of that random impulse, I had even on one occasion asked Modene to meet me in the back of Gesu at the votive candles, a choice that I suspect irritated her. She had not been inside a Catholic church for over a year, and then it had been for another stewardess's wedding.

Today Gesu was not empty. The last Mass had taken place well over an hour ago, and the next was not due till five in the afternoon, yet the pews were not empty, and everywhere were women praying. I did not want to look at their faces, for many of them were weeping as well. My ears, keened to the private silence I could always hear within the larger solemnity of a church, became aware at last, in the slow befuddled manner of a drunk who has wandered right up to the edge of the sea, that today there was no silence. Lamentations never ceased. Into them poured, as from many smaller vessels, murmurings of sorrow from the throats of separate men and women, mothers and fathers, brothers and sisters of the lost Brigade, and the dimensions of the loss came over me then with such power that for this one rare time in my life, I had a vision of the suffering of Christ and thought, yes, such suffering was real, and this is how the mourners must have felt as they waited in the shadow of the cross and heard His agony, and feared that some tenderness of spirit was vanishing from the world forever.

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That much I felt, and knew the vision was a self-deception. Under my pain was rage. I did not feel tender or loving, but full of the most terrible anger at I knew not what—was it the President, his advisers, the Agency itself? I had the rage of a man who has just lost his arm to the gears of a machine and does not know whether to blame the engine or the finger in some upstairs office which flicked the switch to turn it all on. So I sat alone in church, a stranger to my own lamentations, and knew that the end of the Bay of Pigs would never end for me since I had no real grief to build a tomb for my lost hopes. I was condemned instead to the black, obsessive rings of one oppressive question: Whose fault had it been?

It was at that moment I saw Modene on the other side of the church. She was sitting by herself at the end of a pew with a black lace handkerchief on her head, and she had knelt in prayer.

I saw it as a sign. A sense of happiness as quick as the light on a blade of grass when the wind turns it to the sun came to me, and I stood up and walked to the back of the church and over to her aisle and up to her pew and sat down beside her. When she turned around, I knew that I would see the same light come into her green eyes that I had seen in the long thin palm of the grass blade, and she would whisper, "Oh, Harry."

When the woman turned, however, to look at me, it was not Modene. I was staring at a young Cuban woman who styled her hair in the same manner—that was all.

I had not permitted myself to steal near to any feeling of what I had lost, but now it was there. I had lost Modene. "*Excùlpame*," I blurted out and stood up and left the church, only to stop at the first pay phone and call the Fontainebleau. The desk clerk did not react to her name, but merely rang her room. When she answered, I discovered that my voice was near to mutinous. The words almost did not come out.

"God, I love you," I said.

"Oh, Harry."

Had I felt some tender response come back to me through the wire? "Are you based in Miami once more?" I asked, as if the fact might possess some cardinal value for us both.

"Yes, it's Miami again."

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I paused. "Do you still have two friends?"

It had to be the wrong thing to say, yes, it may have been the wrong thing to say, but I had to know if she would receive me as I was, past, present, future, all imperfect, and she did take the measure as if, yes, I was a man who might be her equal. She said, "My dance card happens to be empty."

"I'm glad," I said. "I want you to know I am not a member of the FBI."

"Yes," she said, "I guess you're not."

"Can I come over?"

"All right," she said, "maybe you had better come over."

Her room, when I arrived, proved small enough to suggest she was certainly paying for it herself, and we made love on the carpet on the other side of the door, and from there made our way to bed, and I may have been as happy making love as I had ever been, for when we were done and holding one another, I heard myself say, "Will you marry me?"

It was an amazing remark. I had had no intention of making it, and thought it was desperately wrong so soon as I said it, for she would hate the life of an Agency wife, and, good Lord, she could not even cook, and I had no money unless I broke into the safe of my tightly closed principal and accruing interest—yes, all practical considerations came rushing into my thoughts like travelers arriving too late to catch the train—and were swept away in the big steam and blast of the departure—yes, I wanted to marry her, we would find a way to live together, we were extraordinarily different and wildly connected, we were the very species of cohabitation out of which geniuses are born. So, I dreamed in that instant of children to come in the great pell-mell rising up out of the defeat and misery and waste of hope among all the people I had tried to love and hardly knew, and here was a woman I knew no better but most certainly did love, and I said, "Modene, marry me. We'll be happy. I promise you, I'll even learn to dance."

To my surprise, she did not throw her arms around me and burst into celebratory tears at all the great changes going on, but broke out weeping instead with sorrow that came out of so deep a place in herself that she could have been the vehicle for all the grief collected in Gesu Catholic Church on NE 2nd Street.

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"Oh, darling," she said, "I can't, I can't," and left me waiting for her next words long enough to recognize the true horror that sits like a phantom at the root of every lover's wings. It was coming in on me that the higher I had flown, the more I had been traveling alone, so high on my long-hoarded love that the profound sweet calm in which she received me could have been—now, and much too late, I knew—the whole numb body of grief itself.

"Oh, Harry," she said, "I tired. I wanted to get near to you again, but I can't. I just feel so sorry for Jack."

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Moscow, March 1984

LIFTING THE WINDOW SHADE, I looked out on the courtyard. The sky, leaden in hue, seemed closer to twilight than dawn. My watch, corrected to Moscow time, said six o'clock. I had read through the night and it was morning. Or had I read through the night and most of the day? No chambermaid had knocked on the door. Did I not hear her?

Had I slept? I felt no hunger. I must have read and slept, read and slept, sitting in my chair, the converted flashlight in my hand, the film strip pushed forward frame by frame upon a white wall. Had I read every page? I did not know that I had to. It is possible I had drowsed, read again, and passed through many a frame without seeing a word. Whether I had read or merely advanced each strip of film, the events had entered my mind. I was not dissimilar to a blind man who is led by a guide down a path he knows well enough to take by himself.

As I looked into the courtyard, the sky was darkening. I had been living in the early years of my professional life for close to twenty hours. Yes, for twenty hours, not eight, I had been at it and nothing untoward had stirred. Was it possible that I had found the sanctuary of a magic circle? The anxiety of my last weeks in New York, that urgent and unendurable anxiety, was quiescent. Perhaps I would read and sleep through this night. In the morning I could return to the coffee shop of the Metropole and have some breakfast. As one would predict from the menu of the night before, they were bound to serve some kind of concentrated sugared and soured species of fruit drink, and there would be black bread, and one sausage looking like a finger that had spent a month in water. There would be coffee that tasted like coffee grounds. Accursed country of whole incapacities! Yes, I would eat my breakfast tomorrow morning and come back here and read more. I could look forward to what I had written about Mon-goose. I would return to the glimpses I had had into the life of John Fitzgerald Kennedy, and our further attempts to assassinate Fidel Castro. Just so far had I advanced in my memoir before that catastrophic night in Maine that overtook my writing and my life, and left me to spend a year in New York writing about no more than that night. Memories wheeled about like shocks of matter from an eruption in space. Such memories would be with me again so soon as I had no more to read.

I was grateful then for each envelope of microfilm still unprojected. For another day at least, I would not have to leave my room. Even as I had found a burrow in the Bronx, I could hole up here. Indeed, the feeble daylight that made its way down the airshaft reminded me of the gloom

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of any other airshaft in the apartment building on the Grand Concourse.

Yes, I was alone, and I was in Moscow, and I was all right so long as I kept to the narrative of my professional existence. It would move, frame by frame, on the old white plaster wall of this old hulk of a hotel. Leading Bolsheviks had once gathered here in the early years of the Russian Revolution. Now I had three slices of bread saved from dinner nearly twenty-four hours ago, and a full night before me in which to sleep and to read in my small room with its high ceiling deep inside the wings and corridors of the Hotel Metropole.

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PART SIX

MONGOOSE, 1961-1963:

Miami, Washington, Paris

job _____

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1 | On that morning following the debacle of the Bay of Pigs, when Allen Dulles returned from Puerto Rico with a case of gout, my father was to describe him as looking as if he had died.

I do not know whether Carl's remark shaped my view, but in the months and years that followed, I always thought of Mr. Dulles as a man who, by some inner measure, was dead, even if it would take seven more years before he passed away, and would then provide a notably unhappy Christmas week for those who cared about him. I remember that on the evening he took ill I was in Saigon. It was Christmas Eve of 1968 and I was writing a letter to Kittredge who would send me details of his demise in the return mail, and I would hear more of it in the late spring of 1969 at lunch with her in a crab-and-beer hutch of a roadhouse on the Virginia Tidewater. Our affair had by then begun, that affair which was yet to uproot our lives and send tragedy plummeting upon us.

That, however, lay ahead. In the spring of 1969, Christopher was still alive and Harlot most certainly had the full use of his legs. He might be a cuckold, but, unwitting of that, he re-

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mained a priapic prodigy, more ramrod than the lover who had, to a degree, replaced him—that younger lover whose ability to woo Kittredge originated in the felicities of his mouth and lips, offering “delights so rare one knows the rapture of a feather’s fall,” a phrase Kittredge uttered once in passing, and I never dared to ask if it came from a poem I ought to have recognized; but then, I hardly cared—the words were accurate. We adored each other. No two friends could ever have been more dear. Our lovemaking was as close as the little turns of our talk, curving in and out of our mood like the fine and artful ridges of a well-formed ear.

That afternoon in a roadhouse shack, cracking our crab claws with lobster pincers on an unpainted trestle table, she told me again of Allen Dulles’ final and much-delayed death, and “the way it came was as bizarre as his birth.” I had all but forgotten he was born with a club foot, his toes curled into the same black warp as Lord Byron, but she reminded me that his father, the Reverend Allen Macy Dulles, Presbyterian, who had been so liberally advanced in the early 1890s as to preside at the remarriage in full church ceremony of a divorcée, could not, nonetheless, endure the sight of his son’s deformity. Did it speak of caverns of damnation? He had the infant operated upon before baptism would expose him to the gaze of the Foster and Dulles relatives. “Once Hugh told me about Allen’s foot, I have never been able to see him otherwise,” Kittredge remarked. “No other man stood so securely with one foot in the full glory of the sun while the other was stuck in the mucky dark.”

Dulles began to die his last and corporeal death on the evening of the large party he and his wife, Clover, gave on Christmas Eve of 1968, and if the best of Langley’s seventh floor was present, the Montagues, the Helmses, the Angletons, the Tracy Barneses, the Lawrence Houstons, the Jim Hunts, as well as old friends from the State Department and a few chosen foreign dignitaries, it was a tribute, finally, to Dulles’ old reputation that a full seven years after his retirement his guests could find the generosity to come out on the last night of what had been a week, after all, of pre-Christmas drinking, but they were paying him the honor of confirming that Allen Dulles might be off the board, yet his chair had never been filled; they would

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commemorate him one more time even if he was old, bent, and kept his gouty foot in a carpet slipper. Yes, remarked Kittredge, they had all popped over to salute him, but he did not make an appearance. Only his wife, Clover, was present to receive the guests and lead them over to the drink and the reliably good food—fluttery, once beautiful Clover, slender and as unfit for combat as a violet—"ditsy Clover, never quite there," Kittredge would say and then remark that Clover was as vague as the desire for vengeance when there is no real desire, only the marks of old matrimonial rancor. Allen had made love to half the women he knew in Washington, and Clover had even done her best to make friends with some of her husband's more serious mistresses; yet through such bouts and rounds, Clover had exacted only the smallest, most systematic revenge, although it must have jabbed like a spear in Allen's gouty foot: Clover spent money with the full license of a financial illiterate. The Dulleses were invariably in debt or nibbling on their principal. Each affair produced one more ballroom gown; one too many affairs, and the living room would be redone. They had been married for close to fifty years and she loved him, but she detested him. "Very long marriages develop divinely opposed strata of Alpha and Omega," Kittredge could not resist adding.

Now, at the party, guests began to notice that Allen had still not come down. Kittredge was perhaps the first to detect his absence. There had not been a meeting, after all, in the eighteen years since Allen first encountered her that he had not flirted like the devil discovering his own true angel; Kittredge, in turn, loved the hearty promise of all that had never been embarked upon: they loved each other in the wholly enclosed way that will allow love, on occasion, to be perfect. They could count, instantly and dependably, on an improvement in their mood when they encountered each other.

So, Kittredge was the one to notice. Allen was most certainly not to be seen at his own party, and she told Hugh, and insisted, since Clover remained vague about his absence, that Hugh take a reconnaissance of the upper floor of the house. There was Allen in his bed, unconscious, the color of a wax effigy, and in a deep sweat.

Hugh came down to convince Clover that he was frightfully

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ill. "No," said Clover, "it's just flu and spells. He gets these things."

"On the contrary," said Hugh. "He has to go to a hospital at once."

Hugh called an ambulance while Kittredge whispered a few words to hasten the drink-up and departure of the guests, and the ambulance came, but Clover almost did not go along, and then rushed out in such a hurry that she forgot to take her coat. Allen proved to be very ill, and Clover was obliged to leave him at the hospital, coming home by herself at midnight. Chilled by the return trip in a poorly heated cab, she ran hot water for a bath, but was feeling so cold that she got into bed while waiting for a full tub, and fell asleep, thereby waking on Christmas Morning to discover that the overflow had taken down the sculpted moldings of all the ceilings on the downstairs floor, and her furniture was buried in a blizzard of wet plaster. It would not be known for certain until the day after that the Hartford Insurance Company did not, under the circumstances, consider itself liable for the damage.

"I don't care," said Clover, "what it costs to fix it. I just don't want my husband to find out."

He did not, said Kittredge. He had died in the hospital.

That may have been his end, but since I had thought of him as near to dead for many years, I pondered his slow extinction. Had his soul died years before his heart and liver and lungs? I hoped not. He had enjoyed so much. Espionage had been his life, and infidelity as well; he had loved them both. Why not? The spy, like the illicit lover, must be capable of existing in two places at once. Even as an actor's role cannot offer its reality until it is played, so does a lie enter existence by being lived.

If this is a poor epitaph for Allen, let me say that I mourned him devoutly and most enjoyably through all of my illicit lunch with Kittredge in the spring of 1969. But let me stop at this point for I am already eight years ahead of myself.

2 | On Tuesday, April 18, 1961, the second day of the Bay of Pigs, Robert Maheu had seen fit to inform the FBI that the arrest of the wiretapper Balletti in Las Vegas last October 31 had indeed involved the CIA, and that he, Maheu, had been told by Boardman Hubbard to refer all FBI inquiries on the matter to him.

Well, of course, my father had promised Maheu that if all went wrong, there would be rescue. Obviously, Maheu had decided—"prematurely," remarked my father—that it had gone wrong. Now the FBI wanted to talk to Cal Hubbard.

My father knew what was to be done. He would inform the Bureau by letter that the CIA was going to object to Maheu's prosecution since that would reveal sensitive information regarding the invasion of Cuba. It was also decided that the letter would be even more effective if Boardman Hubbard was not available for interviews. "Overnight," Allen Dulles was to say, "I grew too old to protect you."

Telling it to me, my father said, "I didn't tell him, 'I'm the one who's there to protect you,' but what the hell, it was exactly what I was doing."

It was agreed that Cal would take up a post in the Far East once more. "Japan," said Cal when asked what he wanted, and added to me, "I'll pry Mary loose from that little Jap she's looking to marry. *Banzai!*"

So, changes commenced. I, who did not know at that moment whether I wished to go back to Miami, stay in Washington, or become assigned to a far-off station, inherited my father's apartment, and, in acknowledgment, I expect, of Cal's present services to the Director, I was assigned to Mr. Dulles' office as one of his assistants. I would help to oversee the move from the I-J-K-L and our other outposts in the capital to the new mega-complex in Langley now being completed fifteen miles out on the Virginia side.

It was nepotism. I only objected within, and then by half. If I knew that I could never respect my own career until I brought off something impressive for the Agency on my own, free of father and godfather, I was ready all the same to remain in Washington. I wanted to see Kittredge. I had the hope she

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would not continue to keep herself apart.

My job took me through the late spring, summer, and fall. Alan Shepard, our answer to Yuri Gagarin, became the first American in space, and on that same date, May 25, a number of Freedom Riders in Mississippi were attacked, beaten, and arrested. On June 4, Kennedy and Khrushchev took a summit meeting in Vienna, and there were other rumors that Khrushchev had been derisive about the Bay of Pigs. By late in July, sharp increases in military spending were being called for in Congress.

I cannot begin to describe how separated I felt from these events. I list them in the order they occurred; it offers the character of my reaction. Events went by like signposts. I was discovering that one's wounds need not be visible nor personal, and I was mending from the Bay of Pigs. I was not too unhappy to be busy with the endlessly detailed but essentially modest scenario of moving Mr. Dulles' office over from Foggy Bottom to Langley. The hot working days went by in a Company car. Sometimes I did not make the round trip more than twice a day, but the Virginia forest was burgeoning by the Potomac, and the shade trees of a Southern summer offered their presence.

One approached the citadel of Langley by taking a turn off the highway at a small sign saying no more than BPR (for Bureau of Public Roads), and the approach drive was on a narrow two-lane that went a half mile to the guardhouse, which gave no more than a glimpse of a red and white checked water tower. Beyond was Leviathan itself. To me, it looked not unlike a huge, maladroitly designed passenger liner. Langley was, if encountered less metaphorically, merely a mammoth building seven stories high with a continuous band of windows running all the way around the second floor and the seventh floor; this may have given the illusion of upper- and lower-class decks. Fields and trees and immense swatches of asphalt parking space surrounded the area; we were on 125 acres; we had cost \$46 million. It was whispered—for the architect was never allowed to know exactly—that more than 10,000 people were going to be using it before long. Sometimes, when my car would be trapped on the George Washington Memorial Parkway behind an endless file of green shuttle buses carrying people from the I-J-K-L

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to Langley, I would swear that total was too small. The Mausoleum, for that also became its name, was in fulfillment of Allen Dulles' dream that all of the CIA might operate someday in one edifice, to the vastly improved efficiency of us all—it was a common criticism that Allen Dulles was a remarkably inefficient man. He was, at the least, possessed by too many ideas and liked to pursue them all, as was visible to anyone who encountered the clutter on his desk; such men dream of efficiency.

