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on the telephone. He lets you in on that crackerjack mind of his, at once innocent and forthrightly logical. He is absolutely impressive in his energy. No one, with the possible exception of Hugh, has the beans to oversee as many separate activities. Apart from civil rights and the brouhaha at the University of Mississippi, the missile crisis, and the never-ending hunt for Hoffa and the Mafia, plus routine stuff at Justice, plus the Green Berets, plus your Mongoose (which has to be the least successful venture he ever took up), there is the occasional whopper that overwhelms everything. This last month it was the care and concern he gave to ransoming the Brigade. It proved to be a remarkable performance. Do you remember when I wrote to you about Harry Ruiz-Williams, that wonderful Cuban with smashed feet who has been working all these months to try to get Americans and Cuban-Americans to put up the millions of dollars needed for ransom? I don't know whether you paid close attention, but at that time a lot of Republicans attacked the Kennedys for daring to consider exchanging tractors with Cuba for the prisoners. Ugly. All those Cubans rotting away in jail, while our politicians were making political capital of the cheapest sort of knee-jerk anti-Communism. Well, now that same Brigade has been in jail more than a year and a half. Bobby tells me that a wealthy Miami exile who used to have a ranch in Cuba went over as a ransom emissary and was shocked by the condition of the men. He told Bobby that cattle who are going to die get an unhealthy look on the back of their necks, and the prisoners now give off exactly that appearance. "I can't put it out of my mind," said Bobby to me. "The back of the neck!" The ex-rancher also said: "If you are going to rescue these men, Mr. Attorney General, this is the time. If you wait, you will be liberating corpses." "You are right," said Bobby, "we put them there, and we are going to get them out by Christmas."

I think only Bobby could have pulled off the operation that followed. Castro wanted \$62 million in ransom for something like 1,150 men. Great damage had been done by the attack, was his claim, and thousands of Cuban militia were dead as a result of the battle. Now, a year and a half later, \$50,000 a man was not an excessive indemnification. If he could not get 62 million in dollars, then he would take it in goods. If not tractors, then

in drugs, medical supplies, and baby food.

Originally, this ransom was to be obtained by the Cuban Families Committee, composed of a group of mothers in Miami and Havana who had sons among the prisoners. At Bobby's recommendation, they selected for their negotiator James Donovan, a canny lawyer who was able to get on with Castro. Donovan, apparently, has a rough, in-close New York style, the finger-to-the-ribs sort of needling. According to Bobby, Donovan, on his first visit to Havana, told Castro that there was no alternative to ransoming the prisoners. "If you want to get rid of them, you have to sell them. That means you have to sell them to me. There's no world market for prisoners."

Castro, apparently, takes to this kind of talk. "Yes," he answered, "but how is the Cuban Families Committee going to raise money? They have been trying for over a year and they still don't see the first million. What they have discovered is what I could have told them in the first place. Wealthy Cubans are the worst rich people in the world. That is why I am here and the wealthy Cubans are in Miami."

"We may not get the money," said Donovan, "but we will get the medical supplies."

Now it was Bobby's turn. He had to convince the drug industry to donate their product. No mean feat. Before he even started, he said to me over the telephone, "I don't know how we're going to do it, Kittredge, but we will." He had the following problem: The drug industry is under investigation for anti-trust violations by Congress, by Justice, and by the Federal Trade Commission. Some of these drug moguls may actually have been breaking the law. Naturally, like all semidishonest corporate types, they are stuffed with self-righteousness, self-pity, and no sense of what they have done wrong. They hate the Kennedy administration; in their mind, it is against big business. By patriotic reflex, they hate Castro even more. Naturally, they are in no mood to do a favor for either. The Brigade prisoners they either know nothing about, or look upon as failures.

Nonetheless, Bobby brought the industry leaders together in Washington and delivered a most moving address. (Which I did hear about from several sources.) He said the Brigade was composed of brave men who, in all the pain of their defeat, had

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never turned upon America. Was it not our responsibility to rescue these good men, the first to fight Communism in our hemisphere, before they perished in the desperate conditions of Castro's jails?

Well, these big businessmen were moved enough to open negotiations with Bobby. When I asked him if his speech made the difference, he laughed. "With these guys, you feed the belly as well as the heart." So Internal Revenue found a way to allow large tax rebates on the drug donations. Some of the drug companies even ended up with profit from their charitable acts, and, of course, they stamped little American flags on each package in their shipment, not withstanding that a few of them also tried to empty their warehouses of stale and/or obsolescent drugs. One way and another, given his sharp nose, Bobby brought it off. As of this writing, it is still not certain the Brigade will reach Miami before Christmas, but there is no doubt in my mind. There may be last-minute hitches all over the firmament, but Bobby will get those prisoners back. You can look forward to a hectic but happy week down South.

Yours, dear cousin,
Kittredge

On the day before Christmas, the Brigade was flown in from Havana to Miami, and on December 29, President Kennedy addressed them at the Orange Bowl. I managed to be one of the forty thousand people in the audience.

I felt disoriented. Sitting high up on the twenty-yard line, the podium was far away, and Jack Kennedy seemed but a small figure in a cavernous valley, a man speaking to a bank of microphones that looked no larger than the legs of a hermit crab poking out from a snail shell. If I choose so surrealistic an image, it is because the situation was bizarre. I was looking at Modene's ex-lover. He was the one who finally had not wanted her all that much. Since she, somewhat earlier, had not wanted me, I had to wonder if I was the only man in all of the Orange Bowl who had such an unhappy if intimate purchase on the Presidency.

I was no better prepared for the crowd. Working these last two months in the subdued offices of Zenith, I was unready for

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the impact of a stadium full of Cubans in a state of high elation. Ecstasies of ovation for the return of the lost and the damned flowed around the arena. Currents of sorrow commemorated the loss of a land they could never have loved as much when they were there.

I recall the pandemonium. From the onset of the ceremony, when all 1,150 men of the Brigade marched onto the field and took up positions at parade rest in precisely ordered files, the uproar of the fathers, mothers, wives and sons, daughters, nieces, nephews, uncles, aunts, and cousins of the first, second, third, and fourth step removed, gave every promise of contributing to the largest sound one had ever heard in a stadium, and that was doubled by the entrance of the President and Jacqueline Kennedy in an open white Cadillac. A myriad of Cuban and American flags began to wave as the President and his lady dismounted to stand at attention next to Pepe San Román, Manuel Artime, and Tony Olivia and the Cuban national anthem was played, and the Star-Spangled Banner. Then, as if the emotion of those gathered families could sustain any ceremony no matter how protracted, the President moved through the ranks of the Brigade, shaking hands personally with every soldier who caught his eye, and applause lifted, as if we were all at the largest graduation ceremony ever conducted; each of President Kennedy's handshakes was equal to the realization of a family saga.

Pepe San Román spoke first: "We offer ourselves to God and to the free world as warriors in the battle against Communism." Then, he turned to Jack Kennedy and said, "Mr. President, the men of Brigade 2506 deposit their banner with you for your safekeeping."

The local newspapers had spoken of how the Brigade flag had been carried away from the Bay of Pigs in one of the few boats available, and Kennedy unfurled it now to one more operatic ovation, turned to the soldiers, asked them to seat themselves on the grass, and replied, "I want to express my great appreciation to the Brigade. This flag will be returned to you in a free Havana."

I thought a new war had begun. "*Guerre, guerre, guerre,*" they shouted in the exaltation of being confirmed in the high

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holy sanction of one thought for all. Back to war! For war!

And I, a working agent in the cause of Intelligence, had an insight. They were free for this instant of the ongoing fatigues of my divided soul, which, but a day ago, had been their divided soul. *Guerra!* War was the hour when Alpha and Omega could come together. For some, at any rate.

I had to admire Jack Kennedy in the next moment. It was possible that he would have tasteful instincts in the midst of an avalanche. He asked: "Would Señor Facundo Miranda, who preserved this flag through the last twenty months, come forward so we can meet him?" Señor Miranda and he shook hands, and then Jack Kennedy said, "I wanted to meet you so I would know who to give this flag back to."

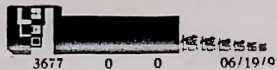
The ovation was near to never-ending. In the embrace of those emotions, he gave his speech. "Although Castro and his fellow dictators may rule nations, they do not rule people; they may imprison bodies but they do not imprison spirits; they may destroy the exercise of liberty, but they cannot eliminate the determination to be free."

This patriotic experience was interrupted for me by the sight of Toto Barbaro. He was working his way closer and closer to the podium. He would be there at the end to shake hands.

"I can assure you," said Kennedy, "that it is the strongest wish of the people of this country, as well as the people of this hemisphere, that Cuba shall one day be free again; and this Brigade will march at the head of the free column."

What was happening, I wondered, to the negotiation—so impressive to Kittredge—that Kennedy was working up with Khrushchev? Had the hot blood of the politician overwhelmed the cool arteries of the President? Or was I attending a new declaration of war against Cuba?

In the morning, my father called me from Washington. "I hope," he said, "that we get a transfusion out of all this."



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January 15, 1963

Dear Kittredge,

This is to announce the reappearance of Howard Hunt. I had not heard from him in fifteen months, but we had dinner a few nights ago. Last seen before this occasion, he was buried in the Domestic Operations Division under Tracy Barnes, either, per his cover, writing spy fiction for New American Library or engaged in more cloak-and-daggered stuff. Wouldn't let on.

I suspect he was chugging along on a parallel track with Bill Harvey, albeit dealing in more ultra right-wing Cuban types—I can't be certain. He won't tell. I saw him for no more than our one evening which came by way of a call saying that he wanted me to join him for dinner with Manuel Arttime. So this letter is to impart what I learned from Arttime about the Brigade's experience in Cuban prisons.

It was a good night. Do you know, I entered the Agency for adventure, and by now it feels as if, after a day at a desk, most of my excitement has come from dining out? *My Life in Central Intelligence*; or, *The Hundred Most Memorable Dinners*.

Well, this was one of them. Howard, still stationed in Washington, has obtained for his exclusive Miami use one of our best safe houses, a jewel of a villa out on Key Biscayne called *La Nevisca*. I used to engage the place occasionally during the pre-Pigs period, but Howard occupies it now, and demonstrates for me that there are amenities to Agency life. We had a corkeroo of a repast, polished off with Chateau Yquem, served up—I only learn of their existence at this late date—by two contract Agency caterers, who shop for special occasions, chef it forth in haute cuisine, and serve it themselves.

This was five-star. Howard is obviously back in full self-esteem. For all I know, his key passion is to get to just some place like this every night.

At any rate, I felt like an interloper. If Hunt and Arttime do not love each other, they are fabulous actors. I do not know that I have ever seen Howard manifest more warmth toward anyone, and thereby was introduced to the untrammled hyperbole of

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real Cuban toasts. The art, I discovered, is to raise one's glass as if addressing a hundred folk.

"I drink to a remarkable man," said Howard, "to a Cuban gentleman whose funds of patriotism are inexhaustible. I drink to a man I esteem so highly that, never knowing whether I would see him again, I chose nonetheless to name him, *in absentia*, the godfather of my son, David."

Artime replied in ringing terms—now I know *ringing terms*!). He would defend his godson, if need arose, with his life. Do you know, Kittredge, I never heard a man sound more sincere. Artime, if finely drawn from his twenty months in prison, has gained, all the same, in personal impressiveness. Before, he was charming but a hint boyish, and considerably too emotional for my taste. Now, he is more emotional than ever, but his charisma embodies it. You cannot take your eyes off him. You do not know if you are looking at a killer or a saint. He seems endowed with an inner dedication that no human force can overcome. It is far from wholly attractive. My grandmother, Cal's mother, was equally endowed for church work—I do not exaggerate!—and she died at age eighty of cancer of the bowel. One senses the inflexible beast of ideology in such persons. Nonetheless, after spending an evening with Artime, I wished to fight Castro hand to hand.

Let me give you a full presentation of Artime's response to Howard's toast.

"In prison, there were hours," he said, "when despair was the only emotion we could feel. Yet, in the depths of our imprisonment, we were even ready to welcome despair, for that at least is a powerful emotion, and all feelings, whether noble or petty, are but streams and brooks and rivulets"—*riachuelas* was the word he used—"that flow into the universal medium which is love. It was love to which we wished to return. Love for one's fellow man no matter how evil he might be. I wanted to stand in the light of God so that I could regain my strength to fight another day. I was grateful, therefore, for the power of my despair. It enabled me to rise above apathy.

"Yet, despair is spiritual peril. One must rise out of it or lose oneself forever. So one needs stepping-stones, trails to ascend, rungs to a ladder. When one is lost in the black current

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of limitless misery, the memory of friends can sometimes be the only bridge that leads one back to the higher emotions. While I was in prison, no American friend appeared before my mind with more of a beautiful presence to lift my tortured spirit than you, Don Eduardo, you, *caballero espléndido*, whom I salute tonight in all the honor of feeling myself blessed by the high moral obligation to be the godfather of your son, David."

On they went. I came to recognize that the first good reason for inviting me is that my Spanish is satisfactory, and two grown men cannot speak to each other in such elevated fashion without having at least one witness for audience.

Artime began to talk about prison. Which I certainly wanted to hear about. Much of what he had to say was, however, contradictory. Where the food proved decent in one jail, it was wretched in another; if Brigade leaders were put away in individual cells for a time, they were soon brought back into prison dormitories; when, for a period, treatment turned courteous, it later became ugly. Conditions in one prison bore little relation to the next. They were moved frequently.

This exposition gave me a sense of the turmoil outside the walls. Right now, in Cuba, theories and events must be colliding, for there appeared to be no consistent intent behind the incarceration.

From what he told us, Artime's first hours of imprisonment were his worst. At the dire end of the Bay of Pigs, seeking to avoid capture, he took off with a few men into a trackless swamp called Zapata. He said he had had some idea of reaching the Sierra Escambray, eighty miles off, where he would initiate a guerrilla movement. Two weeks later, his group was rounded up.

Artime was the most important Brigade leader yet captured by Castro's counterintelligence. Since I must assume you are not all that familiar with his background, let me try a quick summary. I hope it was not Samuel Johnson who said, "None but a talentless wretch attempts a sketch." Artime, educated in Jesuit schools as a psychiatrist, was not yet twenty-eight when he joined Castro in the Sierra Maestra. In the first year after victory, however, feeling himself to be "a democratic infiltrator in a Communist government," he set out to build an underground

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movement. It did not take long for him to become a fugitive hunted by the police. Clothed in the cassock of a priest, and carrying a pistol inside a hollowed-out missal, Artime walked up the steps of the American Embassy in Havana one morning, and was shortly thereafter smuggled out to Tampa on a Honduran freighter. Doubtless, you first heard of him as a leader in the Frente, then in the Brigade. Artime, however, managed to maintain his underground group in Cuba as well. With such tripartite credentials, be certain he received no ordinary interrogation after capture.

Of course, he was in no ordinary condition. The swamp was not wet but arid, choked in thorn bushes. Fresh water was rare. After fourteen days of thirst, not one could speak. They were not able to move their tongues. "I had always thought," said Artime, "that I was one of the people called upon for the liberation of Cuba. God would use me as His sword. After I was captured, however, I came to believe that God must be more in need of my blood, and I had to be prepared to die if Cuba was ever to be liberated.

"Back at Girón, however, as soon as they studied my diary and recognized who I was, one of the counterintelligence said, 'Artime, you have something to pay for all you have done to us. Do you wish to die like a hero, quickly, and by a bullet? Then cooperate. Declare that the Americans betrayed the Brigade. If you fail to help us, you will go out in misery.'"

When Artime would not sign such a declaration, his captors drove him to Havana, where he was brought into a basement room whose walls were lined with old mattresses. There, his shirt removed, his arms and legs strapped to a chair, a spotlight in his eyes, he was questioned for three days.

Not all the voices were angry. Sometimes a man would tell him that the Revolution was prepared to have compassion for his error; such men were replaced by others with harsh voices. Forced to stare into the spotlight, he never saw any of their faces. The angry voice would say, "Innocent Cubans died for this man's vanity." One interrogator pushed a photograph into his face. He looked at a field of dead men. Corpses from the three-day battle stared back at him.

"I am going to kill you, cocksucker," said the angry voice.

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Artime felt the barrel of a pistol against his lips. He looked at Hunt and at me. "I was calm. I could not believe it. I said to myself, 'This is how wild horses feel when the bridle goes into their mouth. Yet, this bridle is the exercise of God's will.' Then a man who had a gentle voice said to the man with the angry voice, 'Get yourself out of here. You are making things worse.' 'I won't leave,' said the angry man, 'the Revolution gives me just as much right to be here as it does you.' They kept arguing," said Artime, "until the bad one left. Then the good one said, 'He is in a state of great disturbance because his brother was killed at Girón.' "

"Were you ever close to breaking?" asked Hunt.

"Never," answered Artime. "I did not see how I was going to live, so there was nothing to break." He did nod his head, however. "On the third day, they put me in a cell, and I was visited by a man named Ramiro Valdes, who is Castro's chief of G-2." Valdes seemed concerned with Artime's appearance, particularly the burns received from cigarettes. "Who were your interrogators?" he asked. "We will treat them severely. The Revolution wants revolutionaries, not fanatics. Please describe them to me, Manuel."

"Commander," said Artime, "I never saw their faces. Let us forget about it."

Hunt, in a husky voice, said, "I would have wanted to locate those sons of bitches."

"No," said Artime, "I did not believe Valdes. I knew he wished to establish a good relation with me. Then he would commence conversion. But I was not the proper person for such intentions. My situation as a prisoner was less real to me than my inner psychology. I felt that God was testing Manuel Artime. If I passed His tests, Cuba would become more worthy of liberation."

"Which was the most difficult test?" I asked.

He nodded, as if he liked the question. "Valdes ordered a good dinner to be brought into my cell. There was chicken and rice and black beans. I had forgotten how much I love to eat. No food had ever tasted better, and for a moment I was not ready to die. The beauty that is in life itself received my attention. I began to think of the sweet and simple barnyard life of the

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chicken who was providing me with this feast. But then, I said to myself, 'No, I am being tested,' and I no longer felt so tender-hearted toward the white meat of the breast. Suddenly I thought, 'I have an immortal soul, and this chicken does not. I am in the devil's hour.' "

A second and more difficult test for Artime was to visit him after he had been a prisoner for a year, had gone to trial, and was awaiting the court's verdict. By then he had suffered all the vicissitudes of different prisons, but he had also become accustomed to being still alive; so did it occur to him with some force that his refusal to collaborate at the trial was bound to result in a sentence of death for himself.

"It was at that moment I realized that I would never have a son. To a Cuban, that is a sad thought. When a man feels unfulfilled, he is not ready to meet his end. Therefore, I asked a guard for pencil and paper. I wanted to write out exactly what to say when I was shot. Concentration upon that event might remove the temptation to wish one could stay alive. So, I decided to tell my executioners: 'I forgive you. And I remind you: God exists. His Presence enables me to die while loving you. Long live Christ the King. Long live Cuba Libre.' That took me through the temptation."

Soon after, he was visited by Fidel Castro. By Artime's description, Castro came to the prison at two in the morning six days after the trial and woke up Pepe San Román, who rose from his cot in leisurely fashion, yawned in Castro's face, then stood before him in his underwear.

"What kind of people are you?" asked Castro. "I cannot comprehend. You trust the North Americans. They turn our women into whores and our politicians into gangsters. What would happen if your side had won? The Americans would be here. We would have to live with their hope that if they visit Cuba often enough, we will teach them how to fuck."

"I would rather deal with an American than a Russian," San Román answered.

"I ask you not to waste your life. The Revolution has need of you. We have fought you, so we know how many men in your Brigade have valor."

"Why," asked Pepe San Román, "didn't you say that at the

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trial? You referred to us as worms. Now you wake me up to tell me that we are brave. Why do you not leave? Enough is enough."

"Enough is enough? My God, man, I wonder if you even want to live."

"We agree on something. I do not want to live. I have been played with by the United States, and now you are playing with me. Kill us, but stop playing."

Castro left. Artime's cell was next. When he saw him in the doorway, Manuel assumed the Maximum Leader was paying this visit in order to execute him. "Do you finally come to see me," asked Artime, "so that you can try to make a fool of me in front of your men?"

"No," said Castro. "The only reason that I did not approach you earlier is I knew you were weak from the swamps. I do not wish you to think that I will make fun of you. In fact, I would ask: How are you now?"

"Very well. Though not as well as you are. You are heavier than you were in the mountains."

Castro smiled. "As yet in our Revolution, not all eat equally. Chico, I am here to ask what you are expecting."

"Death."

"Death? Is this your understanding of the Revolution? To the contrary, we are here to look for the potential in each other. Your side looks to improve the condition of those people who have obtained a good deal already. My side hopes to improve the lot of those who have nothing. My side is more Christian than yours, I would say. What a loss that you are not a Communist."

"What a pity that you are not a democrat."

"Artime, I will demonstrate that you are wrong. You see, we are not going to kill you. Under the circumstances, that is very democratic. We accept the existence of a point of view that wishes to destroy us. Tell me that is not generous. The Revolution is sparing your lives. You may have been sentenced to thirty years in jail, but you will not even have to serve your sentence. Since you are so valuable to the Americans, we are ready to ransom you. In four months, you'll all be gone."

Well, as we know, it took eight.

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Toward the end of the evening, Artime shifted the ground of discussion.

"We have yet to commence the true fight," he told Howard and me.

"You can't be ready to go into action this quickly," said Hunt.

"Physically, we still must recover, yes. But we will be ready before long. I feel sorry for any man who believes he will stop us."

"Jack Kennedy can stop you," said Hunt. "He is a man steeped in political cunning. He thinks it is obscene not to deal in two directions at once. I will warn you, Manuel, I have heard rumors that the White House is ready to make a deal with Castro."

"The devil," said Artime, "is defined as a man who has his head put on backwards."

Hunt nodded profoundly. "Smiling Jack," he answered.

Hunt has changed, Kittredge. He always had a good deal of anger in him, divided neatly into two parts: half for the Communists, and half for the manner in which his achievements have not been properly recognized. Now, however, his hatred breaks through the skin of what used to be his considerable urbanity. When the crude stuff pops forth, it is strikingly disagreeable. Hunt is not the sort of man who should ever reveal this side of himself.

"Many of us," said Artime, "do not have a clear view on the Kennedys. For example, the brother, Bobby, took me on a ski trip last week. I cannot say I do not like him. When he saw that I do not know how to ski, but was ready to plunge down—you call it the *fall line*—of every slope until I fell, he would laugh and laugh, and then say to me, 'Now I have seen fire on ice.'"

"The Kennedys are adept at charming those they wish to have on their side," said Hunt.

"With all due respect, Don Eduardo, I believe the President's brother is serious about Cuba. He has new plans, he says, and wants me to be a leader in them."

Hunt said: "I would suggest that you develop your own operation. Once you are privately funded and free of the government, I know people who can give you more assistance than

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if you are directly under Kennedy's nose."

Artime sighed. "I am not happy with complexity. I heard the President say, 'This flag will be returned some day to a free Havana.' To me, that is an absolute commitment to our cause."

Hunt smiled. Hunt took a sip of his brandy. "I repeat your words: The devil is a man who has his head put on backwards."

Artime sighed again. "I cannot pretend that there is no division among my people concerning the subject of the Kennedys."

"I heard that some of you did not want to hand the Brigade flag over to Kennedy?"

"We were divided. That is true."

"I even heard there was a large disagreement the day before the Orange Bowl."

"I was uncertain myself," said Artime. "I have to admit that I like the Kennedys better now that Bobby took me skiing."

"Is it true?" asked Hunt. "Was the flag handed over to Jack not the original, but a duplicate?"

Artime looked most unhappy. He threw a glance at me, at which Hunt waved his hand as if to say, "It is all right. He is one of us." That startled me. Hunt is not the kind of enthusiast to put unqualified trust in someone as marginal to his purposes as myself. "Was it a copy?" Hunt persisted.

Artime inclined his head. "We compromised. We made a duplicate flag. It was the forgery that was given to President Kennedy. I am not happy about such a deception. Some of the strength we put into our flag may now drain out of it."

Hunt looked curiously pleased. Writing this, I think I now understand why. Since he was not told the story in confidence, but with myself present, I believe he now feels more free to divulge this item to others. Kittredge, my sentiments about Jack Kennedy are hardly clear-cut, but Hunt's animus makes me frankly uneasy.

Later that night, I had an extraordinary dream in which Fidel Castro and Manuel Artime entered a debate. Artime said: "You, Castro, do not comprehend the character of faith. I am not here to defend the rich. But I must feel compassion for them since God will not be charitable toward their greed. God saves His special mercy for the poor. In Heaven, all injustice is re-

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versed. You, Fidel, claim to work for the poor, but you commit murders in their name. You seal your revolution with blood. You blind the poor with materialism, and thereby remove their vision of God."

"Chico," answered Castro, "it is obvious that we have opposing points of view. One of us has to be wrong. Let me deal with your proposition, therefore, on such a basis. If I am in error, then any human beings that I have injured in this life will most certainly be well received in heaven.

"If, on the other hand, Artime, no God exists to punish the rich and the unjust in the afterlife, what can you say about all of our poor peasants whom your soldiers slaughtered? You killed them on the road to Girón because of your fear that Communism might succeed in Cuba. In that case, your forces will have wasted not only their lives but ours.

"So, Manuel," said Castro, "choose my way. Then, logically speaking, no matter which one of us is correct, you come out better."

Kittredge, that dream concluded in a most curious fashion. Bill Harvey's voice boomed out suddenly: "You are both in error," he shouted. "There is no justice. There is only The Game." Those last two words kept echoing until I woke up.

Have you had any news concerning Wild Bill? The rumor down here is that he's being shunted—or is it demoted?—over to Italy as Chief of Station.

Ever yours,
Harry

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February 15, 1962

Dearest Harry,

I am not surprised you had a dream about Bill Harvey, for much has been going on concerning his situation. Director McCone, as you know, was prepared to cut him out of the Agency until Dick Helms saved the day. Helms may be the coldest man I know, but he is loyal to his troops, and that, in practice, does serve as a working substitute for compassion. At any rate, he played on many a theme to restrain McCone from firing Harvey outright—spoke of the pleasure to be taken by KGB and DGI if Harvey had to resign, plus discouragement of initiative in Junior Officers. To satisfy McCone's heart as well as his mind, Helms did go on about the inner tensions of hardworking Senior Officers accumulated through a career of ongoing crises and personal financial sacrifice. McCone, who I'm sure is as wealthy as Midas from his years at the Bechtel Corporation, finally softened the sentence to a leave of absence. Dick then told Harvey to go to ground for a month and enjoy the clear understanding that he will be reinstalled into an appropriate slot just as soon as McCone is out of the country. Our new Director of Intelligence does love to take long trips with his brand-new spouse to far-off Stations. There he is received in maharajah-plus fashion. Set up in a suite at the best hotel, he puts in a seven-day week of golf, hears what he wants to hear from the Station hands (now that he can ride on his high missile laurels), and leaves *the little details* to Helms. Talk about Reynard in a chicken coop! Helms is running the Agency (with wonderful assists from Hugh), but so quietly, I'm certain word has not yet reached you and the other juniors. Harvey, per Helms' promise, was back at Langley before Christmas and nicely installed in an obscure corner of the Italian Desk. There he will stay long enough to pick up the rudiments of his new post which (as soon as McCone departs again for Africa, Asia, or Australia), will be Chief of Station in Rome. It is hardly equal to Chief of Soviet Russia Division, but, under the circumstances, there ought to be no complaint.

