

And could you please stop grinning?"  
"It's seeing you that does it. Your face is like a tonic. Your sunny disposition is infectious. When you smile, Pierre, the whole world smiles with you."

"You're crazy," said Borg.  
And in a way, of course, he was right.

Pierre Borg might have been vulgar, insensitive, even at times malicious, but he was not stupid. "He may be a bastard," some said, "but he's a clever bastard." Not surprising then that by the time they parted company he knew that something important had changed in Nat Dickstein's life.

He thought about it, walking back to the Israeli Embassy at No. 2 Palace Green in Kensington. In the twenty years since they first met, Dickstein had hardly changed. It was still only rarely that the force of the man showed through. He had always been quiet and withdrawn; he continued to look like an out-of-work bank clerk; and, except for occasional flashes of rather cynical wit, he was still dour.

Until today.

At first he had been his usual self—brief to the point of rudeness. But toward the end he had come on like the stereotyped chirpy Cockney sparrow in a Hollywood movie.

Borg wanted to know why.

He would tolerate a good deal from his agents. Provided they were efficient, they could be neurotic, or aggressive, or sadistic, or insubordinate—so long as he knew about it. He could make allowances for faults: but he could not allow for unknown factors. He would be unsure of his hold over Dickstein until he had figured out the cause of the change. That was all. He had no objection in principle to one of his agents acquiring a sunny disposition.

He came within sight of the embassy. He would put Dickstein under surveillance, he decided. It would take two cars and three teams of men working in eight-hour shifts. The Head of London Station would complain but the hell with him.

The need to know why Dickstein's disposition had changed was at best only a peripheral reason for Borg deciding not to pull him out, not yet. Dickstein had half a plan; another man might not be able to complete it. Dickstein had a special mind for this sort of thing. Once Dickstein had figured it all, however, had it well in place, then somebody else could take over. Indeed, Borg had decided to take him off the assignment at the first opportunity. Dickstein, of course, would be furious; he would consider himself betrayed.

Well, he was also a blown agent.

So the hell with him, too.

Major Pyotr Aleksevitch Tyrin did not actually like Rostov. He did not like any of his superiors; in his view, you had to be some variety of rat to get promoted above the rank of major in the KGB. Still, he retained for Rostov a sort of awed if grudging respect. Tyrin had considerable skills, particularly with electronics, but he could not manipulate people. He was a major only because he was on Rostov's incredibly successful team.

Abba Allon. High Street exit. Fifty-two, or nine? Where are you, fifty-two?

Fifty-two. We're close. We'll take him. What does he look like? Plastic raincoat, green hat, mustache.

True, as a friend Rostov was not much; but he was considerably worse as an enemy. This Colonel Petrov in London had discovered that. He had tried to put off Rostov and been surprised by a middle-of-the-night phone call from the head of the KGB, Yuri Andropov himself. The people in the London Embassy said Petrov had looked like a ghost when he hung up. Since then Rostov could have pretty much anything he wanted: if he sneezed five agents rushed out to buy handkerchiefs.

Okay, this is Ruth Davisson, and she's going . . . north . . . Nineteen, we can take her—

Relax, nineteen. False alarm. It's a secretary who looks like her.

Rostov had commandeered all Petrov's best sidewalk artists and most of his cars. The area around the Israeli Embassy in

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London was crawling with agents—someone had said, “There are more ~~of us~~ here than in the Kremlin Clinic”—but it was hard to spot them. They were in cars, vans, minicabs, trucks and one vehicle that looked remarkably like an unmarked Metropolitan Police bus. There were more on foot, some in public buildings and others walking the streets and the footpaths of the park. There was even one inside the Embassy, asking in dreadfully broken English what he had to do to emigrate to Israel.

The Embassy was ideally suited for this kind of exercise. It was in a little diplomatic ghetto on the edge of Kensington Gardens. So many of the lovely old houses belonged to foreign legations that it was known as Embassy Row. Indeed, the Soviet Embassy was close by in Kensington Palace Gardens. The little group of streets formed a private estate, and ~~it was necessary~~ to tell a policeman ~~one's~~ business before ~~one~~ could get in.