We were given it. There were those who said that from inside, the Mausoleum looked like a set of corporate halls and offices, forever debouching into more halls. There were intimate lobbies and wings that reminded one of a bank, or of a hospital. We had a great white marble lobby by the entrance with our seal embedded in the floor, and on the wall to the right was a bas-relief in profile of Allen Dulles, and a wall of stars on the other side honored all those who had died for us in the line of duty. High on the wall was an inscription from the Gospel According to John, eighth chapter, second verse: "Ye shall know the truth and the truth shall make you free." The truth, I told myself on one of the worst moments of the summer, was that in order to be free, we had put up a building that made you feel as if you were working in a fascist state. Immediately, I regretted the extreme metaphor of such a remark, but there was enough unhappy evidence to keep the thought lurking. Once the monumental task of bringing over our records, division by division, branch by branch, Desk by Desk, was accomplished, it was no longer feasible to get around in the place. You had to muster different badges to get by different guards. On the first floor, where the corridors were wide, the Agency housed its service functions—infirmery, travel office, credit union, the cafeterias for different ranks, and the vaults for records management; we had another wide corridor for all the clubs in CIA—photo club, art club, hiking club, chess club; we had shops; we were a foretoken of all the small-town shopping centers that were yet to come with their closed-in, all-weather malls.

Upstairs, our corridors went on forever, and as we moved into offices through summer and fall, problems arose with air-conditioning. If one of the unspoken reasons for leaving the I-J-K-L was the smell of drains in the Washington lowlands,

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now, unhappily, despite advanced designs carefully installed; the offices still stank. Our thermostats did not work, and we perspired. That is, the thermostats did work, but since the heat was now adjustable for every room, people were always turning the temperature up and down until the system overloaded. Administration then turned off the individual thermostats and we were air-conditioned as a gross whole, which in practice meant that some offices became too hot and some too cold. Before long, many of the younger officers, retaining the skills acquired in *Locks and Picks*, found ways to take the little padlocks off the levers. After all, we were people with a taste for manipulation and control. So we put our heat levels back on individual choice, and the system as a whole broke down again. The contractor was finally sued for faulty installation, but the case went nowhere; the Agency was not ready to supply the data necessary to make its case for fear of revealing collateral matters.

Before long, we had rising waves of security procedure, and some rose to high tide and never went down again. In every corridor were armed guards. At night, it was impressive to see them stalking the halls. For years there were none of us who did not lock every last piece of paper in our safes, and put whatever needless notes were left into the paper-shredder, but if one was in a hurry to get out after work, we deposited trash and empty milk cartons in our private safe to be disposed of in the morning. Reprimands for leaving any kind of paper behind were too serious.

I do not know what else it accomplished, but it gave gravity to our labors. Each piece of paper that one handled took on a density more palpable than ordinary paper until sometimes in the outside world, reading a magazine or merely handling a piece of stationery for an ordinary letter, one would be struck with its ineffable lightness, and so much so that years later on reading Kundera's *The Unbearable Lightness of Being*, I thought immediately of the difference between papers that were secret and full of their own weight, and the lightness of free paper that you could throw away without any concern larger than that you might not be totally tidy. Certainly there were enough official notices to dispose of. Each day, through all those months of July, August, September, and October of 1961, bulletins came into

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every office to describe progress on the new building.

One hot day in August, an all-office memo on particularly stiff beige bond paper was distributed to every cubicle at Langley:

NEW BUILDING, TOILET FACILITIES

While adequate for the transition period, toilet arrangements, after full personnel-investment of the New Building is completed, may prove inadequate. To anticipate the contingency that distressed individuals could form up in long lavatory queues, a time-consuming and stressful procedure, this directive is now issued to sanction personnel afflicted by inadequate queue lead-time to exercise free and fair use of the shrubbery contiguous to the circumference of the main building.

WARNING

Despite the concerted efforts of Agency gardeners, said shrubbery has not yet been wholly checked-out for poisons oak, sumac, and ivy, which flora have been known to initiate exacerbated tinglings in mucous-bearing enclaves. A picture is therefore attached to this bulletin of the most prevalent of these plants, the *Rhus vernix*, commonly termed poison sumac, a.k.a. poison dogwood. Full view and profile appended should accelerate process of recognition thereby avoiding itchy implosions of said mucous target zones which, once aroused, can prove counterproductive to those research projects requiring sedentary work postures for sustained periods.

Old Rice and Beans Cabell, soon to leave the Agency, may have been giving vent to the hurricane of foul spirits left in him by recollections of Quarters Eye, for he pushed Security to find the authors of the prank.

Our culprits turned out to be two Junior Officers in Training, former members of the Harvard Lampoon, who had joined the Agency together, trained together at the Farm, and were now to be discharged side by side.

On the top and seventh floor, Mr. Dulles' office had become as deluxe as government standards would permit. It was paneled

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in walnut, thickly carpeted, and the nonstop sequence of picture-glass windows gave us a vista of the hills rolling out from our CIA estate. Mists rose from the Potomac. Early in the morning one could watch that mist come in off the river.

Mr. Dulles' secretary, a formidably dear old lady, instituted a tradition of feeding the birds who visited the seventh-floor patio. Before long, the three baboons guarding the Director's office were assigned by her to clean out the feeders each morning. Other daily rituals commenced. The Director, who had worked for years to raise Langley, seemed to know, as we installed the last details of his office, that he would not inhabit his seat for long.

I suspect he was not all that happy with the realization of his dream. He did not really move over from E Street until his new office was wholly completed, and even then, by the end of summer it was evident that he would invest his new quarters in not much more than ceremonial fashion.

Occasionally I would be invited to ride along in his limousine and he would speak cordially of my father, and express his pleasure that Cal and Mary were together again, a piece of news I had barely received myself in a postcard, but for the most part, the Director was like a man in mourning. If he could rise sufficiently to be cheerful for a minute or two, he rode for the most part in a silence close to stupor.

On September 28th, he accompanied John McCone to the Naval War College at Newport, and there President Kennedy announced at the graduation ceremony that Mr. McCone would be the new Director of the Agency. Howard Hunt, who had been working busily in Mr. Dulles' old E Street office on the official history of the Bay of Pigs, happened—lucky Howard!—to be along with Mr. Dulles on the drive back to Boston after the ceremonies at Newport. It came as no surprise to me that they traveled without conversation, Mr. Dulles' gouty foot up on a stool and pillow. Finally the Director did remark, "I am tired of living *sub cauda*," upon which he fixed Hunt with a look, and added, "Hunt, you are the Latinist. How would you translate *sub cauda*?" "Well, sir," said Hunt, "not to be rude, but I believe it means more than its literal translation. I should say a good English substitute might be 'under the cat's tail.'" "Yes, excel-

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lent," said Dulles, "but it's the cat's bum, you know, that I'm referring to," and then, as if he were all alone in the car, he said to no one in particular, not to Hunt, the chauffeur, nor even to himself, but to the gods, I would wager, of admissions waiting on the next stage, "The President said to me in private that if he had been the leader of a European power, he would have had to resign, but in America, since he can't do that, it must be me. That's all very well, but don't you think Robert Kennedy might have been asked to step down as well?"

Toward the end of October, shortly before John McCone was installed as the new Director, Mr. Dulles did make the full move to Langley and hobbled around like a wounded buffalo on his bad foot for a couple of weeks. I had a feeling that he hated the place, and wrote a letter to my father in which I said as much. Cal responded in surprisingly strong language.

Oct. 10, '61

Yes, son, I took the tour of Langley before I left and couldn't agree with you more. I sometimes wonder if, under it all, Allen has no comprehension of how important is architecture for making the man. I fear for us at Langley. The I-J-K-L was certainly dreadful, but one could get fond of all those falling-down shacks and barracks. Allen lost sight of the prime point—charm has to be preserved. I-J-K-L may have been full of old pull-chains and quirky corridors and hideouts and secret closets from which you could exit into an adjacent hall, but that creaking old mess was at least, ours. Langley is going to be memos and meetings. Technical collection is going to get more and more of the budget, and working with good agents will become a lost craft. Farewell to chamber music. Hello, Muzak!

How could Allen have done this to us? The poor man knows so much and finally didn't know better.

Now we have McCone. I've met him once. Mr. Bechtel, Inc. A compact man. Short. Light hair. Blue eyes that you will find to be as cold as ice. He wears steel-rimmed eyeglasses. I would suspect his heavier product does not come out in turds, but slices.

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It had been a reasonable letter until now, but I had learned that when my father made references to excrement, we were going to move from urbanity to maniacality.

As you gathered from my postcard, Mary and I are together again. It's not love, I suppose, so much as the deep inroads of habit. After twenty-five years, giving up a wife is as bad as cutting out drink and cigarettes. In fact, it can hardly be done. I'm very fond of the girl, as you know—she's my big white whale. I went back to Japan to push that little Japanese businessman right out of her life, but do you know, it's horrendous, she won't admit it, although I can divine as much, but there was some kind of unholy leech between them. It becomes obsessive for me on occasion, that damned little Japanese bugger all over her front and back with his kamikaze war cries, the little son of a bitch. I get hateful to Mary when I think of it.

This is one hell of a thing to pass on to one's son, but you, Rick, are the only soul who may have the decency not to laugh at me for too little. I am worried about keeping full control of my temper. I had a hell of a shock a couple of months ago when Hemingway committed suicide. God Almighty, I beat him once in arm wrestling at the Stork Club, on a night in 1949, and I feel, therefore, one part in a thousand responsible, for he saw the light in my eyes and I saw the misery in his. Sherman Billingsley nearly eighty-sixed me for lèse-majesté.

In any event, Ernest's death is the worst thing. Suicide with a shotgun in the mouth! I'd like to think it wasn't really a suicide. He probably had cancer, and you know the cure for that. No doctor would dare to admit it, but I know. It's to dare your death, night after night. Look at the evidence. There was Hemingway, singing songs all evening and cheerful with his wife Mary. Then, blast! Goes alone to a room and blows his brains out? No. He had to have been playing with it for nights. Exploring all the no-man's-land between life and death, the places where the dread fog gathers. I propose that that brave man went in every night, put the barrel of the shotgun in his mouth, reached down for the trigger, and pulled it ever so gently into no-man's-land. If he went too far with the squeeze, he would be

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dead; not quite there, and he might gain a little life. A species of cancer cure. The doctors can go flog themselves as far as I'm concerned, but that is what Erne was doing, daring death, and he probably got away with it for many a night. Then, on July 2, he dared to pull that trigger a little too far. He couldn't do anything physical anymore, not really, not ski, not box, might have had his pecker down below the horizontal, but, by God, he could still dare death. That is my hope. My secret fear is that he just crapped out and blew it all up. Son, I've been dogged-down by these deaths. Clark Gable, Gary Cooper, Dash Hammett, now Hem. It's taking its effect. It makes me hate that son of a bitch Jack Kennedy even more. I don't want to be too damn bigoted, but the fact is you can't trust Catholics—there could have been some esoteric Vatican tie-up between Kennedy and Castro. There, I've said it. Castro had a religious boyhood, did you know that? Research him in SOURCES, cross-check him in VIL-LAINS. He and Kennedy in cahoots would explain why Fidel is always holding an ace to our king.

I know I rave, but the wrath builds up. Until I screw that little Jap right out of my thoughts, I am simply not getting the benefit of being back with Mary. Do you understand it? I never missed her very much. I missed the habits, the dull habits most of all. I missed playing double solitaire with her—that, somehow, was able to anchor all the mischief I was enjoying outside. Now, I have to wonder what there is worth protecting.

Rick, I'm probably going to pick up my pen tomorrow and apologize for this letter. You may as well know, son, we Hubbards have a vein of mixed bile and madness. *Even the Headmaster*. He used to whip the stuffings out of me—didn't I for good cause deserve it!—but as you ought to know, we Hubbards do our best to keep it under cover. For good cause. The output, once expressed, is too god-awful.

Miss you, good roommate.

Dad

I was beginning to fear that I now understood why my father, years ago, had been so eager to have my head operated on.

3 I had a few problems of my own. The first was to decide on the next step in my career. Every time I considered cutting loose from father and godfather, recollections came back of early days in the Snake Pit. There were hours when I did not feel ready to get anywhere on my own.

In any event, the question persisted: What was I to do next? Before he left for Japan, my father had indicated that some kind of operation was going to continue against Castro, but did I wish to go back to a Miami that would be bereft of Modene?

I could apply, of course, for Paris, Rome, Vienna, or London Station. They could, however, prove too prestigious; I could end up as a flunky at such posts. Besides, my preference might not be honored. I could also find myself in Iceland or Palma de Mallorca.

Whether I was well regarded in the Agency or not had to be, of course, the salient question, and the answer was not automatic. Despite all his obvious abilities, Porringer must have finally irritated Howard a little too much, because, last I heard, Porringer had chosen to apply clear across the Branches, the Divisions, and even the Directorate of Plans, and was now buried in the Directorate of Intelligence. It was what happened, in effect, if you had to apply to Personnel for assignments.

In the circumstances, I decided to seek Howard out. My father's eminence was, after all, under a cloud, and Harlot had been singularly noncommunicative ever since I had lost BLUE-BEARD. I did not know what kind of job Howard might be able to offer, but who else was there? I did not wish to go to David Phillips, and Richard Bissell was not only in disfavor, but too high for me to make a call upon his time. If I had been wise in these matters, I might have approached Richard Helms. The word (as I could have learned by calling Arnie Rosen) was that Helms would be DDP once Bissell walked the plank. Helms, after all, had stayed clear of the Bay of Pigs.

Well. I was not witting. I did not understand that Richard Helms might right now be selecting his cadres of young officers for that powerful future. Rosen would have known, Rosen would have been ready for Helms if willing to engage the risk that Harlot might be permanently offended.

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These were, however, subtleties beyond my modest instincts for advancement. I had to content myself with inviting Howard Hunt to a drink after work.

His immediate tasks for Dulles now completed, Howard was out at the Domestic Operations Division on Pennsylvania Avenue performing "interesting initiatives" for Tracy Barnes. When I responded that this sounded "unclarified," he said, "Let me put it that the Domestic Operations Division was established only after a considerable internecine struggle."

"Can you tell a fellow more?"

He could. The DOD was ready to take on projects that "are unwanted elsewhere in the CIA. I am the Chief of Covert Action in the DOD."

"I don't know if I'm getting much picture of the working days."

"Small-fry stuff. Support for books and publishers we think are in need of a helping hand."

When I was silent, he added, "Milovan Djilas' *The New Class*, for instance, put out by Praeger."

"It sounds easy," I said.

"It is. I have time these days for family, for friends, and for a second career. You see, I've been approached by Victor Weybright who, in case you don't know, is the editor in chief of the New American Library. He wishes me to write an American counterpart to the James Bond novels that New American Library already publishes. I took up the idea with Helms and he agrees this might not be disadvantageous in the vein of public relations. I'm starting what I will call the Peter Ward series. Under a non de plume, of course. David St. John."

"A good name."

"It's taken from David and St. John Hunt. My sons."

"Of course." I swallowed my drink. "That is all you do down at DOD?"

"For now."

Were we to order two more drinks? I would be paying, and I wanted value. "One is tempted to ask what you are waiting for."

"I can only repeat," said Howard, "that we take on the projects unwanted elsewhere in the CIA."

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We left on that. It was only when I woke up in the middle of the night that it became absolutely clear to me that Hunt had passed on no more than his cover story. The Domestic Operations Division, if I was to take my guess, must be engaged in special activities concerning Cuba.

Two days later, a telegram came to my apartment. It said: SIGN UP ON NO STRANGE SHIPS. GLOBETROTTER.

It occurred to me that Howard had spoken to Tracy Barnes, who, in turn, must have discussed my merits with Montague. I hardly knew whether to be pleased or wary that not all interest had been lost in Herrick Hubbard.

If I have been giving a portrait of the kind of low ruminations my mind, when unhappy, is capable of producing, I will say that the inanitions of my mood, which had lasted through all of this despondent spring and summer, were relieved at a stroke—I am tempted to call it a *coup*—by one phone call, make it two.

The morning after receiving the telegram from GLOBETROTTER, my phone rang just as I was on my way to Langley, and the voice of a woman, mechanically muffled by several thicknesses of handkerchief, spoke into my ear. I could not be certain I knew her, not instantly; the voice was as blurred as a record turning too slowly. Besides, the conversation was finished before my ear was ready.

"Call me in twelve minutes at the following number: 623-9257. Please repeat."

"623-9257." I could not believe it, but I saw an orange wall in front of which was a green table bearing a blue lamp. A man with a black jacket, green pants, and red shoes was sitting in a brown chair. "623-9257," I said again.

"It is now 7:51. You will call me at 8:03. You will employ Bell hygiene."

"Message received," I said. "8:03. Bell hygiene."

"Ciao." The phone clicked.

I could not believe it. In training, it had been one's dream to be ready, always ready, for such a moment.

I began to laugh. The woman could be no one other than Kittredge. I had not felt as merry since the bulletin on the uses of Langley shrubbery had crossed my desk.

There was a bank of pay phones two blocks from the apart-

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ment, and at two minutes and fifty seconds past eight, I put in my dime. The voice that responded no longer came to me through a handkerchief.

"Harry?"

"Yes."

"It's Kittredge."

To my small horror, I could say no more than, "Yes."

"Harry, have you ever heard of a girl named Modene Murphy?"

"Why do you ask?" But now my larynx was openly disloyal to me.

"Oh, Harry, you're FIELD, aren't you?"

"I choose not to answer that."

"I knew it all the time. Harry, like it or not, Hugh has chosen me as *your* replacement. I'm up on *your* reports."

"All of them?"

"All, and more. You don't know the ensuings."

Well, if it had been something like a year and a half since we had been in any kind of communication, this was a hell of a way to start up.

"Kittredge, can I see you?" I asked.

"Not yet."

"Why not?"

"Because I don't want to meet you behind Hugh's back, and I certainly don't want to have to look at the two of you *en famille* at dinner."

"How is Christopher?"

"Divine. I would perish for that child."

"I would like to see him. I am, after all, his godfather."

She sighed. "Do you have a post-office box?"

"Well, yes, I do."

"Give me the number," she said, and as soon as I did, she added. "I think we're back in business again. I'm going to send you a long letter."

"How soon?"