Hugh, however, is most upset over Harvey's departure. I am being egregiously indiscreet, but am holding a fierce piece of scoop I must pass on to you. Ever since the missile crisis, I've been attempting to divine why Hugh was so eager to defend

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Harvey. Wild Bill has always been difficult for Hugh to stomach. The Fat Man persists, for instance, in addressing Hugh at open conference meetings as *Monty*, and that is but a modest clue to how they chafe each other. I don't possess the specifics, I only know that Hugh has some sort of grip on Harvey. In a showdown, Bill *always* gives way. The root factor still remains unknown to me, but I did learn recently that Wild Bill is truly invaluable to my Montague. As part of the pay-as-we-go plan between Hugh and myself, which calls for divulging something new and special to unhappy Kittredge once a season (in much the manner that a certain kind of woman gets another fur coat on her birthday, Hugh, from time to time, feeds me a royal tidbit. This last was a lollapalooza. Harry, do you know that the man responsible for furnishing Hugh with all those exceptional FBI transcripts on Modene & Co. was none other than Bill Harvey? It seems an old and well-placed acquaintance in the Bureau was willing to feed prime stuff to the Fat Man. Who then passed it on exclusively to Hugh. Naturally, the news that Wild Bill is going to Rome put Hugh in a dither, but knowing my husband, I am certain he has already worked out the route for a new underground railway.

Isn't that a stunner? Bill has been feeding Hugh for some years now with the most special FBI product. Harry, take this disclosure seriously. I am just beginning to feel the shock of putting it on paper.

Do you know, I have to ask myself: Why do I betray Hugh? The answer must be: in order not to act in even more treacherous fashion. I feel kin to the convicted killer who gave as answer to the question of why he murdered two nice old ladies who lived next door, "I didn't want to slice up the three little kids who lived on the other side." Don't you agree that a dreadful act is often performed in order not to commit a greater wrong? "My religion forbids suicide," the alcoholic declares, "so I will only drink a quart tonight." All the same, I feel as if my act encourages wrath in places I cannot even name.

All right, now that Harvey is going to Rome—would you believe it?—he kicked up the traces. He had a farewell dinner with Johnny Roselli in a public place, and the Bureau taped it. How do we know? Because the transcript came back immedi-

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ately to Bill Harvey from his still active Bureau source. The Fat Man was so shaken that he took it to Hugh for advice. How he must have hated that! Hugh told him to have a meeting immediately with his well-placed source. In the next twenty-four hours, therefore, Harvey took a trip down the Eastern shore of Maryland to join his FBI man in some out-of-the-way bait-and-row-boat shack, from which they rowed out far enough from shore to assume the confidence that they were not overheard. Out there in one of the coves of the Chesapeake, Harvey convinced his Bureau buddy that this transcript had to be killed. The source finally agreed that he would not release it into the FBI mill, a potentially perilous move for source, but if not done, Bill Harvey's doom would have been on McCone's desk last week. This, of course, assumes J. Edgar would have played the card rather than hold it. But then, who can sleep when Buddha has your card?

Are you curious about the transcript? I'm going to satisfy your itch pronto. The Roselli dinner took place in broad view in Miami at a restaurant called Joe's Stone Crabs, but happens to be wobbly not only from restaurant clatter and Bill Harvey's damnably low voice, but some electronic glitch in the second half. Critical fragments are not clear. You know Bill so well by now that I am going to ask you to try to reconstruct the few missing comments. Odds are, Hugh says, Harvey and Roselli are merely venting mutual wind, but the *Oberhofmeister* would like a better sense of the whole, and I tell you frankly I'm not up to doing it myself.

Don't send back a treatise. No footnotes to the alternative possibilities. I can do that myself. Rather, provide me with your best clear presentation of what you think was said. I just want to be certain this is drunken blow-off, and not building toward a rogue op. It's fifty-fifty that Harvey has slipped his center.

Helms, nonetheless, is readying him for Rome. "It is no longer a critical Station," says Helms to Hugh. Yes, let us all say damn to Italian sensibilities. Hugh, if reluctantly, will support Harvey, but give me your reconstructed version first.

Love,
Kittredge

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March 2, 1963

Dearest Kittredge,

I trimmed the irrelevant stuff, ordering drinks, natterings, drunken trail-offs. I also added brackets around those portions where gaps had to be filled in the transcript. Most of them pile up toward the end. I must say I feel that the greater part of my insertions have to be close to what was said. In fact, I am amazed at how familiar I have become with Wild Bill's syntax.

ROSELLI: Can the Bureau pick us up in this joint?

HARVEY: If they have a long-range sniper-mike, yes.

ROSELLI: How do you know they don't?

HARVEY: Fuck them. I'm drinking and I am relaxing.

ROSELLI: That's when it happens.

HARVEY: In this din, who can record us? You got something to say, say it.

ROSELLI: You are a cop. You could be setting me up.

HARVEY: Want to get your teeth cleaned?

ROSELLI: Hey, I like you. I could love you, Bill O'Brien, if you had an agreeable personality. Only, let us look into it. You are not in shape to clean my teeth.

HARVEY: I could shoot you between the eyes.

ROSELLI: Well, we are all waiting for you to shoot somebody.

HARVEY: I'm biding my time. You know how much I carry in my head?

ROSELLI: No.

HARVEY: Meyer Lansky. I carry as much as Meyer Lansky.

ROSELLI: You don't. Einstein don't have a head equals Meyer.

HARVEY: Shit. I carry half the U.S. government on my brain pan.

ROSELLI: Yeah. The half that Uncle Sam sits on.

HARVEY: You are right for once.

ROSELLI: Thank you.

HARVEY: You got guts.

ROSELLI: I stand up.

HARVEY: You do, huh? Why couldn't you carry out our little assignment?

ROSELLI: If I tell you, you won't believe me.

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HARVEY: I'd hate to think [you lost your nerve.]

ROSELLI: You say that to me? Take it back, or [we don't eat a meal] together.

HARVEY: Let's have a little dinner, I say.

ROSELLI: I will have to accept that as your crappy way of taking it back.

HARVEY: How is Sammy G. these days?

ROSELLI: He is fucking what used to be a sweet classy broad named Modene Murphy and he is also running around with Phyllis McGuire who he is asking to marry him.

HARVEY: Is the Murphy broad involved in any other way with Sam?

ROSELLI: She is just quietly going crazy.

HARVEY: That is all you can pan out on Giancana?

ROSELLI: Other than a few details.

HARVEY: Details?

ROSELLI: He is miserable these days.

HARVEY: Miserable?

ROSELLI: Well, the FBI got to Sammy. On the golf course.

I got to hand it to them. They are evil motherfuckers. [They put one foursome] ahead of him, and a foursome behind. I'll feed you a secret that is no secret. Sammy G. can't play golf for shit. He takes a couple of heavies along with him who are guaranteed to lose no matter how bad Sam plays. [He never gets on the course with real people. So Sammy forgets that he is no golfer. But yesterday, the

Feds stand around the green waiting for him to putt. And he keeps missing the hole. They fall on the ground laughing. "Hey, Sammy," they say, "we hear the spooks gave you a badge. Show us your little badge. Show us yours, and we'll show you ours. Come on, Momo," they say, "flash your CIA thing. We will salute." He goes crazy.

He's going to die of a stroke.

HARVEY: How do you know this took place?

ROSELLI: Just because his heavies are heavies, you think they can't talk?

HARVEY: Are you telling me that even his flunkies don't like the guy?

ROSELLI: He's a spoiler. He is a sick fucking individual.

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There was a casino man cheating big on Sam in one of the Vegas clubs. An executive who should know better. Okay, that's the death penalty. But Sam said, "Make it an example nobody forgets. Kill the son of a bitch *and* his wife." Which is what they did. Sam is no good. He is what I call treacherous. He tipped off the house detective in Vegas.

HARVEY: You can't prove that.

ROSELLI: Listen, I wanted Nixon to get in. Sam wanted Kennedy. If he had had a brain instead of an ego, he would have gone for Nixon. But, no, Sam wanted to get screwed by the Kennedys. [Once they had to choose between] J. Edgar and Frank Sinatra, the ballgame [was over.]

HARVEY: I always thought you and Sam [were in on the Vegas stunt together.

ROSELLI: Why would I chop my own dick off? [Do you know what I] lost that day in Vegas? A U.S. citizenship. Since I'm nine years old I have never had one morning where my identity was legit.

HARVEY: I hear violins.

ROSELLI: You are closed off to decent feelings. You look at me as a hood, so you don't understand. I am a guy who is ready to die for his patriotism. I am a patriot.

HARVEY: Calm down. [I don't care what you are. I might have criminal tendencies myself.

ROSELLI: You are crazy. You are incorruptible.

HARVEY: That's right. I never once indulged myself. Not on the money side. For a reason. Get it straight. I could have been on your side. I just didn't allow it. Cause if I had, Meyer Lansky would now be small potatoes. I would be the richest man in the world.

ROSELLI: It's never too late to get on board.

HARVEY: You are not [large enough] for my idea.

ROSELLI: I like people who swap loose talk for cold piss.

HARVEY: Wait until we get good [and drunk. Then] I'll tell you.

ROSELLI: We are good and drunk.

HARVEY: Cheers.

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ROSELLI: What would be your idea? Tell me about the big job, Uncle Bill.

HARVEY: Vegas. I want to pull off a heist in Vegas.

ROSELLI: You would be dead. Name me one joint in town that is not impregnable.

HARVEY: Impregnable to two hoods. Three cowboys. Nobody has ever put their mind to the problem. I don't say: knock off [a joint. I say:] take the town. Give me the desert every time. Land [with a small army.] Five planes. They carry three hundred [men. A couple of] tanks. Small artillery.

ROSELLI: You are beautiful. Fucking copper. Insane!

HARVEY: You take the airport. You move a man into the control tower. Divert all the air traffic to Prescott, to Phoenix. Commandeer the parked cars [you need.] Infiltrate [the town, cut off the] phone company, the TV, radio. Surround the police [facilities. Vegas is like] a goddamn artificial heart on a table. All you need to do is [take possession of the] wires feeding it.

ROSELLI: You have a gorgeous fucking mind. Who is in your goddamn army?

HARVEY: Cubans. Take any five hundred that are over in Nicaragua right now, train them to get ready to hit Castro, and then on the last day, tell them the mission [is shifted]—you need volunteers for something else. Three hundred volunteers. [You tell them Castro] has taken over the mob. Vegas now pays Castro. [So, we are going to rob] Castro money in Vegas. You can get a Cuban to believe anything provided he can fire a bazooka.

ROSELLI: Fighting cocks. Just pull their tail feathers.

HARVEY: Everything scouted [in advance.] In ninety [minutes, you] scoop up the preponderance of cash [in that town, back to the] airport with the wounded, load up the planes, out to the Pacific, [back to base] in Nicaragua.

ROSELLI: The Air Force would be on your ass fifteen minutes after you set down at the airport.

HARVEY: Do not believe it. The Air Force is the Government, and the Government, [when it is in a state of] confusion, needs twenty-four hours. A thousand asses [have to cover

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themselves before they] unzip one fly.

ROSELLI: It's good you are an incorruptible.

HARVEY: Isn't it?

ROSELLI: You are a maniac. Where would you get the money to fund the job?

HARVEY: [It takes just one] Carlos Marcello, one Santos Trafficante.

ROSELLI: Ha, ha. What would you do with the loot?

HARVEY: Adopt a prize kid. Groom him to be President.

ROSELLI: Your attic is on fire. I got a lot of good friends in Vegas.

HARVEY: [Tell your friends that the] security they put on each [joint is nothing but a joke.]

ROSELLI: I have told them that much myself. The kind of security [we need is people] who can think like you. Anticipate. Foresee major operations [against the property.] Fucking incorruptibles. West Pointers. [I would sign] up an entire graduating [class.] To protect the serious [amount of money] that is out there any night.

HARVEY: *Arriba.*

ROSELLI: My head is on fire.

HARVEY: Go pay a visit to the Buddhist monk.

ROSELLI: The who monk?

HARVEY: The guy who poured gasoline on himself last week.

ROSELLI: The guy in robes who set himself on fire? The priest? In Asia?

HARVEY: Saigon.

ROSELLI: Right. Made himself a torch. What a party. I still don't have the guy [out of my head.]

HARVEY: Think about it. That's patriotism.

ROSELLI: Flaming shish-ke-bab.

HARVEY: You are one hell of a patriot.

ROSELLI: This is a farewell party. So I try to lighten the occasion. I drink to your new job.

HARVEY: Thank you.

ROSELLI: Where are you going?

HARVEY: Forget it.

ROSELLI: Right. Cloak-and-dagger. Right.

HARVEY: Rome. O'Brien is going to be king of the guineas.

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ROSELLI: There is absolutely no need to talk in that manner around me.

HARVEY: I tend to forget you're a guinea.

ROSELLI: Have it your way. I will just keep count.

HARVEY: They are sloughing me off at a second-level slot, buddy.

ROSELLI: Sure. I got it. You go around calling people guineas, but you are holding your asshole in your hands like it was a tin cup. You want to rip off Vegas. Watch out—you'll be a bum. You better do yourself a favor. Learn to talk to Italians before you go over. Don't try to take away their pride.

HARVEY: The world is full of bullshit. Did you know? Bullshit, Rosy. Let's drink.

Kittredge, the rest of the transcript is non-consequential. I hope you like this. I leave interpretations to you.

In a rush,
Harry

P.S. I confess to some upset at Roselli's passing reference to Modene. Have you nothing to send on to me about that?

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March 8, 1963

Harry dear,

A fine job even if what they were up to comes down to no more than whale-spout. I did hesitate to send you this task for I feared the references to Modene. I knew they would leave you

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in no happy state but, on the other hand, you are the one who has listened to both men speak on other occasions.

I will confess I have been thinking about Modene. Several weeks ago, Hugh handed me a new batch of AURAL-BLUE-BEARD transcripts with this comment: "I have the impression these ladies are no longer relevant. However, do take a look."

With Hugh, one doesn't know. He can always be setting a trap. I studied, therefore, close to a hundred pages of chatter between Modene and Willie. Since the calls were made by Modene on a pay phone, count on it, a good deal of conversation consists of no more than listing the annoyances of an outdoor booth. Harry, I will send you the transcripts if you insist, but they won't differ from my summary. I say you would do better to treat yourself to a drink before reading on.

Modene has not been in touch with Jack for many months, certainly not since he had that birthday hanky-panky with Marilyn Monroe at Madison Square Garden. As you divined from Roselli's comments, Modene is unhappy. She is drinking heavily. At Sam's suggestion, she quit working for Eastern and now lives in Chicago. Her expenses are covered by Giancana, and she doesn't do much else than wait for him to come back to town. She complains constantly of putting on weight, but in the next breath tells Willie that Sam does not speak any longer of marrying her. She looks for Phyllis McGuire's name in the gossip columns, she fights with Sam. She says to Willie: "How would you like to be Number Two?" "Are you going to leave him?" asks Willie. Modene's answer: "I don't know how." She is pregnant. She and Sam agree she will have an abortion. There are complications. She needs a secondary operation. She believes Sam put the doctors up to botching the job.

The FBI, in turn, has been harassing Modene. There are days when she will not go down to the corner for a half-pint of cream to put in her coffee since she feels they are in wait for her. Why does she think this? Because her doorbell rang that morning, and she did not answer it. In fact, she does not answer her doorbell for anyone she is not expecting. Even her devoted Willie may be growing tired of Modene. They compare weight-gains. As I suspected, Willie is chubby. Of average height, she is now up to 155. Modene, two inches taller, weighs 145. The

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conversations suggest that yes, just possibly, Modene is taking up too much of Willie's time.

On second thought, I will enclose one transcript of a conversation between Modene and Sam. How Buddha's acolytes managed to obtain this jewel is, of course, a question. We know how carefully Giancana keeps Modene's apartment swept of bugs, but let us assume the exterminator had a hangover that day, or was sufficiently implicated in one criminal matter or another to be obliged to do a job for the Bureau.

MODENE: Why won't you take me to San Francisco? I feel like going.

GIANCANA: You won't have a good time. It's business.

MODENE: You are seeing Phyllis.

GIANCANA: McGuire is on tour in Europe. She is in Madrid.

I'll show you the clipping.

MODENE: Yes, you care so much about her that you cut out clippings and keep them in your pocket.

GIANCANA: I got to. That's the only way you'll believe she is where she is.

MODENE: She is your Number One girl. That's what she is.

Do you know what I am?

GIANCANA: Don't get crude.

MODENE: I am cleaned out. An empty bag.

GIANCANA: Don't talk that way.

MODENE: I am a realist. If I had a Number One, you would be Number Two. But I don't have a Number One. I am a surgical shell.

GIANCANA: Will you keep your voice down?

MODENE: Why don't you take Number Two to San Francisco now that Number One is away.

GIANCANA: I can't, baby.

MODENE: Because you don't want to.

GIANCANA: No. It is because of your stipulations.

MODENE: What are you talking about?

GIANCANA: The night I took you to Denver. You stipulated the kind of room. No suite. Just one room. I can't spend a week in one room. I need space.

MODENE: Well, I must have it arranged so that there is only

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one room. I cannot rattle around alone in a suite. I told you. I hear things in the next room. When we are off on a weekend, you go away for hours. So I want to know that I am safe in one room with a double-bolted door.

GIANCANA: How can we go anywhere, Modene? You are not in the right kind of shape. What if the FBI jumps us at the airport?

MODENE: Don't take me.

GIANCANA: Just let me get a suite at the St. Francis, and I will take you along.

MODENE: It must be a single room.

GIANCANA: I'll get a suite for me, and a single for you. When I go out to see people, you can stay in the single. We'll sleep in the suite.

MODENE: I will not sleep in a suite. During the night, I hear noises in the other room.

GIANCANA: Then stay right here and get drunk.

MODENE: Since you have given me the choice, I prefer to stay here. But I need money for moving expenses.

GIANCANA: Yeah, what town are you moving to?

MODENE: I am remaining in Chicago. But I am moving to a studio apartment with a single room. (November 15, 1962)

Harry, I do not know if you wish to contact Modene, but I have, after some deliberation, enclosed her new address and phone number. It is in the small sealed envelope also enclosed in this manila envelope. I hope you will not call on too small an impulse.

I do miss you. If only we could find a way to see one another without risking all our inner discipline.

K.

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27 | One evening in a Miami bar, I thought of how Modene used to putty the underside of her long fingernails and bind them in adhesive tape before she would play tennis. Maybe it was the drink, but tears came to my eyes. I might have called her if the telephone number had been in my wallet rather than in its sealed envelope in my locked office desk.

I have said nothing of my private life during this period, but then, nothing is much worth recording. I had dates with a few of the more attractive secretaries who worked at JM/WAVE, and the ladies seemed to be looking for a husband while I was certainly not searching for a wife; soon enough, I would go back to drinking with Zenith confreres. When boozing grew too heavy, I would stop for a day or more and write a long letter to Kit-tredge.

It was a curious period. The wheels had begun to turn once my father came back from Tokyo, but he was under instructions to reorganize JM/WAVE into a leaner operation. By March we were scaled down—which had proved almost as time-consuming as building us up. Transfers wore heavily on my father's conscience; having been sent out on occasion to regions of the globe that he deemed inappropriate for his skills, he would study the 201 of each officer he was now shifting to an undesirable Station, and would review the file a second time if the man was taking his family along. I thought that was more than gracious until I realized that Cal was protecting himself as well, for he did not wish an undue number of appeals to be recorded against his judgment.

The Cuban sorties that we sent out through the first months of 1963 were usually chosen with reference to the budget. Any project that had been on the books long enough to run up a sizable expenditure would receive Cal's sanction more easily than a new op whose curtailment would be inexpensive. Since this practice usually involved saving Bill Harvey's projects at the expense of new ones that Cal had conceived, I also perceived this as more than fair until I realized that, once again, my father had his low motive nicely in gear with the good one. "I can't keep explaining to the Company auditors," said Cal, "that a money-guzzling op I shut down because it showed no results

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was commenced on Bill Harvey's watch and is not my fault. Those auditors never listen. They're just as lazy as the law allows." My education was advancing.

Our largest problem in this period, however, derived from ongoing negotiations between the White House and the Kremlin. Those powers were overseeing the gradual removal of the missiles, and there were hitches. Bobby Kennedy would prod us to throw in a raid from time to time—nothing severe enough to jar the larger transaction, but if Castro wouldn't honor certain pledges that Khrushchev had made, we, in turn, were not about to forgo attacks on the Cuban coast. It was fine-tuning. The trouble, however, was that the exiles kept tweaking the strings with their own very much unauthorized raids. Alpha 66, Com-mando 77, Second Front, MIRR, or any one from a number of sleazier outfits (whose names shifted more quickly than we could replace labels on their file jackets) often succeeded in firing a rocket at a Soviet ship or blowing a bridge on some dirt road back of the Cuban shore. That was fine-tuning with a Chinese pitch pipe. The Russians would complain that we were backing such moves, which was exactly what these Miami Cubans wanted the Soviets to believe.

From the Kennedy point of view, it was not the time for this variety of misunderstanding. Senator Keating of New York, now soaring politically on a Republican thermal, was claiming that the Soviets had filled a number of Cuban caves with unregistered missiles. Helms kept memos coming down on Cal to furnish more intelligence. Yet it was not possible to verify the claims. We kept getting reports from our agents in Cuba that Castro was storing tanks, munitions, even airplanes in caves against the day we might bomb Cuba again. If the cave's mouth had a gate and a guard house, as it would, any Cuban peasant relaying such observations to an underground group could be all too quick to mistake a large gas tank for a missile. And if they didn't, the exiles in Miami only passed such news on to Keating after heating up the interpretation.

It was, yes, a delicate balance, and on March 31 the White House announced that it would take "every step necessary to halt the exile raids." Such steps soon engaged the Coast Guard, Immigration, FBI, Customs, and JM/WAVE. Government, I

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now discovered, was an organism with one outstanding property—it did not look back. The FBI went into many an exile camp in southern Florida and came out with bomb casings and truckloads of dynamite. Local Cubans were indicted. Our financial support to Miro Cardona and the Cuban Revolutionary Committee was terminated, and Cal's raids were closed down completely by the National Security Council. "Politics is weather," was Cal's reaction. "We'll just wait it out." He passed an advisory across his desk to me. "Next time you're down in Florida, worry about this first. Came to me from a gentleman named Sapp. Charlie Sapp. Chief of Police Intelligence in Miami. Considering the nature of his work, Sapp is a singular family name, wouldn't you say?"

We laughed, but the advisory was still on the desk. It read: *"Violence hitherto directed at Castro's Cuba may now be turned toward governmental agencies in the United States."*

"I called Mr. Sapp," said Cal. "He kept talking about anti-Castro extremists. Inflamed tempers. Wild coyotes. Says a new lunatic fringe has been forming ever since we missed going to war in October. Right now this handbill is being stuffed into letter boxes in Little Havana, Coral Gables, and Coconut Grove. I took the wording down right over the phone." Cal read aloud: "Cuban patriots—face into the truth. Only one development will make it possible for Cuban patriots to return to their homeland in triumph. That is an inspired act of God. Such an act would place a Texan into the White House who is a friend to all Latin Americans."

"Who does it purport to be from?" I asked.

"No name. It is signed: 'A Texan who resents the Oriental influence that has come to control, to degrade, to pollute, and enslave his own people.' The rhetoric does suggest John Birch Society."

"Yes," I said, "all we poor enslaved American people."

"Well, you don't need to get college-boy about it," said Cal. "It doesn't solve anything to feel superior to the John Birch Society."

"What the hell are you talking about?"

I had never presumed to speak like this to him. I had forgotten the heat of his temper. An oven door might just as well have

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opened across the desk.

"All right," I said, "I apologize."

"Accepted." He caught it in mid-flight like a hound wolfing a chunk of meat.

But I was not without my own anger. "Do you really believe we are enslaved?"

He cleared his throat. "We are polluted."

"By whom?"

"That is a complex question, isn't it? But ask yourself whether the Kennedys have a sense of *a priori* value."

"What if they don't?"

He was still breathing heavily. "At St. Matt's, my father used to tell us that a man without *a priori* values soon gets into a pact with the devil."

"I take it that you believe this."

"Of course I do. Don't you?"

"I would say by half."

"That is a damned unsatisfactory remark," said Cal. "Half devout. Why *are* you in the Agency?"

He was going too far. "I like the work," I told him.

"Your reply is insufficient. Don't you recognize that in Castro we are dealing with Communism in its most macho form? He appeals right across the board to the three-quarters of the world that is dirt poor. A wholly dangerous man."

I did not answer. I was thinking that only half of Fidel might meet my father's prescription. The other half could yet prove congenial to the half of Kennedy that was, I suspected, inclined to have a dialogue with Fidel Castro. But then, I was another half-man, ready to live with the bearded one and equally ready to abet his instant elimination. No, I could not answer my father.

"Would it surprise you to know," said Cal, "that our dear friend Hugh Montague could have written that John Birch letter?"

"No," I said, "not ever. The style would repel him."

"All the same," said Cal, "he does feel that some form of Satanic embodiment is degrading, polluting, and, yes—I'll say it—*enslaving* the yeoman virtues and values that this country used to possess."

"Does Hugh hate Kennedy that much?"

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"He might."

"It is not the impression I get from Kittredge."

"Kittredge may have a good deal to learn about Hugh."

"Yessir."

He was done with the conversation. The light went out of his eyes and his strong features looked as implacable as they must have appeared in those ruthless college days when he was on the way to making Second All-American. "Watch yourself in Florida," he said.

Miami proved quiet over the next couple of weeks, but there was an undeniable sullenness of spirit on SW 8th Street; when we drank at our watering holes, there were jokes about satchel-charges coming through the window. Our situation reminded me of hot summer afternoons in adolescence when the air did not move for hours, and I was certain something would happen by night, even if it never did.