You had / your / you /

*Nineteen, this time it is Ruth Davisson . . . nineteen, do you hear me?*

*Nineteen here, yes.*

*Are you still on the north side?*

*Yes. And we know what she looks like.*

None of the agents was actually in sight of the Israeli Embassy. Only one member of the team could see the door—Rostov, who was a half mile away, on the twentieth floor of a hotel, watching through a powerful Zeiss telescope mounted on a tripod. Several high buildings in the West End of London had clear views across the park to Embassy Row. Indeed, certain suites in certain hotels fetched inordinately high prices because of rumors that from them you could see into Princess Margaret's backyard at the neighboring palace, which gave its name to Palace Green and Kensington Palace Gardens.

Rostov was in one of those suites, and he had a radio transmitter as well as the telescope. Each of his sidewalk squads had a walkie-talkie. Petrov spoke ~~quickly~~ to his men in Russian, using confusing codewords, and the wavelength on which he transmitted and on which the men replied was changed every five minutes according to a computer program built into all the sets.

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MASTER SET

The system was working very well, Tyrin thought—he had invented it—except that somewhere in the cycle everyone was subjected to five minutes of BBC Radio One.

*Eight, move up to the north side.*

*Understood.*

If the Israelis had been in Belgravia, the home of the more senior embassies, Rostov's job would have been more difficult. There were almost no shops, cafés or public offices in Belgravia—nowhere for agents to make themselves unobtrusive; and because the whole district was quiet, wealthy and stuffed with ambassadors it was ~~a simple matter~~ for the police to keep an eye open for suspicious activities. Any of the standard surveillance ploys—telephone repair van, ~~radio~~ crew with striped tent—would have drawn a crowd of bobbies in minutes. By contrast the area around the little oasis of Embassy Row was Kensington, a shopping area with several colleges and four museums.

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Tyrin himself was in a pub in Kensington Church Street. The resident KGB men had told him that the pub was frequented by detectives from “Special Branch”—the rather coy euphemism for Scotland Yard's political police. The four youngish men in rather sharp suits drinking whiskey at the bar were probably detectives. They did not know Tyrin, and would not have been much interested in him if they had. Indeed, if Tyrin were to approach them and say ~~something to the effect of~~, “By the way, the KGB is tailing every Israeli legal in London at the moment,” they would probably say “What, again?” and order another round of drinks.

name /

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In any event Tyrin ~~was not, as he well knew~~ a man to attract second glances. He was small and rather rotund, with a big nose and a drinker's veined face. He wore a gray raincoat over a green sweater. The rain had removed the last memory of a crease from his charcoal flannel trousers. He sat in a corner ~~now~~ with a glass of English beer and a small bag of potato chips. The radio in his shirt pocket was connected by a fine, flesh-colored wire to the plug—it looked like a hearing aid—in his left ear. His left side was to the wall. He could talk to Rostov by pretending to fumble in the inside pocket of his raincoat, turning his face away from the

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room and muttering into the perforated metal disc on the top edge of the radio.

He was watching the detectives drink whiskey and thinking that the Special Branch must have better expense accounts than its Russian equivalent— he was allowed one pint of beer per hour, the potato crisps he had to buy himself. At one time agents in England had even been obliged to buy beer in half pints, until the accounts department had been told that in many pubs a man who drank halves was as peculiar as a Russian who took his vodka in sips instead of gulps.

*Thirteen, pick up a green Volvo, two men, High Street. Understood.*

*And one on foot . . . I think that's Yigael Meier . . . Twenty?*

Tyrin was "Twenty." He turned his face into his shoulder and said, "Yes. Describe him."

*Tall, gray hair, umbrella, belted coat. High Street gate.*

Tyrin said, "I'm on my way!" drained his glass and left the pub.

It was raining. Tyrin took a collapsible umbrella from his raincoat pocket and opened it. The wet sidewalks were crowded with shoppers. At the traffic lights he spotted the green Volvo and, three cars behind it, "Thirteen" in an Austin.

*Another car. Five, this one's yours. Blue Volkswagen beetle.*

*Understood.*

Tyrin reached Palace Gate, looked up Palace Avenue, saw a man fitting the description heading toward him, and walked on without pausing. When he had calculated that the man had had time to reach the street he stood at the curb, as if about to cross, and looked up and down. The mark emerged from Palace Avenue and turned west, away from Tyrin.