"By tomorrow it should go out. It's written in my mind already."

"And how do I reach you?"

It developed that Kittredge had a post-office box as well.

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"You sound wonderful," I said.

"Patience," she said, and hung up.

4 |

October 20, 1961

Dearest Harry,

While I cannot know how much has happened to you in the last year, the denouement of Pigs must have taken its toll. A good part of you so identifies with your work that each Agency mishap must come as a personal loss.

Of course, I am thinking of the old model Herrick Hubbard, circa 1959, and we have been out of touch. For that matter, I do not want you to picture me as I was after that awful morass in Paraguay.

I've changed. So much as one can change profoundly in a couple of years, I would say that I am not at all the same. Do you know that with the exception of a monthly visit from Hugh, and four stints a week of cleaning and Christopher-watching from a good Maine housekeeper, I was alone at the Keep, worked on my book alone, and took care of my son for over a year?

Living all-but-alone in Maine through a winter, is equal, I think, to being suspended in a diving bell. You do scrape bottom on the underwater ledges, but you're awfully strong when you come up. I was. I had a curious year. I developed a momentous psychological theory. (Momentous for me. Might be modestly useful for others.) I don't want to describe it to you in too much detail at this point, but can say that two of the most unresolvable problems in psychoanalysis today are narcissism and psychopathy. No one knows how to treat such conditions. The Freudians

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are comparable on these matters to fourteenth-century cartographers who left vast empty spaces on their maps of the world.

Well, Alpha and Omega, if one accepts the premise, does offer a good grip on the matter. I don't feel enthusiastic enough at this moment to give you a once-over-quickly on the theory, so, will only indicate that trying to develop a book out of the above wore down my literary spirit, such as it is. Day after day, for a year, I struggled at it, and discovered that I was out beyond my powers. I have simply not had enough personal life to illumine my thesis with the thousand everyday examples it demands. I wanted to come forth with a magnum opus full of intellectual charisma, but had to recognize once again—I am simply one more bright girl too soon married, too soon motherized, my backside on the bank and one toe in the career-river. You don't shape history with that posture.

Now about this time (which brings us close to a year ago), Hugh began to importune me to come back to Washington. Up till then, it had been a contest between his will and mine. We were both suffering acutely but not confessing to one bleat of discomfort. Finally he said, "I want a marriage. I have spent my life trying to escape the inevitable. I don't want to end up in a monk's cell."

I was awfully moved. You know he adored his mother and in fact even slept in the same bed with her until he was ten years old. I suspect it was a way she had of keeping his father at arm's length. Then, the *disaster* occurred. Hugh, at the age of eleven, not only had a dead father but was obliged to live with the dire possibility of a murderous mother. He drew very much away from her and spent his adolescence as a solitary. His rock climbing started then. Can you conceive of it? This private and very young adolescent off on solo hikes in the Rockies, climbing freestyle before there was a word for it. One must be in awe at the depth of the desperation that he actually managed to get under control through this drastic cure of taking great risks. Suddenly, after all our years of marriage, my husband was awfully real to me, and I was prodigiously moved.

By half. My Alpha was molten. My Omega rock-hard. I amazed myself. I understood for the first time how hard I am down at Omega-core. I wrote to him that I would return only if

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we could shift the basis of our marriage. I would not go back to the isolation of being kept just about completely out of his work. He may not have understood in the past, but one reason I always became so feverish-minded at the Stable was that too great a need had grown up in me to find excitement and satisfaction in social relations—those vetting dinners, for instance, where we looked for a replacement for Allen. What foolishness! That could not be enough.

What did I want, then? It was to share his work. In fact, his *secrets*. He couldn't agree to that, he tried to explain—I was asking him to rupture his *vow*. Your vow be damned, I told him. Our marriage is a sacrament. That is a deeper vow.

He agreed finally to let me in. I came back not only to Washington, but to his work. Not even to most of it, of course, but he would empower me (his term!) to collaborate with him on one or two of his projects. (Which he calls *pieces*.) I discovered Hugh's skill at negotiation—I ended, you may be certain, with less than I could have obtained. No matter. What I have gained is fascinating enough. I am now his junior partner, and it is sweet to sup on a couple of the secrets. I believe he even enjoys revealing the top-drawer manifestations of his mind. Domestic tranquillity threatens to lap at our feet.

Not too seriously, however. We're still combatants. This last November, for example, we had a horrendous row. I had not even been back in Washington for more than a month when my old friend Polly Galen Smith was at the doorstep. Now, I know you remember her as our epistolary cut-out between Washington and Montevideo, but I can't remember how much else I told you about Polly. Her husband, Wallace Rideout Smith is no longer at State but has transferred over to the Agency and is now one of our muckamucks at the other end of things—Administration. And a duller man never walked a Company corridor. Did I write to you about them once before? Polly, as I believe I've told you, has been deliriously unfaithful to Rideout Smith for years—not in quantity, but she does take abyss-jumper risks. I think it's just so simple as that she enjoys men the way all of you men are supposed to enjoy us.

At any rate, Polly and I get along famously because we are so different. She came to me again about a month before the



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presidential inauguration to ask "one hell of a favor." Would I let her use the Stable for an hour early Wednesday afternoon when Hugh was away working and I might be shopping? She had a friend who lived two blocks to one side of me in Georgetown, and there was Polly three blocks on the other side. Her friend was the busiest man in Christendom right now, but they had "absolute grabs" for each other. Well, who was he? State secret, she answered. Impossible, I said, there's Christopher to think of, and the maid. Not so, she said. Christopher is still in nursery school at 2:00 P.M., and the maid has Wednesdays off. She had *cased* my situation.

I won't say yes until you let me in on who the man could be, I told her.

Can't be done, she said. In that case, I responded, you and your buddy-buddy will just have to find a motel.

Oh, God, no, Kittredge. Well, why not? Too prominent, the man is too prominent, she kept saying. At last I dragged forth the name. Her beau was none other than her old senatorial pal of two years ago, now our presidential jock-elect, Jack Kennedy. The reason they needed a place just so convenient as mine involved the concerns of the Secret Service. Told in advance, they will remain a discreet half block away. Moreover, Jack can duck out of his house on N Street between meetings, then slip back without raising a stir about sizable gaps in his schedule.

I had one instant of revelation: snobbery, property, propinquity, and good old *droit du seigneur* revealed their trusslike interrelations in me. Harry, I had to say yes. I wanted the President-Elect of the United States infusing my rooms with his carnal presence. I think I became aware at that moment what a slut I could have been with another kind of upbringing.

How I envied Polly. Envy is mean! I found myself insisting on a particular payment. I wasn't going to have Jack Kennedy investing my linens with his spoor when I hadn't even met the man.

Sally protested as if I'd broken a bottle of stink, but she had to give in. So commenced their Wednesdays. They were going to love Wednesdays at the Stable, she said, even if the whole thing was going to take up no more than thirty minutes—an item I was to discover when we arranged how the encounter would

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take place. I was to pretend to come home unexpectedly, but *on the minute*. "If you're two minutes late, he'll be gone, and if you're five minutes early, you will walk in on the finishing touches." Polly, you can see, is to the point, and that, I comprehended, is exactly why they got together in the first place. I have not met a man who is more to the point than Jack Kennedy, unless it is his brother Bobby. (Of course, their father, I hear, leaves them both in his wake.)

At any rate, I saw him. Even as I turned my key and came through the door to my own parlor, my heart fluttered twice—once for history and once for the person. He is awfully attractive and I think it is because he is not out of measure. I was talking to a man to whom I felt equal, which I must say is bottomlessly agreeable. And he's so direct and sure of himself that it comes off as a natural quality rather than arrogance. He is nice. And so amoral. And so unflappable. Polly was trying to keep from guffawing, which was forgivable—two of her best friends, after all, were meeting, and he—whether or not she had told him—seemed not at all surprised by my supposedly unexpected entrance. (Perhaps she did tell him in advance and he had worked it out with the Secret Service. Indeed, on reflection, they had to have done just that.)

"Do you know," he said for greeting, "you and my wife have a slight resemblance to each other. It's uncanny."

I thought of Jacqueline Kennedy's father, Black Jack Bouvier. Then I had to compare him to my father and I said, "Oh, dear, next to your wife I'm dry-as-dust," and felt shabby suddenly, a most unexpected feeling for me, but it is all genes, isn't it? Folio dust was coming out of my pores by way of my father's pores. Or so I felt! "Dry as dust," I repeated when he just kept smiling, considerably more comfortable in my parlor than I was.

"Oh," he said, "we will see about that," and offered a glint of a very good smile.

"Ho, ho, curfew," said Polly Smith, and Jack gave a small salute and was out the door, leaving Polly behind. "Till next Wednesday," he said.

Polly stayed for tea, and I began to feel disloyal to Hugh. I was so avid to hear about Jack.



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By the time Hugh came home, I was in a confessional mode. I said nothing before we went to sleep, and nothing again on the next night, but, I was beginning to feel those unruly intimations of dread that I call "the dark wobbles." I can't suppose you don't remember. They were touched off in me once by that awful brooch you sent from Montevideo. Well, it was coming on again, and I knew I had to tell Hugh. He couldn't have taken it worse. "I feel sullied by it," he said. Then he said, and you don't know how much this is out of character for him, "I couldn't feel worse if that fellow Jack Kennedy had buggered me!" Can you conceive of Hugh speaking like that?

"It was Polly, not I," I said to him, "who was in the receiving position."

"That will be the last time she receives in our house," he answered.

"No," I said. "I can't do that to her."

"It pollutes everything here, including the child. Can you make no distinction between the relatively sacred and the wholly profane?"

Well, I was going to strike my colors. He was right, after all, and I knew it; I have also learned, however, that Hugh has no respect for you if he wins too quickly, so I thought I'd hold out till the Tuesday before the next Wednesday and let him think he'd won a major match.

Talk of presidential timing. I'm beginning to see how Jack got where he is. I did not say a word to Polly but on Monday an invitation was delivered by hand. Could Mr. and Mrs. Montague come to dinner on N Street Tuesday night?

I must say that Hugh went through a major stomach upset. I have never known him to throw up in such manner before. And I realized what it was about. He was dying to go to N Street. He wanted to be familiar with Jack Kennedy, oh, how he wanted that. If for nothing else, then for the Agency. But be damned if he was going to have his home tom-catted up. Yet, if Polly were cut off before Wednesday, wouldn't dinner be rescinded for Tuesday? Of course, we could go and then cut the lovers off. No! You didn't do things like that to the President-Elect!

All this is speculation, mind you; Hugh was vomiting so audibly that I would have held his head if I dared, but then he

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emerged from the loo long enough to say, "It's clear to me. You call Polly now, or I will."

I had to love him even if I couldn't bear the thought of giving up dinner with Jack, but who can deny characterological integrity when it is on that scale? I called Polly. I was able to say no more than, "Hugh's on to the game."

"Oops," she said, "are sirens ringing?"

"No. But cancel your venue for Wednesdays."

Do you know, the dinner invitation was not rescinded, and Hugh, to my surprise, had a hell of a time, and I got along with Jackie Kennedy satisfactorily. Under all that false innocence, she's awfully sensitive to what's wrong in people and she knew there was something just a little off in me vis-à-vis her husband. Still, we got on. She knows a good bit about eighteenth-century Piedmont and Charleston cabinetwork, and had a special little slave tale to tell. It seems one of the greatest furniture makers in Charleston—Charles Egmont—was a former slave whose liberty was given to him by his owner, Charles Cawdill, and then Cawdill set black Charles up in his own shop and they split the profits. She tells you these tales with great intimacy, as if with some maidenly pain she is offering you one of her jewels. But, oh, Harry, that's a complex and troubled woman!

Meanwhile, Hugh and Jack were certainly getting along. At one point, Jack confessed to Hugh that it was a pleasure to meet "the mythological Montague." "Mythological?" says Hugh, his mouth all twisted up as if he's being asked to kiss a turkey's tucker.

"Let's say the apochryphal Montague," says Jack.

"I'm only a minor factotum in the Department of Agriculture."

"Come off it. I've heard about you for years."

Well, I could see them cooking up some special understanding. Hugh was brilliant once he got going on Soviet skills at disinformation. To my horror, he started to give the President-Elect and his wife a lecture; to my large pride, he brought it off.

Now, since the inauguration, we get invited back from time to time to the White House. To the more intimate White House dinners, mind you. At the last soirée, Jack chose, while dancing with me, to ask about Polly.

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"She pines for you," I said.

"Tell her I'll call one of these days. It's not out of my mind."

"You are awful," I said.

He got that glint in his eye. "Do you know, for a beautiful woman, your dancing is a hint stiff."

I wanted to cream him with my evening bag. Alas, I didn't dare. He's not that splendid a dancer himself, but oh so schooled. Like a rider with a cultivated seat who doesn't really take to horses.

All the same, we get along. I think he's wary enough of Hugh not to entertain notions about me, but we do have the next best thing—promise.

Later

I don't want to exaggerate. We're invited to sup with them at their House perhaps not more than once a month. And on one occasion, they came to the Stable. Relationships, however, do deepen. Between Jack, that is, and myself. Jacqueline Kennedy and I are on a plateau—awfully equal stuff passes back and forth between us, and I respect her because she does not wield rank over me any more than is implicit in the rich-mouse country-mouse syndrome, but, then, that is the price you pay for such entrée. Meanwhile, Hugh and Jack are off in a corner. You know Hugh—at his best when one on one. And Jack, no matter how furious over the Bay of Pigs, is fascinated with cloak-and-dagger and smart enough to know that Hugh is the *saucier* in that kitchen. And, of course, as laid out above, Jack is chummy with me.

I never realized how much this was disconcerting Hugh until one day this summer, toward the end of July, he suddenly put the BLUEBEARD dossier in front of me. "Here's another side to one of your friends," he said. I think he expected me to be put off by the contents, but I wasn't; I know Jack's nature: Promiscuity is the price he pays to open the gates to his other skills. Jack Kennedy is like a child that way. Must have his daily reward, and it's in the forbidden jam. Good for him, I say, so long as I'm not part of the private preserve. If he can do a little more good than harm, God will doubtless forgive him for all the girls whose hearts he jiggled and juggled. I'm sure he sees it that

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way.

But I did not lose respect for Hugh. He should not have handed me the file. In truth, I wouldn't forgive him if it were not for Ty Cobb's death on July 17.

Hugh once remarked that your father broods over the obituary columns instead of enjoying them, but Ty Cobb is a signal figure in the Montague arcana. After all, Ty Cobb's mother killed his father in much the same way that the Montague family tragedy enacted itself. So, when Cobb died (of prostate cancer, by the way—poor man—once so fleet on the base paths!), Hugh took a tumble, and finally handed over the BLUEBEARD file.

As you may expect, I was riveted to it. Of course, I kept wondering whether anyone but you could be Harry Field. (Hugh wouldn't relinquish that morsel.) And yesterday, receiving verification, I confess that I went through a turn.

Well, I not only have digested your reports, but some later BLUEBEARD transcripts you have not seen, and I'm worried, as is Hugh. He's been doing his subtle best to get our young President to recognize what an incubus is J. Edgar Buddha on any administration, especially this one, but in the interim, I don't believe Jack comprehends how many pressure points are being handed over to Hoover. That man could end with a total choke on the Kennedy windpipe. Modene is so fabulously indiscreet. I am not going, as you did, to memorialize her meanderings with her friend, Willie, which I find misleading since under the guise of telling nothing, she tells her friend (and J. Edgar) all, even if it takes too long to find out! I am going to summarize what I have learned and save you the time you did not save me.

In brief, Modene suffered the lacerations of the abandoned during Jack and Jacqueline's visit to Paris at the end of May. Do you recollect? Our First Lady was a sensational success in Paris. Jack even said, "My real mission in Paris is to escort Jacqueline Kennedy." God, how all that must have been etched into your poor girl's brain. And, of course, our ogreish Sam G. couldn't resist twitting her on the raw nerve. "Are you jealous, Modene?" he kept asking. "Not at all," she kept replying. In recounting it to her stalwart Willie (whom, I must say, I picture as post-deb, blond, and seriously overweight—did you ever obtain a description?) Modene does, however, burst into tears. It comes out that

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earlier in May, before the trip to Paris, Jack had Modene in bed at the White House. Can you imagine? After a surprisingly dreadful lunch of cold soup and ketchup on the hamburgers—Irish!—Jack took Modene from the family dining room on the second floor to a bedroom, same floor, with a commodious bed. There, they consummate their reunion. She is madly in love again. Or so she will tell Willie that night.

This transcript does happen to be worth offering for flavor.

WILLIE: Wait a minute. The guards just allowed you to walk into the White House?

MODENE: Of course not. I had to go through the gate, and then there was a short, well-built little man named Dave Powers who came down to meet me. He had a twinkle in his eye, permanently, I think. Looked like a troll. The President, he said, was having a swim and would be by soon. Dave Powers kept saying, "*the President*" with a high hush in his voice as if asking you to kneel in church. Of course, he left as soon as Jack came in to lunch. By then Dave Powers had gotten it across to me that he's the fellow who wakes Jack up every morning and tucks him in at night. He certainly makes you feel you are in the White House.

WILLIE: It's not a very sexy place, is it?

MODENE: I would say it is like the inside of a Quaker church, only heavier. Sacred trust sort of feeling. I never wanted a bourbon so much. It was early Saturday afternoon, the place was deserted, and I kept having the feeling I would never get to see Jack. After Powers took me upstairs to the family quarters, though, it was less uncomfortable. I have to say—I was familiar with all that N Street furniture they had moved over to the second floor.

After lunch, they journey to the bedroom. Following the preliminaries, Jack receives her on his back. Which French king was it who used to greet his mistresses in that manner? Louis XIV, perhaps, given that pampered look. In any event, as Modene explains it, Jack's "lumbar condition" has grown worse. "Cares of office." She is happy to serve the master, but a nugget

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of discontent remains. "I don't mind which position is chosen. Different positions bring out different sides of me. Only I prefer to get to them on my own."

Mind you, all this while, through a window near the double bed, she can see the Washington monument.

Dear man, I have to wonder what your reactions must have been while reading the earlier transcripts. I hope I understand you well enough to assume that such perusal spurred you on to greater heights with Modene—or was it faster flats? We do want to shine in the eyes of the Immortal Race Steward.