April 10, 1963

Dear Harry,

I am beginning to suspect that Jack Kennedy has such an active Alpha (and equally lively Omega) that he is not only inclined to explore in two opposed directions at once, but prefers to. And, do you know, I suspect the same is true for Castro. I have picked up some special stuff on the man by way of an Agency debriefing of James Donovan, who just returned from Havana after a new set of negotiations.

Donovan's mission was to obtain the release of a considerable number of Americans who are at present in Cuban prisons. When Bobby asked Donovan to take this on, he said, "Jesus Christ, I've done the loaves and the fishes. Now you want me to walk on water."

I think it is precisely this Irish humor that enables Donovan to get along with Castro. Of course, it was a return trip and they were old hands by now at dealing with each other; Castro even took Donovan and his assistant, Nolan, to the Bay of Pigs where lunch was served on a launch, and they devoted a good part of the day to skin-diving and fishing. All the while, they were guarded—I do enjoy this—by a Russian PT boat.



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Here is the part of their conversation which I think you will find interesting. Hugh certainly did.

"Last November," said Donovan, "when I ran for Governor of New York State, I got licked. I'm beginning to think I'm more popular down here."

"Truth, you are very popular here," said Castro.

"Why don't you," asked Donovan, "have some free elections? Then, I could run against you. I might get elected."

"That," said Castro, "is exactly why we do not have free elections."

From there, they moved toward the edges of some serious political talk. It seems Bobby is trying to get the State Department to lift travel restrictions on trips to Cuba—*trying*, I say, because Jack has left that matter to be contended over by State and the Attorney General's office—which does annoy Bobby. "It's preposterous," he said, "to prosecute American students because they want to take a look at the Castro revolution. What's wrong with that? If I were twenty-two years old, that is the place I would want to visit." Or that, at least, is what Donovan passed on to Castro.

On hearing those sentiments, Fidel seemed interested. "Can that have any bearing on the future of American policy?" he asked.

"Well," said Donovan, "things might be getting a little more open. We did clamp down on the exile groups. From your point of view, you might call that a positive step. Now, it might be your turn. If you release your American prisoners you will remove one hell of a stumbling block."

"As a purely hypothetical question," said Castro, "how do you believe that diplomatic ties might be resumed?"

"Oh," said Donovan, "in exactly the way porcupines make love."

"I have heard the joke, but I no longer recall the answer. How *do* porcupines make love?"

"Well, Fidel," said Donovan, "porcupines make love very carefully."

Castro was much amused by this, and before the session was over, remarked, "If I could have an ideal government in Cuba, it would not be Soviet-oriented."

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"You need to offer a little more than that," said Donovan. "There has to be some understanding that Cuba will keep a hands-off policy in Central and South America."

They proceeded no further, but later in the visit, a doctor named René Vallejo, who is Castro's friend and physician, made a point of taking Donovan aside. "Fidel," he told him, "wants to further the relations of which you both spoke. He thinks a way can be found. We must tell you, however, that certain high Communist officials in the Cuban government are unalterably opposed to this idea."

On their return, during their debriefing, Donovan summed up Castro as "most intelligent, shrewd, and relatively stable." His assistant, Nolan, later reported to Bobby Kennedy that Fidel "was not difficult to deal with. Our impressions do not square with the commonly accepted image. Castro was never irrational, never drunk, never dirty."

"What do you think?" Bobby Kennedy asked Nolan. "Can we do business with that fellow?"

The question was ironic—no more than Bobby's way of indicating that he has just absorbed a piece of information for future reference. Castro, however, seems serious enough about new overtures. On Donovan's suggestion, Lisa Howard of ABC obtained ten hours of interview with Fidel and returned from Cuba wildly in love with the man, I fear. In fact, although she would not admit it, and there was naturally a limit beyond which we could not probe since it was a voluntary debriefing, I suspect she had an affair with him.

If you would ask how I obtain such close knowledge of this kind of matter, take the obvious deduction. I was, yes, at the debriefing. I can tell you parenthetically that Hugh has finally found a way to increase my Agency stipend, which has been fixed for years. I have been put on temporary leave from the Agency, and promptly reinstated as a contract agent. The daily rates are excellent and I can work anywhere from one hundred to two hundred days a year, and make more than before, and obtain interesting assignments, plus, key to our present understanding, be more of a help to Hugh. It does work well. Arnie Rosen was Hugh's liaison for the first debriefing with Donovan, and I, looking over the results, became sufficiently interested to

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come aboard during the session with Lisa Howard.

She is petite, blond, and would be very attractive to men, I think, if she did not suffer from what I call "media hollow." These TV interviewers all seem scraped out within—all too superficially pleasant, but livid within. They are not quite like other people. Is it because they must live with all those electronic machines? Or, is it because they engage every day in the violation of human reserve? They are so lacking in animal integrity. I think we can agree that most of us are rooted in particular animals. It does seem fair to speak of different men and women as leonine, or ursine, bovine, feline, doelike, elephantine, simian, birdlike, beastly, so forth. I put it this obviously to underline what I would next say: If animals could speak, can you imagine how hideous it would be for the animal kingdom if they had television shows where sparrows interviewed gorillas, or snakes conversed with poodles? What a violation of their separate immanence to assume there was an animal bond between them that permitted instant communication on a variety of subjects with no regard for their private essence. It would certainly leach the spirit out of them. You wouldn't be able to distinguish the crocodiles from the gazelles. Awful! Well, that is what happens, in my opinion, to TV interviewers. Lisa Howard was bright, peppy, eager to please us at the debriefing, and more than eager to get her pro-Castro points across. However, she was hollow. Do you know, the more I decided that she had had an affair with him, the more I lost respect for this fabulous Fidel. It occurred to me that he might have low taste of the awful basic variety—you know, "I'm dark, and you're an American blonde, so wowsy-boom!" That kind of man never looks for essence, but then, it is the hallmark of vulgarity to live by image alone. That much less for you, Mr. Castro, I thought.

All the same, Lisa Howard did have some more or less solid political stuff to pass on, and did try to be objective. The simple, small, useful stuff of what he said and she said was, however, scanted. Too much of it kept coming to us predigested, no matter how we pushed for details.

She did provide one cutting edge. René Vallejo and the new Foreign Minister, Raul Roa, favor accommodation with the U.S.; Che Guevara and Raul Castro are wholly opposed. I hear Hugh

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and Cal licking their chops. Castro is obviously in a bind. He ended by saying to Lisa Howard, "President John F. Kennedy will have to make the first move."

Yes, right into the teeth of Nixon and Keating!

I sat back and observed. I am best at that. However, I did press one question. It was most unprofessional since I had not prepared the ground, but then, Rosen and a couple of prominently expert Agency folk were consuming the time, and it just wasn't in my credentials to take over. I only had room, therefore, to ask: "How much, Miss Howard, of Mr. Castro's desire for rapprochement with us is due, you might say, to his personal pique at Khrushchev?"

"Oh," she said, "I don't think any of it. He's much deeper than that."

Her idea of depth and mine do not necessarily coincide, of course. I am dubious that any man who would see poor over-extended Lisa Howard as a blond film star *type* can be above personal and intimate spite.

Khrushchev, that wily old peasant, must have a good sense of Castro, for he has invited C to the U.S.S.R. for an extended visit, perhaps as much as a month. My guess is that Castro will be wined, dined, fed with economic subsidies (to make up for his disastrous sugar harvest), and will come back with refreshed Communist blood in his veins. Indeed, the thigh-touching with Donovan and Howard may have been undertaken to make Khrushchev nervous.

All the same, we are entering a time that will have a new signature, I think.

Devotedly,
Kittredge

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28 | If I was *fascinated* by Fidel Castro, by which I suppose I mean attracted and repelled at once, I did not doubt my political feelings. I agreed with Cal. Fidel was dangerous and not to be trusted. Was it for this reason that my father and I, by early May, began to pass through what I can only call a highly controlled maniacality. If the description seems excessive, perhaps it is, but Cal was in full command of Special Affairs Staff (precisely the name to replace Task Force W), his office on the seventh floor at Langley was large, his chair impressive, light was begging to dance in his eye, and there was nothing innovative to do. Since he was also convinced that improved relations with Cuba were on the Kennedy agenda, the romance of the seashell and the manta ray, once wild as pig squeal, began to enter the manly zone of the necessary. If we did not quite believe it would work, we were nonetheless drawn to the possibility. When a piece of intelligence arrived that AM/LASH in late April had gone scuba diving with Castro, my father was convinced. We would give it a go. Since other tasks I was taking care of for him would bring me to Washington for a few weeks, I was there to shepherd the project through the labs at Technical Services.

I never had to wonder about the Hubbard family balance after a few hours at TSS. I knew I was sane. The personnel at TSS had such detectable differences from the rest of the Agency. I would not say that the slide-rule gang were more childlike than the rest of us, but mottoes were strung together out of paper cut-out letters to dangle in festoons from the ceiling: "When It Falls Apart, Don't Scream," is the one I remember. No, there was another: "Blastogenesis Is But One Form of Ingenuity"—whatever that meant. I did find the labs curious. While there was many another quarter in the Agency, particularly the Directorate of Intelligence, where half the men were bald and all wore glasses, here at TSS, people looked happy. Some walked the halls emitting larynx-bursts of opera; others kept their heads ensconced in a report.

I had been assigned a technician called "Doc" who was young, slim, pot-bellied, half bald, and wore glasses. It was not automatic to separate him from others when he was in a group, but then, he did not expect you to recognize him. His eyes were

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on the project. We were looking to develop a seashell with a manta ray for escort. I saw true happiness in Doc. "This one will stretch us in a couple of places we haven't even flexed. Off the top, I would say we need input on whether to ship a couple of live specimens up to our tank here, or ship some equipment down to Miami." He put out his palm in apology. "I'm just thinking out loud. Forgive me, but the problems are nifty. We'll have to think-tank it before we make a move because this one could put real distortions into the budget. I know we won't have to run an obstacle course getting an okay from upstairs—after all, you come to us from upstairs!—but we ought to cook up some feasibility profiles. And, of course, check out the seashell. Can we pack it with enough soup to give appropriate payoff? Or should we install a mine underneath? Mines can be touchy creatures, though."

By my next visit, this question was resolved. "They can store enough soup in a whelk spiral," said Doc, "to pop a black hole into space. Total obliteration through ten-foot radius." The manta ray, however, was not free of *kinky-kinks*. Should they try using a live one? "Feasibility there is bound to be below the line," said Doc. "We'd have to drug Mr. Manta, and then he's likely not to react. Our understanding is that good old Ray has to be macho enough to attack and get himself spear-gunned."

"Exactly."

"With your concurrence, we're all for constructing our own synthetic-fiber manta ray prototype. Provisionally, let's refer to that as a *mantoid*. I won't say yet whether such a facsimile can be built to function in off-setting modes."

"That is, first alive, then mortally wounded?"

"Precisely. We will bury a watertight computer on-site with a lead into the facsimile. That way we can certainly program Señor Mantoid to activate his flippers so long as he is in idling mode. We might be able to work up a manta ray body language that will give every appearance of saying, 'Hey there, Mr. Swimmer, please don't come any nearer with your spear-gun. Not if you know what's healthy.' We can program the mantoid for that. But I have to consider your bold swimmer. Once he shoots at our facsimile—are we also to assume he will not miss?"

"Not this guy. He won't miss."

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"Super. Just to be sure, we can put in an option. If there is no register of spear-entry, we can inhibit the death dance. Easily achieved within these parameters. But how are we to program Señor's Mantoid's behavior after the spear has missed? Should he still be programmed to attack, or does he merely say, 'I've had enough, thank you very much,' and decamp? We can't option up for that without capacitating the computer up two orders of magnitude. Too much! It's vastly better to assume bold swimmer doesn't miss."

"Project such assumption," I said.

"All right, then," said Doc, "we'll try to locate some film on manta ray behavior during the first ten to twenty seconds after spear-gun entry wound. If Film Tracer Desk can't come up with such footage, we just spear-gun a manta ray or two in our Florida tank with collateral cinematography. That should provide us with a carload of film data." He held up one finger for caution. "All the same, should the work-up bring back a negative likelihood factor, we'll have to hand you a no-no. None of us want that, but I have to tell you: Responsibility, around here, is king."

"When will you know?"

"We should be in or out of parameters in two weeks."

Through the interim, Cal was getting together our material. The link to AM/LASH, a gentleman christened AM/BLOOD, turned out to be a Cuban lawyer, a Communist, nicely in place in Havana; he had known Rolando Cubela since their days at the University. Now, per Cal's instructions, another Cuban (who dropped into Cuba by parachute on a night flight) reached AM/BLOOD for preliminary talks; in turn, AM/BLOOD talked to AM/LASH, who, we now learned, was most unhappy in the Foreign Ministry, and ready to consider the seashell option.

Now Cal had to come to a decision. Did we alert Cubela to the full scope of his mission? It was Agency policy not to sacrifice agents knowingly, but at Cal's level, you could take a shot at ignoring policy. AM/LASH, Cal decided, ought to be told no more than that he was to lure Castro to a specific place on the reef.

On the other hand, it would set a wretched precedent to sacrifice an agent in this manner. It would be doubly wretched

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if the tale got out. Cal said, "I'm drawn to the odds. That son of a bitch Castro was ready to use missiles on us. Hell, if I knew it would work, I believe I would trade my own life for his."

"Does that answer the question?" I asked.

"Well, what do you say? Do we wit AM/LASH or label the guy expendable?"

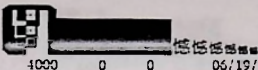
"There's no choice," I said. "He can't be such a fool as to lead Castro to a predesignated spot on a reef and think it's all going to happen thereafter in slow motion."

"Fellow, you are too inexperienced to know," said Cal. "Give an agent too many specifics, and he will panic. The waiter that Roselli's people hand-picked to deliver Castro his poison drink was told what was up. A grave error. The waiter's hand was shaking so badly that Castro invited the guy to taste the drink. In fact, that makes me wonder whether AM/LASH is the man for the scuba stunt. He is already asking for guarantees. He told AM/BLOOD that he does not love Castro so much that he wishes to jump into the hereafter with him. That sounds, dammit, like he's going to ask for a sniper's rifle with scope."

"Why don't we wait," I said, "until we find out if TSS can build the manta ray?"

Cal nodded gloomily. "I have an old Hollywood friend who used to be an intimate of Irving Thalberg's—you know, the great producer of the 1930s? Well, Thalberg once said to him, 'Do you have any idea of how wasteful we are? Not one in twenty of our projects ever gets made into a film. Not one in twenty!' Rick, I ask myself, do we do any better here?"

29 | In fact, the parameters did bring back a no-no, but by then it was the third week in May, and other possibi-



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ties were stirring. Our officers at the American Embassy in Moscow reported that Castro was reacting favorably to his Soviet hosts, which upset Director McCone. He soon proposed to Bobby Kennedy and the Standing Group of the National Security Council that we "subvert military leaders in Cuba to the point of their being willing to overthrow Castro."

My father, receiving this news from Helms, gave me a wink. He had developed in the last month an odd, ribald wink, as if a girl we were talking about had just walked into the room. If the manta ray was now behind us, the prospect of employing AM/LASH remained alive. Indeed, the wink referred to AM/LASH. Cal and Helms had labored for a month to bring McCone around to his last proposal. "Always look to the language," said Cal. "We've built a foundation for ourselves almost as good as a directive. *'Subvert military leaders to the point where they will be ready to overthrow Castro.'* Well, son, tell me: How do you do that by half? You can subvert a foreign military officer, but you cannot control his every move. If Cubela manages to put a large hole into Fidel Castro's head, we will be able to point to McCone's remark. No one at Standing Group countermanded him. We are functioning, therefore, under the sanction of a general authorization. Always look to the language."

Two weeks later, on June 19, Jack Kennedy sent a memo about Cuba over to Special Group: "Nourish a spirit of resistance which could lead to significant defections and other by-products of unrest."

"*By-products of unrest,*" said Cal, "enhances the authorization."

Of Helms, Cal's opinion had never been higher. "Dick has been perfectly choke-proof on this," he told me. "It takes moxie to give the go-ahead for AM/LASH. Helms knows as well as you or I how unstable Mr. Cubela has been in the past, but he also knows that we have to finalize Castro or a lot of Third World leaders are going to get the wrong impression. Why, Helms sees the importance of this sufficiently to put his own future up for grabs. He is bound to be the next DCI after McCone, but he is not playing it safe, not with Cubela. I respect that."

"Yessir."

I do not know whether my own sense of oncoming events

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affected my perceptions all summer, but I had to wonder whether everyone might be losing some part of their control. I know I squandered the good part of a week obtaining the answer to a simple question. "Where," Cal wanted to know, "is Artime now? I want to locate him in my mind."

Hunt wouldn't tell me. "I can't sacrifice someone else's security," he informed me. I followed up reports that Artime was in New Orleans with Carlos Marcello and Sergio Arcacha Smith; in the U.S. Army at Fort Belvoir; in Guatemala; in Costa Rica, Mexico, Miami, Madrid, Venezuela, and Nicaragua. It proved to be the last. Chevi Fuertes supplied the information. Under Somoza's benevolent sanction, Artime was training an army of several hundred Cubans, and his bills were—or were they not?—being paid by the Agency. That last detail I would have to discover for myself. Cal sent a query to Harlot who returned the following reply: "Look no further than Bill Pawley, Howard Hughes, José Alemán, Luis Somoza, Prio Socarras, Henry Luce, Carlos Marcello, Santos Trafficante, or friends of Richard Nixon. Take your pick. God leads Artime to the money, and Howard Hunt may be the guiding light. Unlike Manuel Artime, I do not have God inside my heart. Nor Howard's angelic certainties. God inhabits my conscience instead. He asks: Is this worth pursuing? Artime has three hundred men. He will march them up the hill, and then he will march them down again. Whereas thee and me and your boy-wonder ought to have a chin-chin. You see, I have come to share your conviction that something must be done about the Great Unmentionable."

Well, that was news. Harlot had been looking upon Cuba as no more than a mote in the dust of the great Miltonian contest between CIA and KGB. "Yes," said Cal, "one has to wonder why Hugh has come around."

Dinner with him did not materialize until early in August. I had entertained the illusion that Kittredge might be there, but Cal and I arrived to learn that she was in Maine at the Keep. The meal, served by Merlinda, the Montagues' cook, was roast beef and Yorkshire pudding, if I recollect, with a magnum of Haut Brion '55—is it a prank of memory that the year of the wine is recalled?

We were illumined by Glenfiddich before we sat down, and

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Harlot was in a fine mood, and waxing wicked. Even Helms was dipped. "He'd be perfect if one didn't sense that when alone, he bites his lip." For all my father's newly acquired love of Helms, he roared with delight. I, however, could as easily imagine Harlot saying: "When Cal Hubbard charges through the forest, one does root for the trees." I had to hope that he would never come around to me. Addressing the defects of others, he would show the same far-off gleam of the eye that a dentist often fails to conceal when he has brought his drill up to the cavity and can begin raiding your molar of its rot. Dean Rusk came under scrutiny—"Incapable of going forward if there is a cloud in the sky." Nixon fared worse. "Would have been a prize for the devil but that worthy wearied of gazing upon him." Eisenhower was "a large balloon soaring on inert gas," and Kennedy is "sufficiently skilled in duplicity to make a good Chief of Station."

Rosen would soon be honored by a large share of attention. Tonight, Harlot was drunk, happy, and had a tale to tell.

"You are aware, of course, of Arnold's half-kept secret?" he asked.

"Yes," I said.

"I don't know how you can live with it," Cal burst out.

"Rosen might end up in a police station one morning after a night in the men's room."

"Of course, Rosen is in peril," said Hugh, "but not, for God's sakes, in a men's room. A Turkish bath, perhaps. Or the wrong boy in a hotel room. Nonetheless, I have affection for Arnold. He does live in his own kind of peril and it keeps him observant. We can all use some of that."

As if he had been accused of lacking just such a vital faculty, my father said with some annoyance, "Why bring his name up at all?"

"Because I feel indiscreet. So I will divulge a small operation. Both of you must vow not to pass it on."

"So vowed," said Cal, raising his hand. The gesture was automatic—I could recognize they had engaged in this ritual on more than a few occasions.

"So vowed," said I, joining ranks.

"'Rosen's Raid' I call it," said Harlot. "He came to me a couple of months ago and asked what I thought of his prospects

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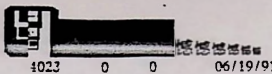
for advancement. 'Or the lack of them,' I answered. I did not waste his time. 'Rosen, you can go far,' I began, 'but only if you get yourself a wife.' 'Would you,' he asked, 'say the same for Harry Hubbard?' 'Certainly not,' I said, 'he's neither ambitious nor homosexual.' "

When I chose not to react, Harlot went on.

"Well, I won't take up our time with the demoralizingly sad little tale Rosen had to tell. His closet is a dungeon and he is most unhappy with his habit. He would like to break out. He feels what he terms 'subliminal stirrings' he has never felt before toward the other sex. I tell him that it wouldn't be a bad idea to commence a new habit. 'Sex,' I tell him, 'for those who are interested only in the bottom line, is naught but a notably agreeable friction in a familiar channel.' 'Should I start with whores?' he asked, and promptly confessed to a most interesting notion that he might be able to cross the bridge with such a highly promiscuous partner, because then he would be in propinquity with all the men who had gone before him.

" 'Do stay away from whores,' I said. 'Since we are speaking frankly, I will suggest that you may simply be too Jewish to bear their scorn.' 'That's half of what I've always found in sex,' Rosen answered. 'Scorn. I'm used to that.'

" 'Yes,' I said, 'but if you form an attachment to whores, you'll never find the kind of woman who would be suitable not only to you, but—face the real level of the bar—suitable to the Agency as well. At least, if you wish to rise!' 'Well, you could be right,' he said, 'but decent women inspire nothing in me.' 'Non-sense,' I answered, 'there is no greater pleasure than that obtained from a conquered repugnance.' 'You are quoting the Marquis de Sade,' said Rosen. 'Indeed I am,' said I, and we had our laugh. 'Yes,' I told him, knowing that I had turned the argument, 'work up an entirely new set of habits on some virgin slate.' 'Do you mean literally a virgin?' he asked. 'Why not?' I said. 'I believe I do. I can think of someone.' 'Who is it?' he wanted to know, 'have I met her?' 'If so, only casually,' I said, 'she came back from South America to work for me a couple of years ago, only far down the hall from you. She was bright enough, but not right for what one needed. I encouraged her to resign from the Agency, and had her installed at State. Now she



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works for Rusk.' Rosen lit up at this job description. He is so ambitious. 'What is she like personally?' he asked. 'A churchgoer,' I told him, 'plain as a post.' 'Well,' he said, 'that makes it sound like an arranged marriage.' 'So it is,' I told him. 'We're not inclined to waste each other's time, are we? Your coreligionists used to go in for arranged marriages in the *shtetl*, did they not? Your blood must be teeming with such arrangements.' 'Yes,' he answered, 'but the bride was not a churchgoer.' 'Yes, but then, you are not much of a Jew any longer, are you?' I countered. 'No,' he said, 'not much. The emotional bond, however, is desperately deep.' 'How deep?' 'Well, not so deep that I can't take a look.' 'Before you do,' I said, 'I want to say that you're not getting the connection for nothing.' 'No?' 'No,' I said, 'you will not only woo her, but manage to traduce her loyalty from Rusk to you, where, of course, it will bubble on tap for me.' Do you know, I like Rosen. His eyes came right back at me with the sweetest smile. 'Good,' he said, 'at last I'll be able to practice some of those low techniques you imparted on Low Thursdays.' What a rejoinder. I had to laugh. He's alert, is Rosen.

"Since then, it has been in the works. I gave him a few photographs of the lady, and the church she frequents, Old First Presbyterian, near Judiciary Square. Do you know, J. Edgar Buddha's first communion was there? Rosen hopped to it. Sat behind her for one Sunday, across the aisle on another, bumped into her on the way out, exchanged names—she couldn't have been more thrilled: A potential convert from Judaism was as exciting to her as an Italian tenor to an English lady. They agreed to meet at the Friday-night church social. Dinner on the following Tuesday. On the next Friday, he walked her home from the church social and managed to kiss her in the hallway. Naturally, I was acting as his case officer. 'Didn't you feel it was appropriate to push further?' I asked. 'I was not wild about her breath,' he replied. 'Well, you've got to get past the nonessentials,' I told him. Since then, we've been pushing it."

"Is this woman's name Nancy Waterston?" I asked.

"Of course," said Harlot. "In fact, Nancy spoke most pleasantly of an evening she had with you in Montevideo. I almost thought of putting you on the job instead of Rosen."

"Wouldn't it have been more likely to get going with

Harry?" asked Cal.

"Up to a point," said Harlot. "But Rosen, I think, will be ready before long to get through the crux. After that, he may have to marry the girl. I think it's exactly what it is going to take. She has her own money, is loyal as a hound to whomever is her boss, and so, contrary to the normal precepts, we have to encourage a massive sexual entanglement. We've had some curious obstacles en route, I must say. For three evenings in a row, Arnold could not bring himself to go past the point of kissing Miss Waterston on the lips. 'Everything rebels,' he said. 'Or are you merely too timid?' I asked. 'Yes, I am frightened,' he agreed. 'Take her to a movie,' I said. 'Put your arm around her shoulder. Then, at a given moment, place it on her breast.' "

Harlot now looked at us. "One phenomenon never fails to amaze me. It does not matter how sophisticated an agent you are dealing with, sooner or later there will be some undeveloped aspect that will call for elementary instruction. So, with Rosen. I had to lead him through the petting game. 'If you cannot bring yourself to move your hand,' I told him, 'count to ten slowly, and, of course, silently, and in that time concentrate on the fact that you will have no respect for yourself if you fail to obey the challenge. Then, at the count of ten, plunge.' Rosen took it in, and replied, 'That is a technique Julien Sorel employed in *The Red and the Black*.' 'Certainly is,' I said, 'and Stendhal was a master psychologist.' Do you know, the moment he could picture himself as Julien Sorel, it commenced to work. You turn the lock in every agent with a separate key. Rosen made progress. By now, I can tell you, they are commingled in a heap on her living room floor. No coitus, not yet, but Rosen is getting there. She is consumed with a taste for hours of polymorphous perverse, which is, I suppose, the level of sex most suitable to swamp creatures. Carnality that is all but consummated has become her cup of tea. I believe it is going to work. Rosen now sees her every night, has confessed to his hitherto homosexual bondage, and she is wholly captured. In her mind, they are both virgins. Since he is also Jewish and she has obviously made up her mind to convert him, we have an effective *quid pro quo*. Rosen gives up his religion plus his bachelordom; she gives us top-level tap into State."

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"I don't know that you have an equation," said Cal.

"Care to make a side bet?"

"Yes. One of us pays for dinner at Sans Souci within sixty days."