Tyrin followed.

Along High Street tailing was made easier by the crowds. They turned south into a maze of side streets/ Tyrin became a bit nervous/ but the Israeli did not seem to be watching for a shadow/ He simply butted ahead through the rain, a tall, bent figure under an umbrella, walking fast, intent on his destination.

He did not go far, turning into a small modern hotel just off the

Cromwell Road. Tyrin walked past the entrance and, glancing through the glass door, saw the mark stepping into a phone booth in the lobby. A bit further along the road Tyrin passed the green Volvo, and concluded that the Israeli and his colleagues in the green Volvo were also staking out the hotel.

He crossed the road and came back on the opposite side, just in case the mark were to come out again immediately. He looked for the blue Volkswagen beetle and did not see it, though he was reasonably certain it would be close by.

Into his shirt pocket/ "This is Twenty. Meier and the green Volvo have staked out the Jacobean Hotel."

*Confirmed, Twenty. Five and Thirteen have the Israeli cars covered. Where is Meier?*

"In the lobby." Tyrin looked up and down/ saw the Austin which was following the green Volvo.

*Stay with him.*

"Understood." Tyrin now had a difficult decision to make — if he went straight into the hotel Meier might spot him, but if he took the time to find the back entrance Meier might be gone in the meanwhile.

He decided to take a chance on the back entrance, feeling that he was supported by two cars that could cover for a few minutes if the worst happened. Alongside the hotel there was a narrow alley for delivery vans. Tyrin walked along it and came to an unlocked fire exit in the blank side wall of the building. He went in/ found himself in a concrete stairwell, obviously built to be used only as a fire escape. As he climbed the stairs he collapsed his umbrella, put it in his raincoat pocket and took off the raincoat. He folded it and left it in a little bundle on the first half landing, where he could quickly pick it up if he needed to make a fast exit. He went to the second floor/ took the elevator down to the lobby. When he emerged in his sweater and trousers he looked like a guest at the hotel.

The Israeli was still in the phone booth.

Tyrin went up to the glass door at the front of the lobby, looked out, checked his wristwatch and returned to the waiting area to sit

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down as if he were meeting someone. It did not look to be his lucky day. The object of the whole exercise was to find Nat Dickstein. He was known to be in England, and it was hoped that he would have a meeting with one of the legals. The Russians were following the legals in order to witness that meeting and pick up Dickstein's trail. The Israeli team at this hotel was clearly not involved in a meeting — they were staking out someone, presumably with a view to tailing him as soon as he showed, and that someone was ~~after all~~ not likely to be one of their own agents. Tyrin could only hope that what they were doing would at least turn out to be of some interest — [He watched the mark come out of the phone booth and walk off in the direction of the bar ~~and~~ wondered if the lobby could be observed from the bar. Apparently not, because the mark came back a few minutes later with a drink in hand, then sat down across from Tyrin and picked up a newspaper.

The mark did not have time to drink his beer. The elevator doors ~~shuffled~~ open, and out walked Nat Dickstein.

Tyrin was so surprised that he made the mistake of staring straight at Dickstein for several seconds. Dickstein caught his eye, and nodded politely. Tyrin smiled weakly and looked at his watch. It occurred to him—more in hope than conviction—that staring was such a ~~bold~~ mistake that Dickstein might take it as proof that Tyrin was ~~not~~ an agent.

No ~~more~~ time for ~~self-serving~~ reflection. Moving quickly with Tyrin thought something of a spring in his step, ~~a man seemingly with his mind more on his destination than his present circumstance~~ Dickstein crossed to the counter and dropped a room key, then proceeded quickly out into the street. The Israeli tail, Meier, ~~placed by Borg~~ put his newspaper on the table and followed. When the plate-glass door closed behind Meier, Tyrin got up, thinking I'm an agent following an agent following an agent. Well, at least we keep each other in employment.