Oh, Harry, is all this due to the teasing I was never able to give to that younger brother I never had?

I return to the essential. Despite Jackie's triumphs in Paris, Jack does get in touch with Modene again early in June, and all through the summer, on fearfully hot, deserted, dog-day Saturday afternoons in Washington, he keeps bringing her to the same double bed. They used to say of Joe Kennedy that the longer you were in a business deal with the man, the more he took from it, and the less you brought home. Something of that lament creeps into her conversations with Willie. All the same, she finds justifications for Jack. "He is so tired. He does have many concerns to deal with."

It is a most peculiar period for our BLUEBEARD. She is based now in Los Angeles. She is actually sharing an apartment in Brentwood with four other stewardesses. Hardly the Modene you knew! From this base, however, she keeps waiting for the next summons to Washington. Meanwhile the Brentwood apartment is a focus for parties. Actors, marriageable young corporate types, a couple of professional athletes, one or two fringe film executives, and a prodigious amount of drinking. I'm not familiar with evenings of this variety, but gather there's a great deal of dancing and a fair amount of marijuana. Then she's always ready to fly to Chicago or Miami to spend a weekend with Rapunzel. Yet—her steadfast claim—there is "no sexual link." I won't bore you with Willie's doubts about this.

What speaks loudly is dissipation. Modene keeps gaining weight, and is drinking so much that she actually goes "as a tourist" to an AA meeting, but is "appalled by the gloom." She is also taking stimulants and depressants. Her hangovers are

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described as "calamities." A tennis game outside her window sounds "like an anti-aircraft barrage." She keeps referring to "a crazy drunken summer." When working, she suffers "as never before." She calls Jack frequently. Apparently, he has given her a special number to reach one of his secretaries. According to Modene's account, Jack does call back when not immediately available. And she has offered hints that last summer she did carry a manila envelope from IOTA to RAPUNZEL. All the same, Jack keeps teasing her. "Don't," says Jack, "let it get too personal with Sammy. He's not a fellow to trust with the collection plate."

Hugh, in one surprising moment of candor, said to me, "I suspect this has to do with Castro. Under it all, your Jack has an IRA mentality. Trust that Mick instinct. He wants to get even. Get even and you can enjoy your old age."

I find the most curious feelings in me. I've always thought of myself as ruefully patriotic, that is, I love America, but it's like having a mate whose gaffes keep you exclaiming, "Oh, my God. He's done it again." I am outraged, however, that this man Castro, who is probably more qualified to be captain of a pirate ship than a head of state is now gloating over us. It does bother me. And I know it rests like a thorn in the Kennedy heart. With his love of intrigue, it would be just like Jack to pick such an outré back channel as Sammy G.

Toward the end of August, our girl is invited once again to lunch on Saturday in the small second-story dining room. This time, however, Dave Powers is invited to eat with them.

MODENE: At the end of the meal, Jack said to me, "Modene, I am picking up a few tales out of school." "Tales?" I asked. For the first time since I knew him, I didn't like his tone. Not at all. He said, "Did you ever say to anyone that I tried to get you to accept another girl to go right in there with us?"

WILLIE: He spoke like that in front of Dave Powers?

MODENE: I think he wanted a henchman there for the record.

WILLIE: Maybe you were being recorded?

MODENE: Don't say that. It's offensive enough already. I certainly had the feeling that he was doing it for Dave

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Powers' benefit. As if to announce: "Well, here is this unlikely tale, but were you, Modene, malicious enough to go around spreading it?"

WILLIE: You must have been furious.

MODENE: I don't make a habit of swearing, but instinct told me to get downright coarse. So I said: "If you ever tried something so low as hoping to put another girl into the sack with you and me, I sure as hell would be the last one to run around with that story. It's an insult to me."

WILLIE: You did tell him off.

MODENE: He had transgressed the line of privacy.

WILLIE: I appreciate what you are saying.

MODENE: Yes.

WILLIE: Except you did tell it to me.

MODENE: I did? . . . Yes, I did, didn't I? But you don't count.

WILLIE: Did you tell anyone beside me?

MODENE: I may have told Tom. I can't remember. Do you know, I really can't remember. Do you suppose pot and alcohol if taken with sleeping pills might injure a person's memory?

WILLIE: Yes.

MODENE: Well, I do remember telling Sam.

WILLIE: Oh, no.

MODENE: I couldn't stew in it alone.

WILLIE: What happened after you told him off?

MODENE: I kept on the high road. I asked him how he dared to discuss something that personal in front of a third party? Jack must have made some signal then, because Powers left the room. Then Jack tried to make amends. Kept kissing me on the cheek and saying, "I'm awfully sorry. But a story did get back to me." I told him if he didn't like tales out of school, maybe he ought to comport himself in another manner. And then very suddenly I said, "Let's break it off." I couldn't believe I had said it. He tried to get me to stay. I think, after all this, he still wanted to get me in bed. Men are single-minded, aren't they? I finally had to say, "You are insensitive. I want to leave."

WILLIE: You just took off?



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MODENE: Oh, no. He wouldn't permit that. Dave Powers had to take me on a tour of the White House.

WILLIE: I'm sure they wanted to check on whether you were under control. All they needed was some mad beauty running out of the White House and ripping off her clothes on Pennsylvania Avenue.

MODENE: You are particularly humorous today.

WILLIE: Sorry.

MODENE: The tour was painful. Dave Powers had done it so many times before that I wanted to scream. I felt as if I were working an all-seats-occupied flight. Dave must have taken forty-five minutes guiding me through the Green Room and the Red Room and the Oval Room and the East Room.

WILLIE: Do you remember any of it?

MODENE: Don't I just? "Elegance is the fruit of rationality."

WILLIE: What?

MODENE: "Elegance is the fruit of rationality." That was in the East Room. He kept talking about the noble proportions of the East Room. When we got to the Oval Room, he had to say, "It's traditionally employed for White House weddings." Then he began to describe all the shades of blue that the Oval Room has seen. Originally, under President Monroe, it was crimson and gold, but Van Buren changed it to royal blue, then President Grant made it violet-blue, and Chester Arthur's wife altered it to robin's-egg blue. Mrs. Harrison picked out a cerulean blue.

WILLIE: There is nothing wrong with your memory.

MODENE: Thank you. Mrs. Harrison's cerulean blue was a figured wall paper.

WILLIE: Thank you.

MODENE: And then Teddy Roosevelt made it steel blue.

Harry Truman altered it back to royal blue.

WILLIE: Amazing.

MODENE: I was sick. I wanted to get out of there.

I can feel for Modene at that moment. I don't believe men understand how much importance women attribute to compo-

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sure when they are feeling nothing underneath but emotional debris. The moment Modene does get back to her hotel, she packs her bags and catches a flight to Chicago.

It is here, I must tell you, that she begins her affair with Sam. However, I don't feel ready to write to you about that today. I would feel more secure if you would answer this letter first.

Yours provisionally,
Eiskaltblütig

P.S. Can you believe it? That is one of Hugh's nicknames for me. I, who am as unformed and overheated within as Lava Inchoate.

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Oct. 22, 1961

Dear Ice-cold Lava,

If we are to correspond, I would like to leave Modene out of it. Can we discuss other matters? I am, for instance—believe it if you will—ready for your theory on narcissism. Why don't you give me some idea of that? I expect your formulations can apply to a few people one knows. Yes, and what you may have to say on psychopathy.

As for myself, I am in a strange place. My career is in irons. No tradewinds blow. Hints, however, of a new wind. A bird streaking across my inner sky turns abruptly to fly back in the direction from which it came. Or, at least, that is what I glimpsed while my eyes were closed. Then, an hour ago, a phone call from your husband. I am to have dinner with him at Harvey's Restaurant on Saturday, October 28, at 7:00 P.M. General Edward Lansdale, he states, will accompany us. A job for me is to be part

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of the evening's agenda, promises your good man Hugh. Then he hangs up.

Do you know what lies behind all this?

Your Harry

October 26, 1961

Dear Harry,

Let me answer your questions later. First off, I think I will take on your curiosity about narcissism and psychopathy. It leads, you see, to a point I want to make about you and, even more, about me. So, herewith, in extreme summary, my grand thesis on narcissism—a pot of notions!

To begin, cleanse your mind of the common impression that a narcissist is a person in love with himself. That diverts us entirely from the real point. The crux of the matter is that *you can detest yourself intimately and still be a narcissist*. The key to narcissism: *One is one's own mate*. Where relatively normal people are able to express a good share of their love and hate toward others, the narcissist is worn out by these emotions, for Alpha and Omega engage in endless trench warfare within. The self is seeking for an armistice with itself that almost never comes.

This fundamental inability to have relations with others is revealed most clearly in a love affair. No matter how close and loving two narcissists may appear to be, they never feel a passion in themselves more powerful than their *decision* to be in love. Underneath lies spiritual boredom. They keep enduring the same obsessive themes in themselves.

The paradox, Harry, is that no love can prove so intense on occasion, and so full of anguish and torture, as the love of two narcissists. So much depends on it. For if they can succeed in coming close to the other person, they can find a unique deliverance. They can live in a world outside themselves. It is like taking the leap from onanism to honest copulation.

About psychopathy, I speak less confidently. It is kin to narcissism, yet critically different. On the one hand, other people are never as real to the psychopath as the inner strife between his Alpha and Omega, but the trench warfare of narcissism is now replaced by slashing combat within. Both



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Alpha and Omega keep raiding each other, looking to gain immediate power. Tension, not detachment, is the condition. Indeed, this tension is so great that the psychopath can make love and/or attack others physically while feeling no responsibility for the act. You see, a psychopath lives in the dread of not being able to find some action that will decrease his or her tension; any action, therefore, that offers relief carries its own justification. The fastest relief for a psychopath is the sensation of lift-off provided by a sudden shift of psychic authority from Alpha to Omega. That is why psychopaths can be charming one instant, barbaric the next.

Needless to say, the reality is never so simple as my schematics. In life, the psychopath and the narcissist are, in fact, each trying to become more like each other. The narcissist wants to be able to get out of detachment, to act out; the psychopath looks for detachment. It is better to perceive the two as the poles in a spectrum of displaced personality that extends across the gamut from the most hermetic narcissism to the most uncontrollable brutal psychopathy. As a small example, your Modene began, I suspect, as an absolute narcissist—her parents must have doted on her so totally that she was left contemplating nothing but herself. Now, via the ministrations of Sammy G., she is on the road to becoming a bit of a psychopath.

I don't want you to think of me as being naught but judgmental. What I say of Modene can apply in some degree to myself as well. I, too, am an only child, and no one could have begun as more of a narcissist than myself. (How, after all, could I have conceived of Alpha and Omega if I had not lived with them from early childhood?) So I do not judge Modene—I am well aware that narcissists are drawn toward the psychopathic.

Curiously, yet logically, there is one vice, therefore, that tempts both narcissist and psychopath. It is treachery. The psychopath cannot help himself; in raw state, his treachery is not under his control. (Which is what we mean when we speak of psychopathic liars.) Since the psychopath oscillates between Alpha and Omega more rapidly than most humans, Omega or Alpha feel entitled to violate whatever promise the other made in the previous hour. The narcissist, more congested, tends to explore the nuances of betrayal rather than to exercise it. Always



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present, however, is that balked desire to break out. Treachery is the means to such acceleration.

So, I come closer to my intimate passion. It is to betray Hugh. Not carnally. My sexual vow is the armature of my sanity. How I know this, I cannot say, but I keep my sexual vows. Yet the urge to betray him is profound. I sublimate such instincts by writing to you. I form a bond with you. An enclave of two. It frees me for other purposes.

You see, I have real intimations of what I desire. The great ship of this nation is not rudderless, but the compass is skewed. I cannot tell you what a shock the Bay of Pigs has been for those of us in the Agency who merely looked on. If we do not know how to steer a course through history, then who can? We are supposed to serve the President, but most of our Presidents have had an inner light so dim that we have been obliged to take the lead ourselves.

Now we have a President who is alive, who can recognize error, is human, vain, wise, willing to learn, and with a keen nose for the balance between prudence and risk. *It is crucial that he be well informed.* He deserves that. He leans—with one-hundredth part of himself, or do I exaggerate?—upon the Montagues. Nonetheless, that one part in one hundred is very much alive. I believe he is as ready to listen to me as to Hugh.

So I discover that what I learn from Hugh is not enough. I want more. You may speak of this as egregious vanity, but I wish in some most determined part of myself to become my own intelligence center.

It is madness, you will say. Too inchoate for Little Miss Lava.

No, I tell you, not so. Half of everyone in the bloody Agency has the same passion and keeps it in the same closet. Few of us dare to admit to it. I do. I want to know what is going on. I want to influence the steering of the ship. Despite my warps and flaws, I feel as capable of fine judgment as my husband, and he is wiser than anyone I know in the Agency or anyone else in this holy swampland Washington, D.C.

What, you may ask, can you contribute to our surround of two? Plenty, buddy. I have taken care of that, you see. You were right. Your career was indeed in the doldrums. Hunt failed to

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come through for you after the Zenith stint. On your performance, he described you as "sporadic in work habits and often distracted." Perhaps the fault comes down to the time you spent with Modene in bed. You were on the good ship to nowhere.

All the same, I said to Hugh the other day, "You've got to do something for Harry." He answered, "I don't know that I want to. He bollixed up BLUEBEARD." It was the first time he admitted that you were Harry Field.

I pointed out to Hugh that you had gone reasonably far. Others in such a squalid op might not have attained anything at all, not even the lady's lips.

"He didn't use his position to advantage. He could have gotten so much more. On the other hand, if he was that much in love, then he was singularly lacking in the integrity to tell me to stuff it." So went Hugh's judgment.

Do you know, I think he is secretly fond of you. Hugh approves of almost no one's work, but you are his godson and he does not forget that. We discussed suitable jobs until he came up with what I think is the right one for you. It is to serve as liaison between Bill Harvey and General Edward Lansdale in the new Cuban op that is now shaping up. I don't have to underline how super-octane this promises to be. I can tell you in confidence that it is called Operation Mongoose in honor of that ferocious ferret from India renowned for its skill in killing rats and poisonous snakes. MO/NGOOSE, you see. The digraph MO refers not only to the Far East, but happens to be a Pentagon digraph rather than one of ours. Helms chose it. He thinks it will confuse the nosy among us. The curious in the Agency will assume it's something we and the Pentagon are up to in Asia.

Actually, Mongoose is overseen by Special Group, Augmented, General Maxwell Taylor as Chairman, standing in for Bobby Kennedy. (If you think Jack is agitated about Cuba, I can assure you that Bobby is virulent on the subject, intimately virulent. So there's lots of push to get a great deal done. The idea is to overthrow Castro by any variety of means.)

General Lansdale has now been put in charge of Mongoose and, directly under him, representing the Agency contribution (which promises to be nine-tenths of Mongoose), is your old pal Bill Harvey.



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Hugh and I discussed it carefully. This is an out-of-category job. It could prove prestigious or nugatory, and that, Harry, is not entirely up to you. You could be in the lap of the gods. Career advancement so often depends on recognizable career slots—this many years spent at minor Desk A, then abroad to minor Station A (read: Uruguay), then larger Desk, larger Station, *und so weiter*. You, dear boy, are a little out of category and will probably remain so. Nonetheless, liaison will keep you close to some active people. Lansdale, for example. He is, by all reports, a consummate maverick and has had an army career that is not at all typical. He never went to West Point, for example, nor served in the regular army, but did get a reserve commission in ROTC. All through the thirties, he worked in advertising and public relations, and during the war for OSS. (Propaganda, I expect.) After VJ Day, he wangled an assignment to the Philippines as a Major in the Reserve, and began to distinguish himself. I'm sure you must know something of his now legendary career. He was immortalized by Graham Greene (invidiously) in *The Quiet American* and made much of by Lederer and Burdick in *The Ugly American*. Fact is, he turned the Philippines inside out and proved most instrumental in defeating the Communist Huk-balahap. Next, he just about managed Ramon Magsaysay's successful bid for the presidency. Then was very close to Diem in Vietnam. The man has credentials. Maverick, but inspired.

The immediate problem was how to sell you to Lansdale. Hugh knows him barely—in fact, Hugh plans to get to know him better at dinner tomorrow night. It was Cal did the deal. I prevailed on Hugh to call Cal in spite of their recent chill over Pigs, and your father, who knows Lansdale and has worked well with him in the Far East, certainly came through. Right on the phone from Japan, he gave the following quote to us which is, indeed, the same recommendation he gave to Lansdale, nothing less than, "Harry's a good young man and getting better all the time. I'm fortunate in being able to call him my son." Then he added to Hugh, "Don't tell your godson. It'll swell his head."

Hugh wasn't about to. I do. For your morale. Which, Harry, you are going to need. The reason Hugh chose Harvey's Restaurant for your dinner is that you are not only going to be liaison between Lansdale and Harvey, but between Hugh and Harvey.

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If that doesn't make you enough of a conjunction, you will also keep nourishing me every step of the way. Just as I am going to keep on feeding you. I know that I am now indulging the worst hubris, but I do believe we are two of the purest spirits in the Agency. Even when it comes to treachery, the CIA still needs purity of intent.

Aren't I mad? Listen, love, I know that after Berlin, the thought of working for Harvey can hardly appeal to you, but this I will say: Hugh has some absolute grip on Wild Bill. You need fear nothing there. I'm working on Hugh to find out what it is, but can promise that it's powerful.

I do hope you will keep up your end of things now by giving me a full account of your dinner tomorrow night.

Love, conspiratorial love,
Kittredge

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Sunday night, Oct. 29

Dear Kittredge,

Last night Lansdale spent a small but definite portion of dinner instructing me in how circumspect I must become. "You will be handling material that originates in the National Security Council," he said, underlining the gravity of the source. Hugh then fixed me with one of those looks that pin you to your own guilt. I, of course, nodded to both of them.

You are right. I feel an absolute exhilaration at linking up with you. And I will adhere to my part of the bargain (save for an occasional betrayal for prophylactic purposes).

To business. It was an odd evening. I could see it had pretty



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much been decided in advance that my job was in place. Lansdale, given his declared affection for my father, was hardly about to join us for dinner in order to declare at the end of the meal, "Sorry, young man, you won't do." I will confess I enjoyed myself.