"You're on," said Harlot. "I expect to eat and drink at no expense to myself. *The Red and the Black* has proved most useful, you see. Not unlike Madame de R  nal, Miss Waterston is consumed with passion. At my suggestion, Arnold absented himself for a couple of days and she was absolutely beside herself. I am convinced that before long, he will blossom into honest priapic ventures. After all, she provides him with such a sense of power."

"Wait till he wakes up to the fact that she is, by your words, plain as a post," said Cal.

"I regret the characterization," said Hugh. "Arnold now shows me photographs of her in summer dresses. She has blossomed. I tell you, before she will allow herself to lose her Reed Rosen, she will come to understand that his career is of first importance to both of them, and that the Agency is a better guardian of the chalice than State. Leave it to Arnold. He's coming onto the high ground now, and he does know how to maneuver. Another man might have seduced the woman in a week and taken a year to decide what to try next."

"Well, let us root for you to win," said Cal, "even if I have to buy the wine."

"Yes," said Harlot. "After all, knowing what Rusk is up to may yet count for a good deal."

"Well, I might just agree."

"Of course," said Hugh. "Since Cuba is now of interest to me, Rusk can be a factor there. A couple of years ago when everyone, including you, Cal, saw the Caribbean as the main go, I knew it was incidental to the show. Now, after Pigs and Mon-goose, it's on the back burner. I, however, am worried stiff. Cuba can be used most adroitly these days by Khrushchev and Mao."

"I don't know about that," said Cal. "Khrushchev and Mao are two gentlemen who, at this moment, seem pretty far apart to me."

"On the contrary," said Hugh, "I see them as actors in a scenario of far-reaching disinformation. I will pose a chronology

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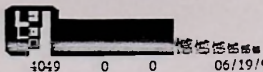
—ponder it, would you? In May, right in the midst of Castro's visit to Moscow, Peking announced its desire to hold talks with the U.S.S.R. Stated object: Bring to an end all ideological rifts between them. Then, last month, Soviets and Chinese held most secret meetings in Moscow. How do we know? Because, these most secret meetings were no secret to the world press. By their termination on July 21, the attempt at conciliation was an announced failure. The Soviet Union declared its advocacy of "peaceful coexistence with the U.S.," and the People's Republic of China publicly judged that course to be an abject surrender to capitalism. We were witnessing—it was generally agreed upon by Western correspondents and diplomats—nothing less than a full-dress split in the international Communist movement. I say we are being handed a scenario."

"To what end?"

"To divide us. If we believe that the U.S.S.R. and China are at odds, we will take each of them less seriously. I tell you, they are bringing off a gangantuan production in disinformation. It will yet overshadow Dzerzhinsky's manipulation of the Trust."

"They can never manage to keep it secret," Cal said. "Too many of their people have to get in on it sooner or later."

"Not nearly so many as you expect. Perhaps no more than one hundred Chinese and one hundred Russians have to know that there is no internal division at the core. What the hell, they are free of public opinion, so they need never worry over the morale of their middle-level cadres who obviously are guided by faith, not logic. Tell a good Communist to despise Red China on Monday and smile at it on Tuesday—he will be able to function with only a small dislocation of the gut. Besides, even if they can't keep it an absolute secret, it is going to work. World opinion follows the form of things rather than the substance. Already this masterpiece of disinformation is known to a few of us Agency folk. We set out to convince our own leaders. Can we? Dubious. Our argument sounds a little mental in our own ears. Why, even Helms is of two minds over it. And all the while, the few Communists in the know will be elaborating their scenario. We will be provided with border clashes. We will hear scalding vilifications of each other. Separate spheres of influence will emerge in the Communist world. Of course, we will buy it. Their



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inner guard will play on us with consummate art."

"How do you fit Cuba into this?" I asked.

"As the lead horse. Castro will make overtures of peace. Russia will not be far behind. Communism will begin to seem human. Some of it, at any rate. Can it be Christian not to make friends with reformed enemies? I tell you, they will end by inhabiting our councils and our economy. Where we can never trust all of Communism, we will certainly put our trust in what we think is the better half of a now-divided entity. We will even think we control the balance of power.

"In consequence," said Harlot, "I have come around to thinking that Castro must go. Before Mao and Khrushchev gave their assent to this elevated form of theater, Cuba was but a folly for the Soviets; now, it could be the prettiest piece on their board."

"Is Castro aware of the scenario?" I asked.

"I would surmise," said Harlot, "that he is too young and too emotional to be taken into the councils of the elders. Only when passion is ready to transmute itself into will can one be trustworthy at the highest level."

His eyes were the embodiment of his own statement. Luminous as the light of still water was the steel-tipped manifest of his eyes.

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The Keep
August 20, 1963

Dearest Harry,

I am frightfully concerned about Hugh. Have you ever con-

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sidered whether he is mad? Or whether I am? Poor Christopher. Sometimes when I rebel against the injunction I have put upon us not to meet nor even to talk on the telephone, I wish you could see Christopher. His eyes are so blue, a brilliant blue, as if blue is the best color for fire. Otherwise, my Christopher is a quiet and gentle child of six, vastly in awe of his prodigiously austere father (who still approaches him as if he were a small and polluted creature in a large wet diaper), but my son is also wary, I fear, of his mother. I think he is waiting for me to scream. Perhaps he will not trust me until I do.

Dear Harry, let me commence again. Hugh has entered some tunnel of absolute logic that simply refuses to look at the world as it might be. I know he has communicated his theory of The Great Disinformation Sino-Soviet Swindle to you and Cal, for he wrote to me that he had you both over for dinner the night after I left. He has been delivering himself of this prodigious tirade all summer, and (worse luck!) has called the tune through June and July as to what the Russians and Chinese would do next. All the same, it is obscene, in my opinion, to postulate that one hundred men are manipulating a world of several billion humans. "You are ignoring the variety of possibility that God chose us to have," I said to him, but he cannot be reached by argument. Hugh has been waiting all his life for the shade of Dzerzhinsky to pay him a visit. He obviously feels he is the only mortal in CIA who can appreciate KGB on a transcendental scale.

I keep trying to tell him that Russia and China cannot *pretend* to have a profound schism. Humans are, if nothing else, too perverse to be able to carry out such an orchestrated scheme of such immense and immediate disadvantage to themselves. But I will not deaden your head with the teleological and dialectical models that Hugh elaborates. For the present, it is enough to say that he has been looking to convert any number of critically situated people in the Agency to the new religion and must believe I am one of them, for we have had terrible fights over what he does with his thesis. For example, Hugh was so ill-advised as to use the half hour of private conversation he manages to obtain about once a month with Jack Kennedy in a futile attempt to brief him on the real nature of Sino-Soviet policy.

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Jack is the last person to hope to convince of such a concept. He has such a shrewd, sardonic sense of human foible and the little traps that spring out of the simplest things. I was watching both men from across the room—the upstairs family parlor, as it happened to be—and I must tell you that Jack was sitting a full foot further away from him at the end than at the beginning.

Did Hugh wake up next morning with a rueful sense of how much he had lost? No! He was in a rage at Jack Kennedy. "That man," he kept saying, "is superficial. It is a horror to recognize how superficial he is."

Two days later, Hugh decided that we must break relations with Jack and Bobby.

"We most certainly won't," I told him.

"We will. If you refuse, I will proceed to insult each of them."

"Do that, and I may leave you."

"You, too, are superficial."

It was the worst. We never speak to each other in that manner. It took forty-eight hours, but Hugh apologized, and I admitted that I could not leave him. Of course, the issue was still before us, nothing resolved. Oh, we explored the gap. It was one of the few times in our marriage when we were able to talk about facets of ourselves that were not at all agreeable to reveal. Hugh confessed to feeling like a fraud when with the Kennedys. "I am always pretending to be more amused than I am. For a time, I thought it was my duty. I might grow close enough to have influence. But these Kennedys never know what I am talking about. They come from an intellectual tradition that is comprehensive, humanistic, and six inches deep. At bottom, there is nothing we can agree upon. If they are servants of any power higher than themselves, it is not the God who is near to me."

"They are good men," I told him. "Flawed, and not profound enough for you. But do you recognize how rare it is to have keen and reasonable men with a touch of vision? Not automatic, Hugh."

"I consider it a vice of the soul," he said, "to fail to suffer over one's lack of profundity. Unless one's brain is dumb from birth, superficiality is a choice made by the self-indulgent. It is painful in the extreme to live with questions rather than with

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answers, but that is the only honorable intellectual course. I cannot bear that chirpy Bobby Kennedy, always building his beaver's nest with a few more facts. He needs to look into the abyss."

I did not say, "As you have." I couldn't. It was true. Hugh has not only to wonder whether his mother is a murderess, but is he responsible for those hundreds—or is it thousands?—of Polish Communists whom Stalin consigned to the pit after Hugh and Allen Dulles played their mean game on Noel Field, yes, Hugh sleeps over the chasm. But I fear that he is mad. He said to me, "I know my theses are true because I have verified them last week."

"However did you accomplish that?" I asked.

"By my trip to the Shawangunks. I wasn't at all easy about that. I haven't done any real rock, after all, in quite some time. There was one night before I left when I did not sleep. I had a vision of my end. I almost said good-bye to you. To make it worse, on the morning I arrived at the Bunks, I fell in with a crew of young climbers who were not only good but kept calling me 'Pop.' No jibe goes unremarked when you are among good climbers. It is the surest place for measure I have ever encountered. So I had to surpass them. I did. I embarked on a free climb up a 5.8, no ropes.

"I knew that if I kept my head, odds in my favor were better than even—still, you are never more alone than on a free climb. 'If I can do it,' I said to myself, 'then the Soviet-Chinese deception is confirmed. I will take that as a sign.'"

Harry, I wanted to weep. Are all good men as full of folly? For if they are, we may be doomed to fall into every trap that is set for the brave, bold, and bloody blind. Yet, I don't know. A great deal of me responds to just this inner vision in Hugh.

Well, I did not tell him any of that. I informed him that I had become a swollen, greedy, worldly creature who loved nothing so much as to be invited to dinner at the White House or to an afternoon at Hickory Hill. If he persisted in his threats, I would not be able to accept such invitations for fear that he would insult Bobby or Jack. Before I would risk that, I would not see them. I would also not forgive him. Never. Next morning, I decided to take Christopher up to the Keep.

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And here I have been. I am much too angry at Hugh. I could not tell him the real truth about what he is asking me to relinquish. He would not understand that it was life-giving to learn that I was neither a mad genius, nor an overeducated and underexperienced girl, but an attractive woman who had her bit of wit to offer the President and knew he was happy in his heart to talk to her. I believe I had influence on him. I say to myself, "This is hubris," but do you know, Harry, nothing is more painful to relinquish than hubris itself? I am beginning to comprehend that there is more to the Greeks than their acceptance of the dark verdicts of heaven—there is also our human rage, larger, perhaps, if only for an instant, than the determining hands of the gods.

I love you,
Kittredge

POST SCRIPTUM: If I speak of love, can you feel the full force of its opposite? I could as easily have written: I hate you.

K. ■

31 | I don't know whether it was that parting shot, but I did not reply to her letter for a long time. Loneliness sat in me like an empty wallet. I had many an impulse to open the envelope that contained Modene's telephone number, and once, I came so close to calling her that the urge expired only as my finger touched the dial.

Work took me over. I never gave myself to it more. Indeed, I was finding myself of use to my father. He had a mind that could crack a lobster claw with the pinch of his concentration when he was moved to concentrate, but that was not every day.

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His desk often looked like an unmade bed, and unpursued matters were as painful to his intermittent capacity for organization as unhappy recollections on a hangover. I loved him, I discovered, but recognition of such emotion came through my new passion for taking care of details. I was obliged to cover no narrow spectrum. There were occasions when I even sent his laundry out, and I certainly went over his memos to McCone, to Helms, to Montague, and to the fifty officers still working at JM/WAVE. I vetted incoming cables, and assigned priorities and route patterns to traffic initiated by us. I actually began to enjoy the chores of administration, since Cal's secretary, Eleanor, had been overworked for years and was in her own need of an assistant. To our surprise, Eleanor and I got along. These days, the contents on my desk were more real to me than where I lived; indeed, Miami and Washington sometimes presented no more difference to me than my separate office cubicles at Langley and Zenith. I was overcome again with how partial was my knowledge of all I oversaw. Indeed, the more small power I acquired and the more I partook of beginnings, middles, and ends, the less available seemed the trinity of a satisfactory narrative. I found myself reading spy novels on evenings I spent alone, and they were satisfying in a manner that was never true of work with all its partially glimpsed projects, ops, capers, researches, stunts and scenarios, but then, the spy novels were never true to life. I even had an extended rumination about the nature of plot. In life, it seemed to me, plot was always incomplete. No matter!—it was also the focus of half of one's strivings—for we never strain harder than when we see ourselves as protagonists in a plot; the other half of one's personal history is but an accumulation of habit, error, luck, coincidence, and large helpings of that daily sludge which is the ballast of narrative if you insist upon perceiving your life as a connected tale. I was grateful, therefore, to have a summer when I could live with only a few personal matters, a great many external details, and the knowledge that my father and I made, when all was said, a respectable team.

Some aspects of his work, however, he kept from me. I knew he was building his ties to AM/LASH, but I can hardly say how long it would have taken to learn any more if we had not had a

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flap on September 8 large enough to convince Cal that it was time to bring me in. That morning, he handed me a clipping from the *Washington Post* so soon as I came into his office. The story was datelined Havana. On the night of September 7, Castro had attended a party at the Brazilian Embassy where he made a point of taking aside a reporter for the Associated Press: "Kennedy is the Batista of our time," he declared. "We have discovered terrorist plans to eliminate Cuban leaders. If U.S. leaders assist in such terrorist plans, they will not themselves be safe."

"I would call that," said Cal, "a message for us."

"Can you animate the background?" I asked.

"AM/LASH is now stationed at the Cuban consulate in São Paulo, Brazil. One of our case officers there has been meeting with him."

"I guess that's all I need," I answered. Given the variety of places in Havana one could choose for a chat with the local AP man, Castro had selected the Brazilian Embassy.

"Yes," Cal said, "Counterintelligence is going to camp out this morning in Richard Helms' office."

They did. There were several such meetings in September, but by the end of the month, Cal was able to say, "We're still operative." I looked over a copy of the final memo sent to Counterintelligence by Helms: "If AM/LASH has not been doubled by Castro, and the evidence, as of this point, cannot be termed conclusive, then we are giving up one of the most, if not the most promising Cuban asset in our reach. No one with whom we are on speaking terms in the Caribbean approaches AM/LASH's proximity to the Cuban leader. On balance, the answer declares itself. We will continue with AM/LASH."

I had a reasonably good suspicion of why Helms was supporting my father. By mid-September, we had become aware of a covert peace agenda between the U.S. and Cuba at the United Nations. Harlot still had his line into the Bureau, and so we kept receiving FBI taps on the Cuban Embassy in Washington and the Cuban delegation to the UN. The Bureau also had a tap into Adlai Stevenson's office in the UN building, or thus I supposed, since envelopes from all three sources came into our office every morning from GHOU. It did occur to me that Ambassador

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Stevenson's office should have been out of bounds for the FBI, but who would suggest that to Mr. Hoover? In any event, material came in abundance. Given my meditation on the scattered fragments of plot that composed the sad porridge of the Intelligence officer, I was at last in reasonably full reception of a comprehensive chowder.

On September 18, William Attwood, Special Advisor to the American delegation at the UN, sent a confidential memo to Averell Harriman, who was then serving as Undersecretary of State for Political Affairs:

The policy of isolating Cuba, I would argue, has intensified Castro's desire to initiate trouble and conflict in Latin America and has left us stiffened into the unattractive posture, as world opinion perceives it, of a big country trying to bully a small one.

According to neutral diplomats at the UN . . . there is reason to believe that Castro . . . would go to some length to obtain normalization of relations with us—even though this would not be welcomed by most of his hard-core Communist entourage.

All of this may or may not be true. But it would seem that we have something to gain and nothing to lose by finding out whether in fact Castro does want to talk and what concessions he would be prepared to make. If Castro is interested, I could travel to Cuba as an individual, but would, of course, report to the President before and after the visit.

A few days later we came into possession of a summary that Attwood provided Adlai Stevenson on Harriman's reception of his proposal. The proposition, he declared, would put the Kennedys on a course of high risk: "Any of a number of Republicans who obtain even the faintest sniff of this could bring down sheer hell to pay." Nonetheless, Harriman told Attwood that he felt "adventurous," and suggested that Robert Kennedy be approached. Bobby wrote on the margin of Attwood's memo, "Worth pursuing. Get in touch with Mac Bundy." In turn, Bundy told Attwood that "the President might look favorably upon working Castro out of the Soviet fold." Attwood was obvi-

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ously encouraged by this much favorable reaction to explore the situation with the Cuban Ambassador to the UN, Carlos Lechuga.

Meetings between Helms, Harlot, and Cal soon followed. The strategy, as it came down to me, was to steer Director McCone toward encouraging Special Group to approve new sabotage operations in Cuba. So soon as such authorization was obtained, Cal mounted a quick raid on an oil refinery. The boats and men were dispatched on the heels of a hurricane that struck the Caribbean on October 6. The raiders never reached their target and two of the sixteen men who landed in Cuba were captured.

Cal did not seem unduly upset. Of course, he had not known the men. Neither did I. Dix Butler, responding to a call from me out of Washington, had put the operation together in a rush. Whether it was bad luck or he prepared it poorly we could not decide without an inquiry, but the day when personnel were available at JM/WAVE for such investigations was certainly over.

Butler was furious, however. Over his phone from Miami came excoriations of Langley mentality until I could restrain myself no further and said, "All right. My father is responsible. I am responsible. And you? Can you accept any of the fault?"

"No," he said. "You gave me Chevi Fuertes in the first place. I had to employ him as liaison."

"You couldn't have been authorized to use him. Not for a job like this."

"There was no time. Repeat: *no time*. I was *obliged* to use him. I think he tipped off the Cuban Coast Guard."

"How could he? You didn't tell him where the men were going in, did you?"

"He might have sent out a general alert."

"Where is he now?"

"I don't know. He's hiding from me. He did not show up at his job in the bank."

"Has he disappeared altogether?"

"He phoned me. He said he will come in when I have cooled down. I am going to have a showdown with Fuertes which he will never forget."

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"Did you tell him that?"

"I told him that there was nothing to cool down about. It was a time to regroup, not point fingers."

I had no idea of whether to warn Chevi, seduce him into a meeting, or confront Butler with charges. That made for three disagreeable options, but there was hardly time to consider the issue. On October 13, Castro denounced the raid: "What does the United States do when we Cubans are striving to recover from a hurricane that killed one thousand of our people? They send saboteurs armed with pirate ships and explosives."

We were able, therefore, to count our gains. Fidel Castro was unhappy, and Attwood's labors, in consequence, would suffer. Then a Bureau transcript of a conversation in the Cuban delegation's UN office came over from Harlot, and we learned that a secret meeting with Castro was being proposed: Would it be possible to fly Attwood to a small airport near Havana?

Adlai Stevenson, now being briefed by Attwood, was concerned. "Too many individuals may be privy by now to the new Cuban agenda," he said. Attwood replied that the only government figures who knew about these contacts with the Cubans were, to the best of his knowledge, the President, the Attorney General, Ambassador Harriman, McGeorge Bundy, Stevenson, and himself.

Since Cal and Harlot had been seeding the groves of Langley with selected extracts from our take, and the FBI was stocked with UN reports to be leaked wherever Hoover saw fit, and JM/WAVE and the Cuban exile leaders were being informed by everyone, it seemed to me that the only principals not in the pipeline by now must have been Secretary of State Rusk and John McCone. There were mornings when Cal's office would receive as many as four or five memos from different suites at Langley calling our attention to Attwood's Cuban overture, and all of the memos were based on rumors Cal and I had surreptitiously disseminated the day before.

Hunt even took me to lunch in the senior-grade cafeteria at Langley to fulminate over what he had heard. "I always knew that Smiling Jack could not be trusted, but this is egregious betrayal. Can your father get word up to Dick Helms?"

"He can only try," I said to Hunt.

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"If Cal isn't ready to exercise the direct route, I might take a crack at bearding Helms myself."

"Well, don't use up any favors. Cal can reach him."

"Give my regards to your father. Is he in good spirits?"

"Today? Very."

He was. Yesterday afternoon, October 24, John McCone, flanked by Richard Helms, Hugh Montague, and Boardman Hubbard, had succeeded in convincing Bobby Kennedy and Special Group to authorize thirteen major sabotage operations, one a week on average from November 1963 through January 1964. An electric power plant, an oil refinery, and a sugar mill were among the targets selected. "The timing is satisfactory," Cal declared. "Now things will never settle down long enough for Castro and Attwood to hold hands. We can burn an ulcer onto the bearded monster. That bastard! Daring to play with Soviet missiles! I could immolate myself, kamikaze fashion, Rick, if I knew one hand grenade would take out Fidel, Raul, and Che Guevara in the same flash of light."

He meant it. My father, as he grew older, sprouted small shortcomings which gave every promise of growing larger, but if he could move you to wince at his follies, you could hardly laugh at him. He had no fear of dying. Death was one embrace that was brought off best if you took an enemy with you.

That was the larger part of my father, but every lion has his ghost. He was also, I came to discover, as delicate as an old lady to the shades and whispers of enemy intrigue. On October 25, the day after Special Group authorized our thirteen raids, and not twenty minutes after I came back from lunch with Hunt, I found Cal in a thoroughgoing bad mood. Yesterday afternoon, just about the time he was arguing his case at Special Group, President Kennedy, he had learned, was giving a full half hour of interview to an esteemed French journalist named Jean Daniel. The Frenchman, whose interview had been arranged by Attwood, was on his way to Havana, and there were no taps—alas!—into the Oval Office. There was, however, a Bureau report of a conversation at the UN on the night of October 24:

Attwood informed Ambassador Stevenson that while Jean Daniel stated that he was a professional journalist and would not repeat his conversation with President Kennedy,

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Daniel found such conversation "highly stimulating" and further stated that it might be "conducive to eliciting productive response from Fidel Castro."

"Yes," said Cal, "you can visualize it. Smiling Jack introduces Jean Daniel to Mrs. Kennedy. After all, our First Lady charmed Paris. You are not going to allow a top-dog French interviewer to go home without meeting her. Then Jack tells Jean that he is not opposed to collectivism, *per se*, just its abuse by the Soviets. Probably says that he can find a way to live with Cuba next door. Jack Kennedy has the ability to make a large difference sound like a family misunderstanding."

"How do you know all this?"

"Spend a season watching the Washington snakes in their mating rites, and it's amazing what you know."

Let no one say my father had no instincts for divination. Fifty days after Jean Daniel met Jack Kennedy, the journalist's account of the meeting appeared in the December 14, 1963, issue of the *New Republic*.

President Kennedy received me at the White House on Thursday, October 24. . . . As we passed through the small room where his secretary was working, we caught a glimpse of Mrs. Kennedy leaving by a French window on her way to a private garden of the White House. The President called her back to introduce me.

It was still Indian summer in Washington. The weather was very warm and both the President and Mrs. Kennedy were very lightly dressed, thus enhancing the impression of youth, charm, and simplicity which was in rather surprising contrast to the solemnity of entering these august chambers. After she left, the President invited me to be seated on the semicircular sofa which was in the middle of his office. He sat in a rocking chair opposite the sofa. The interview was to last from 20 to 25 minutes, and it was interrupted only by a brief telephone call. . . .

My notes are very specific and I shall let President Kennedy speak through them: "I'd like to talk to you about Cuba. . . ." John Kennedy then mustered all his persuasive force. He punctuated each sentence with that brief, me-

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chanical gesture which has become famous.

"I tell you this: I believe there is no country in the world . . . where economic colonization, exploitation, and humiliation were worse than in Cuba, in part owing to my country's policies during the Batista regime. I believe that we created, built, and manufactured the Castro movement out of whole cloth and without realizing it. I believe that the accumulation of these mistakes has jeopardized all of Latin America. This is one of the most important problems in American foreign policy. I can assure you that I have understood the Cubans, I approved of the proclamation which Fidel Castro made in the Sierra Maestra, when he justifiably called for justice and especially yearned to rid Cuba of corruption. I will go even further: to some extent it is as though Batista was the incarnation of a number of sins on the part of the United States. Now we shall have to pay for those sins. In the matter of the Batista regime, I am in agreement with the first Cuban revolutionaries. That is perfectly clear."

After a silence during which he was able to note my surprise and my interest, the President continued: "But it is also clear that the problem has ceased to be a Cuban one and has become international, that is, it has become a Soviet problem. I am the President of the United States and not a sociologist; I am the President of a free nation which has certain responsibilities to the Free World. I know that Castro betrayed the promises made in the Sierra Maestra, and that he has agreed to be a Soviet agent in Latin America. I know that through his fault—either his 'will to independence,' his madness, or Communism—the world was on the verge of a nuclear war in October 1962. The Russians understood this very well, at least after our reaction; but so far as Fidel Castro is concerned, I must say I don't know whether he realizes this, or even if he cares about it." A smile, then: "You can tell me whether he does when you come back. In any case, the nations of Latin America are not going to attain justice and progress that way, I mean through Communist subversion. They won't get there by going from economic oppression to a Marxist dictatorship

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which Castro himself denounced a few years ago. The United States now has the possibility of doing as much good in Latin America as it has done wrong in the past; I would even say that we alone have the power—on the essential condition that Communism does not take over there."

Mr. Kennedy then rose to indicate the interview was over. . . .

32 | At the end of October, my father took a three-day trip to Paris, but only on his return did I find out that he had met with Rolando Cubela. The details he offered, however, were few, and it took all of the following week in the office to pick up a sense of his encounter.

Earlier in October, Cubela had informed LYME, his case officer in Brazil, that he was about to be moved to Paris, an assignment he had been seeking, for he considered it more suitable to his position as "second-in-command within the Foreign Division of the Interior Ministry." While this title confirmed our conviction that he had close ties to the DGI, that did not remove the possibility that he was also ready to aim a sniper's rifle at Fidel Castro.

There were difficulties getting together with Cubela in Paris, however. While nominally ready to talk to us, he insisted that Bobby Kennedy be present. It was his intention, he announced, to become the next leader of Cuba, and he wanted assurances of political support from the Kennedys.

Cal and Harlot carried that request over to Helms: While there was obviously no possibility of calling in Bobby Kennedy—my God, he could be gunned down!—neither was there any inclination to inform him. One could certainly sit down with

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Cubela without advertising it to Bobby, or to McCone. The real problem at this point was who to send to Paris as a *personal representative* of the Attorney General? Cal volunteered.

Perfect. No one would argue that Cal lacked adequate bottom to pass himself off as a close friend of the Kennedys.