He went into the elevator/pressed the button for the first floor/~~spoke~~ into his radio. "This is Twenty. I have Pirate." There was

no reply—the walls of the building were blocking his transmission. He got out of the elevator at the first floor and ran down the fire stairs, picking up his raincoat at the half landing. As soon as he was outside he tried the radio again. "This is Twenty, I have the Pirate."

All right, Twenty. Thirteen has him too.

Tyrin saw ~~Meier~~ crossing Cromwell Road. "I'm following Meier," he said into his radio.

Five and Twenty, both of you listen to me. Do not follow. Have you got that—Five?

Yes.

Twenty?

Tyrin said, "Understood!" ~~stopped walking and stood on the corner watching Meier and Dickstein disappear in the direction of Chelsea.~~

Twenty, go back into the hotel. Get his room number. Book a room close to his. Call me on the telephone as soon as it's done.

"Understood." Tyrin turned back, rehearsing his dialogue — Excuse me, the fellow that just walked out of here, short man with glasses, I think I know him but he got into a cab before I could catch up with him . . . his name is John but we all used to call him Jack, what room . . . ? As it turned out, none of that was necessary. Dickstein's key was still on the desk. Tyrin memorized the number.

"Can I help you?" ~~the desk clerk asked, coming over to retrieve Dickstein's key.~~

"I'd like a room" Tyrin said, ~~surprised at the Pirate's apparent absence of mind. He indeed must have been a man with a pressing mission in view.~~

He kissed her, ~~a man who had built up a powerful thirst all day.~~ and he was like ~~been thirsty!~~ He savored the smell of her skin and the soft motions of her lips. He touched her face and said, "This, ~~and this, and this is what I need.~~" They stared into each other's eyes, and the truth ~~of the desire~~ between them was like nakedness, ~~a magic spell.~~ He stood

179 He thought: I can do anything I want. The idea ran through his mind again and again like an incantation, a magic spell. He touched her body greedily.

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face to face with her in the ~~small~~ blue-and-yellow kitchen, looking ~~directly~~ into her eyes while he ~~reached~~ the secret places of her body. Her mouth opened a fraction and he felt her breath coming faster and ~~warm~~ on his face. He inhaled deeply so as to breathe ~~her into himself~~. She opened his shirt, and bent to his chest, and took his nipple between her teeth, and sucked. The sudden, astonishing pleasure of it made him gasp aloud. He held her head gently in his hands and rocked to and fro // intensifying the sensation. He reached behind her, lifted her skirt and ~~delighted in~~ the contrast of her white ~~panties~~ with the brown skin of her long legs. His right hand stroked her face and gripped her shoulder and ~~fondled~~ her breasts ~~as~~ his left hand moved over her hips and inside her ~~panties~~ and between her legs and everything felt so good, so good that he wished he had four hands to feel her with, six. Then, suddenly, he wanted to see her face. He gripped her shoulders and ~~helped~~ her stand upright. "I want to look at you." Her eyes filled with tears, and he knew ~~was grateful~~ that these were signs not of sadness but of ~~her own~~ intense pleasure. ~~Once~~ ~~more~~ they looked into each other's eyes, exchanging not only the truth of their love but the raw emotion. He knelt at her feet like a suppliant. He lay his head on her thighs, feeling the heat of her body through her clothing, then reached beneath her skirt with both hands ~~drew her panties down slowly~~. He rose up from the floor and they were standing where they had kissed when he first come into the room. And just there, still standing, they began to make love. He watched her face. She looked peaceful, her eyes were half closed. He wanted to sustain this, moving slowly, but his body would not wait ~~as he felt taken over~~ thrusting harder / faster. He felt himself losing his balance and put his arms around her, lifted her off the floor and without withdrawing / moved two paces so that her back was against the wall. And now she pulled his shirt ~~loose and reached~~ and dug her fingers into the hard muscles of his back as he linked his hands beneath her buttocks and took her weight. She lifted her legs high, her thighs gripping his hips, her ankles crossed behind his back, and, beyond belief, he seemed to penetrate even deeper

through a haze of lust.