Part of the interest for me was in how Hugh and Ed Lansdale sized each other up. I suppose High's GS rating has to be about as high as Brigadier General, which is Lansdale's rank, so they met in that manner as equals. Though Lansdale had been in OSS, and was CIA, I gather, in Vietnam, my new boss is not at all an Agency man. Not in manner. Indeed, as you warned me, he is *sui generis*.

In any event, your husband and Lansdale looked to get the measure of each other by telling stories. Hugh only told one and I wondered at that until I recognized that he was comporting himself as a judge. Let Lansdale be the one to show his wares. For that matter, it was only after Lansdale had narrated four or five good war stories, that Hugh decided it was time for one of his, and then entertained us with an hilarious if minor escapade with the Nasser government. It seems Hugh was in Cairo trying to convince Nasser to accept some Agency program, but he couldn't even obtain an audience with the great man. Hugh, therefore, typed out a detailed memo concerning his project, stamped it TOP SECRET, and left it on the top of his chifferobe. He knew it would be photographed by the security people the moment he stepped out of the hotel. "Next day, Nasser called me in for a thoroughgoing discussion of the matter."

Kittredge, do you know, I recollect a dinner guest at the Stable, one tricky gentleman named Miles Copeland, telling the same anecdote. This gave me an insight on Hugh. Since war stories, I am sure he would argue, are an inferior form of discourse, use any one that serves your purpose, and don't look back. You can even make them up. I think he did not want to blow Lansdale out of the water with any of his real stuff.

The General is another matter. He delivers each one of his presentations with all the sincerity of an inspired salesman. He's an odd, tall man, who does not, but for his crew cut, look in the least like an Army general. In his fifties, he is mild, pleasant, soft-spoken, and not bad-looking—a long, straight nose, good

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dimpled chin, full mustache—but he has hollow eyes. I don't know quite what I wish to say here. They are not weak eyes, but they do not have any light in them. It's as if he is inviting you to enter some private hollow. I suppose I wish to say that he is the next thing to a hypnotist and seems to suck you right into the center of his concentration. Yet he is full of contradictions. He has to be sophisticated, but it doesn't show. He even seems innocent. When it came my turn to produce a war story, I told the tale of Libertad La Lengua and that produced some very high-pitched giggles from Lansdale.

I would guess that sexual matters are strange to him. He presents himself as sweet, idealistic and possessed of a puckish sense of humor. Once, on a military tour of the Ryukyu Islands in 1946, surrounded by local children, he instructed them to shout at the Americans who would be following, "My papa is Major Lansdale. Major Lansdale!"

That story was the opening gun. Next, he showed a more curious side of himself. "I had once," he said, "early on, to deal with a Luzon official who was a truly corrupt fellow, and when the showdown came, he locked himself in his room and brandished a pistol at the window. I had to establish myself with the local folk, so I called out, 'Sir, take a shot at me. It will be a pleasure to cut you down.' Do you know? He surrendered.

"Afterward, one of my people asked if I was that good a shot. I confessed to him that I did not know anyone who took longer to whip his pistol out of a shoulder holster.

"Weren't you taking a risk with such a confession?" asked Hugh.

"No, sir. My strategy does not depend on gun handling but on psychological warfare. In our battles with the Hukbalahap we used to maneuver our helicopter into position over them, and assail their ears with a bullhorn. One of my best Filipinos would harangue the poor souls below. The guerrillas knew it was a helicopter, but hell, it was also a voice from *above*. Since we had good intelligence, we knew the names of some of the Hukbalahap. They were all out of the local barrios, and our people knew their people. My fellow spoke to them with material such as this: 'We see you hiding down there, Platoon 3. We see you, Commander Miguel, and you as well, José Campos. Yes, we can



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also see you, Norzagaray Boy, and you, Chichi, and Pedro, and Emilio. Don't try to hide, Carabao Kid, because we see you, and Cuño, and Baby. We have heard all about you. Believe us, we are coming back to kill you tonight. Our soldiers are approaching. So, to our friends among you, we say, "Run." To our private ally who told us all your names, we say, "*Muchas gracias, amigo.*" Now, save yourselves. Escape from this platoon.'

"Well," said Lansdale, "after we'd flown off, half of those fellows down there wanted to flee, half were hardcore. Of course, the hardcore began to wonder who our friends were, and soon held a kangaroo court. A few of their platoon members were executed by morning. Thai bullhorn killed more guerrillas than any mortar.

"We also trained our best scouts in the Philippine Army to work at night. The Communist boast in the Far East has always been that the Americans can drive along the roads by day, but the Communists own the night. To win the war, we had to appropriate the powers of darkness.

"I decided to take advantage of the local demons. Anthropology is worth as much as firepower. In one area that we were trying to wrest from the Huks, there was intense belief in a hideous vampire called an *asuang*. I decided to employ this demon."

"Fascinating," said Hugh.

"I thought so. We saturated the area with stories that the *asuang* was stirring. Then, on a given night, one of our crack patrols set themselves up near a trail the Huks were known to use. We did not trigger the ambush until the last man passed. To our good fortune, he was a straggler and far enough behind the others so that my people were able to overpower him silently, then drag him off the trail. Quick as you could say Jack Robinson, one of my boys spiked two holes in his throat. Then the poor victim was held up by his heels until all his blood drained out. After which, we put him back on the trail. We knew that when the Huks returned to look for their missing fellow, they would find a bloodless specimen with two small holes in his throat. Be certain that the news went around the Huk encampments that the *asuang* was on the prowl. Defections, as expected, were numerous. The Filipinos believe, you see, that the *asuang*

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will only attack those who have enlisted on the wrong side."

"How are you going to apply these intense principles to Cuba?" asked Hugh.

"The real need is to go out in the field and get to know the people you are dealing with. The Bay of Pigs was a classic study in aloofness. Officers sitting at desks reading so-called objective reports. Written by specialists who were as remote from the reality as themselves. You cannot learn the scene at second-hand. Lazy intelligence always calls for more firepower."

"Hear, hear," said Hugh.

"The key is to take Communist precepts and convert them to our use. The harder the Communists attack some weak point in a country's social fabric, the more honest we have to be in strengthening that weak point. It's what I've been trying to get across to Diem and Nhu in Vietnam. Work with the people. Let *them* run the show. Policymakers in the military are too much in love with brute force. The only real defense against Communism is 'of the people, by the people, for the people.'"

Hugh, by now, had lit his first cigar. "Yes," he said, "It's apparent to me, Ed Lansdale. Your heart is in the Far East, not the Caribbean."

"So it is."

"May I ask why you agreed to take on this job?"

"Well, sir, you don't argue with the President of the United States. He did ask me."

"One can't say no at such times," agreed Hugh. "I do, however, foresee a problem."

"I'm here to listen," said Lansdale.

"The problem, as I see it, is that you are placed between Bobby Kennedy and William Harvey. Both, you will soon discover, are eager for results."

"No more than I am," said Lansdale.

"Yes. But your method, as I comprehend it, is to develop rapport with the people. In this case, the Cuban people. Unfortunately, they are not going to be as available to you as the Filipinos, nor the Vietnamese. You will not be stationed among them. You will not be free to mingle with the denizens of Sancti Spiritus, or Matanzas, or Santiago de Cuba, or Cienfuegos, or, for that matter, Havana. You will be restricted to a corps of

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Miami exiles who have already failed because of their specific vices."

"Which are?"

"Unbridled license. To a Cuban, a valuable secret is a flag to dazzle his friends, or to wave in the face of his enemy."

"We encountered something of the sort in the Philippines."

"You were on the ground there. The first move belonged to you. Your troops could travel faster than your secrets be exposed. Now you need time to build an underground."

"Yes. I want it to be composed of Cubans fighting for *their* principles rather than for ours. I plan to zero in on those exiles who were against Batista and originally for Castro. We will work with them within Cuba, and select our points of attack most carefully, so as not to bring down unholy reprisals on the locals."

"Do you believe you will have that luxury? Two months ago, our redoubtable young Attorney General, Robert F. Kennedy, openly scourged Richard Bissell in the Cabinet Room at the White House. Bissell is a man of some dignity and twice Bobby's size. 'but,' said Bobby to Bissell, 'you are sitting on your ass.'"

"Now Mr. Bissell is on his way out," said Lansdale.

"Certainly is. Dick Helms is in. Smaller, meaner, and much more to the point."

"I don't know if I follow you," said Lansdale.

"You claim anthropology is more useful than firepower. Admire the metaphor, but take warning: There is not much anthropology left to Cuba. The original natives were wiped out three centuries ago. Then came the slave ships. Cuba's culture, you may find, is equal to its economy: uprooted Spaniards and ex-slaves, sugar, rum, coffee, tobacco, rumbas, mambos, tourists, sex shows, and *santería*."

"I," said Lansdale, "might add two words. Sin, and Catholicism. Both—may I underline this?—are highly motivational. When you are short on anthropology, try motivational research."

"I know you are thinking of more than an advertising campaign to rid Cuba of Mr. Castro."

"Yes, sir, I plan to get in a little deeper than that. The

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Vietnamese have a beautiful axiom. 'No man,' they say, 'can govern a nation without the mandate of heaven.' So, in Cuba, we'll try to take away the mandate."

"Which is?"

"One of Castro's key supports, in my opinion, is the identification he so cleverly cultivates between Jesus Christ and himself. To his advantage is the spelling. *Castro* and *Cristo*. You may notice that the consonants are the same, C, S, T, R. Only the A and the I differ, and they are vowels. It is an advertising principle," said Lansdale, "that consonants repeated in two words produce subliminal link-up."

Kittredge, I took a chance and tested the waters. "In addition," I broke in, "there is Hernando Cortez and Castro. C, S, T, R appear again."

"Yes," said Lansdale, "a good point. Castro/Cristo can also be seen as Castro/Cortez, a great general."

"To the degree that this concept is full of merit, you have taken on more difficulties," said Hugh. "How will motivational research obviate these mystical links?"

"We will find our route," said Lansdale. "It's never the way it looks. For example, the depilatory powder that was discussed for possible use on Castro's beard?"

"Of course," said Hugh.

"I gather that discarded attempt is now a subject of some hilarity in the top echelons of the Agency."

"There's been a grimace or two."

"Too bad I wasn't in on it. I might have convinced a few. It sounds foolish, but I would have looked at the depilatory as a viable option."

"If I may say so," I said, "I don't understand why. Even if the attempt worked, and Castro's weak chin was revealed, wouldn't he have been able to conceal the loss with a false beard and wait until his hair grew back?"

"I can't agree," said Lansdale. "If a beautiful woman loses her locks and has to wear a wig, golly, you can count on it—word will get out. Word always gets out. Secret knowledge carried in whispers from person to person has more power to convince than active denunciations. Besides, a false beard can always come loose by accident. Castro would certainly have been ill at

ease in anticipation of such an event."

"Do you know, it's been fascinating to dine with you, General," said Hugh. "I anticipate with interest your task ahead with Bill Harvey. It will go well, doubtless."

"I hope so," said Lansdale.

"If," said Hugh, "he gets too Bolshy, call on me. I won't promise the moon, but I am able, occasionally, to muscle Wild Bill over a millimeter or two."

We all laughed somewhat cautiously, I thought. I didn't know whether to be in awe of General Lansdale or to feel sorry for him.

He surprised me, however, by his next remark, which was in my direction. "As liaison," he said, "you will have to be a translator and a diplomat. Explain to me: What is your friend Hugh Montague trying to tell me?"

I was on the spot, Kittredge. I knew Hugh would not take to being translated. Nonetheless, the job gets first call. "At the risk," I said, "of speaking on my own, I would say that Bill Harvey is only ready to deal with those Cubans he can control completely."

Hugh gave a small nod of approval as if the godson's intelligence might be presenting a few hopeful signs.

Lansdale said, "We will see about that."

It was the moment when I arrived at my first real insight concerning the General. He was not ready to go into detail about what he was going to do in Cuba because he suspected that his principles were never going to be applied here. I think the only reason he took this job is that it is the largest ever offered him. He has, by what I have picked up in the last day or so, been kicking around the edges of big-time military for fifteen years now. He may be a celebrated maverick, but he now wants open respect from his peers and superiors. So he is going to be engaged in what he sneers at most—running an operation from a desk. We will see. I am curious.

To end the evening, Lansdale told a pretty good tale. It seems that at their first meeting, President Kennedy said, "From what they tell me, General, you are America's answer to James Bond."

Lansdale shook his head. "I assure you, I got off that mark



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as quickly as I could. The last thing in the world to have to live up to. James Bond! I suggested to the President that a closer candidate could be found in the very fellow the CIA has put in charge of Mongoose for field operations, William King Harvey. 'You,' replied the President, 'have me curious now. Could you bring this fellow, Harvey, around to the White House? I would like to meet him.'

"Well," said Lansdale, "two days later, I transported Bill Harvey from his basement at Langley clear over to the White House. While we were sitting in the anteroom to the Oval Office waiting to be called in to the President, I had an intuition. Thank my stars! I turned to Harvey and said, 'You are not carrying a handgun by any chance?' to which he replied, 'Yes. I'm armed,' and proceeded to withdraw a particularly hefty piece of Magnum-cum-what-all from a shoulder holster. By Jesus Christ and Castro, I almost dived through the floor. How would the Secret Service react to a strange man waving his howitzer in the White House? 'Please,' I said to Harvey, 'keep your thing hidden.'

"Most quietly, I assure you, I then took a stroll over to the Secret Service desk and informed the young man sitting there that my companion wondered if he could check his firearm while we were closeted with the President. Then, as if that had been a near-enough deal, just as we were about to enter the Oval Office, I suppose Harvey decided that he had better divulge the existence of what he called his 'hole card.' There it was, another gun in another holster belted to the small of his back. He dug under his suit coat, whipped out a .38 Special, and proffered it to a couple of most discombobulated Secret Service agents. From there, we actually reached the Oval Office. I had time to whisper, 'Why, for God's sake, all the ordnance?' His reply: 'If you knew as many secrets as I do, you too would carry a gun.'

"Well, once the meeting began, it certainly proved an odd one. Right off, the President started kidding Bill about the sexual exploits of 007, and Harvey muttered something to the effect of being a little overweight these days. 'As you can see,' he said to the President, 'I don't fit the description anymore. I guess I was more like 007 in my salad days. Different-girl-every-night sort of thing.'

" 'Well,' said the President, 'General Lansdale did single

you out.'

" 'Yessir,' said Harvey. After our audience was concluded, Bill said to me on the way out, 'I acted like an asshole, but, my God, dammit, it was the President.' "

In a couple of days, Kittredge, I'm due to report. I'll close my desk, take the elevator down, and locate Bill Harvey in his bunker. Presumably, he will provide another desk.

Incidentally, Hugh told me on the way home from dinner that Harvey is considerably depressed these days. The Agency found out recently that the Berlin tunnel was blown even before it was completed. All the while that Harvey thought he had been on top of it, there was a British officer working for the Russians. I don't want to think of what's now going on in the Hosiery Mill. "The damage may be an order of magnitude worse than the Bay of Pigs," said Hugh. "In fact, it's so bad, I expect we will not only sweep it under the carpet, but burn the rug."

Well, I don't know that this letter equips you to run the Agency and the nation, but it is fun writing again. There's nothing so good for my soul as a long letter to you.

Devotedly,
Harry

7 | Through the fall of 1961 and the winter of 1962, correspondence with Kittredge continued. I would write at least twice a week, and although she did not reply as often, she frequently had more to say. For that matter, her information was probably more reliable: Mongoose was a much compartmented operation. While I was prepared to describe its properties, I could never be wholly certain of distinguishing fact from hearsay. Whispers circulated ceaselessly in JM/WAVE, and that was

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inevitable. Before we were done, more Agency personnel had come down to Miami than were ever assigned to Pigs. Indeed, our CIA portion of Mongoose, JM/WAVE, became the largest CIA station in the world.

Given our size, therefore, and the speed with which we had been put together, rumors abounded, security was weak. That was hardly surprising. The highest standards of secrecy in CIA were usually exercised by Agency scholars exploring land grants in Manchuria in the seventeenth century. They could be depended upon not to breathe a word of their discoveries. We, however, in Harvey's basement at Langley, or spread out once more over half of southern Florida with JM/WAVE projects, gossiped unconscionably. How was Lansdale hatching his eggs for Mongoose? What was coming down from General Maxwell Taylor, or Bobby Kennedy? What was the real stance of the White House? Florida brought one close to those questions, whereas at Langley the recognition could not be avoided that one was merely a part of government instead of an agent of History.

I was quartered in Washington; I was stationed in Miami: It is hard to say where I lived. I soon suspected that my job had been manufactured by Lansdale out of no greater need than to keep on pleasant terms with my father. The duties (or lack of them) revealed the superficial aspects of the new position. Lansdale did not need me very often. He had his own cadre, and trusted them.

Before long, I was down in the basement with Harvey. We took the first steps toward crossing an abyss of distrust. All the same, we did our best to get along. Maybe I reminded him of heroic days in Berlin. Indeed, our relations were not all that dissimilar even now. He ruminated aloud, he clammed up, he confided in me, he withdrew. After a while, I began to feel like the young and unfaithful spouse of an older man with settled habits. He could never forgive me for my transgressions, but he did enjoy my company. I even rode with him again in the back seat of his bullet-proof Cadillac while he slugged his martinis and I took notes en route to the airport. Before long, he had me jumping down to Miami with him. Since his corpulence could no longer be wedged into an Economy seat, he flew First Class, one

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of the few Agency officers allowed such a perk, and thereby allowed me the rare luxury of my own First Class seat whenever he needed me along.

Often, I stayed over in southern Florida to oversee a sub-project that he had initiated. Each week I was further away from liaison with Lansdale, and the General didn't seem to care. When I would report in, he would usually meet me in the ante-room to his office on his way to a meeting with officials from State, Defense, or Special Group, Augmented, and say in passing, "Are you keeping Harvey happy?"

"Doing my best."

"Keep it up. That's useful work," and he would be gone.