Next, it was decided that Paris Station was not to be alerted. On the contrary, it would be more effective to fly LYME over from São Paulo to Paris. He could then guide Cubela to whichever nondescript café in the depths of the Twelfth Arrondissement had been chosen by Cal. "I like the Twelfth for this kind of get-together," said Cal. "It has a slew of bistros where you will never run into anyone you've met since birth." Yes, a simple sit-down was preferable to alerting Paris Station that Senior Officer HALIFAX was on his way to see a man who could prove a problem and might be carrying a gun. "Station," said Cal, "would sprinkle so much hygiene on the premises that Cubela would bolt."

My father went over to Paris, then, on October 28 and came back on October 30. On October 29, Cubela got drunk in an hour. He would only accept speaking to a personal representative of the Attorney General, he told my father, on the full understanding that the President's brother was a very busy man. On their next meeting, however, he would want to receive a handwritten letter from the Attorney General. It must contain Mr. Robert Kennedy's personal promise that a successful completion of the proposed mission would result in the full powers of the U.S. government being brought to bear in support of the presidential candidacy of Rolando Cubela during the first free Cuban election. "On the other hand," added Cubela, "if I do not succeed, you will owe me nothing but my expenses—which can prove considerable."

"What does he look like?" I asked.

"About what you'd expect," said Cal. "He's tall, dark mustache, certainly attractive to women, shows circles under his eyes, is probably partial to cocaine, and would be a whole pain in the ass to hang around with for more than a night."

I felt frustrated. There was not all that much to my father's account. "Did he," I asked, "talk about nothing but his political prospects?"

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"Well, we did get into the hardware. On my next trip, he wants to be handed a few sophisticated tools. He rattled on about our 'technical felicities' until I didn't know whether he was referring to sneakies or sniper-sticks, so I decided to be blunt: 'Are you speaking of the assassination-mode capability?' I asked. He went wild. 'Do not use that word again in my presence,' he cried out at me. By God, we were virtually alone in the café but still his voice was rising. I had to put a heavy hand on his shoulder. Which he threw off, although it did quiet him down enough for him to hiss: '*Elimination* is the word! You eliminate a problem, that is all!' I suppose I had made a bad move by being so explicit, but I did want to jar the guy into focus. He was getting vague and megalomaniacal. A heavy drinker. Of course, not every successful assassin has to pass a sobriety test. I cite John Wilkes Booth as the classic example."

"You are not too happy with Rolando Cubela?"

"Miserable. Hugh and Dick do, however, agree with me—he's all we've got." Cal nodded. "See for yourself. I've decided to take you along on the next trip."

"I can't say I'm not pleased."

"I didn't want you on the first one. I was feeling kind of spooked. If something went wrong, I didn't want you in the middle. I like to be able to measure my share of the fault."

Was he kind enough not to say that others had not wished me to go? That was but one more question, and we had come to the point where there would be, I expected, no more answers. My father was hardly about to admit to me that Cubela, by a preponderance of evidence, was bound to be a double agent, and Helms and Harlot might be pursuing this matter precisely to bring it to Fidel's attention: Not only was the Agency still set on killing him, but a *personal representative* of the Kennedys was going to play a serious role in the plot. The coldest part of my heart was not without admiration: Castro's distrust of the peace overtures would be excited. Was I beginning to comprehend how the game worked? I even felt a cool happiness in being so removed from myself, as if exactly this subtle distance from one's soul was the acme of elegance. Like Harlot, I might yet become the instrument of my will.

On their side, the peace offensive was continuing its efforts.

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An FBI report informed us that Dr. Vallejo had told Lisa Howard on October 31 to alert the Americans—could Attwood stand in readiness for the flight to Havana in a private plane? Vallejo said it would be sent over by Fidel himself. There had to be a strong likelihood, however, that Vallejo was merely pursuing a few of his own unauthorized hopes, for on the same day, October 31, on Cuban television, Castro presented the two commandos captured in the raid we had sent out on the heels of the hurricane, three weeks ago. Under the TV lights, these exile Cubans produced the name of their case officer (Dix Butler was immortalized as Frank Castle), and the actual location of 6312 Riviera Drive was announced, plus a description of our JM/WAVE weapons armory. Castro must have anticipated large media reaction in the United States, but the Agency was quick to suggest that the commandos had been brainwashed—the story received no particular attention. Castro was predictably enraged: "The American press refuses to report these attacks even when confronted with evidence they could easily have substantiated. You can see that in this free press of which they boast, the wire services and the CIA act in unison, elaborating and developing the same lie in order to disguise the truth."

Cal smiled. "Whose ox is being gored?" he asked.

I held on to that. I did not believe that we owed Castro any debt in the way of reasonable treatment—no, not after the missiles—but it did no harm to be able to refresh one's sense of sanction.

Meanwhile, our access to Rusk's office was improving. While Nancy Waterston's level of entry was, at best, restricted, some high-level memos did pass her desk. Her limitations as an agent—we called her EUPHONY—remained more prominent than her virtues, however. She refused to undertake the emotional turmoil of photographing documents. In compensation, she did have a rare faculty for recollecting exactly what she read, and would come home at night to type out long, detailed recapitulations of confidential papers for Rosen. Since her attention had, by our design, not been fixed on Cuba (so as not to alert her to our interests until she proved reliable), all we received through most of October was information on Rusk's reaction to a coup d'état in Honduras, the sale of wheat to the

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U.S.S.R., and the resignation of Harold Macmillan as Prime Minister, none of which was close to our heart. Harlot called Nancy's submissions "gists."

By the beginning of November, however, her work produced a few results. Secretary Rusk was beginning to react to the Cuban overture, and EUPHONY was busy furnishing Rosen gists of memos Rusk had been firing off to some of his people in the State Department: "Diplomatic Caribbean investments of long standing are not to be undercut by maverick negotiations." Et cetera. Before long, by way of EUPHONY, we learned that Bundy had been instructed to inform Attwood that the State Department's enthusiasm for the Cuban overture was, in a word, "constricted." A memo out of Rusk's office on November 7 (which EUPHONY swore she had memorized) went as follows:

Before the United States Government can even contemplate entering into minimal relations with the Cuban government, all political, economic, and military dependency on the Sino-Soviet bloc must cease, together with all subversion in the hemisphere. Castro would have to renounce Marxism-Leninism as an ideology, have all Communists removed from influential positions, be prepared to offer compensation for all properties expropriated since 1959, and return all manufacturing, oil, mining, and distribution industries to private enterprise.

"Sounds like Rusk wouldn't mind a little unconditional surrender," I remarked.

"Well," said Cal, "that may be the best thing about the old stump. He hates unforeseen movement. If he stays in one place long enough, he figures Kennedy will circle back to him."

In Havana, we were keeping Jean Daniel under light surveillance (which was not without its demand on the limited resources of our Cuban assets) but the observers were confident that Daniel had obtained no access to Castro during his weeks in Cuba, and had been obliged to content himself with tours of mines, sugar refineries, and schools for children in the provinces. The Cuban overture looked to be, as Cal put it, "in irons."

All the same, we were taking nothing for granted. The next meeting with AM/LASH was now arranged for November 22,

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and I began to ride a fine sense of anticipation. On nights that found me in Washington, I would attend Agency language classes to brush up on my conversational French. It was hardly necessary. If all went well, Cal and I would be in Paris for only a day, but I gave myself to it as a solemn undertaking; the rigor of French syntax seemed, under the circumstances, to be not without sacramental overtones for the task that lay ahead. It is interesting that the closer we came to the date, the more I began to see Cubela not as a double agent, but in all the spectral light of an unimpeachable assassin.

33 | On November 18, President Kennedy gave a televised speech at a dinner of the Inter-American Press Association of Miami, and Dix Butler and I watched in a bar.

I could not help contrasting this evening to the apocalyptic reception Jack Kennedy had had at the Orange Bowl in December, eleven months ago. Tonight, there was no standing ovation when he concluded, and many of his phrases that had been underlined, I expect, in anticipation of applause were received in silence. The audience, composed in large part of Miami exiles, seemed to be exhibiting their suspicions. When Kennedy referred to Cuba's "small band of conspirators" as a weapon employed "by external powers to subvert the other American republics," and added, "This and this alone divides us—as long as this is true, nothing is possible—without it, everything is possible," no large response came back. "Once Cuban sovereignty has been restored," he went on, "the nation is free to shape its own economic institutions and we will extend a hand of friendship and assistance."

Afterwards, Butler gave his verdict. "'Get rid of the

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U.S.S.R.," said Dix, "and you can have your socialism, Mr. Castro," is about what he was saying." Dix gave a wide and wicked grin. "I can think of a lot of Cubans in Miami who are going to stick pins tonight in their wax effigy of Jack Kennedy."

"I don't know that many Cubans anymore," I said.

"You never did."

I would have paid up at that point and left, half in outrage at what he said and half in gloom at the truth of it, but he put his arm around my shoulder. "Hey, buddy, cheer up, you and me go boom-boom in a boat. Hey? Nay?"

"Maybe you are easier to get along with," I said, "when things are happening too fast to open your mouth."

"I agree. Go where the wild goose goes." He nodded. "Hubbard, these are farewell drinks. I've worked a transfer to Indochina. I am going back to the best hashish in the world." At the moment, he was slugging bourbon on the rocks with a beer chaser. "Say my good-byes," he said, "to Chevi Fuertes."

Well, turns in conversation with Butler never took long to get around the corner. "Where is Chevi?" I asked.

"I don't know."

"Have you seen him?"

"Since last we spoke, yes. As a matter of fact, yes. I have seen him. In fact, I had it out with him." He nodded at the solidity of this fact. "I had him alone in my motel room, and I accused him of being DGI."

"How did you get him there?"

"That's a tale to tell. No matter. He just likes to hang around in my company, believe it if you will. He was duded up. Light blue suit, yellow shirt, orange tie. You and me would look like candy cocksuckers, Hubbard, but Chevi has an eye for *accommodating* pastels. Looked pretty. For a fat double dealer, he looked pretty. He could open a downtown haberdashery. 'Excuse me,' I said to him, 'seeing you is such a wrench that I've got to go to the loo.' Hubbard, it was true. I had a full-gauge movement."

It was tempting to suggest to Butler that if he ever rose to the higher levels of the Agency, it would be prudent not to get into the periodicity of his bowels, but I resisted the impulse. Just as well. He wanted to talk. He said, "Follow it! When I came out,

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I sat Chevi down in a chair and began to work him back and forth."

"Back and forth?"

"I slapped him. A head swivel. A good one to the left, a good one to the right. I had my ring on, so that pulled the cork. He began to bleed all over the yellow shirt and the orange tie. 'You are an idiot and a beast,' he said to me.

"'No, Chevi,' I told him, 'it is a little worse than that. Tonight you are going to admit that you are DGI.' What a speech he brought forth. The complexities of his work. If I recorded it, I could give lectures at Langley Manor. Chevi had dealings, he admitted. After all, he had done liaison for me into every exile group. MIRR, Alpha 66, Commandos L, DRE, Thirtieth of November, MDC, Interpen, Crusade to Free Cuba, Anti-Communist League of the Caribbean. He didn't stop. He must have figured that so long as he kept talking I wouldn't work him anymore. He listed each and every reason that he is our highest paid agent in Miami, and I said, 'Let's get down to it. You also have dealings with the DGI.' 'You know I do,' he told me, 'you encourage me to.' 'Yes,' I said, 'provided you fulfill my instructions to the letter.' 'Understood,' he said. 'No,' I said, 'not understood. You have cut some very dangerous corners. You give the DGI more than I license you to give them.' He actually nodded. 'I may extend the boundaries,' he said."

"Chevi admitted that?" I asked.

"Of course he did. He was under the gun. 'Yes,' I said, 'how far were those boundaries extended?' 'You have to understand the game,' he said. 'I do,' I said. 'Then you understand,' he said. 'I have given material to the DGI that would increase their trust in me.' 'Yes,' I said, 'we believe you are a double agent working for us. And maybe they believe you are doubling for them.' 'Yes,' he said, 'but they are in error.' 'No,' I said, 'the DGI is not stupid. Maybe you are giving them as much, or maybe a little more than you are giving us.' 'No,' he said. 'No?' I asked. 'At my very worst,' he said, 'I am a neutral marketplace.' 'Does this extend,' I asked, 'to letting them know the night that we will run a raid? Is that why two of my people got picked off, and I was named on Havana television?' 'No,' he said, 'I am a neutral marketplace. I give clean information to both parties.' You bet.

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He is there to estimate the value of what he gives the DGI, and what he gives to us. I tell you, I saw the key to his action then. 'You,' I said, 'have *your* man in the DGI. You are thick with him, and he is thick with you. The two of you have a two-man marketplace. You are both going down on each other, aren't you, you faggots?' 'No,' he said. 'Yes,' I said, 'that is bad enough, but why did you give the date of my raid over to the DGI.' 'No,' he said, 'I wouldn't do that.' "

Butler blew out his breath and looked at me. My father once remarked that as they die from the hunter's wound, big game animals go through startling changes of expression. I saw Butler look wicked, woeful, merry, terrified, then pleased with himself over the next twenty seconds. "Hubbard," he went on, "I lifted him up and out of his chair, manhandled him into the john, held his head over the toilet bowl which—don't shy from this, Hubbard—I had not flushed, no, by anticipation and design, not flushed—I am a calculating case officer—and I said to Chevi, 'Tell me now, or you can taste the truth.' 'No,' he said, 'never, didn't do it, Dix baby, believe in Chevi.' Now, I wasn't going to force the issue. The threat, I recognize, is invariably greater than the execution—I, too, am witting of Clausewitz—but the force of something that I would call the force of completion came over me, and I shoved his head into that filthy stinking bowl, and rubbed it around there. I was shrieking away: 'Cuba, *si!* Yeah? Castro, *si!* Yeah?' "

The bartender came over, "Keep down the Castro talk, can you, gentlemen, there are a couple of Cubans here, my regular customers," but, seeing the look on Butler's face, added, "thank you," and decamped.

"Next time," said Butler to me, "he better come back with a length of pipe."

I was silent. I was usually silent around Butler. "Did he confess?" I asked at last.

"No," Butler said, "Every time I lifted his head, he kept saying, 'What I keep in me, you will never get.' He was phenomenal! 'What I keep in me, you will never get!' I finally had to throw him into the shower. I actually got in with him. I started to scrub him, and he went berserk. It was like catching a raccoon in a garbage can. I jumped out of the shower. I was laughing.

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But I wanted to cry. I loved Chevi Fuentes then. I love him now."

"What!"

"Yes. I am shit-face drunk. But he was shit-face then. By externals. Through coercion. I am shit-face from the misery of having done it to him. Because I enjoyed doing it, and I enjoy suffering remorse, and now, Hubbard, I feel a lot of disquiet. Because he has disappeared with his lover in the DGI. For all I know he is in Cuba, and I am on my way to Indochina. A taste for combat is the only gift God ever gave me."

"Let's get out of here," I said.

"Was I right or wrong with Fuentes?"

"You know what I will answer."

"But what if he did betray me?"

"What if you were wrong?"

"Your anger sits up there above your belly button. It's in your mouth," said Butler. "So I don't care how you judge me. Up or down, no matter. I did what I did to Chevi because I decided to. Hubbard, you will never believe this, but I would like to become a calculating case officer like you." He began to laugh. "Believe that, sucker," he said, "and I will export opium to Hong Kong."

I managed to get him home without an episode. That is the only credit I will take for the night. When I returned to my apartment, however, there was an envelope slid under the door.

the 18th November

Dear Peter (alias Robert Charles),

Can we say I knew you when? One of the first American expressions I learned was "I knew you *when*." Yes, I knew you as a decent fellow in Montevideo. Peter, ignorant, astonishingly ignorant on nearly all world matters, were you, Peter, but then no more ignorant than your colleagues in Miami—the ignorami cowboys of the CIA. I have had enough. As you read this, I will be in Cuba where I belong, although said decision has dragged me through a personal pilgrimage of disillusion with myself and the seductions of your world, to which I overadhered. You understand? I used to despise Communists because to them I first belonged and knew they were spiritual hypocrites. I could

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feel all the honesty dying in me while in their company, which in Uruguay was closer to me than always and forever, and I despised their spiritual hypocrisy. They never did anything with a simple understanding that it was for themselves, no, they didn't enjoy a good meal because they were gluttons and liked being gluttons, no, they ate the good meal because it was *their duty* to keep up morale for the sake of the cause. Bullshit. Avalanches of bullshit. My wife in Uruguay, the worst. Power, propriety, righteousness. I hated her enough to hate all Communists. I kept wishing I was back in Harlem where I lived with a Negress prostitute. She was greedy, she had a straight line to her stomach and to her pussy. If a man talked in a loud voice, she liked him better than a dude with a nice quiet voice. She was simple. She was capitalism. I decided that capitalism was the lesser evil. When you did something, you did it for yourself alone. And it worked. Minus times minus is plus. A world of greedy people makes a good society. Capitalism was surrealism. I liked that.

But now I have had many months of living under the thumb of a white capitalist, Dix Butler, who will be very rich one day for he is the stuff out of which the fortunes are made. What he does is always for himself alone, and I have come to the conclusion that is even worse. In the name of his principle, which is himself—"That which makes me feel good is *the* good." Ernest Hemingway, correct? Subject to that principle, I found my head in a shit bowl. For further information apply to Dix Butler. Excuse me. Frank Castle. Tell Frank Castle the DGI knows his real name. Dix Butler. I gave it to them yesterday. And how do I know it? Because he told it to me when we were making love. Yes, I have had an affair with Dix Butler. Does that amaze you? I, who used to be one of the leading white man studs in Harlem, and totally in Montevideo, have lost the connection to my manhood. Yes, over the last few years, *after working for you, in fact*. But then I did leave Uruguay in a panic with my cock between my legs. Nothing but a treacherous son of a bitch. In Miami, I got so treacherous it was like a daily habit. My asshole grew to have more status for my soul than my penis—why? That may be no mysterious matter. Virility is pride. And I was a bag of shit. What is the apple of the eye in a bag of shit? The asshole, señor. I tell

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you all this, Peter, I mean Robert Charles of the innocent, because it will shock you. I wish to do that. You are so naïve. Prodigiously naïve, but you try to run the world. Arrogant, naïve, incompetent, self-righteous. You will judge me adversely for being a homosexual, yet it is you who is more of one than any of us, although you will never admit it to yourself because you never practice! You are a homosexual the way Americans are barbarians although they do not practice barbarism openly. They keep their newspaper in front of the light. They go to church so as not to face death, and you work for your people so that you will not have to scrutinize yourself in the mirror. No, you peek right through your two-way CIA mirror to spy on others.

I go to Cuba full of fear. What if the average Cuban Communists are as stupid as Uruguayan Party members? America is choicer country for shits. Even shits like me. And I worry that Fidel Castro has not matured out of his own wickedness and cannot admit to himself that he was wrong to accept the missiles. But I will find out. I will no longer be able to indulge both sides of my nature. Visualize it therefore as a personal sacrifice. Communism will triumph to the extent that human nature can swim through its own shit. I feel like a pioneer.

Suerte. good fellow. Know that I will always have love for you. Despite all, as the English say.

Adios,
Chevi

I finished reading the letter, its contents boiling in my blood, and the phone sounded. Was it by some nuance in the ring itself that I knew Señor Eusebio Fuertes was calling?

"Where are you?"

"I speak to you from across the street. I saw you come in. I was waiting. Have you read my letter?"

"Yes."

"Can I visit?"

"Yes." That was all I could manage. I had begun to shake. Once in Maine, on a rock face to the side of the Precipices, I had had a quivering in my knees that Harlot was quick to describe

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as "sewing-machine leg." Now my hands were trembling so. I knew why Chevi was here.

He looked merry coming through the door as if he had arrived at that freedom from consequence which is indifferent to the verdict. I would now have to make the choice. I could detain him, or give him my sanction to go to Cuba. Each of these options was intolerable.

"Yes," he said, "I have come to say good-bye. All the while I was writing the letter, I did not think I would. I had contempt for you. I did not wish to see you in person. But now I am finished with all that." He looked around. "Do you have an *añejo*?" He gave an evil smile. "A Cuban rum?"

I handed him a bottle with a Puerto Rican label and a glass. My hands, thankfully, were equal to the job.

"Do you know why I have come?" he asked.

"I think so."

"May I add a thought? You have vices, Roberto, and many faults, but I still perceive you, now that I have emitted my resentments, as a decent man. Therefore, I cannot leave without saying good-bye. That would violate your decency. That would violate mine. I believe, you see, that an economy of goodwill exists in the universe. An economy which is not inexhaustible."

"No," I said, "you want me to arrest you. Then you can find a little peace. You will feel justifiably bitter. Otherwise, you wish me to give you my blessing. Then you will have all the pleasure of knowing that you were successful at last in getting me to . . ." I did not know how to say it— . . . in getting me to violate the confidence of others."

"Yes," he said, "you are my equal."

"Just get the hell out," I said.

"You cannot arrest me. I see that you cannot."

"Go," I said. "Learn all you can about Cuba. You will come back to us yet, and then you will be worth more."

"You are wrong," he said, "I will become the determined enemy of your country. Should you let me go, I will know a true clarity. I will understand that you no longer believe in your own service."

Could he be right? I felt an intolerable rage. I may have been as physically powerful at that moment as my father. I cer-

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tainly had no fear of Chevi other than the fear, true son of Boardman Hubbard, that I might kill him with my bare hands. Yes, I could destroy him, but I could not take him into custody. He was my creation. All the same, I could not rid my mind of a miserable marriage of images—forced to look at his dapper presence in my living room while I still pictured his head in Butler's toilet bowl.

"Just get out," I said. "I am not going to take you in."

He swallowed the rum and stood up. He looked pale. Can I claim it was Christian to wish he was going to Havana with something more than half a heart?

"*Salud, caballero*," he said, and he did not tarry.

I was cursing him ten minutes after he was gone. I had all the misery of knowing that I had delivered a new obsession to myself. I was full of dread. When I went up to Washington a few days later, the capital felt as heavy as hurricane weather in Miami, and that is not a small remark; Washington, whatever its complacent vices, has never been renowned for haunted precincts or eerie moods. Yet, I found it so. I had betrayed the Agency. I had broken my vow. This sentiment grew so powerful that I entered at last into the mathematics of faith. Sin and penance met each other in the equations of my mind. I took a new vow that from this day on, no matter how, half-hearted or quartered by anxiety, I would consecrate myself to the assassination of Fidel Castro.

34 | On the day before we left for Paris, Cal received a shortwave radio message from one of his agents in Havana. It informed him that on the previous night, November 19, Fidel Castro had paid a visit to Jean Daniel's hotel and spent

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the next six hours in an interview with the journalist.

While we were to have no sure notion what thoughts were exchanged between the two men until Jean Daniel's two-part article appeared on December 7 and 14 in the *New Republic*, my father was not short of speculation on November 20.

"This meeting took place," said Cal, "because of what Kennedy said in Miami two nights ago—'This and this alone divides us.' That is why Castro saw Daniel."

When I did not reply, Cal added, "Are you as unhappy about all this as I am?"

"Well, the news does give a good deal of purpose to our trip."

"Yes," said Cal, "we won't be gilding the lily, will we?"

Several weeks later, I would read every word Jean Daniel reported Fidel Castro to have said on November 19. By then it was mid-December, and I would find myself on the other side of my vow. I had to wonder then how I would have felt if I had known the contents of Daniel's interview before I left for Paris. Would I have believed what Castro said? If I had, would I have been prepared to tell my father that I could not deal with Cubela in good conscience, and so, if he requested, would resign from the Agency? By December, I no longer knew how I would have felt in November, for every perspective had altered. All thoughts of resignation were no more than a dull woe. One does not quit a profession any more quickly than one amputates a limb.

from piece by Jean Daniel in the *New Republic*, Dec. 14, 1963

In the "Pearl of the Antilles, rum-perfumed and steeped in triumphant sensuality," as Cuba is described in those American tourist folders still lying about in the hotels of Havana, I spend three closely packed and intensive weeks, but thinking all along that I would never get to meet with Fidel Castro, I talked with farmers, writers and painters, militants and counterrevolutionaries, ministers and ambassadors—but Fidel remained inaccessible. I had been warned: he no longer had any desire to receive journalists, least of all Western newsmen. I had practically given up hope when on the evening of what I thought was to be my departure date, Fidel came to my hotel. He had heard of my interview with the President. We went up to my room at ten in

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the evening and did not leave until the following morning. Here, I shall recount only that part of the interview which constitutes a reply to John F. Kennedy's remarks.

Fidel listened with devouring and passionate interest: he pulled at his beard, yanked his parachutist's beret down over his eyes, adjusted his maquis tunic, all the while making me the target of a thousand malicious sparks cast by his deep-sunk lively eyes. . . . He had me repeat certain remarks, particularly those in which Kennedy expressed his criticism of the Batista regime, and lastly those in which Kennedy accused Fidel of almost having caused a war fatal to all humanity.

When I stopped talking, I expected an explosion. Instead, I was treated to a lengthy silence, to a calm, composed, often humorous, always thoughtful exposition. I don't know whether Fidel had changed, or whether those cartoons caricaturing him as a ranting madman which appear in the Western press perhaps corresponded to a former reality. I only know that at no time during the two complete days I spent with him (and during which a great deal happened) did Castro abandon his composure and poise. . . .

"I believe Kennedy is sincere," Fidel declared, "I also believe that today the expression of this sincerity could have political significance. I'll explain what I mean. I have not forgotten the Machiavellian tactics and the equivocation, the attempts at invasion, the pressures, the blackmail, the organization of a counter-revolution, the blockade, and above everything, all the retaliatory measures which were imposed before, long before there was the pretext and alibi of Communism. But I feel that he inherited a difficult situation: I don't think a President of the United States is ever really free, and I believe at present Kennedy is feeling the impact of that lack of freedom. I also believe he now understands the extent to which he has been misled, for example, on the Cuban reaction at the time of the attempted Bay of Pigs invasion. I also think he is a realist; he is now registering that it is impossible to simply wave a wand and cause us, and the explosive situation throughout Latin America, to disappear. . . .

"That may be the situation now. But over a year ago, six months before the missiles were installed in Cuba, we had re-

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ceived an accumulation of information warning us that a new invasion of the island was being prepared. . . .

"What was to be done? How could we prevent the invasion? Khrushchev asked us what we wanted. We replied: *Do whatever is needed to convince the United States that any attack on Cuba is the same as an attack on the Soviet Union.* We thought of a proclamation, an alliance, conventional military aid. The Russians explained to us their concern: first, they wanted to save the Cuban Revolution (in other words, their socialist honor in the eyes of the world), and at the same time they wished to avoid a world conflict. They reasoned that if conventional military aid was the extent of their assistance, the United States might not hesitate to instigate an invasion, in which case Russia would retaliate and this would inevitably touch off a world war. . . .