He thought: If I can do anything I want, so can she; and, as if she had read his mind, s /

He thought: Anything I want!

and he

and this time it was not just truth between them but raw emotion gushing from one to another in rivers, in torrents.

found the waist of her ~~panties~~ and drew them down slowly, holding the shoes on her feet as she stepped out of the ~~thin cotton garments~~

He was compelled to

inside her. He felt ~~himself~~ being wound up ~~tight like a spring~~. He watched her ~~saw in her eyes~~ an expression of something like panic / a wild, wide-eyed animal emotion, and it pushed him over the edge / so that he knew that it was coming, was going to happen now, and he wanted to tell her ~~but there was no need~~ as she dug her nails into the skin of his back and drew them down his spine and he felt the quake in her body just as his own erupted / and he was still looking at her / saw her mouth open wide, wide as she drew breath just as the peak of delight overtook them both / and in her release, she screamed its completion

"We follow the Israelis and the Israelis follow Dickstein. All it needs is for Dickstein to start following us and we can all go around in a circle for the rest of the day," Rostov was saying as he strode down the hotel corridor with Tyrin hurrying beside him, his short plump legs almost running to keep up.

Tyrin ~~breathing hard~~ said, "I was wondering what, exactly, was your thinking in abandoning the surveillance as soon as we saw him?"

"It's obvious," Rostov said irritably / then reminded himself that Tyrin's loyalty was valuable and began to explain. "Dickstein has been under surveillance a great deal during the last few weeks. Each time he eventually has made us and thrown us off. Now a certain amount of surveillance is inevitable for someone who has been in the game as long as Dickstein. But on a particular operation, the more he is followed the more likely he is to abandon what he's doing and hand it over ~~or be forced to hand it over~~ to someone else, someone totally unknown to us.

Too damn often the information we gain by following someone is canceled out by their discovering that we're following them and ~~the by knowing~~ that we've got the information in question. This way, by abandoning the surveillance as we have done today, we know where he is but he doesn't know we know. He'll spot those Israelis in no time at all, I'm sure. He must be hypersensitive by now."

like a clockwork motor, and everything she did, every look on her face, tightened the spring

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8) "I see," said Tyrin. |  
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"Why do you suppose they're following their own man?"  
"That I really can't understand — I'm sure Dickstein met Borg this morning—which would explain why Borg threw off his tail with that taxi maneuver. It's possible Borg pulled Dickstein out and now he's simply checking that Dickstein really does come out, and doesn't try to carry on unofficially." He shook his head. "It doesn't convince me — but the alternative is that Borg doesn't trust Dickstein anymore, and I find that unlikely / too careful, now."

They were at the door to Dickstein's hotel room. Tyrin took out a small, powerful flashlight and shone it around the edges of the door. "No telltales," he said.

Rostov nodded, waiting. This was Tyrin's province. The little round man was the best general technician in the KGB, in Rostov's opinion. He watched as Tyrin took a skeleton key from his pocket, one of a large collection of such keys that he carried. By trying several on the door of his own room here, he had already established which one was the ~~pass-partout~~, which fitted the locks of the Jacobean Hotel. Now he slowly opened Dickstein's door and stayed outside, looking in.

"No booby traps," he said after a minute or so of careful searching.

He moved inside and Rostov followed, closing the door. This part of the game gave Rostov no pleasure at all — he preferred to observe, to speculate, to plot — burglary was distinctly not his style; it made him feel exposed and vulnerable. If a maid should come in now, or the hotel manager, or even Dickstein, who might evade the sentry in the lobby . . . it would be so undignified, so humiliating. "Let's make it fast," he now said.

The room was laid out according to the ~~universal Holiday Inn~~ plan: the door opened into a little passage with the bathroom on one side and the wardrobe opposite. Beyond the bathroom the room was square, with the single bed against one wall and the television set against the other. There was a large window in the exterior wall opposite the door.

Tyrin picked up the phone and began to unscrew the mouth-

"Rostov frowned, thinking aloud."

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MASTER SET

piece. Rostov stood at the foot of the bed, looked around trying to get an impression of the man who was staying in this room. There was not much to go on. The room had been cleaned and the bed made. On the bedside table were a book of chess problems and an evening newspaper. There were no signs of tobacco or alcohol. The wastepaper basket was empty. A small black vinyl suitcase on a stool contained clean underwear and one clean shirt. "The man travels with one spare shirt!" Rostov muttered. The drawers of the dresser were empty. Rostov looked into the bathroom — a toothbrush, a rechargeable electric shaver with spare plugs for different kinds of electrical outlets, and — the only personal touch — a pack of indigestion tablets.