Harvey was not particularly suspicious of my relation to Lansdale. It was Montague's shadow that prevailed. Harvey's assumption was that I had been assigned to him in order to report back to Harlot. In substance, that was true. If Harlot had asked me for information, I would have supplied it, I suppose. I did not really know. I wanted to be my own man. I even confess to feeling injured, at least to some small degree, that Harvey did not trust me more; I was putting in twelve-hour days for him, and work provides its own sense of integrity. The irony is that in my letters to Kittredge I was, objectively speaking, reporting every last matter of interest on Harvey, but then, I did not believe she would pass it on to Harlot. Indeed, how could she account to her husband for such pieces of information?

All the while, I wondered at the force of Montague's grip on Wild Bill and thought often of my last couple of days in Berlin, and the four-page transcript of which Harlot had shown me but the first two pages. Harvey was not certain how much I knew, but he would make his references, and they were not oblique. "I don't care what kind of grip you think that prick has on me, he can go fuck himself." About once a week, Harvey would drop such tantrums in the manner of a black Florida cloud delivering itself of a squall, after which, back to work we would go.

There was enough to do. Lansdale had landed in his job running at full speed. Before a month was out, he had assigned thirty-two planning tasks to the Agency, the Pentagon, State, and whoever else was cooperating on Mongoose. Among the



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tasks was collection of intelligence; defection of Cuban officials; propaganda operations; sabotage operations; and an invasion scenario for U.S. forces whenever the new Cuban movement would be ready to overthrow the government. Lansdale sent out one memo calling for "a revolution that would break down the police controls of the state. Reliance is to be placed on: (a) professional anti-Castro emigrés, (b) labor leaders, (c) church groups, (d) gangster elements, if necessary, for certain tasks."

The memo concluded with a peroration. "It is our job to put the American genius to work quickly and effectively. The conclusive overthrow of Fidel Castro is possible. No time, money, effort, or manpower is to be spared."

"Who is he kidding?" asked Harvey. "Everybody knows that is Lansdale taking dictation from Bobby Kennedy. Nothing spared! Yes. They give us the language, and we can do the dirty work. Thirty-two tasks!" said Harvey, getting ready for his own peroration. "Somebody ought to tell Lansdale that the labor leaders in Cuba are gangsters, the gangsters buy out the churches, and the priests spend their money on fortune-tellers. You don't look for *a*, *b*, *c*, and *d* categories. You look for people who can do the job. I don't care if you bring me a one-eyed Martian with a longshoreman's hook on his cock and the guy drinks cat piss at midnight, I'll take him if he's a stand-up Joe who likes to blow bridges and can obey my orders. This Lansdale, with Bobby Kennedy in back of him, is talking about revolution? He better get it straight. Any Cuban I do not control will have nothing to do with my operation. Leave it to Lansdale, and we'll have a revolution which will bring in a new kind of Communist who wears his insignia on the right tit instead of the left. Screw that noise. I say, fuck Cuba up good. Stuff the worst shit you can find into the economic gears. Wound the cocksuckers. Demoralize them. The only thing I agree on with Lansdale is that we will destabilize Cuba. But, I tell you, that candy General is a goddamn hypocrite. Yesterday, there were Thirty-two Tasks. Today, he gives us a new one. Task Thirty-three: Incapacitate the sugar workers during the harvest. The son of a bitch knows just enough to cover his ass. 'It will require,' he says, *policy determination* before final approval.' Well, even I, who am no internationalist, thank you, can see what is wrong *internationally*.



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Listen to his take: 'The chemicals employed are to be guaranteed by priority studies to do no more than sicken Cuban sugar workers *temporarily*'—italics are mine, Hubbard—and keep said sugar workers away from the fields without permanent ill effects. *Nonlethal* incapacitating chemicals.' Brother, I have heard everything now—can you imagine what we could look like to the rest of the world? Depend on it—Special Group, Augmented, is going to table Task Thirty-three."

Special Group, Augmented, did. A week later, Harvey read the refined Thirty-two Tasks with a bilious eye. One phrase stated, "Gangster elements might provide the best potential for attacks against Cuban Intelligence officials." Harvey was on the boil. "You are not supposed to put things like this on paper," he said. "Gangster elements! Hubbard, I am aware of the principle that in combat, men die, but this happens to be Murder, Incorporated. Who, presumably, will handle it? Why, our friend Bill Harvey with his Task Force W will do the wet jobs. Bill Harvey can catch it if something goes wrong. I'll say this for Lansdale. He is a complex individual. He doesn't want a poor innocent Cuban killed unless we can show a real purpose behind it. Then he takes a sip of water and asks me to target a couple of hundred Soviet-block technicians. Add them to the hit list. I am somewhat underwhelmed by his plans, the cocksucker."

Harvey dictated a memo to SGA: The emphasis for Mon-goose, in his opinion, was best placed on acquiring more intelligence. I had learned by now that such memos had nothing to do with Harvey's real intentions, indeed, they could have served as model form letters in our unwritten Book of Agency Etiquette. By now, I could put the book together myself. If you had to do something that strayed beyond the limits of our charter, it was crucial to establish a trail of paper that would confuse anyone trying to follow what you had done. The rule of thumb was to commit to writing the opposite of what you were intending. If Harvey was sending out saboteurs to blow bridges and wreck factories, he called, on paper, for the intensification of our intelligence efforts.

Lansdale had been a solitary operator for too long, Harvey decided, so he now had a tendency to put everything in writing. Harvey said: "I knew a whore once up in Alaska. One fat old

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six-foot Eskimo mama with a cunt as wide and comfortable as the rear seat of a Cadillac. That's Lansdale's mouth—just as big."

The real problem, I soon concluded, was that Lansdale might have compromised his ideas by taking on Mongoose, but he had not given the ideas up. Lansdale wanted real underground organizations; he was searching for autonomous Cubans who were looking to obtain their own real intelligence. Which they would then presumably share with us. He did not seem able to recognize that Harvey, when it came down to it, preferred to have no underground rather than one over which you could only exercise sporadic control. Instead, Harvey was building up our cadres in Miami with trustworthy exiles he could use in paramilitary operations. How else could JM/WAVE maintain security in the open atmosphere of Miami? "The emphasis," said Harvey, "is going to be on the case officer, not the agent. The case officer here is going to be equal in importance to a priest. Our exiles have got to be ready to tell him everything. Read me? Hubbard, you had that job for a couple of years. How feasible would that relationship be for you?"

"Fifty percent probability," I replied.

"Good." He grunted. "I like your answer. You must have been one soft case officer."

"Not as soft as you think," I said back, and he laughed. "Shit, you merely got your toes wet in Uruguay. You were tooling around with the tulips."

Lansdale finally took me into his office one day and asked, "Do you have any input with Bill Harvey?"

"I can get a personal message to him. In fact, I think he would prefer to hear from you that way."

"Not in writing?"

"Not in writing, sir."

He sighed. "I've spent a good part of my life trying to learn to do things the military way. They won't move in the military unless you back them up with clear orders on paper. Harvey, obviously, is accustomed to the opposite."

"Yessir."

"Tell Harvey I said that I would like him to remember I am not the enemy."

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"Fuck he isn't," said Harvey on hearing the message.

When next I visited the General, he said, "Harry, I like to know where I stand. I will underline my next remark. *I believe in getting along with people.* If I ask you to pass this on to Bill Harvey, what reply will he give?"

"I can't answer that, General."

"Well, you just have, in fact."

"Yessir."

"I'm going to lay something out for you. So you can still communicate my point of view."

"I will try."

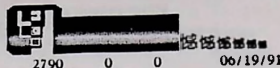
"I certainly hope you will. Because what JM/WAVE is doing now in Cuba amounts to no more than random hit-and-run raids. No overall strategy. No reaching out. I don't know what anyone expects these stunts to accomplish. The other day, a bridge was blown up. 'Why'd you do it?' I asked Harvey. 'What communications were you trying to destroy?' Do you know what he answered? 'You never told us not to blow the bridge.' Hubbard, that's the wrong kind of independence. I want to put an end to all this aimless sabotage. I want to save Cubans from pointless death. I cannot repeat it often enough: Americans who go abroad must possess a real dedication to the highest principles."

He had been speaking with such self-absorption that only at the end did he notice I was taking notes. "Oh, you don't need points of reference," he said. "Just tell him that I have been gentle beyond reason, but that next week will see some changes."

"Yessir."

"If you have an opportunity, pass those same sentiments along to Montague."

I would not. I could predict Harlot's reaction. Cuba was a morass. The actions chosen by Harvey would at least reduce the danger implicit in the Kennedy's enlightened notions of war. Prevention of leaks was worth more than the dubious search for illumined results. Indeed, Kittredge had written as much. "Hugh, you see, is convinced that Castro's intelligence will always be superior to ours. He has the power to kill his traitors; we can merely cut ours off from the weekly paycheck. Our agents



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are fighting for freedom, yes, but also for future profits in Cuba. Greed does make for corrupt intelligence. Whereas a lot of Castro's people believe they are in a crusade. Besides, Castro knows Cubans better than we do. Castro has KGB methods to guide him. We have politicians to satisfy. So when it comes to Cuba, his DGI will always be superior to our CIA. Conclusion: Cut the losses. Of course, Hugh doesn't talk that way around President Jack, just tries to nudge him a little in the proper direction. I, being a woman, and therefore not wholly responsible, can twit Jack about Cuba. I do. 'Oh,' I say, 'don't you think Castro is holding trumps?' and then I pass on Hugh's analysis as mine. But lightly. Ladies are there to relax the President, not to confound him. I will say for Jack that he does listen carefully. He is not gross in his political passions. I wish I could say the same for Bobby, who is much more emotional. Perhaps in another letter, I will try to describe Bobby for you."

Lansdale's counterattack soon arrived. If he had expressed contempt for military methodology, he knew how to employ it. Daily questionnaires now came to the basement. Soon after we returned them, secondary questionnaires brought follow-up queries. Harvey sent memos to McCone full of complaint:

We are required to furnish Special Group, Augmented, in nauseating detail such irrelevant details to the purpose of an operation as the gradient of the landing beach and the composition of the sand. We are asked to specify times of landing and departure, which times are often impossible to predict or coordinate. Full listing of ordnance employed is supposed to be attached to each plan even though said battle plan may consist of no more than six Cubans armed to the teeth out in a rubber boat trying to slip by Castro's coast guard. They are doing everything possible to make it impossible for us to accomplish anything. Then they complain that nothing is happening. Can matters be made less restrictive and stultifying?

The questionnaires kept coming. Through January and February of 1962. Once, taking the noonday flight of Eastern Airlines to Miami on what we called "the milk run" (since you

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could always pick out new Agency personnel moving down to JM/WAVE with the wife and kids) King Bill turned to me and said, "I've got the troops, and he's sitting next to nothing but a desk. I'll show the son of a bitch what dirty fighting is."

I never knew if Harvey was the author of the next caper, but it was easy enough to suspect him since he seemed to take an artist's pleasure in telling me the tale. At a joint meeting of Mongoose committees, a Colonel named Forsyte from the Defense Department brought forth the idea of Operation Bounty. "Defense doesn't even want to take credit for this concept," Forsyte had said. "We're just stealing one of Ed Lansdale's ideas."

Operation Bounty was a proposition to cover Cuba with hand-out bills which would announce that sums from \$5,000 to \$100,000 would be paid for the death of various high Cuban officials. Castro's life, however, would be given a value of two cents.

Lansdale had come to his feet immediately. "This is awful," he said. "It's wholly counterproductive."

"Why, Ed, are you against this?" McCone had asked. "Isn't it in line with your principles?"

"Hell, no," Lansdale had replied. "This idea will boomerang. You don't deride Castro in ways that are excessively crude. On the contrary, we have to recognize that the Cuban peasant now has better living conditions than before. They are not going to accept such ridicule of Castro."

Later, Harvey would comment: "With those few words, Lansdale lost McCone, half of State, and half of Defense. You don't tell McCone what Castro has accomplished. 'What,' asks McCone now, tight as a tick, 'would you say, General, is then the proper note to strike?' 'Oh,' says Lansdale, 'I would emphasize how the Devil gives you everything but freedom. All the material goods you need, but no, sir, no freedom. We want to get across that we can give them all that they get from Satan, plus freedom in addition.'"

"Jesus on a ham sandwich!" said Harvey. "McCone doesn't want to hear about Satan, Maxwell Turner looks embarrassed, Roger Hilsman from State is choking back his laughter. Maybe there were ten principals around the conference table and thirty

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flunkies back of them, and you could slice the fog with your hand. Lansdale has no sense of when he's losing a war."

One week later, a story circulated through Task Force W that Lansdale was looking to seed Cuba with the rumor that Castro was the Antichrist, and the Second Coming was near. It was rumored around the Basement that Lansdale had promulgated this scenario at a National Security Council meeting: On a moonless night, an American sub could surface in Havana Bay long enough to fire star shells into the sky. This would be done on a scale sufficient to suggest that Jesus had risen, Jesus was walking toward Havana by way of the water. Rumormongers in Havana could then disseminate the story that Castro had also been out there patrolling the bay with his Coast Guard cutters and had managed to keep Christ offshore. Done properly, this could ignite an enormous reaction. Conceivably, it could topple Castro.

A man from the State Department stood up at the meeting and remarked, "It sounds like *elimination by illumination* to me."

The story kept Lansdale miserable. In a letter from Kittredge, she mentioned in passing: "He called Hugh again last night to complain about the *canard*. Swore it was not true. Claims nothing of the sort was ever said at NSC and that the foul report came out of the woodwork at Task Force W. Lansdale obviously thinks it's Harvey. I wonder if it's Hugh."

8 | On the Ides of March, a note came from Kittredge: "Be a dear, Harry. You've been telling me a good deal about JM/WAVE, but it's all in bits and pieces. Can you offer an overview? I'm not sure I even know just what JM/WAVE is."

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March 23, 1962

Dear Kittredge,

I wasn't sure I could satisfy your request. JM/WAVE is *large*. Last week, however, on receipt of your letter, I saw it all. It was a most unprecedented place for a vision—I was at a meeting of Special Group, Augmented. I can tell you: Officers on my level don't usually get near. Can I take it for granted that you're wholly familiar with Special Group, Augmented, its personnel and protocol? On the chance you're not, let me say that it is not to be confused with either Special Group or Special Group CI (for Counter-Insurgency). In order, Special Group meets in the Executive Office Building at two o'clock every Thursday with such Presidential Advisers as Maxwell Taylor, McGeorge Bundy, Alexis Johnson, and John McCone. They review the new (since last Thursday) military events in the world. When they are done with business, Robert Kennedy comes over from Justice, and Special Group CI takes over. That has to do with Special Forces. That is, the Green Berets. The final meeting of the day, usually in late afternoon, is Special Group, Augmented, and that is devoted wholly to Cuba.

Last week, Bill Harvey had to give a presentation, and brought me along as his back-up. The task can be onerous. You hover over two jumbo-width attaché cases filled with documents Harvey might conceivably have to refer to: I am the man in the chair behind him, poised to keep his continuity fumble-proof. If any cynosure around the table brings up some matter discussed in the last six months, I have to be ready to provide the relevant document. When you have time to organize the filing partitions yourself, as I did, it is not quite as difficult as it sounds, so the meeting was worth it for me, no matter how charged up I was feeling under the pressure of my task and the formidable heft of the officials present. I confess to feeling the real weight of human gravity when I find myself in the same room with McNamara, McCone, Helms, and Maxwell Taylor, and this formidable sense of sharing the air with heavyweights is always present, no matter how they banter with each other. Their badinage, in fact, is about as friendly as a sharply angled tennis game. All the same, no question, it was worth it. How many times have I passed the bay windows and balconies of the old

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Executive Office Building and wanted to see it from the inside. Although our conference room is about what you would expect—heavy leather seats with upholstered arms for the principals, an Irish hunt table for the conference, and a set of hunting prints (Potomac steeds, circa 1820)—I felt as if I had passed a milestone in my career.

Harvey's attendance at the meeting took up about forty-five minutes. He was nervous while waiting with me in the secretary's anteroom, nervous as only I can tell (by the new load of gravel just dumped into his voice). God, but the man has two voices; there is the not so little one he reserves for working staff, and the quiet-in-public presentation in Wild Bill's low, deep, all-but-inaudible burble. No one can come up with a longer train of words to transport a simple thought than William King Harvey when he does not wish to be understood too clearly. Today he had been asked to give a report on agent activities for Mongoose and relevant installations around the world. Since I have gone into some detail with you on many of these, I will merely enumerate them now. He began by spending a few minutes on the Frankfurt operation. That, if you recollect, Hugh had his hand in. A large hand. It involved convincing a German industrialist whose code name is SCHILLING (an old friend, apparently, of Reinhard Gehlen's) to ship out-of-round ball bearings to a Cuban machine-tool plant. I remember you wondered at the ethics of that, whereas I was impressed with Hugh's skills in convincing a German, whose company reputation has been built on high-precision bearings, to debase his standards of precision in the name of the-threat-that-is-Cuba. I mean, I don't like it particularly, but have come to the grim conclusion that one long-term way to defeat Castro is to wear him out. Harvey also mentioned the English buses that we were able to doctor up on the Liverpool docks. (Early breakdown in Havana is the prognosis, he announced to the SGA members.) He also expatiated on our credit operation which is using advanced banking techniques to block Cuban credits. Do you remember? We have banking agents in Antwerp, Le Havre, Genoa, and Barcelona. You said you couldn't follow the technical aspects. Well, I just about can. Most Cuban consignments do not get sent out now from Europe and most of South America unless there is pay-

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ment in advance. "This," he informed the SGA, "is the fruition of an Agency directive sent out by me, with the concurrence of Mr. Helms and Director McCone to every one of our eighty-one Stations abroad. Said directive assigns a minimum of one Agency officer at each Station to focus on Cuban affairs." He pointed at one of my attaché jumbos. "In that file, pursuant to state project, are the 143 separate operations already activated in concomitance with our paradigmatic advisements."

I must say Harvey does it with his own kind of skill. He gave fifteen minutes to descriptions of "hardcore work," citing more than a hundred of our commando raids in Cuba, and the progress of a major plan to blow up the enormous Matahambre copper mine works. Then, since this happened to be the one meeting at which Lansdale was not present, Harvey delivered "our implementation of the Lansdale Program."