"I am here to tell you that the Russians didn't want and do not today want war. One only need visit them on their home territory, watch them at work, share their economic concerns, admire their intense efforts to raise the workers' standard of living, to understand right away that they are far, very far, from any idea of provocation or domination. However, Soviet Russia was confronted by two alternatives: an absolutely inevitable war if the Cuban Revolution was attacked; or the risk of a war if the United States was refusing to retreat before the missiles. They chose socialist solidarity and the risk of war.

"Under the circumstances, how could we Cubans have refused to share the risks taken to save us? It was, in the final analysis, a question of honor, don't you agree? Don't you believe that honor plays a role in politics? You think we are romantics, don't you? Perhaps we are. And why not? In any event, we are militants. In a word, then, we agreed to the emplacement of the missiles. And I might add here that for us Cubans, it didn't really make so much difference whether we died by conventional bombing or a hydrogen bomb. Nevertheless, we were not gambling with the peace of the world. The United States was the one to jeopardize the peace of mankind by using the threat of war to stifle revolution. . . ."

The conversation now turned to Kennedy's Alliance for Progress in Latin America. "In a way," Castro said, "it was a good idea, it marked progress of a sort, an effort to adapt to the

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extraordinarily rapid course of events in Latin America. But Kennedy's good ideas aren't going to yield any results. . . . For years and years, American policy has supported the Latin American oligarchies. Suddenly a President arrives on the scene who tries to give the various Latin American countries the impression that the United States no longer stands behind the dictators. What happens then? The trusts see that their interests are being a little compromised; the Pentagon thinks the strategic bases are in danger; the powerful oligarchies in all the Latin countries alert their American friends; they sabotage the new policy; and, in short, Kennedy has everyone against him."

"I asked Fidel where this is all going to end. How will the situation develop? Even if the United States used against you what you call the alibi of Communism, *it still remains that you have chosen Communism*, that your economy and your security depend upon the Soviet Union . . . in a world where peace depends on mutual respect for a tacit division of zones of influence.

"I don't want to discuss our ties with the Soviet Union," Fidel Castro cut me short. "I find this indecent. We have none but feelings of fraternity and profound total gratitude toward the U.S.S.R. The Russians are making extraordinary efforts on our behalf, efforts which sometimes cost them dear. But we have our own policies which are perhaps not always the same (we have proved this!) as those of the U.S.S.R. I refuse to dwell on this point, because asking me to say that I am not a pawn on a Soviet chessboard is something like asking a woman to shout aloud in a public square that she is not a prostitute.

"If the United States sees the problem as you have posed it, then you are right, there is no way out. But who is the loser in the last analysis? They have tried everything against us, everything, absolutely everything, and we are still alive. . . . Are we in danger? We have always lived with danger. To say nothing of the fact you have no idea how many friends one discovers in the world when one is persecuted by the United States. No, truly, for all these reasons, we are not supplicants. We ask nothing.

"I have just talked to you as a Cuban revolutionary. But I should also speak to you as a peace lover, and from this viewpoint, I believe the United States is too important a country not to have an influence in world peace. I cannot help hoping, there-

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fore, that a leader will come to the fore in North America (why not a Kennedy, there are big things in his favor!) who will be willing to brave unpopularity, fight the trusts, tell the truth, and most important, let the various nations act as they see fit. We ask nothing, neither dollars nor assistance, nor diplomats, nor bankers, nor military men, nothing but peace and to be accepted as we are! Why should it be impossible to make the Americans understand that socialism leads, not to hostility toward them, but to coexistence?"

In conclusion, Fidel Castro said to me: "Since you are going to see Kennedy again, be an emissary of peace; despite everything, I want to make myself clear. I don't want anything. I don't expect anything, and as a revolutionary, the present situation does not displease me. But as a man and as a statesman, it is my duty to indicate what the bases for understanding could be. To achieve peace a leader would have to arise in the United States capable of meeting the explosive realities of Latin America halfway; Kennedy could still be this man. He still has the possibility of becoming, in the eyes of history, the greatest President of the United States, the leader who may at last understand that there can be coexistence between socialists and capitalists, even in the Americas. He would then be an even greater president than Lincoln. I know, for example, that for Khrushchev, Kennedy is a man you can talk with. Other leaders have assured me that to attain this goal, we must first await his reelection. Personally, I consider him responsible for everything, but I will say this, he has come to understand many things over the past few months; and in the last analysis, I'm convinced that anyone else would be worse." Then Fidel added with a broad and boyish grin: "If you see him again, tell him that I'm willing to declare Goldwater my friend if it will guarantee Kennedy's reelection."

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Hôtel Palais Royal
November 22, 1963

Dear Kittredge,

It is such a while since I have written to you. So it feels. I am sitting in my room at the Palais Royal, a fustian small chamber furnished in Art Nouveau—Truman Capote even signed their guest book, "My home away from home!" (Probably does that everywhere.) It is three o'clock on Friday afternoon, and in something less than two hours, Halifax and I will get up and go to meet the *special* person who is the object of our trip. I am alone here sorting out my thoughts and all the while feeling the most passionate desire to talk to you. If, in referring to this project, I speak, for example, of *Halifax*, it is because I wish to send this out posthaste, and a pouch will not be available. My declaration must travel by ordinary mail.

Enough! I want to tell you that I love you and will always love you. If I never forget this for a moment, not in nightmares, or even, if the inadmissible truth be told, in another woman's arms, still I have never been able to bring myself to tell you. But I am in Paris today on an honest-to-god mission, a sense of anticipation in my chest spiced by the smallest hint of dread—my veteran companion Halifax calls this state "the tender butterflies—no better feeling." I can barely wait for the moment when he will knock on my door and we will go out to our rendezvous. Yet I also feel a curious serenity, as if I could remain here writing to you all day. In this hour, Alpha and Omega appear to be much at peace with each other, as if dawn and evening live side by side in me, and so I am able to tell you that I not only love you but will wait for you all my life, and am prepared to live with such a state in a full understanding of the profound loyalties to others that are woven into your life, yes, I will love you with no demand greater than that you forgive me for having placed such a burden on you.

Can this be the awesome if subtle magic of Paris insinuating itself into my confession? Today is overcast, and Paris is the only city I know whose hue in such weather is lilac-gray. The sky and

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the building stones, the Seine itself, are here to speak of the minor symphonies to be found in a panoply of gray, yet these same minor tones produce the most thoughtful, harmonious, and overpowering emotions. Walking on the Left Bank this morning, I came to recognize that this is the day on which I must tell you how I have loved your beauty and your fierce and passionate heart, yes, from the hour I met you.

I will say no more. Is it calculating to hope that you will have these pages to read whenever you doubt me? I feel in so uncharacteristically wise a state (now that this confession has erupted out of me) that I wish to talk to you about myriads of absurd little matters. Halifax and I, for instance, had an extraordinary lunch at Tour d'Argent. Suffice it that you cannot go wrong when Halifax is ravenous and in Paris. Rather than bore you with the details of a meal you did not attend, suffice it that we started with *champignons farcis duxelles*, fortified with a bottle of St. Emilion '53—heaven's feather touched the Tour d'Argent and the event took place on my palette. I never knew before how shallots, garlic, butter, and grated nutmeg could illumine a mushroom cap. The wine explored my throat. I had an inkling of the joy I might know if we were ever to break bread in some restaurant we looked upon as belonging secretly to us.

If irony is redemptive, and one would hope it is, then let me promise you that in the midst of this superb food we wandered through topics of conversation that skirted the underwritten solemnity of our mission. I will say this much—we are going into a sit-down with an enemy agent. Of course, it is in a neutral, even friendly, environment, so I must not make too much of it, but this is my first, legitimate, heavy-duty sit-down. After all these years! I must say it does produce levity *cum* solemnity.

Halifax can always improve such a mix. His men must have loved him in the OSS. All the way across on Pan Am yesterday he entertained me with vivid anecdotes. He is a bit afraid of airplanes, which reminded me of a theory Dix Butler used to maintain, that strong men are the ones most reluctant to travel by air for fear of their own devilry which might find a way to work itself into the motor. On telling this down-in-flames thesis to Halifax, he entered an amendment: "There's an awful fascination to be found in eliminating one's fellow man," he said. "It

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does give entrance into a select fraternity. The man we're seeing tomorrow is a fair example of that." Halifax then went on to tell me—and I had heard rumor of this before—of a killing binge he went on in Italy with the partisans. Before it was over, Halifax had slain five Germans in three days, two by rifle, two by his own Luger (taken in booty), and one with his bare hands. "I never did settle down from that," he said. "My life has revolved around it. Do you know, it has provided me with a considerable sense of superior status, a private sense of empowerment, and a great worry on occasion that I am mad."

"Why ever mad?" I asked.

"Because I rather enjoyed those three days. The Headmaster surprised me once by saying that the hardest task the Lord can set on a man is to be the angel of death to the corrupt, the damned, and the evil. Only rare men qualify for that, he assured me. I couldn't believe it. My father, a clergyman, speaking approvingly of human extermination! Of course, along with all else, he had that personal glint in the eye, that oafish strength a good many Yankees can lay claim to. I know I am in possession of it."

Do not be confused, Kittredge, by his use of "oafish." It is not a pejorative as employed by Halifax, no, he is referring to sexual drive. "I am a dyed-in-the-wool Yankee when it comes to sex," he confessed to me. "Harry, I don't believe I ever had an erection I didn't feel I earned and deserved."

"That would crimp my style altogether," I said.

We had a good laugh. Just then a rather attractive stewardess whom Halifax had been ogling from airborne minute one through the flight (thereby eliciting a rising glissando of smiles from her) stopped finally to chat with us. Halifax, naturally, saw it as entirely his doing, but to his chagrin, her interest was in me: "Aren't you a friend of Modene Murphy's?" she asked. When I allowed that the answer was yes, she said, "I used to work at Eastern with her, and Modene talked about you all the time. I recognized you from the snapshot she carried with her. She thought you were neat."

"Oh," I said, "I wish she'd told me."

We agreed that whoever ran into Modene first would convey the regards of the other.

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Well, Halifax took in all of that, and then notified me that he had known about Modene, and had always wanted to meet her, although by dint of discreet questioning, I could recognize that all he meant was that he had heard Agency gossip to the effect that I was gadding about with a good-looking airline stewardess, bully for me.

I don't want to try your patience. It is axiomatic that a beautiful woman does not always wish to hear about another, but I address myself to your magnanimity for a purpose. Halifax now made an astonishing confession. He was having what he termed "erectile lapses." I mention it not to give his secret away, but to explain him. I feel as if I begin to comprehend his monumental depressions over Mary—their last years must have been full of such *lapses*—and, in contrast, his present excitement about this mission. He went over to Paris on a look-see a few weeks ago and came back full of himself from being back in action. "I feel ready," he told me, "to pull down a few stud fees again." I assumed that he had merely resumed relations with his secretary, Eleanor (who adores him), but the old girlfriend now current again is—click your safety belt! I'll bet she didn't tell you—Polly Galen Smith. She does get around with the right people.

So, yes, Halifax was in good spirits. He protects his health by walking into the crucible and out again. While there is no physical danger in our upcoming meeting, at least I don't think so, all sorts of small and large catastrophes could arise concerning security and one's career. A flap at this point would sound like the cranking of a giant pterodactyl's wings. But Halifax steering toward *risk* is in the highest spirits. As if his blood were Mediterranean, he speaks with grave pleasure about murder and death. All the while, we are being fired up by a *filet de boeuf au poivre* and now a Pommard '56. He is engaging his ongoing obsession: It is that Marilyn Monroe was murdered.

As he goes on talking about this through lunch, my mind reels. The turn of conversation is considerably removed from what I had anticipated. We had, of course, already gone over our corollary scenarios concerning which choices to make if things take a wrong course in any way during the meeting. We had gone through all of that in the office and on the airplane. All the same, I had assumed that lunch would be taken up at least in part

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with a review of business as well, but, no, "We've got it down," he tells me, "let's talk of other things." Off he goes on his thesis. I am repelled at first, because the thought of murder in relation to that lovely, sad, and merry young comedienne will spoil my meal. I think Halifax, however, may understand me better than I comprehend myself. I think he senses instinctively that for loosening up one's large and small reflexes, it can be tonic to contemplate someone else's undertaking even if in this case it is a dire and hideous scheme. Facing one's own grave possibilities, it does no harm to ponder equally weighty concerns in another fold of concealed endeavor.

I am going to try to tell it in his words. After all, I have credentials—I have listened to the good and worthy Halifax on enough occasions to hear his voice in my ear when I write about him, and he was more than articulate on this occasion: "Do you know," he told me, "I was absolutely convinced in the beginning that she was either done in by a word from the Kennedys, or, conceivably, by their direct act. It is not difficult to give an injection if a person trusts you. Either Jack or Bobby could have said to her, 'This is a dynamite mix of vitamins. Works wonders.' The poor girl was ready for anything in pill or needle form."

Kittredge, I believe I had better explain to you that this has been Cal's ongoing preoccupation for fifteen months, and he has not only collected all the limited evidence, most notably the coroner's report, but it is as if, after working in Intelligence all his life, he has made the case of Marilyn Monroe his hobby. He assures me that all the facts in the coroner's report point to murder. To account for the barbiturate level in her blood, she would have had to take at least fifty capsules of Nembutol and chloral hydrate. This would have been bound to leave a large residue in her stomach and small intestine. In the stomach, however, reports the coroner, there is only a teaspoonful of fluid.

Now I am not going to put down any more of these details since I think they would repel you. Besides, he has cited them to me enough times to provide me with the uneasy suspicion that he has a case. What made the talk novel at this lunch is that he has finally changed his conclusion. You see, he has suspected Jack for these last fifteen months—Halifax!—which may give

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you an idea of how much animosity is loose in the Agency these days toward our President. Once in a while in the middle of the night, I would find myself in the graveyard of vile assumptions long enough to think: "What if he is right about Jack and Marilyn Monroe?"

Mind you, all the while that Halifax is furnishing these clinical items, he is cutting his filet precisely, one quarter-inch slice at a time, touching it lightly to the *au poivre* gravy, feeding himself English style, fork in his left hand, deft cuts with the knife, expressive lifts with the fork, the minutiae of autopsy procedure being laid out all the while carefully for me. In the guise of a reporter, he had actually done an interview with the coroner by telephone, managing to accomplish this small feat by dragooning one of his cronies on the *Washington Post* to agree to allow him the use of his name.

"Mind you," says Cal, "I had it fixed in my mind *from the first* that it had to be the Kennedys. I wanted it to be them. I would not have minded chopping this administration into the smallest shreds," and at that moment, his face was red enough to suggest that his jaws were working on moose-hide. "I will only remind you that Kennedy dealt CIA a blow at the Bay of Pigs from which we may never recover. We were slathered with shame. No, I will never forgive Jack Kennedy for not knowing his mind. On the other hand, I am an officer in Intelligence, and we do not go off half-cocked. So, I began to face up to the likelihood that the Kennedys would not have had an unmanageable fear of Marilyn Monroe exposing their escapades. My God, Jack reached the Presidency with as long a tail of big and little loves strewn behind him as the tin cans tied to a newlywed's flivver. Yet, never a hint in the major newspapers. A man running for high office is sacrosanct: twice so, once he is President. If Marilyn had come forth to the public with her tale, the Kennedys would probably have replied that she was their friend, and a remarkably talented woman, and they could feel unhappy along with the rest of her fans that she had had a nervous breakdown. Ergo, why should the Kennedys risk everything by killing her? One had to face it—one's thesis wasn't walking too well on its own feet.

"Then I learned by way of one of Bill Harvey's less savory contacts who goes back, in fact, to our Maheu days—that Jimmy

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Hoffa had managed to get a sneaky into Marilyn's bedroom, and a tap on all her phones. Hoffa, apparently, has a fellow named Bernard Spindel who is the preeminent wiretapper in America. A little more skillful, you may believe it, than our Vegas folk.

"That fact brought back my suspicions of the Kennedys. For if there was a wiretap, there was bound to be bedside patter. It would substantiate the claim that there was carnal congress with the lady. But, again, reason prevailed over animus and ire. I had to decide that the media would never allow the power of the Presidency to be breached by any accusation, no matter how well documented, that would be delivered by a neurotic actress waving a telltale tape furnished by a labor racketeer.

"Then, it came to me. It had to be Jimmy Hoffa who arranged the cold-blooded, calculated extermination of Marilyn Monroe. No one in the universe hated Bobby Kennedy as much as Jimmy Hoffa. Since Marilyn had at least five specialists I can name who were available for prescribing pills, and there must be twenty others I don't know, Hoffa found a way to induce one of these practitioners, doubtless by getting something on the guy, to agree to the deed. Hoffa had a slew of private detectives to return him that kind of information.

"*Toilà!* Hoffa's doctor of choice visited Marilyn and injected her fatally. Since everyone knew she was unstable, the public would certainly believe that she had committed suicide. The first headlines would announce that in screamers. Forty-eight hours later, however, when the evidence didn't add up, the press would begin to hint at foul play. By the end of a week, the accumulation of evidence would clearly suggest that she had been injected, which is to say, murdered."

"You are not supposing that the Kennedys would have been named in the headlines?"

"No. But keep in mind that a few thousand people in Washington, in L.A., and in New York were already full of the gossip that Marilyn had a fling with Jack and Bobby. Can you conceive of the whispering after her death? I bet Hoffa figured that half of our nation would catch up with the idea that not only was she murdered, but certain people were trying to make it look like suicide. Hoffa would have succeeded in setting off a whispering campaign pointed to the Kennedys. Try winning an election

with that festering underneath."

"Why then," I asked, "does everyone still think it is a suicide?"

"Because Hoffa miscalculated. He anticipated every detail but one. Ever since he came into office, Jack has been charming up the police chief of every major city he visits. He gets them to believe that once the '64 elections are history, J. Edgar Hoover will be encouraged to resign. Top cop in each major city begins to think he might be the next head of the FBI. I think the moment that Los Angeles chief saw how the evidence on Marilyn was pointing toward murder, he took some pains to have it declared a suicide. He wasn't going to allow the Kennedy name to be washed about. What?—lose all chance of replacing Buddha? Yes, I think Hoffa hated Bobby sufficiently to kill an innocent blond young lady, but he certainly underrated the Kennedys."

Kittredge, it was an incredible lunch. Before it was over, a man and a woman, two of the tallest, slimmest, most stylish English people I have ever seen came in. The woman was carrying a white toy poodle, and on greeting the *maitre d'hôtel*, she handed it over. "Take care of Bouffant like a good dear, will you, Romain?" she said in that absolutely unselfconscious English accent that can never be acquired, not even by marriage. And Romain, a darn superior headwaiter up to now, set the beastie down on the sacred carpet of the Tour d'Argent and began to address it in a heavy French variant of baby talk, "Ow, Bouffie, how are *you*, delightful *dog!*" and then rose to his feet, signaled to a waiter to watch over the creature (for the next two hours, presumably), and escorted the Viscount and the Viscountess, or whatever or whoever they were, to a table by a window over the Seine. Halifax whispered to me, "Wouldn't you love to get on spanking good terms with her?" No erectile lapses in the air for him right now.

I have written this long letter in all the pleasure of talking to you. In a few minutes, Halifax, whose room is down the hall, will knock on my door and we will go out to meet our man. I wish I could tell you more. Will indeed someday.

I feel blessed. How much I love you. It lifts my soul above horror, adventure, and surprise.

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Devotedly,
Harry

36 | Cubela, wearing a tan sport jacket and brown pants, came into the Bistro de la Mairie accompanied by a man in a blue yachting jacket, gray flannels, and horn-rimmed glasses—LYME—who nodded to us and walked out. But for three workmen standing at the bar by the entrance, we had the place to ourselves, all of the dark floor, dark walls, round bar tables, and one disinterested waiter.

Cubela walked toward us like a heavyweight coming into the ring. My father had described him as tall, but he was heavier than I had expected and his mustache was full, powerful, and pessimistic. He would have been a good-looking man if his face had not been puffy from drink.

"Mr. Scott," said Cubela to my father, who promptly replied, "Señor General, this is Mr. Edgar." I nodded.

Cubela sat down with solemn grace. He would have an Armagnac, he decided. We said no more until the waiter brought it, whereupon Cubela took a taste and asked in a heavy Spanish accent, "*Il n'y a rien de mieux?*" to which our waiter allowed that it was the brand of Armagnac the café served. Cubela nodded in displeasure, and waved him away.

"You have brought the letter?" he asked. Cal nodded. "I would like to see it, Mr. Scott." His English was superior to his French.

The letter was brief, but composed by us with no small care. One of the experts at GHOUL had forged the handwriting on stationery that carried the embossed seal of the Attorney General's office.

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November 20, 1963

This is to assure the bearer that in recognition of his successful efforts to bring about a noteworthy and irreversible change in the present government of Cuba, the powers of this office, and all collateral loyalties attendant thereto, will be brought to bear in full support of his high political aims.

Robert F. Kennedy

Cubela read it over, took out a pocket English dictionary, looked up the definition of several words, and frowned. "This letter does not fulfill the understanding arrived at in our last meeting, Mr. Scott."

"I would say it takes care of your specific requests completely, Señor General. You need only contemplate the meaning of 'irreversible change.'"

"Yes," said Cubela, "that provides half of the fundamental understanding, but where does it say that the older brother of the signatory is well-disposed toward me?"

Cal took back the letter and read aloud, "'The power of this office and *all collateral loyalties attendant thereto* . . . ' I think you will find that is a clear reference to the sibling."

"Sibling? Sibling?"

"*El hermano*," I said.

"It is very abstract. In effect, you ask me to accept your promise on faith."

"Even as we accept your promises," said Cal.

Cubela showed small pleasure in being overtaken. "Whether you trust me or not, you will go back to your home in Washington. For me to trust you, however, means that I must risk my life." He withdrew a magnifying glass from his jacket pocket, and a clipping from a magazine. I could see that it was a printed sample of Robert Kennedy's handwriting.

For several minutes, Cubela compared the script in the letter to the sample in his clipping. "Good," he said at last, and stared carefully at both of us. "I would ask you a question, Mr. Scott. As you know, I once shot a man in a nightclub. In fact, I assassinated him."

"I thought you detest the word."

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"I do. And now," he said in Spanish, "I will explain why. It is not because of some fracture of my nervous system that is unable to bear the enunciation of such syllables because that might recall to me the expression on a dying man's face—no, that is what my detractors would claim, but no truth is there. I am a calm man possessed of *pundonor*. I have depth of resolve. I see myself as the future *comandante* of the tragic island that is my nation. For these reasons, I detest the word. The assassin, you see, not only destroys his victim but the part of himself that contains his larger ambitions. Can you ask me to believe that the President of the United States and his brother are ready to help the political career of a man whom they must talk about during the privacy of their own councils as a half-crazy hired thug?"

"In a time of turmoil," said Cal, "your past will matter less than your heroism. It is your heroic actions in the next few months that will bring you to public view."

"Are you saying that your sponsors will accept me in such circumstances?"

"That is exactly what I am saying."

He sighed heavily. "No," he said, "you are saying that at the summit of the mountain, there are no guarantees."

Cal was silent. After a while, he said, "As a man of intelligence, you know that one cannot control political weather absolutely."

"Yes," said Cubela, "I must be prepared to take all chances. Of necessity. Yes, I am prepared," he said, and let out his breath with such a burst that I realized he was ready to perform the assassination today. "Let us concern ourselves with equipment," he said.

"The telescope is ready," stated my father.

"You are speaking, I presume, of the rifle I have described that has a range of accuracy up to five hundred yards, equipped with a Bausch and Lomb telescopic sight of two and one-half times magnification?"

My father, in reflex, tapped on his glass through the length of this speech. Then he reached forward across the table, put his hand on Cubela's arm, and nodded profoundly, although he did not say a word.

"I will accept your concern for precautions," said Cubela.

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"Forgive me. Now, may I inquire into delivery?"

"Mr. Lyme will service your location."

"I like Mr. Lyme," said Cubela.

"I am pleased to hear that he is likeable," said Cal.

"The telescope will fit into an attaché case?"

"No," said Cal, but added "do you play pool?"

"Billiards."

"The case we will hand over to you looks like the kind that is used to carry a billiard cue. The kind of cue, of course, that comes in two pieces."

"Excellent," said Cubela. "And the other detail?"

"Yes," said Cal. "The piece of sophisticated equipment. The surprise. I have it on my person."

"May I see it?"

Cal removed a ballpoint pen from his tweed jacket and clicked the button. A hypodermic needle sprung forth. He clicked the button a second time and a thread of liquid darted from the needle like a wall lizard's tongue. "It's only water," said Cal, "but this pen has been designed for use with the common reagent..." He removed an index card from his pocket and held it up. It read: BLACKLEAF 40.

"Where do I find such as that?" asked Cubela.

"In any chemical supply house. It is a common reagent employed for insects."

"Of all sizes?"

Cal nodded again. "Most effective."

Cubela took the ballpoint pen and pressed the button several times until all the water had been ejected. "It is a toy," he said with some petulance.

"No," answered Cal, "it is a sophisticated instrument. The needle is so fine that one does not feel it entering the skin."

"You are asking me to walk up to the subject and inject him?"

"The needle is so fine that it causes no pain. It attracts no attention whatsoever."

Cubela looked at both of us with contempt. "Your gift is a device for a woman. She sticks her tongue in the man's mouth and puts the needle in his back. I am not about to use such tactics. It is shameful to eliminate one's enemy in that manner."

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One does not attack a serious Cuban with a hat pin. I would be subject to ridicule. And rightly so."

He stood up. "I will accept the carrying case with the billiard cue from Mr. Lyme. But this I reject." He was about to depart, then stopped. "No," he said, "I will take reception of it after all," and he put it in his breast pocket.

My father surprised me by his next remark. "For yourself?" he asked.

He nodded. "If the large effort fails, I have no wish to live through the immediate consequences."

"*Cómo no*," said Cal.

Cubela shook his hand, then mine. His hands were cold. "*Salud!*" he said, and walked out.

"We'll get the billiard cue to him in Veradero," said Cal. "He has a little villa on the beach, three hundred yards away from the beach house that the subject—as he calls him—inhabits on vacation. I hate to say it, but I am getting my hopes up for this fellow. He could deliver a present before Christmas." Cal let out his breath. "Do you mind paying the bill? I need to take a walk." He paused. "We should leave separately in any event."

"All right," I said. "I'll follow you back to the hotel."

Through the café window, I could see the lights on the street. The November evening had long passed, and at 7:00 P.M. it was now dark enough for midnight.