Rostov went back into the bedroom, where Tyrin was reassembling the telephone. "It's done."

"Put one behind the headboard," Rostov said.

Tyrin was taping a bug to the wall behind the bed when the phone rang.

If Dickstein returned the sentry in the lobby was to call Dickstein's room on the house phone, let it ring twice, then hang up.

It rang a second time. Rostov and Tyrin stood still, silent, waiting.

It rang again.

They relaxed.

It stopped after the seventh ring.

Rostov said, "I wish he had a car for us to bug."

"I've got a shirt button."

"What?"

"A bug like a shirt button."

"I didn't know such things existed."

"It's new."

"Got a needle? And thread?"

"Of course."

"Then go ahead."

Tyrin went to Dickstein's case and without taking the shirt out snipped off the second button, carefully removing all the loose

He saw

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thread. With a few swift strokes he sewed on the new button. His pudgy hands were surprisingly dexterous. ~~Rostov observed.~~

Rostov's (thoughts, however) were elsewhere. He wanted very much to do more to ensure that he would hear what Dickstein might say and do. The Israeli might find the bugs in the phone and the headboard; he would not wear the bugged shirt all the time. Rostov preferred to be more sure of things, and Dickstein had so far been maddeningly slippery: there just seemed nowhere you could hook onto him. Rostov had held a faint hope that somewhere in this room there would be a photograph of someone Dickstein particularly cared about, a girl.

"There —" Tyrin showed him his handiwork. The shirt was plain white nylon with the commonest sort of white buttons. The new one was indistinguishable from the others.

"Good," Rostov said. "Close the case."

Tyrin did so. "Anything else?"

"Take another quick look around for telltales. I can't believe Dickstein would go out without taking any precautions at all."

They searched again, quickly, silently, their movements practised and economical, showing no signs of the haste they both felt. There were dozens of ways of planting telltales — a hair lightly stuck across the crack of the door was the most simple; a scrap of paper jammed against the back of a drawer would fall out when the drawer was opened; a lump of sugar under a thick carpet would be silently crushed by a footstep; a penny behind the lining of a suitcase lid would slide from front to back if the case were opened . . .

They found nothing.

Rostov said, "All Israelis are paranoid. Why should he be different?"

"Maybe he's been pulled out."

At the moment Rostov tended to agree. "Yes — why else would he suddenly get careless?"

"He could have fallen in love —"

Rostov laughed. "Sure," he said, "and Joe Stalin could have been canonized by the Vatican. Let's get out of here."

He went out, and Tyrin followed, closing the door softly behind him.

So it was a woman.

Pierre Borg was (mystified) and deeply worried.

Dickstein never had women.

Borg sat on a park bench under an umbrella. He had been unable to think in the Embassy, with phones ringing and people constantly asking him questions. The rain blew across the empty park in sheets, and every now and then a drop would land on the tip of his cigar and he would have to relight it. ~~At least, though he could hear himself think out here —~~ It was the tension in Dickstein that made the man so fierce. Naturally the last thing one wanted was for him to learn how to relax. [The sidewalk artists had followed Dickstein to a small apartment house in Chelsea where he had met a woman. "It's a sexual relationship, all right" one of them had said. "I heard it." The caretaker of the building had been interviewed, but he knew nothing about the woman except that she was a close friend of the people who owned the apartment.

The obvious conclusion, ~~to someone else~~, was that Dickstein owned the flat (and had bribed the caretaker to lie); that he used it as a rendezvous; that he met someone from the opposition, a woman; that they made love and he told her secrets. [Borg might have bought that idea too if he had found out about the woman some other way. But if Dickstein had suddenly become a traitor he would never have allowed Borg to become suspicious. He was far too clever. He would have covered his tracks; he would never had led the sidewalk artists straight to the flat without once looking over his shoulder. His behavior had innocence written all over it, which, in a way, was worse. He had met with Borg looking like the cat that got at the cream, either not knowing or not caring that his mood was all over his face. When Borg asked what was going on, Dickstein made jokes. Borg ~~(he knew)~~ was bound to have him tailed. Hours later he was screwing some girl

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who ~~seemed to like~~ it so much you could hear her ~~all the way~~ out in the ~~street~~. The whole thing ~~on Dickstein's part~~ was so ~~outrageously innocent~~ ~~naïve~~ ~~actually~~ it had to be true.