That consisted of "saturated leaflet drops" on Camaguey, Cienfuegos, Puerto Principe, and Matanzas. The leaflets invite the Cuban people to carry matches for impromptu sabotage attempts. Unguarded cane fields, to cite one instance, can be burned. Telephone receivers can be left off their hooks in telephone booths. "Done at peak traffic hours in enough places, communications can be affected."

That all of this was penny-ante, Harvey knew all too well, but he chose to deliver it as, indeed, the Lansdale Program.

After a time, catching my second wind, I began to feel secure enough about the contents of my file case to drift off. Harvey was droning on about our JM/WAVE "maritime capability," which sounds respectably beefed-up because we refer to recreational yachts as "mother ships" and pleasure craft as "gunboats." The naval problems that we had at the Bay of Pigs are going, of necessity, to be repeated now. All our boats and ships are comparable to agents, in that they have to be able to live two lives at once. How simple if we could just use the U.S. Navy, but we can't, not on raids, and so an endless masquerade goes on with our boats being repainted every few weeks, and their registrations switched. A "gunboat" is really no more than a pleasure craft with a couple of .50-caliber machine guns in the bow, but all this flimflam is, believe it if you will, highly necessary, since every one of our craft leaving for Cuba is breaking



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the Neutrality Act. The FBI, Customs, Immigration, and even Treasury (supposed to be on the lookout for drug smugglers) are getting kinks in their necks from not looking in our direction.

At any rate, I had an epiphany in the midst of these prestigious surroundings. As Harvey talked on, I began to think of one of our bases in Miami, 6312 Riviera Drive, a modest mansion like many another in Coral Gables, stone wall, iron gate, two-story red-tile quasi-Spanish hacienda—a nice, cool, handsome house when all is said—a cupola for philosophers graces the roof. Nothing remarkable about it until you move into the backyard, but that sits on the Coral Gables Waterway, which at this point is hardly more than a canal that leads to Biscayne Bay and, with patience, the Gulf Stream. Kittredge, it is hard to believe. Cubans going out on missions that could leave them dead in the Cuban mangrove swamp come in through the front door like handymen, pick up their ordnance inside, including the black hoods they will wear on the trip so that the Cuban pilot, if captured at some later date, cannot identify them, and as soon as darkness comes, they take off in what looks to be a high-speed, luxury-equipped fishing boat, but, no, it's our concealed gunboat. What a peculiar war. It is hard to conceive of battle when the houses on the waterways from which these boats go forth are pink-stucco or canary-yellow, cobalt-blue or lime-green, and their gardens and flowering trees are a riot of magenta and red, while the palms offer that enervated languor I so often feel in the tropics. Has it taken all of the life-force in these scabrous trees merely to stand erect under the heat?

We have obtained such a collection now of safe houses, *naval* bases (6312 Riviera Drive), dumps, and fancy living quarters that I am tempted to describe the extremes. For instance, we keep a hunting camp in the Everglades which amounts to no more than a Quonset hut on a hummock in the swamp with a clearing for a helicopter to bring in VIPs like Lansdale, Harvey, Helms, McCone, your own Montague, Maxwell Taylor, McNamara, or for that matter, the President and his brother. Waloos Glades Hunting Camp it is called, PRIVATE PROPERTY, NO TRESPASSING, and the place exists solely to set up meetings between people who do not want to be seen in public. If Bobby



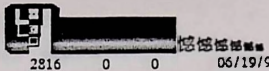
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comes down to Miami, for instance, it is a media event. This way, he can fly into Homestead Air Base, then helicopter over to Waloos Glades for a meeting with some Latin American leader he may not wish all of southern Florida and the DGI to be witting of.

Another installation: An ugly dirt road bearing the lovely name Quail Roost Drive leads through a pinewood to a weather-beaten Florida bungalow up on stilts with a wraparound porch. It is the tradecraft school that focuses on radio transmissions. Others teach guerrilla tactics. I have visited ten such spots. At Elliot Key, for example, the dock itself is hidden in the mangroves. The Boston whaler that gets you in and out, a sixteen-foot job, has to push through mosquito-choked foliage merely to enter the four-foot-wide riverlet that leads upstream one hundred yards to the dock, from which a coral road wide enough for a Jeep transports supplies back through the thicket to a slatternly old house surrounded by jungle. Inside is a barracks dormitory—sixteen cots—a good-sized kitchen, and a shrine. No latrine, just an outhouse. Fresh water comes in by boat and Jeep. Add an equipment shed for arms, fatigues, jugs of mosquito repellent, and a couple of outboard motors, and you have a training camp, wholly isolated, to weld Miami exiles who want action into a force of "strike-brothers," an odd phrase, but the military mind, I am beginning to decide, is not entirely without acumen when it comes to understanding how to motivate a combat man.

At the other extreme of these logistics, nearby to Zenith headquarters (which JM/WAVE now occupies), we keep a large warehouse to supply our raiders with everything from *barbudo*-like false beards, to latest Cuban army uniforms. Every variety of ordnance that the Soviets and Eastern-bloc countries are now providing to the Cubans—mortars, machine guns, submachine guns, handguns, bazookas, flare-guns, what all, is available in our warehouse. I wish you could watch the play of expression on the face of a true warrior like my not undisturbing friend Dix Butler's when he goes through the fifty-four illustrated pages of our catalogue. You can peer over the lip then into the real cauldron of combat soup.

Now add to this diorama of JM/WAVE all the apartments,



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hotel suites, motels with cooking facilities, plus the University Inn of the University of Miami (which we've just about appropriated for middle-level transient officers), include the DuPont Plaza in downtown Miami (for the higher grade ratings), and we have a small city within the city for Agency personnel and their families. Do our case officers come to five hundred in number? Six hundred? You don't get to count noses. We are dealing with something like 2,500 Cuban agents, part-time agents, subagent, messenger boys, flunkies, and job-holders who do the cooking in places like Elliot Key. The number grows. We pay them each about \$300 a month on average out of a foolproof system of special checks that can be cashed only at a couple of special windows in the First National Bank of Miami's main branch on Biscayne Boulevard, and even that is criticized as too open a procedure.

Given the closeness with which some of us work together, we tend to eat and drink together as well. I won't describe the pubs and joints: The names will furnish their own decor—the Lounge at the Three Ambassadors Hotel; the Stuft Shirt Lounge; the 27 Birds—all I can say is that for the first time since training at the Farm, I go out drinking with my confreres at large, and every night. We go hunting for women less than you might expect. The true phenomenon is the size of the operation we are all engaged in, and deep on my third or fourth bourbon I come to realize why I am ready to work hard for Harvey despite his foul strictures and foul moods. Lansdale has nice ideas, but is, I fear, steering an unfamiliar ship, whereas Harvey has given us a government unto ourselves. Our proprietaries and dummy corporations come to more than fifty by now—detective agencies, gun ships, boat repair outfits, sport fishing fronts—all that you might expect, but we also have a Caribbean Research and Marketing office on nothing less than Okeechobee Road, and our own realty agency to front for our safe houses, our own travel agency to field the monthly outlay on airline travel, our import-export firm to handle the logistics of every kind of supply, our printing shop to take care of a variety of our jobs, bona fide and fake, an employment agency to assign our exile personnel, not to mention our electronics maintenance ship and our fish and hunt club for weapons training. We haven't even

reached the Agency guts which are located at Zenith. There, our intelligence mill acquires more space every month, and the photo labs process the daily U-2 flight-take over Cuba. The post office in Zenith, large as a ballroom, vets the mail between Miami and Havana, and there is the clippings room where world press reaction on the U.S. and Cuba is collated, and, not least, Sanctum South, where the file cabinets keep gathering reports from thirty or forty branches of the Cuban underground. Harvey, with his mistrust of networks that he has not built himself, calls it the Sanctum Maleficarum.

Perhaps the best way to give you a conception of the power of our emplacement here is to note the state and national laws that we are ready to bend, break, violate, and/or ignore. False information is given out routinely on Florida papers of incorporation; tax returns fudge the real sources of investment in our proprietaries; false flight plans are filed daily with the FAA; and we truck weapons and explosives over Florida highways, thereby violating the Munitions Act and the Firearms Act, not to speak of what we do to our old friends Customs, Immigration, Treasury, and the Neutrality Act.

Under Harvey's firm sense of how to deal with newspaper editors, we also control, for practical purposes, most of what gets printed locally concerning Cuba. Our work with the local journalists is often done over drinks and is pleasant enough. Harvey's policy is "never lie to a reporter until you have to." In effect, our publicity department writes the stories. The local Fourth Estate doesn't have to work much, in consequence, and should they choose to resist us, we cut off the pipeline. "Hell, we're no worse than a company town," says Harvey. He likes having the media under his seat.

Such is my purview of JM/WAVE. Yet if I try to explain the mood and morale of the enterprise, I come up short. It is not like anything I have known in the Agency since my early fantasies at the Farm when I thought we'd be engaged in high-risk activity every moment. It's not that we are now, but we do live in the glow of such work. Dix Butler, for instance, was assigned by Harvey as an observer on the day the Green Berets put on a spectacular at Ft. Bragg for Jack Kennedy, and the reports he brought back were luminous with excitement for us, as if the

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plethora of stunts and physical feats that the Green Berets can pull off is analogous to the boldness of some of our own plans.

The concept of the Green Berets as I'm sure you know, is to provide special fighting men who can deal with radical guerrilla forces in Third World countries like Laos and Vietnam. Some of the younger mentalities in the Pentagon, plus the President, and Maxwell Taylor, plus, most certainly, Bobby Kennedy, are excited by this training. I will add that in Bobby's book, *The Enemy Within*, there is a telling sentiment: "The great events of our nation's past were forged by men of toughness" and to exemplify it, he offered quick sketches of Merrill's Marauders and Mosby's Raiders, Francis Marion, the Swamp Fox—in short, our guerrilla heroes. The Green Berets are the natural follow-up to this, and on the day Jack Kennedy visited, he was taken out to McKellar's Lake where an absolute hellzapoppin was put on. Scuba divers swam underwater to fight on shore with waterproofed firearms; skydivers dropped onto the lake beach from free-falls fifteen thousand feet up. Trailing colored smoke, they crisscrossed repeatedly to festoon the sky, only opening their parachutes at the last moment to avoid a fatal splat on impact; judo teams whipped through hand-to-hand battle, and other Green Berets climbed high poles that the Engineers had pile-driven into the lake and then took a great slide down on cables set at steep angles. Caribou and Mohawk helicopters made very low-level passes in front of the Presidential stand, and something like a thousand men who had managed to keep perfectly concealed in the bush on the other side of the lake jumped out with sudden war cries and shot off hand flares—a mock-up of how an infiltration force might assail you. For climax, a man stepped from an airborne helicopter carrying some sort of rocket-pack on his back, and skittered through the air to set down right in front of Jack Kennedy. Then a covey of eight Caribous dropped untold thousands of leaflets over the staging area. Every last one had the President's picture on it.

As I write, I can feel your outrage. It is not that they are doing all that—perhaps it is necessary, you will say—but why, Harry, I can hear you thinking, are you all this excited about it? Well, I am. Dix Butler was even thinking seriously of a transfer to the Green Berets, and I realized that I had joined the Agency

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on the supposition that my active life would be like that. Perhaps it's due to living with Cal's OSS tales. I can't complain that life in the Agency is dull, yet a more adventurous side of myself does reside stubbornly in me. On crazy days, I feel the need for physical action, and yes, a taste for combat.

Now, you ought to know I am not about to desert Intelligence—never! I feel, on balance, a happy man. I am doing what the greater part of me wants to do. How many can say that? The Green Berets, however, do have a special, even a *clandestine* cachet for a good many Agency officers that colors many an attitude here in JM/WAVE. Dix Butler has his brothers.

For example: the *coyotes*. Dix is liaison to them. I have discovered that there is a grapevine running from Alaska to Miami and all points between. There must be a couple of thousand ex-football players, ex-rodeo riders, ex-stuntmen, bikers, ex-cons, ex-cops, ex-boxers, unemployed bartenders, itinerant ski bums and surfers, who have all heard a piece of news about JM/WAVE and/or the craziness of some of our Cubans; and they come down here for the action. You would think they would go to the Green Berets but that is too military for them. They don't want to take all that many orders. All the same, they would like to hook up with the Agency; they would choose to become case officers. If I think about it, I do feel sorry for them. "The first requirement," I would have to tell them, "is to learn how to use a typewriter." Of course, I just smile when they ask about applying to the Agency, and say, "Well, contract work right now may be more in your line," and when they ask how to get that, I reply, "Don't try. People will come to you."

I hear your question: How do they know that I am associated with the Agency? Officially, they don't. I keep telling them I am in electronics to which they nod wisely, but, of course, such conversations only occur when I am out for a night of barhopping with Dix Butler. He is the jolly friar of this gang and must have good contact with more than a hundred. He can tell you the athletic record and/or court file on each one of them, and this, while congenial work for Dix, is at Harvey's behest. Butler, I have discovered, is once more doing for Harvey what he did so well in Berlin—he keeps Harvey in touch with all of the possibilities in the *wider* social environment.

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Since we are not using Americans on the raids or infiltrating (to my knowledge) any Agency men into Cuba itself, there are not too many contracts for the *coyotes*. Dix uses them for the occasional irregular job. Most of their work, however, does not come from the Agency. Since they tend to band together in various shacks and boarding houses around town, a gang of them will often be hired by one Cuban exile group to lean on another; they become enforcers. More immediately for us, they hire out as gunmen on proposed missions to Cuba for certain wealthy Cubans and/or wealthy Texans who want to put on their own war theatricals. In practice, there is a hell of a lot of talk, a few hours of casual training, a weekly trip to a rifle range, many plans drawn and redrawn on the proposed mission; and then it is invariably scrubbed because passions run down and the wealthy Cuban loses his nerve. (There is always fear of a DGI reprisal on family members left in Cuba.) Or else, the coyotes just take the money and, if they lack respect, fail to show up. And, of course, the coyotes also deal in marijuana and some of the harder drugs.

For Harvey, they are an excellent source of intelligence on what the less approved exile groups are up to. A few even qualify for contract work and find boats for us, or repair them, or run a scuba diving school for our putative Cuban frogmen.

I have spent evenings with Dix in one or another coyote abode. We sit on packing crates, or on the floor, or I, as an honored guest, am given a dangerously flexible old rocking chair, and Dix holds court while we pass around the bottle of bourbon we've brought and then drink out of their jug of red wine and toke up. Bourbon, red wine, and marijuana produce a sledgehammer of a hangover, but I can't say I don't take to the mixture of off-beat relaxation and high tension. There is gossip aplenty in these evenings. One hears about what all the heavy hitters are doing—Fiorini, Masferrer, Kohly, Prio Socarras, the mob. Knowing remarks are made. "Brickbat has got to be Trafficante's boy," or "Zero-Zero Group is buying bazookas—they want to pulp one of Fidel's tanks."

"Who is running the purchase?"

"Tiger Turk."

"Tiger Turk is no fire-eater."

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"Strictly a wax-nose."

"Well, you get bull-horrors when the feds are on your case."

"Hell, men," says another, "the feds are right here. They're getting ready to fuck all of us raff."

This is a reference to Dix and to me. Dix loves it. He takes a toke, passes it on, speaks while exhaling, "Why don't you little-wigs stop bitching about John Fate?"

Laughter comes up on this. Of course, the evening is not entirely without risk. If there are twenty men in the room, Dix could handle most of them, but there are a few . . . "I might have to extend myself," he says.

I feel like a weak sister. I assume—I can *only* assume—that I might have a chance with a third to a half of this crowd, but then you are dealing with fellows who run from six feet six and three hundred pounds to a Mexican dwarf named Goliath, nickname Golpe, who is reputed to be an absolute monster with a knife. (Who could protect his legs in a knife fight with Golpe?) Dix, however, dares his vengeance every time. He calls him Adobe, much to Golpe's distaste. Adobe is one more word for Mexican around here.

"Don't say that."

"Well, then, how about *Cuspidor*?"

Uneasy laughter.

It is a curious world. We, at the opposite end of existence in the Agency, are, by contrast, so neat. Yet occasionally, a bona fide cowboy will come out of these coyotes, a contract agent we can count on.

"Gerry H. is pecker, he's paw-paw," is the accolade. Translation: "Nobody has bigger balls."

Most of them are doomed to drink, doomed to blow themselves up. They have female strays whom they call "groupies"—a new word for me. If the woman is a little older and has some personal force, as do some of the bikers' women, they are called "earth mamas." I feel like General Lansdale discovering anthropology.

When you get down to it, not that many nights end in personal warfare or blood (although I have witnessed two in the last month, but there is no such thing as an evening that does

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not obey the unity of the three themes, drinking, fighting, and (in respect for you) fornication; the only debate is which of the first two might be more important. People come in and out of the shack all night and receive a greeting which, unless there are old friendships or enmities involved, is in direct proportion to whether they have brought more or less wine and booze than they will drink. You have to be *mud* to come empty-handed.

Why am I so taken with this language and these people? Is it because they live their lives with no schedule for tomorrow? Their sense of the present is truly intense. One evening when just a few of us were drinking in a smaller *pad* (another word I like, for God, you do feel a sense of how much humans can act like caged animals) a former stuntman named Ford (who had broken his leg in several places and so was out of the one lucrative profession he had found) was fooling around with a newly sharpened bayonet. He kept making knife passes at his best friend, Jim Blood, a.k.a. Oxey, and Oxey taking a dislike to the implicit threat, punched Ford in the chest whereupon the bayonet flew up into the air and came down on Ford's shoulder. He bled like a just-slaughtered beast on a marble altar. We got towels, newspapers, old shirts—nothing could stop the flow.

"Shit, it's a vein, not an artery," said Ford. "Sew it up."

There was talk of getting a doctor. But a doctor, any doctor, might report it. "Sew it up," said Ford. "It'll be all right."