I did not know exactly how I felt, but then I was not in a situation where it was automatic to comprehend one's reactions. In truth, I wanted Rolando Cubela to kill Fidel Castro; I hoped that Helms, Harlot, and Cal were not merely sending out a provocation to the DGI. No, I wanted there to be an execution at the end of the road. I did not begin to have the profound hatred for the Maximum Leader that Hunt or Harlot or Harvey or Helms or Allen Dulles, or Richard Bissell, or Richard Nixon, or, for that matter, my father or Bobby Kennedy contained; no, there was a part of me that kept thinking of Castro as Fidel, yet I was looking for the death of Fidel. I would mourn Fidel if we succeeded, mourn him in just the way a hunter is saddened by the vanished immanence of the slain beast. Yes, one fired a bullet into beautiful animals in order to feel nearer to God: To the extent that we were criminal, we could approach the cosmos.

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only by stealing a piece of the Creation—yes, I understood all of this and wanted Cubela to be an effective assassin rather than a ploy of the DGI whom we, in turn, would use in a superior ploy. A successful assassin was worth a hundred provocations.

I sat at my table alone, finishing the cognac I had not touched during the interview. Then I began to notice that the few workingmen standing at the bar had gathered around the café radio. It had been playing *bal musette* dance music for the last hour, but now a commentator's voice could be heard. I could not discern what was being said. The tone of voice, however, was urgent.

In another minute, the waiter came up to me. "*Monsieur,*" he said, "*vous-êtes américain?*"

"*Mais oui.*"

He was a tired, weary, gray-faced waiter, well over fifty, and wholly unremarkable in appearance, but his eyes looked at me with profound compassion.

"*Monsieur, il y a de mauvaises nouvelles. Des nouvelles étonnantes.*" Now, he put his hand gently on mine. "*Notre Président Kennedy a été frappé par un assassin à Dallas, Texas.*"

"Is he alive?" I asked, and then repeated, "*Est-il vivant?*"

The waiter said, "*On ne sait rien de plus, monsieur, sauf qu'il y avait une grande bouleversement.*"

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from piece by Jean Daniel in the *New Republic*, Dec. 7, 1963
Havana, Nov. 22, 1963

It was about 1:30 in the afternoon, Cuban time. We were

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having lunch in the living room of the modest summer residence which Fidel Castro owns on magnificent Veradero Beach, 120 kilometers from Havana. The telephone rang, a secretary in guerrilla garb announced that Mr. Dorticos, President of the Cuban Republic, had an urgent communication for the Prime Minister. Fidel picked up the phone and I heard him say: "*Cómo? Un atentado?*" ("What's that? An attempted assassination?") He turned to us to say that Kennedy had just been struck down in Dallas. Then he went back to the telephone and exclaimed in a loud voice, "*Herido? Muy gravemente?*" ("Wounded? Very seriously?")

He came back, sat down, and repeated three times the words: "*Es una mala noticia.*" ("This is bad news.") He remained silent a moment, awaiting another call with further news. He remarked while we waited that there was an alarmingly sizable lunatic fringe in American society and that this deed could equally well have been the work of a madman or a terrorist. Perhaps a Vietnamese? Or a member of the Ku Klux Klan? The second call came through: The President of the United States was still alive. There was hope of saving him. Fidel Castro's immediate reaction was: "If they can, he is already reelected." He pronounced these words with satisfaction.

Now it was nearly two o'clock and we got up from the table and settled ourselves in front of a radio to get the NBC network in Miami. As the news came in, his physician, René Vallejo, would translate it for Fidel: Kennedy wounded in the head; pursuit of the assassin; murder of a policeman; finally the fatal announcement—President Kennedy is dead. Then Fidel stood up and said to me: "Everything is changed. Everything is going to change. . . . All will have to be rethought. I'll tell you one thing: at least Kennedy was an enemy to whom we had become accustomed. This is a serious matter; an extremely serious matter."

After the quarter hour of silence observed by all the American radio stations, we once more tuned in on Miami; the silence had only been broken by a re-broadcasting of the American national anthem. Strange indeed was the impression made on hearing this hymn ring out in the house of Fidel Castro in the midst of a circle of worried faces. "Now," Fidel said, "they will

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have to find the assassin quickly, but very quickly, otherwise, you watch and see, they will try to put the blame on us for this thing."

38 | At the Palais Royal, the woman on duty at the desk was weeping. In my room, the telephone seemed more of a presence than the bed, the window, the door, or myself. I took out a folded slip of paper from a recess of my wallet, and gave the number to the hotel operator, who told me that the overseas line had been *accomplé* for the last half hour, but she would try. Within less than a minute, my phone rang. The call was waiting. The line was no longer *accomplé*.

"Modene," I said, "it's Harry."

"Who is it?"

"Harry Field. Tom!"

"Oh, Tom."

"I'm calling to tell you how sorry I am."

"About Jack?"

"About Jack."

"It's all right, Harry. I took three more Valium as soon as I heard the news. Now I feel all right. It may be for the best. Jack was a tired man. I used to feel sorry for him, but I think it is all right now because I am tired too. I understand his need for rest."

"How are you?" I asked as if we must absolutely commence this conversation over again.

"I am fine," she said, "taking into account the limitations of my condition. But I do not know if you want to hear about that."

"I do want to," I said. "I wanted to reach you so soon as

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I heard the news about Jack."

"Do you know, I was just lying here. I was looking out the window. It is a nice day in Chicago. It is odd for something like this to occur on a sunny day."

I was about to ask how Sam Giancana might be, and hesitated, but then it occurred to me that it would not matter very much what I said considering how much Valium she had taken. "How is Sam these days?" I asked.

"I do not see him anymore. He sends me a check every week, but I do not see him. He became so angry at me that we stopped speaking. I think that was because I kept cutting my hair shorter."

"Why did you do that?"

"I do not know why. Well, yes, I do. A girlfriend of mine named Willie said that long hair absorbs more than its share of nourishment from the physical system. I did not know that I could afford any excessive expenditures of vitality. So I kept cutting my hair. Then I had it shaved off. It seems more simple to wear a wig. It's a blond wig. I think it would look good on me if I were not overweight. I am also having a hysterectomy next week."

"Ah, Modene."

"Do you have tears in your eyes, Harry? I do. I guess that is one for the *Guinness Book of World Records*. To shed tears after swallowing three extra Valium."

"Yes, I have tears in my eyes," I said. It was almost true. With but a little more effort, I would not have had to tell another lie.

"You were very sweet, Harry. I used to believe sometimes that you and I might have a chance, but, of course, there was always Jack. I want you to feel good about that, Harry. You see, we met too late. Jack and I were already star-crossed. Now he's gone. I do not find that a shock. I knew he did not have long to live."

"How did you know, Modene?"

"Because I do not have much time either. It is in my palm, and it is in my charts. It is in my innermost feelings. I always knew that I would age quickly. I suppose I felt that I only had half as much time for it all."

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There was a pause. I could think of nothing to say. Therefore, I said, "If my travels take me to Chicago, should I come to visit?"

"No," she said, "I don't want to let you look at me now. It is too late. If it were not too late, I might think of seeing you again, but, Harry, it is too late. I am en route to the end of the road. Where the shadows dwell." She paused. "Do you know," she said, "it has just come over me that Jack is dead. That lovely man. He is dead. It was so fine in character for you to call, Harry, and give your condolences. Otherwise, I would be the only one to know that I am a widow. In a manner of speaking, I am. Do you agree?"

"Yes," I said.

"You are a fine man," she said.

She hung up on those words.

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from piece by Jean Daniel in the *New Republic*, Dec. 7, 1963

Toward three o'clock, Fidel Castro declared that since there was nothing we could do to alter the tragedy, we must try to put our time to good use in spite of it. He wanted to accompany me in person on a visit to a *granja de pueblo* where he had been engaging in some experiments.

We went by car with the radio on. The Dallas police were now hot on the trail of the assassin. He is a Russian spy, says the news commentator. Five minutes later, correction: He is a spy married to a Russian. Fidel said, "There, didn't I tell you? It'll be my turn next." But not yet. The next word was: the assassin

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is a Marxist deserter. Then the word came through that the assassin was a young man who was a member of the Fair Play for Cuba Committee, that he was an admirer of Fidel Castro. Fidel declared, "If they had had proof, they would have said he was an agent, an accomplice, a hired killer. In saying simply that he is an admirer, this is just to try and make an association in people's minds between the name of Castro and the emotion awakened by the assassination. This is a publicity method, a propaganda device. It's terrible. But you know, I'm sure this will all soon blow over. There are too many competing policies in the United States for any single one to be able to impose itself universally for very long."

We arrived at the *granja de pueblo*, where the farmers welcomed Fidel. At that very moment, a speaker announced over the radio that it was now known that the assassin was a "pro-Castro Marxist." One commentator followed another, their remarks becoming increasingly emotional, increasingly aggressive. Fidel then excused himself: "We shall have to give up the visit to the state farm." We went on toward Matanzas where he could telephone President Dorticos. On the way he had questions: "Who is Lyndon Johnson? What is his reputation? What were his relations with Kennedy? With Khrushchev? What was his position at the time of the attempted invasion of Cuba?" Finally, and most important of all, "What authority does he exercise over the CIA?" Then, abruptly, he looked at his watch, saw that it would be half an hour before we reached Matanzas, and practically on the spot, he dropped off to sleep.

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August 12, 1964

Dear Harry,

Is this our longest period of not writing? It is curious. For months, I have had no desire to reach you by way of a letter, yet so often I was truly close to picking up the phone. I couldn't, however. After your lovely declaration to me, was I to cry out, "Hello, Harry," as if that impassioned avowal from you did not exist? Yet I could not say, "I feel as you do." For, I don't. I certainly didn't. Your last letter arrived on Monday, the 25th of November, probably about the time that Jack Kennedy's funeral procession was progressing—oh, so slowly!—up Pennsylvania Avenue toward St. Matthew's Cathedral. Your poor letter. I read it while sounding the bottom of the most lugubrious mood I have ever known. That night I was certain Lyndon Johnson would be a disaster, and I expect, sooner or later, he will fulfill this prediction, for he impresses me as the greatest of William Faulkner's characters—the linchpin of the Snopes family.

No surprise, then, if I felt *lugubrious*. To lose a man one values and have him replaced by a person one despises does give meaning to the sour melancholy of the word. By the next day, I recognized that a condition so dismal was but one more form of protection against real horrors. Your letter became a monstrosity. I thought: What if all these unspeakably horrid speculations about Marilyn Monroe in which you and Cal seemed to revel were also a contribution to Oswald's deed? A clergyman I know once said that American society was held together by God's sanction. All that kept us from bursting into our vastly inchoate parts was the divine blessing. One has to wonder if that is not exactly what we have used up. How many transgressions does it take? I thought of Allen and Hugh and that frightful game they played with Noel Field and the Polish Communists, and then I tried to ponder upon my own small horror in Paraguay, which I still cannot confess to you, nor wholly to myself. I writhed at the dreadful game Hugh wanted you to play with Modene, and the business that brought you and Cal to Paris—I don't even want to contemplate what that might have been. Yes, multiply such deeds, and one has to wonder what kept Jack alive so long—particularly when one adds his own transgressions to the list. So I disliked you for declaring that your devo-

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tion to me was absolute and then in effect saying, "Well, that's done. Let's move on!" I had, as you can see, no immediate happy reaction to your letter, but I was suffering that night from my own pauper's share of widow's grief—a pauper's share. For if I had always thought that I liked Jack Kennedy, now I recognized on the night of his funeral day that I had loved him in all my starched and chaste fevers—what an unfeeling fool I had been about my near motives. Of course, innocence is my protection against Daddy's madness entering my skull, and Hugh's maniacal will taking possession of my womb. I blamed Hugh most of all for Jack Kennedy's death—I was close to madness.

Do you know what saved me? It was the thought of Bobby. I fell in love again, but this time with no carnal nestings concealed. I think I came to love Bobby Kennedy out of the depth of his suffering. I have never been in the presence of a man wounded that deeply. They say he said shortly before he went to bed on that dire Friday night in the Lincoln bedroom at the White House, "God, it's so awful. Everything was really beginning to run so well," and then he closed the door. The person who told me this was standing in the hall and heard him break down, heard that little monolith of granite, Bobby Kennedy, begin to sob. "Why, God?" he cried out.

When Bobby asks, "Why, God?" the question has to hover over a metaphysical divide. He is that serious, after all. I believe he was asking whether there is indeed an answer, or can the universe be absurd? For if an answer existed, he would have to have the courage to descend those terrible steps into the depth of his motive and his brother's motive over all these years. Were they striving for the ideal of a more exceptional America, or were they enjoying the perversities of the game?

You know, for months after that, he went to his office and met with his assistants, tried to conduct business, and was like a dead man. He did not care. He knew that he had lost more than a brother. The private telephone he had once had installed on J. Edgar Hoover's desk so that the Director of the FBI was obliged to pick it up and answer him personally was now moved to Buddha's outer office, where the secretary, Miss Gandy, is so adept at saying no to all persons less august than her sacred boss. Bobby was now less august. Lyndon Johnson and Buddha

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are old friends, and the Attorney General's office has been put out on a siding. The great war against the Mafia that Bobby saw as the fundamental purpose of his job was put out on the siding with him. Neither Hoover nor Johnson had any particular wish to take on the Mafia. Hoover never gets into a battle he is not certain of winning, and the American Communists are a much easier foe; Lyndon Johnson is not about to fight all those boys who oil his gears. So the Syndicate flourishes, and Bobby is out. Hoover doesn't even speak to Bobby anymore. Johnson, you see, has given Hoover a special exemption from the law that requires old government bulls to retire at the age of seventy. "The nation cannot afford to lose you," said Johnson to J. Edgar in the Rose Garden before the press and the cameras. Perhaps you saw that moving moment in the history of our republic.

So, yes, the brother was lost and the power was stripped. In the hour after Jack was killed, Bobby said, "I thought it would be me." It wasn't. He was the one who had to live. Jimmy Hoffa remarked to a reporter, "Bobby Kennedy is just another lawyer now." Yes, the ultimate irony is that he is no longer dangerous to his enemies. A secretary-treasurer of one of the Teamster locals sent a letter to Bobby explaining his plan to solicit money to "clean, beautify, and supply with flowers the grave of Lee Harvey Oswald."

Yet, Bobby is not free of guilt. There is always the shade of Marilyn Monroe. And Jack's Modene. And all of the others who have to disturb his Catholic sense of the vows. I do not know what went on with Cal and you and Hugh and Castro but I can guess, and I do not know if Bobby knew what he was activating when he kept pushing on General Lansdale and Harvey and Helms. Bobby knows so little about us. One night he began to talk of muffled suspicions and stifled half-certainties, and said to me, "I had my doubts about a few fellows in your Agency, but I don't anymore. I can trust John McCone and I asked him if they had killed my brother, and I asked him in a way that he couldn't lie to me, and he said he had looked into it and they hadn't."

I told that story to Hugh. You know how rarely he laughs aloud. He actually struck his thigh. "Yes," he said, "McCone was just the man to ask."

"What," I asked him, "would you have answered?"

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"I would have told Bobby that if the job was done properly, I would not be able to give a correct answer."

It is sad. Bobby wanders about in that deep pain. His blue eyes are now a clouded milky sick-pup color. He strives to conceal the hurt, but his expression continues to say: "I am going to live, but when will the pain cease?"

Do you know Jacqueline Kennedy has dimensions I did not expect. She was reading Edith Hamilton's *The Greek Way*, searching for her own answers, I must suppose, and she made a point of lending Bobby the book. He spent hours, then days last Easter reading and memorizing passages. The one that meant the most was from the *Agamemnon*. Bobby read it to me: "Aeschylus says: *He who learns must suffer. And even in our sleep, pain that cannot forget, falls drop by drop upon the heart, and in our own despair, against our will, comes wisdom to us by the awful grace of God.*"

In every life there is one literary passage meant for each one of us alone. Bobby does not acquire his understanding of new subjects through his intelligence as do you or I or Hugh. We proceed by pushing our intelligence to the cutting edge, hoping to explore the nature of new material; Bobby acquires new knowledge through his compassion. I believe he has greater funds than anyone I ever encountered. (At least within Omega. They say that when he plays touch football now, he knocks old friends down for the fun of it. Alpha, obviously, still can snarl.) But compassion, "that awful sum of pain" (Euripides, my friend), is close to him. He has underlined passage after passage in *The Greek Way*. "Know you are bound to help all who are wronged," he takes from the *Suppliants*. Yes, he will be an expert yet. He also quotes Camus: "Perhaps we cannot prevent this world from being a world in which children are tortured. But we can reduce the number of tortured children." Do you know that the first time he went out after Jack's death it was to a Christmas party at an orphanage—yes, the last live nerve of a politician can never be extirpated—but nonetheless, it had to be painful to go out, my God, you could see it hurt him to walk—there was no part of his body between chest and groin that was not in pain. He entered the playroom of the orphanage where these children were all waiting to see him, and although they had been romping they now went silent. It was such an extraordinary event for

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them. One little boy, about six years old, a black boy, ran up to him and cried out, "Your brother's dead. Your brother is dead." I think the boy wanted no more than to be recognized as someone who was bright enough to remember what he had been told: A big man was coming over whose brother had died. This was the man.

I was at that orphanage, Harry. You can conceive of the rent in the atmosphere. "Your brother is dead!" We all turned away. Some awful wave of disapproval must have washed out from us all over that little boy, for he began to cry. Do you know, Bobby seized him up and hugged him close as kin, and said, "It's all right. I have another brother."

That was when I fell in love with Bobby Kennedy. Harry, I suspect that I tell you all of this not to avoid facing into the wonderful first page of your letter, but to attempt to explain to you that in the course of feeling love for Bobby, and so opening myself at last to some stirrings of compassion for others, I have come nearer to you. I have a feeling about us. I do not know how it will come about, nor in which year, nor do I even hope for it to happen too quickly—I confess a fear bordering on awe. Knowing our small compass for wisdom or suffering, I fear that our pains, when they arrive, will seem all-sweeping. But this I do confess—I am no longer in love with Hugh. That is to say, I love him; I respect him enormously; and all too many of my physical reflexes, to put it so, have been dragooned. They respond to him. He owns my body more than I wish, or desire. But I do not like him any longer. He has such contempt for the dead Kennedy and the live one; and there I have drawn the line. I cannot feel compassion for his horrible boyhood any longer. I am a wife incarcerated in the jail that holds all unhappy wives—I have half a marriage. I am one with the legion of women who have half a marriage.

So I think that our day will come. You must wait, you must be patient—we cannot make a single false move. I would be too afraid for you, for me, and for Christopher. But I do live with the first page of your letter, and perhaps time will wait for us. Perhaps there will come a time that is our time. I never said this before. I say it now. I love you. I love you with all your faults, and, God, Harry, they are compendious, you lout.

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Kisses,
Kittredge

AFTERWORD

Washington, Roman, 1964-1965

AFTERWORD

Washington, Rome, 1964-1965

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1 | Patience was to prove an operative word. My affair with Kittredge did not commence for another six years, and then, for several years we would meet once a week, or sometimes, given the demands of circumspection, no more than once a month, until the dreadful hour when Hugh and Christopher took their tragic fall, and we were wed in the haunted ravine of that event.

All this lay ahead. I was to live for a long time with the shock of the assassination in my heart and in my bones, and it was even in the air I breathed at Langley, until time reduced at last my sense of that momentous catastrophe and it blended into the history and whispers of the halls, the weight of the fact now no greater than itself—another impost on the guilt of our lives.

Harlot, however, turned unrelenting in his powers of exaggeration. He knew the seed of consternation that now dwelt in the taproot of many an Agency dream; he memorialized The Day. He ended with a monologue I was to hear more than once, if always with different and most specially chosen associates.

"On that unique Friday afternoon, November 22, 1963," was the way Harlot usually began, "I can tell you that we all

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congregated in the Director's meeting room on the Seventh Floor for a bit of summitry, all of us, satraps, mandarins, lords paramount, padishahs, maharajahs, grand moguls, kingfish, the lot.

"And we sat there," said Harlot. "It's the only time in all these years that I saw so many brilliant, ambitious, resourceful men—just sitting there. Finally McCone said, 'Who is this Oswald?' And there was a World Series *silence*. The sort you hear when the visiting team has scored *eight runs* in the first inning.

"Let us not try to measure the gloom. We could have been bank directors just informed that a time bomb was ticking away in the vault. Everybody's safety box has to be emptied. But you don't even know at this point how much you have to hide. I began to think of some of the very worst of our people. Bill Harvey over in Rome. Boardman Hubbard in Paris with AM/LASH. Suppose Fidel produces Cubela? The mind runs amok at such times. Everyone was inhaling everyone else's ghosts. We were waiting for the little details concerning Oswald to commence belaboring our wits. My God, this man Oswald went to Russia after working at Atsugi Air Base in Japan. Isn't that where they tested the U-2! Then this Oswald dares to come back from Russia! Who debriefed him? Which one of us has been into him? Does it even matter? Our common peril may be even more embracing than our individual complicity. Cannot, oh, cannot someone do *something* about Oswald? No one utters the thought aloud. We are too many. We break up our meeting. It has congealed, after all, into silence. We meet all night in twos and threes. Information keeps coming in. Worse and worse. Marina Oswald, the Russian wife—that's how new it all was, we didn't say 'Marina' but 'Marina Oswald, the Russian wife'—has an uncle who is a Lieutenant Colonel in the MVD. Then we hear that George de Mohrenschildt, whom some of us happen to know, a most versatile contract type, *cultivated*, has been Oswald's closest friend in Dallas. My God, George de Mohrenschildt could be earning French money, German money, Cuban money, maybe de Mohrenschildt is earning our money. Who is paying him? Where *did* Oswald hang his hat? None of us goes home for the weekend. We may be enjoying our last hours at Langley. Then comes Sunday afternoon. The news rings around

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the corridors. Blessed relief. Dead leaves waltz in the garden. A marvelous hoodlum by the gemlike name of Jack Ruby has just killed Oswald. Stocky Jack Ruby can't bear the thought of Jacqueline Kennedy's sufferings at a public trial. We haven't encountered a man so chivalrous since the War of the Roses. The mood on the Seventh Floor is now like the last reel of a film by Lubitsch. We hardly keep back the twinkles. I've always said since: I *like* Jack Ruby. The fellow who paid his debts. The only matter not settled to my absolute satisfaction is whether it was Trafficante or Marcello or Hoffa or Giancana or Roselli who sent the bill.

"In any event, we are home free. There will now be mess enough to smudge the record forever. I remember divining the outcome on that very Sunday night. I asked myself: Who has nothing to fear should the real story come out? That is a list to pursue. The Republicans have to be worried: Their right wing Texas tycoons could be involved. The liberals must be close to primitive fright. Castro, even if he is innocent, cannot speak for all the elements in DGI. Helms has the Mafia to contemplate, plus rogue elephants, plus our malcontents at JM/WAVE. Can we account for our enclaves? By definition, one cannot account for an enclave. Yes, CIA might have much to lose. So might the Pentagon. What if we discover that the Soviets were steering Oswald? One can't have a nuclear war just because an Irish *arriviste* got bumped off by the Reds. And what if it is the anti-Castro Cubans in Miami? A damn good likelihood after all. That will bring us back to the Republicans, to Nixon, the lot. No, not quite the lot. A skilled Vietnamese gunman might be avenging his dead ruler, Diem. The Kennedy gang can't afford exposure on that one, can they? Corrosion of the legend might work its way down to the martyr's bier. And then there is the FBI. How can they allow any of these suppositions to be examined? Each one suggests a conspiracy. It is not to Buddha's interest to advertise to the world that the FBI is singularly incompetent at detecting conspiracies they do not hatch themselves. No, none of this is in the interest of supposedly omniscient, wide-bottom Buddha. Oswald, as the sole killer, is, therefore, in everyone's best service—KGB, FBI, CIA, DGI, Kennedys, Johnsons, Nixons, Mafia, Miami Cubans, Castro Cubans, even the Goldwater

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gang. What if a John Bircher did it? I can feel the furor in the veins of every conspirator who ever talked about killing Jack Kennedy. They can hardly trust themselves not to have done it even when they knew they didn't; after all, how can any one of them say what his friends were up to? A broth of disinformation has been on the stove ever since. I knew that we would enter upon a most prestigious investigation that would prove a model of sludge. So, I decided to save myself much untold watching of the pots, and I moved right back to serious work where one can make a perceptible dent."

Whether Harlot was actually calling upon his powers of detachment that Sunday night sixty hours after the assassination, or summarizing what he had learned in the months that followed, I, in my turn, was not able to summarize the situation. I was mired in the death. If obsession is a species of mourning for all the fears we bury in unhallowed ground—the unhallowed ground, that is, of our psyche—then I was obsessed. The death of Marilyn Monroe would not leave my mind. If, according to my father, Hoffa could conceive of such a crime in order to leave an unstanachable political wound in both Kennedys, then how many people could I name who might be ready to kill Jack in order to ignite a war against Fidel Castro?

Harlot might have recognized that no pattern can be pulled from a porridge, but I did not. I lay captive to the velocity of my mind and it raced around the track on many a night. I thought often of Howard Hunt and his deep friendship with Manuel Artime. Hunt had the time, the opportunity—did he have the depth of rage? He might have, by way of Artime, a line into the most violent members of the Brigade. When my mind wore out from asking questions about Hunt, I moved on to brood about Bill Harvey. I went so far as to check on whether he had left Rome on that particular Friday in November. He had not. Then I realized it did not matter. One could run such an operation from Rome. Or could one? And where was Dix Butler? Was he already in Vietnam, or had he stopped over in Dallas? I could not determine that. I also wondered whether Castro, by way of Trafficante, had succeeded in one assassination where we had failed in many. There were hours in those sleepless nights when I could not keep from picturing Oswald and his narrow, tor-

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tured, working-class face. Oswald had been down to Mexico City in September. Cal showed me a memo. Headquarters at Langley had cabled Mexico Station for the names of all contacts of the two leading KGB men at the Russian Embassy in Mexico City. Station came back with their response. The taps on the Cuban Embassy and the Russian Embassy produced Oswald's name and Rolando Cubela's. Oswald had even made a phone call from the Cuban Embassy to the Soviet Embassy. In a harsh and highly ungrammatical Russian, the man who called himself Oswald had insisted on speaking to "Comrade Kostikov."

"That's dubious," said Cal. "We know that Oswald spoke Russian well."

"And Cubela?"

"Ah, Cubela. He had talks with Comrade Kostikov. We don't know what about. I expect he has contacts with everyone."

"We've dropped him, of course."

"Heavens, yes." Cal shrugged. "In any event, it's over. The last call for drinks is about to come down. The FBI is going to tell us that Oswald acted alone."

Had J. Edgar Hoover done it?