All right, then — some woman had found a way to get past Dickstein's defenses and seduce him. Dickstein was reacting like a teenager because he never had a teenage. The important question was, who was she?

The Russians had files, too, and they ought to have assumed, like Borg, that Dickstein was invulnerable to a sexual approach. But maybe they thought it was ~~at least~~ worth a try. And ~~just~~ maybe they were right —

Once again, Borg's instinct was to pull Dickstein out immediately. And once again, he hesitated. If it had been any project other than this one, any agent other than Dickstein, he would have known what to do. But Dickstein was ~~his man~~ — the only man who ~~had a chance to set up this operation~~. Borg still felt he had no option but to stick to his original scheme — wait until Dickstein had fully conceived his plan, then pull him out.

He could ~~though~~ at least have the London Station investigate the woman and find out all they could about her.

Meanwhile he would just have to hope that if she were an agent Dickstein would have the ~~ingrained~~ sense ~~of his trade~~ not to tell her anything.

It would be a dangerous time, but ~~for now~~ there was no more Borg could do.

His cigar went out, ~~he~~ hardly noticed. The park was completely deserted now. Borg sat on his bench, his body uncharacteristically still, holding the umbrella over his head, looking like a statue, worrying himself to death.

The ~~pleasure~~ was over, Dickstein told himself: it was time to get back to work.

Entering his hotel room at ten o'clock in the morning, he realized that — incredibly — he had left no telltales. For the first time in twenty years as an agent, he had simply ~~neglected~~ to take

elementary precautions. He stood ~~now~~ in the doorway, looking ~~and~~ thinking about the shattering effect that she had had on him. Leaving her and going back to ~~his world~~ was like climbing into a familiar car ~~that~~ has been garaged for a year: he had to let the old habits, the old instincts, the old paranoia seep back into his mind.

He went into the bathroom and ran a ~~tub~~ ~~thinking that~~ he now had a kind of emotional breathing-space — Suza was going back to work today. She was with BOAC, and ~~her~~ tour of duty would take her all the way around the world. She expected to be back in twenty-one days, but it might be longer. He had no idea where he might be in three weeks' time — which meant he did not know when he would see her again. But see her again he would, if he lived ~~long enough~~.

Everything looked different now, past and future. The last twenty years of his life, ~~never mind~~ that he had shot people and been shot at, traveled all over the world, disguised himself and deceived people and ~~managed fairly~~ outrageous, clandestine coups, all seemed trivial.

~~He even~~ wondered what he would do with the rest of his life ~~something he had not thought seriously of for years, and for starters~~ had decided he would not be a spy anymore — but what ~~then?~~ It seemed all possibilities were open to him. He could stand for election to the Knesset, or start his own business, or simply stay on the kibbutz and make the best wine in Israel. Would he marry Suza? If he did, would they live in Israel? He found the uncertainty delicious, like wondering what you would be given for Christmas.

If I live, he thought. Suddenly, ~~something new was added~~. He was afraid to die. Until now death had been something to avoid with all skill only because it constituted, so to speak, a losing move in the game. Now he ~~wanted~~ wanted ~~very badly~~ to live.

It would be terrible to lose his life so soon after she had saved it.

He got out of the bath, rubbed himself dry and dressed. ~~Very~~ ~~well~~, ~~first~~, ~~things~~, ~~first~~ — the way to ~~begin to~~ keep his life was to win this fight.

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to sleep with Suza again, to make a home with her, to learn all about her, her idiosyncracies and her habits and her secrets, the books she liked and what she thought about ~~that~~ <sup>Beethoven and</sup> ~~how she treated her teeth~~ whether she snored.

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His next move was a phone call. He considered the hotel phone, decided to start being extra careful here and now, and went out to find a call box.