So, Oxey Blood, just as drunk as Ford, got black thread and a straight needle, cauterized it with a match, and sewed the wound. It took a while. His fingers were smudged with carbon from the needle, and there were false starts, and once a stitch, half into Ford's deltoid, had to be pulled out again, and all the while I was becoming more and more aware of the stink surrounding the house. We were out in the boondocks twenty miles south of Miami on the edge of a mangrove swamp where the odor of rotting vegetation and dead marine life is strong enough to steer the mind into visions of gangrene. Since the needle had no curve, the stitches had to go straight across for more than an inch, and all you could hear was the grinding of Ford's teeth. He was not going to cry out; between stitches, he drank the last of some oversweet brandy that the rest of us were magnanimous enough to let him have for his own while the job was done. Six



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stitches. It still oozed blood along a three-inch gash, and will get infected and will scar up like a hump beside a ditch, but the evening was a good one for Ford. He had not cried out. Which we all talked about afterward. In prison, they say you have nothing but the standing achieved by your courage to stand up to other people. Courage may be your only capital, but that buys all the nutrients you need for your ego. I admire the simplicity, and the strength it takes to be that free a man.

Of course, this freedom can prove unrelenting. Dix Butler is suffering from the frustration that he cannot go out on raids with the Cubans he oversees for Harvey. He loves a few of the boatmen. There is one named Rolando (real name Eugenio Martínez) who is a consummate small boat pilot. Rolando, no, let me call him Eugenio, since everyone down here knows him by his real name, is a contract player on a high level, an intelligent, dedicated Cuban who has to be the equivalent of a World War I ace flying many missions. Martínez will take a boat out five or six times a month, and if another trip is needed, there he is, walking through the front door of 6312 Riviera Drive. Now, the standard operating procedure, as worked out in Harvey's basement at Langley, is that the *prácticos*, that is, the boat pilots, are never supposed to see the faces of the Cubans they are bringing in for a landing. The hoods are worn throughout.

Like all projections on paper that involve the exiles, this procedure breaks down. Cuban families are endlessly related. So, in the case of Eugenio Martínez, one of his cousins is often one of his raiders; the two even make jokes about the hood. Dix also knows the cousin, and just before a particularly wild mission, where they were going to set a tire factory ablaze, which could involve a firefight and more than a few casualties, Dix yelled to the cousin as he stepped on board the boat, "Amadeo, bring me back an ear."

"What's it worth to you?"

"A hundred bucks," said Dix.

Amadeo returned with two ears.

Butler pretended to complain, but in fact he came up with \$200, whereupon Amadeo took him off to a Cuban restaurant in Key Largo where they spent Dix's money on a feast with two hookers, and accounted for a lot of broken dishes.

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I don't know that I should have told you this. Setting the bare facts down on paper can be misleading. I await your answer. I will not say there is no uneasiness in this quarter.

Your reliable correspondent,
Harry

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March 21, 1962

Dear Lout,

Oh, that mighty circus—JM/WAVE! What is happening to you? Your character, so quick to distinguish nuance, so firm in its integrity, seems to be disappearing. I feel that you want to present yourself as gung-ho, but given the way you write about Dix Butler you seem to be undergoing a high school crush.

Let me remind you of our purpose. With all our abominations and excesses, we are a superior society to the Soviets because there is an ultimate restriction upon our behavior—we believe, most of us Americans, in God's judgment upon us (even if it is the last thing one can ever talk about). I cannot emphasize how crucial such a last inner fear, such a modesty of the soul, is to the well-being of society. Without it, the only thing infinite about human beings becomes their vanity, which is to say, their contempt for nature and society. They generate an inner belief that they know a better way to run the world than God. All the horrors of Communism come out of the vanity that they know that God is only a tool; employed by the capitalists. Joseph Stalin's paranoia was the diseased end of such certainty. Ditto Lenin's vanity. Hear me, Harry. I judge myself by the same standard I judge the Communists. Without my belief in God and

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in judgment. I would be a monster of vanity, and Hugh would be diabolical. Vanity is the abominable conceit that one could run the world if only one weren't so weak.

Your coyotes—lower-grade psychopaths. You may admire them, but they root around in petty crime like the giddy goats they are, ramrodding it around in the sludge. You must remember. If we are to fight evil with evil (in the belief that under the circumstances it is necessary), we must avoid random wickedness like the plague. I fear for this nation I love so much. I fear for all of us.

Take what I say in the spirit intended. Don't sulk.

Love,

Kittredge

I don't know that *sulk* was the word. I was pissed off. It occurred to me that Kittredge knew nothing about men. I gave up the thought of explaining to her that the natural condition of men's lives was fear of tests, physical even more than mental tests. Highly developed skills of evasion went into keeping ourselves removed from the center of our cowardice. We took on a profession, and in time, marriage and a family, some of us entered a bureaucracy, and we developed programs for our leisure activities, insulated ourselves in habit. So I could not help it—I admired men who were willing to live day by day with bare-wire fear even if it left them as naked as drunks, incompetent wild men, accident-prone. I understood the choice. It was not one I could ever take on for myself, but I honored them, and if I had a high school crush on Fix, then damn her to hell, and, yes, to hell with her. I did not answer Kittredge.

That gave me time to recollect. On the day I met her, she had just come back from her first go at ice climbing; she was happy. She must have overcome a good bit of bad stuff in herself that morning. I was debating whether to look to send a reply on that basis when a letter arrived at my post office box in Miami. (Since I still visited it every other day, even if it involved rising a quarter of an hour earlier, it is obvious that I was hoping to hear something better from her.)

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April 23, 1962

Dear Harry,

You did sulk, didn't you, and perhaps there was cause. There is such cruelty lurking in me. I wonder if you remember that Easter Sunday afternoon years ago when my father read from *Titus Andronicus*? He would never admit it, but no matter how poor that play, it is one of his secret favorites. I remember he once said: "Shakespeare was the best comprehension of vengeance. He knows. It must not only be dark, but precise. What can be more precise than to cut off a hand at the wrist?"

Daddy's Alpha never got into anything more bloody than an academic skirmish or two, but Daddy's Omega was dark and precise. I think he passed that on to me. I do not know why I took such relish in scourging your manhood. I suspect it has to do with Hugh. I resent how he has preempted this question of being a man until it is now a code unto himself. It gives him whole sanction never to take a backward look. I, who am always peering in all directions, resent Hugh profoundly, and, yes, I know, I take it out on you.

Nonetheless, you have much to learn about the dimensions of manhood. It is the ability to live with responsibility and danger that makes a man, and, do you know, I've decided that I admire the Kennedy brothers, Bobby almost as much as Jack, for just that reason. You discover that they are so much more responsible than they ought to be.

Now, I don't want to exaggerate their virtues. They are as silly as most men in many a way, and if one ever had any doubt of it, you need only be given an invitation for a Saturday afternoon at Hickory Hill, as Hugh and I were, to see where misplaced enthusiasm can lead you. Those same Green Berets who so captivated your pen were among the invited, and about twenty of us well-dressed guests were treated to a dozen of those fatuous if strapping young studs jet-popping ten feet above the croquet sward, while others—Tarzanians, I call them—were swinging on ropes from tree to tree. Bobby loved it—I think he suffers from the same set of misplaced affections as you—but then he also loves Hugh. Why? Because Hugh distinguished himself in a touch-football game. How would he not? They don't know that Hugh coached soccer and is still a sinewy concentra-

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tion of will and gymnastic reflex. I was proud of my bald beau—in fact, he caught the winning touchdown pass. Thank God it was for Bobby's side. So we were in the thick of things at dinner. Afterward came the point of the evening. We were treated to a prestigious lecture.

Since the Kennedys are always trying to break records in all pursuits, Bobby has now decided that Cabinet officials, Presidential Advisers and other key White House people ought to establish themselves on the intellectual slope and so, once a month or thereabouts, there's a night given over to hearing some distinguished economist or scientist who is (leave it to the Kennedys on this as well) very much in the public eye at the moment. Sometimes, I think the K's take their cues from *Time* magazine.

Time recently featured the logical positivist philosopher, A. J. Ayer, and so here was Ayer tonight, superb Oxford accent, et al., lecturing the Kennedy clan and cohorts on the necessity for *verification*.

Now Freddie Ayer is a nice enough man personally, or would be if all of him were merely his Alpha; he is courteous, witty, decent, all of it. But then there's that arid, sterile, rather ugly Omega that British philosophers do keep downstairs. The English truly detest philosophy. Logic is their game. Their minds are happiest when most resembling their gardens. Culture, to them, seems to consist of lovely quotes in bloom. Listen to Freddie Ayer talk for an hour on the limits of philosophy—learn that nothing is much worth retaining in metaphysics inasmuch as you can't verify it. You come to realize that the logical positivists are trying to cut out all the Alps and lush forests of the speculative worlds. Perhaps it is to get us ready for a universe of computers. I may like Freddie Ayer for his personable qualities, his good manners, especially his pipe, but I do detest logical positivism. Viscerally. It would consign my speculative work to the trash bin.

Well, Ayer had his audience. A notable crew full of Rusks and Galbraiths and Maxwell Taylors and McNamaras. Esteemed ilk. And of course they were more in agreement with him than not. Logical positivism, given its ability to euchre the more intangible questions of ethics out of the game, has to appeal to

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bureaucrats. So Ayer was creating his own kind of impressive spell (even if logical positivism posits spells as not worth talking about) when a voice cried out right into the middle, "Doctor Ayer? Professor Ayer?"

"Yes?"

It was Ethel Kennedy. Now, she is not one of my favorite folk. She's a study in energy—hordes of children and still active in all sorts of ways, but she's got an awfully heavy set of mind. It's that earthy Catholicism which knows all the answers and doesn't think too much of the questions. "Doctor Ayer," she said, unable to hold herself in for another moment, "what about God?"

"What do you mean?" he asked.

"Well," she said, "in all you've talked about, there's not one mention of Him."

Ayer was most courteous. That was true, he agreed. In effect, God was outside the purview of logical positivism. This was a philosophy, after all, which concerned itself only with those rational problems whose propositions could be verified.

"Yes," said Ethel, "but where in all of this is God? What do you think about God?"

Now, she must have been drinking. She had certainly had a long day as hostess and had now taken on a hectoring tone—low stubbornness is the unkind way to put it. "I don't hear anything about God in all that has been said."

"Ethel," came Bobby's voice from the back of the room, "drop it."

Professor Ayer went on to the preordained conclusion.

That story has a lot to tell about Bobby. I'm sure his real agreement was with Ethel, but the Kennedy logic is that everybody on the team better get behind a project. The project tonight was to *listen* to A. J. Ayer.

This is a small example of the emphasis placed in Kennedy quarters on loyalty. Jack is blessed. He has a brother devoted full-time to his aims. There is no treachery permitted toward one another in the workings of that family. Which is why, I suspect, they are so successful. I contrast it to the peculiar depth of treachery which existed in my own family, never overt, but I do not think my father or mother ever shared a thought. Alpha

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marched ostensibly with Alpha and never a voice was raised, but I doubt if there was an hour when the Omega of one was not scheming against the other. In the sacrament of marriage, that is treachery. Some day I will tell you of how they made love. No, I will tell you now. I discovered them one night in Cambridge when I was ten, for their door was open by an inch, and I, always on the edge of sleepwalking in those years, was wandering the halls, so I peered in. Their lovemaking proved another form of treachery. I was not going to, but I *will* tell you now. Maisie was asleep, or most certainly pretending to be, and my father was working his way upon the corpse. I was a junior at Radcliffe before I divined that there might be other ways to make love.

Seen as sweet, attentive, and a dear daughter, I grew up seething at the expanses of frozen waste they had laid into me. Now I encounter treachery as the nostrum—you put it well—for the narcissist and the psychopath; yes; I suppose that is true. I certainly am intrigued by treachery. A Shakespearean childhood.

The Kennedys, Bobby most of all, are immune. Bobby has absolute loyalty to Jack. There is no question in my mind that he would die for him. Yet they are unlike. Jack, for example, is near to himself. His Alpha and Omega, while at odds about such matters as duty and pleasure, are, I suspect, very much at ease with each other, much like old roommates who know what to expect, and do get along. Bobby has an A and O that inhabit the same room, but neither seems to have the faintest interest in what the other is up to. His Alpha and Omega even make separate friends just as a lover and a taskmaster would have different sets of friends. To see Bobby walking around Hickory Hill with any of his numerous brood is to recognize how much he loves children. He holds their hands with an instinctive delight in the joys of sheltering a child's feelings and that is a quality few men possess. When he feels compassion for strangers, as I will soon delineate for you, it is comparable to the tenderness he offers to his children. He is very much a lover in that sense, although the love comes forth not as desire but concern. Whereas Jack, under all that calm, is, by contrast, as full of acquisitive desire as a reporter teeming with curiosity about a story he wants to get. Women serve as sources of knowledge for Jack—an express

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route for coming into contact with the Unknown.

Bobby is a Kennedy and so he, too, is acquisitive. But for results, not people. He takes on new programs as if they were personal conquests. That makes him an overbearing whipmaster to some. I think he lives in the terror that if he does not take on all the important jobs for Jack, everything will bog down. So, at work, from all I hear, he is always in an enormous hurry. His style of cross-examination when trying to find out why something went wrong is nonstop. I probably know better than you of the kind of pressure he puts upon Lansdale and Harvey concerning Mongoose. I can tell you from what Hugh chooses to divulge that being questioned by Bobby Kennedy when he is in a hectoring mood (yes, like Ethel!) is analogous to having adhesive tape removed from every square inch of your body. Unrelenting.

Part of the trouble is that while Bobby wants a great deal from everyone, he can hardly know always what to tell others. After all, some of the knowledge he needs cannot be acquired by questioning. In February, he took a trip around the world for Jack, had a stop-off in Saigon, and announced that American troops are committed to remain in Vietnam until the Vietcong is beaten. That leaves him personally committed to Vietnam, the Green Berets, and all the attendant follow-up. Yet much of April has been taken up with fighting U.S. Steel and Bethlehem on their price rises, and the civil rights problems are with him all the time. Then there is organized crime. He is still trying to get Jimmy Hoffa. He also keeps up a running feud with Lyndon Johnson, whom he despises. J. Edgar Hoover even more. It seems Hoover lets him cool his heels whenever Bobby goes down the hall of the Department of Justice to pay a visit. In return, Bobby has given strict orders to have his huge Airedale, Binky, exercised in the corridor just outside Buddha's suite of offices. Yes, it's urination and counterurination; Bobby, you see, gives as much to small-sized wars as to large ones, and all the while, Fidel Castro remains paramount in Bobby's emotions, yet does not receive enough real time and attention. On those Thursdays when Bobby sits over for Special Group, Augmented, he is—as Hugh obtains it—just heating up the air to conceal his paucity of knowledge. Bobby's instinct, which can be excellent,

is to light the fire beneath any undertaking that is not showing enough progress, then dig into the attendant bureaucracy, convey to those slow-grinding wheels that his own sense of urgency will soon become the most uncomfortable source of heat for them. He can spend a morning saturating some subdepartment of State or Defense or Justice with a set of calls to officials at every level of the hierarchy. Activates the ant's nest from top to bottom. He is awfully good at that. He hates sloth and circular habit. Like many another spark plug, however, he has no patience. He cannot comprehend that because there is a problem, there is not necessarily a solution.

That is why he cannot comprehend Castro, and will not put in the concentration on Mongoose that it needs. Yet he is screaming for results. I would say I understand why Jack and Bobby are so intense on the question. On our second visit to Hickory Hill, I did get into a conversation with Bobby, and he cut me off on Castro. "The man's got to be stopped," he said. "What if he ends up with long-range Russian missiles? Have you thought about that, huh? Have you thought of that? This country could be under the thumb of an irresponsible fellow."

Perhaps the clue is there. They do not begin to understand Castro—that is, they do not know (1) how serious he is, and (2) how flexible. They fear him in the way rich boys are uneasy with poor boys, yes, just like you and your coyotes. Under it all, they obviously admire Castro. Admiration is an intolerable ferment when it resides beneath the skin. So, of course, they have to hate him. If the Kennedys are going to form an admiration society, it will not be for a man who rose to power by fighting through a jungle in which they might have perished, no, when it comes to a fan club, they'll give their plaudits to Robert Frost and Camelot.

Never forget, however, the power of Bobby's compassion. It redeems him. I don't know that he has had a good night's sleep since the Bay of Pigs. He broods over those thousand and more men of the Brigade who sit in Cuban prisons now. For that matter, both Kennedy brothers have shown a superior sense of responsibility. They took on the blame for Pigs when it was not really their fault. I don't know if the greater culpability belongs to the Joint Chiefs of Staff or CIA, but, in fact, when one has to

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choose between fools, what is there ever to choose? The Joint Chiefs never got around to studying the reality of the problem. Do they sit in a pomade of complacency? I know they never doubted that Castro's air force could not survive a major attack by the exiles' B-26s, nor did they question whether the Brigade, should matters go badly, have any real shot of crossing eighty miles of swamp to reach the Escambray Mountains. In turn, Quarters Eye did their best to nudge the Joint Chiefs over to a favorable evaluation of the possibilities; then Quarters Eye used the formal optimism of the Chiefs to convince Jack Kennedy. Of course, the Joint Chiefs never did their homework and all of you managed to lie to yourselves while telling other lies to the Brigade about the military, air, and naval support coming from us. So Jack Kennedy, three months in office, got taken. He was a decent man in response. He accepted the blame. Even Hugh, who is wholly Republican (whenever he can hold his nose long enough to vote), began to respect Jack at that point. And since Pigs, Jack has never stopped feeling responsible. Back in May, when Castro offered to exchange the Brigade prisoners for five hundred bulldozers, Jack induced Milton Eisenhower to form a committee of prestigious Americans who would raise the money. Eleanor Roosevelt, Walter Reuther—immaculate backing. But Goldwater and his Senatorial cohorts killed it. Did you pay attention to that? It was terrible. Goldwater seized the headlines. If we sent tractors to Castro, he said, our prestige "would have to sink even lower." I couldn't believe he would use such a situation to make political capital. God knows what those men are enduring in prison. And Homer Capehart: "If we accept, we will become the laughing stock of the entire world." That pompous ass! And Styles Bridges: "How much more humiliation must be taken from this Communist dictator?" I realized for the first time that no matter what dubious deeds we commit for the Agency from time to time, we are honorable people next to that opportunistic slime. And Nixon! As if honor wouldn't melt in his mouth, he says, "Human lives are not something to be bartered."

In the face of that kind of political abuse, poor Milton Eisenhower quit, and the deal fell through.

Jack has not, however, given up. When the Tractors for