My thoughts did not rest. One day, during the hearings of the Warren Commission, Chief Justice Warren inquired of Allen Dulles, "The FBI and the CIA do employ undercover men who are of terrible character?" And Allen Dulles, in all the bonhomie of a good fellow who can summon up the services of a multitude of street ruffians, replied, "Yes, terribly bad characters."

"That has to be one of Allen's better moments," remarked Hugh Montague.

I was at the point where I was ready to believe that Allen Dulles did it. Or Harlot. Or, in the great net of implication, Cal and I might be guilty as well. Thoughts raced. I had not yet approached my first piece of universal wisdom: There are no answers—there are only questions.

Of course, some questions have to be better than others.

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September 12, 1964

Dearest Harry,

Wasn't it Fidel Castro who said that a revolution must be sealed in blood? I suppose that the equivalent—if on a personal scale—is in the way a married woman will certify her seriousness toward a lover by an act of treachery *not necessarily carnal* toward her mate. Today I wish to consummate such an act. The contents of this letter are going to offer you some exceptional material about Bill Harvey. This is, indeed, the most privileged stuff Hugh has ever imparted to me, and now that I share it with you, the circle of possession will be limited to Hugh and Harvey, and to you and me—no one else.

Here, then, is one of Hugh's special secrets. Four pages of transcript from a conversation he had with Harvey in Berlin. Since you know William the King in the real way of having worked for him, you will have much, doubtless, to recast in your mind, but I felt only the pride of new possession and the emptiness that can accompany such pride. My inner reaction was lamentable. I thought: A year of nagging, and now, what does it matter? I have learned a hard dark secret about that abysmally driven fellow, Bill Harvey. Yet, in truth, I abuse the gift by dismissing it so. I am more than fascinated.

When I finished the four pages of the transcript (of which there is only one copy, and, I promise you, Hugh took that back from me on the instant I finished reading), I asked him who else had seen these pages, and he then coughed up the startling admission that he had given you a glimpse of the first two sheets more than eight years ago. "Of course," said Hugh, "the first two pages count for little. The poor boy was half destroyed with frustration."

Well, Harry, I will do my best to restore your ravaged half. Since I do not have the transcript, I will have to summarize what I recall. Right about the top of page three, Hugh mentions to Harvey that he has had a little chat with Bill's first wife, Libby, and much devolved from that. Do you remember all the fuss about the conked-out car in the rain puddle? Remember? Libby

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called the FBI because her husband had not come home and she was worried. In the story Harvey gave to the Agency in 1947, he chose to resign from the FBI because Buddha was transferring him to Indianapolis as the precise punishment for sleeping all night in a stalled-out car and never phoning in to Bureau. Well, when Hugh spoke with Libby about all this some nine years later, she was still as bitter as only an ex-wife can be. She never called the Bureau, she said. Why would she? Bill was out every night until 3:00 or 4:00 A.M. Hugh checked her story with his own Bureau source who had access to the logs. Indeed, no phone call was made that morning in 1947 by Libby Harvey. Hugh's conclusion: Harvey's story had been a piece of theater designed by Buddha to get King Bill nicely installed in the Agency. Hugh told me that Hoover had managed by various means to slip a dozen of his best men in among us to serve as most special agents, did it neatly in those early days when, as Hugh says, "we were good, sweet, simple, and innocent." Of them all, however, Harvey was the best. He had been giving Hoover invaluable Agency material for close to ten years.

At the end of the four-page transcript, you can sense that Harvey is about as reduced as he is going to get. I do remember the following exchange literally.

"You won't believe it," he said to Hugh, "but I really do hate Buddha."

"Yes," Hugh tells him, "J. Edgar Hoover is no good, and you do love us la-de-da assholes, don't you, even if you have been doing your best to deal Buddha our best cards all these years!"

"I have more good friends over here than there," Bill answers.

"Well, what good double agent doesn't?" Hugh replies. After which, he absolutely lays it out: "Here is the grim remainder, Bill. I am going to take you at your word: You do like us more than Buddha. So you are going to obtain top input from his special files. I don't care how you do it. And if J. Edgar ever discovers what you are up to, and turns you back to himself, well, triple agents do go under quickly. I will bring on the giant baboons. Is this *claro, hombre*?"

"*Claro*," he replies.

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That is the exchange, Harry, to conclude the transcript. Of course, you can guess my first question to Hugh. "Have you," I asked, "been running Bill ever since?"

"Ever since my trip to Berlin in 1956. Yes. It was a most successful breakfast. Poor Bill. Living with two faces all these years, he has been obliged to drink for both."

As you see, Harry, much food for thought. Treachery gives me the shivers. I have just said farewell to one of my serious married vows. That should keep you for a while, greedy puss.

Your Kittredge

3 | For a time, I wrote passionate letters to Kittredge but she did not respond. Finally, she referred to the Talmud. "Here, Harry, is wisdom for the small part of you that is Jewish. When the old Babylonian Hebrews did not wish to indulge a powerful temptation, they built a fence around their desire. Since one fence is never strong enough to hold the impulse, they built a fence around the fence. Therefore, I do not see you, and I do not encourage love letters. Tell me, rather, what you are learning."

Reluctantly, I complied. The letter that follows can serve as a sample.

September 12, 1965

Dear Kittredge,

I note that it is a year to the day since you sent me the special information pertaining to William Harvey, and I have not ceased thinking of him since. In fact, I hear about his doings from Cal, who is dreadfully upset at what a mess Harvey is

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making of Station in Rome. The more Cal thrives as Helms' troubleshooter, the more he has to wonder whether Helms, when he becomes our next Director, will assign Cal to fill his job as Deputy. So the power of the escalator has entered my father's estimates, I fear. Cal is getting as authoritative as he used to be in my boyhood. We clash. I believe he's furious because I won't be his assistant any longer but have chosen to work for Hugh. But then, it was impossible for my father and me to keep together after Paris. There is no reason for it, but, do you know? —bad conscience lives between us. And Cal has a sense of doom again these days. I do not know if Harvey is the reason, but he is obsessed with him. You see, Helms, most reluctantly, is getting ready to pull Wild Bill back from Rome and send him out to pasture. Who, however, gets the assignment to tell the man he's through? Helms wants Cal to go over and do it. "That will cushion the fall," he tells my father. "One of us ought to be there to guide him down the steps." Cal, however, is having what I am almost tempted to call a failure of nerve. "I can't do it," he has said to me more than once. "I would never forgive Bill Harvey if he came around to tell me that I was through. I would assume the man was gloating, and it might put me into a most untenable state."

"All the same," I said, "if Helms wants you to do it, you can hardly refuse."

"Well, I can ask you to be my surrogate. If I send my son, that shows respect."

"I could end up in close quarters with Bill."

"Rick, I wouldn't drop this plum on you if I didn't believe you could carry it off. An uncomfortable hour or two, yes, but you are my son. When the time comes, you may have to do it. Let us hope he resigns at his own behest."

We left it at that, but I, for the first time in my life, do not trust my father. I think his fear is career-inspired. I think he is afraid Harvey will make some kind of mess that Boardman Hubbard, future DDP, does not wish to be associated with. I hope I am wrong. I keep hoping, yes, that Bill Harvey will resign, or take a turn for the better. The trouble resides, I think, in the way his job came about. The problem, if you recollect, was that Helms had to spirit Harvey out of McCone's sight. Only Rome

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was open. To tempt the palate, Helms gave Harvey an ambitious bill of fare. "Look," he said "Rome is now a cream-puff shop. The intelligence we receive is spoon-fed to us by the Italian services. It's a disgrace. We haven't turned one KGB man there in ten years. The situation calls for your talents, Bill. Go in there, be yourself, rough as a cob, subtle as a Medici. You can turn that place upside down."

Helms, according to Cal, was just firing the guy up so that he wouldn't have to see the job as a demotion. But Harvey charged in. Now, while it is true that even our best people in Rome Station were hardly more than skilled adjuncts to State's party circuit, and no real intelligence was being acquired, Harvey did play hell with everybody working there. After all, Rome had become a lovely place for old case officers. One could live at last in the lap of a few amenities. Harvey put them on stake-outs. He kept prodding these suave old hands: "Have you recruited your Russian today?" Of course, no Russians were recruited. For topping on the cake, Harvey violated Roman pride as well. He lobbied hard to get his own Italian in as head of one local intelligence service. When Bill finally managed to place this chosen person, the man was such a figure of ridicule to his new associates that he turned on Harvey. He actually began to obstruct him. Finally, he informed King Bill that no more American taps were going to be allowed on the phone lines of the Soviet and Eastern European embassies. Bill had stage-managed a disaster. A few episodes like that and Harvey grew famous for being bombed at lunch. He would snore until nudged awake.

Then he had a heart attack. He recovered. He kept drinking. One morning, behind the closed door of his office, a gun went off. No one moved. No one dared to look in. Who could face the mess that William Harvey's walls might offer? One brave secretary finally grew brave enough to push open the door. There was Harvey at his desk, cleaning his gun. It had gone off by accident. Harvey winked.

Kittredge, I think it is getting close. The other day, Cal told me that Helms said, "I would like to take Harvey's fat head and ram it through a wall."

Well, it looks like I am going to be the one to get the job.

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My chances for coming back alive have to be at least one hundred to one in my favor, but, Lord, that *one* is a live underdog, isn't it?

Love to you and to Christopher,
Harry

4 | A half year went by before the call came, but come it did. He knew why I was in Rome. He had sent a limousine to meet me at the airport and a man to take me through Customs. When I entered his office that evening, he was dressed, I remember, very much as I was. We were both wearing dark-gray flannel single-breasted suits. We had on white shirts and repp ties. Mine was red and blue; his was green and black. We sat down in his office at 8:00 P.M. with the understanding that we would go out for dinner at 9:00. A quart of bourbon, an ice bucket, and two glasses were on a tray. We drank for the next seven hours and never saw dinner. A second bottle was emptied. It may have been the most intense drinking I have ever done and I flew back to the U.S. with a hangover potent enough to keep me away from hard liquor for the next few months.

At the time, however, the booze went down like water, or, to be accurate, like gasoline. My adrenaline was in full supply. If I was burning the liquor almost as fast as I drank it, I may have been enabled thereby to enter the high-octane nervous system of William Harvey. I certainly came to understand how he could take it down in the quantities he did: William Harvey had not had an hour in his life when he was free, by his own measure, of outside menace.

We began quietly enough. "I know why you're here," he said in his low voice, "and that's all right. You were sent to do

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another man's job."

"I'm not here because I want to be," I answered, "but I know why I was assigned. It's because I, at least, know what you've achieved, and what you stand for."

"You were always good with the horseshit." He chuckled, an uncommon sound to come out of him. "Back in Berlin, you drew some circles on my ass, SM/ONION."

"I was scared stiff all the way."

"Of course. Everybody who works for Hugh Montague is scared."

"Yessir."

"Now you're here to fire me."

"That's not the word."

"Well, it will become the word when I tell you that I'm not going to go."

"I believe the decision has been made." I was taking as long a pause as I could with each reply.

"In case you don't know," he said, "you are only a towel boy in a whorehouse."

"I always wondered what I was."

"Ha, ha. Right now, Cal Hubbard is in Washington trying to hold back his royal shits. He told you to call him the minute you're done with me, right? Any hour at all, right?"

"Of course. He's concerned over you."

"Never trump horseshit with bullshit. Cal Hubbard is defecating green. He is afraid that I will take out my handgun and fire a bullet through my eye into the occipital. He'll be blamed for the suicide."

"They want to find the right slot for you. The high-level appropriate slot. My father, more than anyone, feels you were treated most unfairly by John McCone."

Harvey beamed. "Can I see the letter he wrote to John McCone?"

It went on this way for an hour. I absorbed his abuse, his irony, his indifference to dinner. Somewhere in the second hour, he began to talk in longer bursts. "You are here to get me to agree to come back," he said, "and I am here to state that I am ready to return in the first body-bag that can be passed through a pig's asshole. It is harder, Hubbard, to pass through a pig's

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asshole than through the eye of a needle. So we don't have much to negotiate. On the other hand, let us talk. I want to get to the bottom of why there is a difference of opinion in how I am bringing off this job. You see, I never received any cooperation. I have come to decide I was sent to the wrong place on purpose—to grind Wild Bill right on down to his pension. Fuck all of you. I don't retire. I was not given the cooperation I was promised, and that is why Rome has produced no results. Did you know that Hugh Montague has Italian sources in this town at the overhead level?"—he raised his palm horizontally far above his head—"yay-high agents he put in place and built up years ago, Minister of Interior, Minister of Foreign Affairs, dagos with a portfolio, specials free and clear of this Station. Hugh Montague furnishes me no access to them. 'You'll have to get along with the pussies you've got,' is his message—Hugh Montague, for whom I did more than I ever did for anyone else. The man is a study in the monumental thanklessness of senior-level ingratitude. You, Hubbard, have always been his towel boy."

"Have another drink," I said, "it will make you more mellow."

"Fuck you. I am not a party to any cosmic appreciation of the depths to which I have sunk. That is not the readout I provide myself." He reached into his shoulder holster and took out a Magnum. I did not know if it was a Colt or a Smith and Wesson revolver, and I debated whether to ask him but could not see what purpose the question would serve. He sighted it, then broke it open and inspected the cylinder. With his handkerchief, a clean one, he wiped it down.

"People say," said Harvey, "There he goes again." He swung the cylinder back in and pointed the gun thoughtfully at me. "They have come to the conclusion that this is an act, and what they do not recognize is that I feel a real inclination which goes right down into the most honest part of me to pull that trigger and blow somebody's name right out of their body. Give them back to the great compost heap. The only reason I have not squeezed the little bitch up to this date is that there has never been a proper matching-up. When I feel the impulse most keenly, as now, the recipient has not been worthy of entering into history with me. So, I have not squeezed the trigger. If

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Hugh Montague were here tonight, however, he would be a dead man," and Harvey took aim now, and did pull the trigger on an empty chamber. "If it were your father, I might flip a coin. But you—you are relatively safe." He set the handgun down on the desk. "Sit back," he said. "Let us talk of other matters."

That was the first time he had aimed at me that night, but it would not be the last. We would come back to the gun. The longer it sat on his desk, the more it took on the presence of a third party who chose not to speak.

"I would ask you," he said, "what do you think of Lee Harvey Oswald?"

"I think there may be a few things to find out about him."

"Shit, Hubbard, you call that an answer? Have some bourbon." He poured for us both. "I was asking the question because Oswald's name intrigues me. As you may know, I hate that son of a bitch Bobby Kennedy, with an odium that can bring me to my feet, gun in hand, out of a deep sleep. An old Bureau reflex. I could pop Bobby Kennedy where he stands if he were sitting where you are now. And this Lee Harvey Oswald—he hated Bobby too. The brother who is left receives the full hatred of the bullet. So I played with the idea of Oswald, but not as an Agency man—I did not ask myself who was running him, or was he an *espontáneo*, no, I just played with the name, Lee Harvey Oswald, a bizarre moniker. Then it struck. Take off the Oswald, that is not a name I can comprehend, but keep the Lee Harvey. When I was a boy they called me Willie Harvey. Do you think God is trying to tell me something? I began to explore the background on Lee Harvey. Amazing stuff. Do you know his favorite TV show when he was an adolescent? It happened to be: *I Led Three Lives*, which was that Philbrick piece of crap about the FBI. Well, shit, Lee Harvey, so did I, William King Harvey, lead three lives for the FBI. I say there is more than coincidence here. I have pondered it, Hubbard, and I have come to a profound conclusion. There is opposition to entropy. The universe may not necessarily wind down. There is something forming that I would call new embodiment. Entropy and embodiment may be as related as antimatter and matter." He belched reflectively. "Yes," he said, "the forms deteriorate and they all run down to the sea, but other possibilities come together in their wake to seek embod-

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iment. Blobs are always looking to articulate themselves into a higher form of blob. There is a tropism toward form, Hubbard. It counters decomposition. I tell you this because I felt an invisible bond between Lee Harvey and me, a bond that reinforces my notion of embodiment. A nascent embodiment. It was looking for more form. Is that clear, Hubbard?" He belted another bourbon.

He talked. There was one hour past the middle when he did not stop for all the hour. He spoke of how it felt to know that one had had a purchase on genius and lost it, "had it leached out of me, inch by vicious inch through your godfather, Hugh Montague—by God, there's almost reason to shoot you," and he picked up the gun again.

It happened twice more. On the last occasion, he held the gun in a line with my head for ten minutes. I concentrated on exhaling my breath. I knew that if I could get all the bad air out of me, the good air—or what was left of it—would take care of itself on the way in. Sited in his line of fire, I was returned to one of the last days of the two weeks of rock climbing I had done in that summer half my life ago, in the fortnight I met Harlot, and I remembered how on one of the very last days I stood on a rock ledge six inches wide for almost half an hour, while Harlot, all but trapped, was making delicate essays above to find a way through a particularly unaccommodating overhang, and all the while I did not believe that I would be able to belay him if he fell. I was anchored to my face of rock, but I did not like the anchor.

In that half hour, I came to know what it was to spend one's existence on a vertical rather than a horizontal plane. I remember that I looked out on all the flat land below and it was as removed from me as the vanished continent of Atlantis. Now, sitting across from Bill Harvey, with his gun pointed in my direction, I came to know what it was like to live on a line, and I did not take it at all for granted that I would be alive when the dawn came up, which was, I knew, the most powerful safeguard I possessed to keep Bill Harvey from committing his finger to the trigger. It was too close to smile.

Toward the sixth hour, Harvey began doing imitations of Fidel Castro. They were hopelessly broad, and no two men

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could have looked more unlike, but Harvey may have been searching for embodiments. Or was it the conjunction of the hour, the bourbon, and our mutual adrenaline? I could sense the moment when he was ready to allow me to laugh, and I actually could chortle at the vast farce of William Harvey deeming to present himself as Fidel Castro. " 'I can forgive you,' " said Harvey, thrusting his FBI nose upward in profile to his unseen witness in the heavens, " 'you of the United States for trying to kill me. For I have discovered in the course of your failures that capitalism is more inept than I supposed.' Has that got the tone, Hubbard?"

"Keep going."

" 'I am ready to forgive such concentrated if impotent efforts, but I cannot overlook the way you had your imperialist colleagues ship us boatloads of tainted motor oils that corroded our engines whereupon you proceeded to mock the inefficiency of our socialist system.' Have I got the son of a bitch down pat?"

"Close."

" 'Yes, I can forgive your attempts to assassinate me, but I am obliged to tell you that the American spirit, from our Cuban point of view, is bizarre. LSD is sprayed in a broadcasting studio in the hope I might inhale its effects and begin to sound ridiculous to my people, plans are made to dust tubercular bacteria into my diving suit, there is talk of cigars dipped in poison and exploding seashells. Who was the progenitor of all these ideas? My friends, I discovered the source of such inspiration. It came from the British literary character James Bond. I became curious about this agent James Bond who seemed such a fool, such an impostor of a man of action. I had research done, therefore, in our excellent University of Havana facilities on the character of the author of James Bond and discovered that this gentleman, Ian Fleming, is a worn-out asthmatic Lothario with a wheezing heart and exhausted loins. Of such men are your American legends concocted.' " concluded Harvey in his embodiment of Fidel Castro, and bent over double with a terrible coughing attack. When he was done, he put the gun away.

He would take it forth one more time, but the tide of the night was moving out. At last he stood up and said, "Let's take a walk. I'll make up my mind on the walk."

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We strolled around the Embassy. Harvey said: "The KGB tails me all the time. When it comes to petty viciousness, they are as small as goat turds. Why, I even believe they were the guys who let the air out of my tires the other day when I parked near the Spanish Steps." He wheezed. "Somebody could take a shot at me right now, I suppose. I am still a target. But that's all right." He wheezed once more. "Okay, Hubbard," he said, "I will go back. But first I want to throw myself one hell of a party. I'll have a fountain—I figured it out—a fountain to spurt champagne, then recover it and jet it out again. To renew the fizz, we will insert a CO₂ cartridge in the plumbing." He beamed. "Tomorrow, I will send out a cable to all Stations worldwide that I am going back to Washington. Let me add the codicil that I will haunt you, and yours, if anyone or anything indicates I am returning in disgrace."

"There won't be any suggestion of that," I said.

"Oh, there better not be." He put his arm on my shoulder. "You hold your liquor, Hubbard. You seem able to keep your seat. Maybe you have your father's moxie."

"Never a chance."

"I wish I had a son," he said. We had come back to the American Embassy and strolled by the sentry at the gate. He took me on a tour of the back wall. "I have one thing to tell you," he added.

"Yessir."

"I am the man who uncovered Philby."

"We are all witting of that."

"But after I uncovered him, I began to wonder if it was the Russians who decided to blow his safety. If so, I told myself, there is only one answer. They were looking to protect something larger. *Someone* larger. Now, the question I pose is *who*? It remains the question. I'll ask you to guess who the big guy is."

He said no more, but one part of my brain was singed forever with the fear that it was Harlot.

Harvey ended these hours of alcoholic festivity by urinating all over a piece of the back wall of the American Embassy in Rome. In the middle, he said, "Hubbard, you will never know how close I feel to Jesus Christ when I take one good piss like this." Then he butted heads with me to say good-bye, a last gift,

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a headache to take home with the hangover.

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THAT SINGULARLY ANTICLIMACTIC phrase, "a headache to take home with the hangover," brought me to the last page I had written for Alpha. I had carried the memoir no further. Sitting on my bed in my narrow room off the airshaft on the fourth floor of the old Metropole in Moscow, staring up at an absurdly high ceiling whose proportions gave an echo of the larger space which must once have existed in the reign of the last Czar, I knew only that I had not wanted my manuscript to end, no, I did not wish to be done. Those two thousand and more frames of manuscript on microfilm had been equal to money in my pocket—a primal safeguard against the rigors of a strange and hostile land. Now my capital had been consumed. I was out of the book, and on my own, off on a mission whose purpose I could not name but for the inner knowledge that I knew it. For if the answer was not alive in some cloaked corner of my mind, then why would I be here?

I thought of Harlot then, and of his incommensurable vanity. An old legend came back to me. In the days of the Reflecting Pool, there had been a night when Harlot entered the office of an assistant who was quartered in the I-J-K-L, and standing there in the dark, looked across the intervening distance between himself and the next building. In a lighted office across the court he saw one of his colleagues kissing a secretary. Harlot promptly dialed that office, and as he watched, the man separated himself from the embrace long enough to pick up his phone.

"Aren't you appalled by yourself?" Harlot asked.

"Who is this?"

"God," said Harlot and hung up.

The last time Hugh Montague had spoken to me about God was the last time I had taken the trip from Langley to his farmhouse on the eyebrow of the four-lane truck road. He had expatiated that afternoon on the theory of Creationism, his brilliance, one can certify, not at all diminished.

"Would you say, Harry," he inquired, "that two such words as 'sophisticated fundamentalist' make one oxymoron?"

"Can't see how it wouldn't," I told him.

"Intellectual snobbery," replied Harlot, "is your short suit. You would do better to ponder the meanings that can be extracted from apparent folly."

As so often, a flick into the eye of your ego was the price you paid for obtaining the products of his mind.

"Yes," he said, "Creationists rush to tell us that the world, according to the Bible, was commenced five thousand and some hundreds of years ago.

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It makes for merriment, don't it? Fundamentalists are such whole fools. Yet I said to myself once, 'What would I do if I were Jehovah about to conceive of this creature, man, who, as soon as I create him, will be hell-bent—given the equal opportunity I have offered Satan—to discover My nature. How can that not become man's passion? I have created him, after all, in My image, so he will wish to discover My nature in order to seize My throne. Would I ever have permitted such a contract in the first place, therefore, if I had not taken the wise precaution to fashion a cover story?' "

"A cover story?" I did not wish to repeat his words, but I did.

"A majestic cover story. Nothing vulgar or small. Absolutely detailed, fabulously complete. Just suppose that in the moment of striking that agreement with Satan, God brought forth the world complete. Five thousand and some hundreds of years ago, we were given an absolutely realized presentation of the world. God created it ex nihilo. Gave it to us complete. Everyone began to live at the same instant of Creation. Yet all were given a highly individual background. All had been put together, of course, from nothingness infused with divine genius. The creation of this imaginary past was God's art work. All who lived, all men, women, and children of all varying tribes and climates, the eighty-year-old, the forty-five-year-old, the young lovers, and the two-year-old were all created at the same instant that He placed the half-cooked food on the stone-hearth fire. All of it appeared at once, the animals in their habitat just so much as the humans, each creature possessing its separate memory, the plants in command of their necessary instincts, the earth bountiful here and unfulfilled there, some crops even ready to go to harvest. All the fossil remains were carefully set in the rock. God gave us a world able to present all the material clues that Darwin would need fifty-odd centuries later to conceive of evolution. The geological strata had all been put in place. The solar system was in the heavens. Everything had been set moving at rates of orbit to encourage astronomers to declare five thousand and more years later that the age of the earth was approximately five billion years. I like this notion immensely," said Harlot. "You can say the universe is a splendidly worked-up system of disinformation calculated to make us believe in evolution and so divert us away from God. Yes, that is exactly what I would do if I were the Lord and could not trust My own creation."

What was it Harlot had said once on a Low Thursday? "The aim of these gatherings is to acquaint you with the factology of facts. One has to know whether one is dealing with the essential or the circumferential

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fact. Historical data, after all, tend to be not particularly factual and subject to revision by later researchers. You must look to start, therefore, with the fact that cannot be smashed into subparticles of fact."

Yes, I had been delivered from the book of documents into the world, and all of Russia lay before me. But I had one fact that was essential, even if it was no more than the hypothesis that, for fact, Harlot was here in Russia. A man who could conceive of the universe as a distortion fashioned for purposes of self-protection by God was a man to live in monumental double dealings he had created for himself, larger than any agency he served. No, there could be no reply to why I was in Russia unless I believed that Hugh Montague was here and alive, and I had a fair chance to find him. For if here, he would be living in Moscow as a most honored guest of the KGB, yes. Given his wheelchair, he might even be dwelling within a stone's throw of the statue of Dzerzhinsky. I felt one step closer to the concealed life of my mind. The thought that Harlot might be inhabiting a room but a few hundred yards away from this room enabled me to know at last what Bill Harvey had meant nineteen years ago when he spoke of an embodiment. Harlot, living in the shadow of Dzerzhinsky Square, was my embodiment.

I might never finish the book of Harry Hubbard and his years in Saigon, nor the stretch of service in the White House when one lived through Watergate, no, nor the commencement of my love affair with Kittredge, no, that was as removed as childhood. Unlike God, I had not been able to present all of my creation. I was out of the documents and on my own, and my life was more exposed than it had ever been, for I was taking the longest leap of my life. Could I be ready to find my godfather and ask him, along with everything else I would ask: "Whom? In the immortal words of Vladimir Ilyich Lenin, 'Whom? Whom does this all benefit?'"

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