The weather had changed. Yesterday had emptied the sky of rain, and now it was pleasantly sunny and warm. He passed the phone booth nearest to the hotel and went on to the next one/extra careful. He looked up Lloyd's of London in the directory and dialed their number.

"Lloyd's, good morning."

"I require some information about a ship."

"That's Lloyd's of London Press—I'll put you through."

While he waited Dickstein looked out the windows of the phone booth at the London traffic, and wondered whether Lloyd's would really give him what he wanted. ~~It had better—he had no idea~~ where else to go for the information. He tapped his foot nervously. ~~Someone had scrawled "Joan sucks" on the cover of the phone book. The coldness of it made him sick. Better watch it . . . he was getting altogether too delicate—~~

"Lloyd's of London Press."

"Good morning, I'd like some information about a ship."

"What sort of information?" the voice said, with—Dickstein thought—a trace of suspicion.

"I want to know whether she was built as part of a series; and if so, the names of her sister ships, who owns them, and their present locations. ~~As well as~~ plans, if possible."

"I'm afraid I can't help you there."

"Why not?"

"We don't keep plans, that's Lloyd's Register, and they only give them out to owners."

"But the other information? The sister ships?"

"Can't help you there either."

Dickstein wanted to get the man by the throat. "Then who can?"

"We're the only people who have such information."

"And you keep it secret?"

"We don't give it out over the phone."

"Wait a minute, you mean you can't help me *over the phone*."

"That's right."

"But you can if I write or call personally." ~~Ab, bureaucrats worse than spies.~~

"Um . . . yes, this inquiry shouldn't take too long, so you could call personally."

"Give me the address." He wrote it down. "And you could get these details while I wait?"

"I think so."

"All right. I'll give you the name of the ship now, and you should have all the information ready by the time I get there. Her name is *Coparelli*." He spelled it.

"And your name?"

"Ed Rodgers."

"The company?"

"*Science International*."

"Will you want us to bill the company?"

"No, I'll pay by personal check."

"So long as you have some identification."

"Of course. I'll be there in an hour. Goodbye."

Dickstein hung up and left the phone booth, crossed the road to a café and ordered coffee and a sandwich. [He had lied to Borg, of course] He knew ~~very well~~ how he ~~planned to~~ hijack the *Coparelli*. He would buy one of the sister ships—if there were such—and take his team on it to meet the *Coparelli* at sea. After the hijack, instead of the dicey business of transferring the cargo from one ship to another offshore, he would sink his own ship and transfer its papers to the *Coparelli*. He would also paint out the *Coparelli's* name and over it ~~paint~~ the name of the sunken sister ship. And then he would sail what would appear to be his own ship into Haifa.

It was good ~~he felt, though of course~~ still only the rudiments of a plan. What would he do about the crew of the *Coparelli*? How would the apparent loss of the *Coparelli* be explained? How would he avoid an international inquiry into the loss at sea of tons of uranium ore? [There would be a major search for any large ship

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 Dickstein's heart sank.

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MASTER SET

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that was thought to have sunk. With uranium aboard, the search would attract publicity and so be even more thorough. And what if the searchers found not the Coparelli but the sister ship which was supposed to belong to him? There were still too many unknowns in the equation. Either the sandwich or the problem had stuck in his stomach: he took an indigestion tablet.

He chewed over the problem for a while without coming up with any answers.

He turned his mind to evading the opposition. Had he covered his tracks well enough? Only Borg could know of his plans. Even if his hotel room were bugged—even if the phone booth nearest the hotel were bugged—still nobody else could know of his specific interest in the Coparelli. He had been extra careful.

He was sipping his coffee when a customer, on his way out of the café, jogged his elbow, causing him to spill coffee all down the front of his spanking clean shirt —

"Coparelli" said David Rostov excitedly. "Where have I heard of a ship called the Coparelli?"

Yasif Hassan said, "It's familiar to me, too."  
"Let me see that computer printout."

They were in the back of a listening van parked near the Jacobean Hotel. The van, which belonged to the KGB, was dark blue, without markings, and very dirty. Powerful radio equipment honed in on Dickstein's shirt bug occupied most of the space inside, but there was a small compartment behind the front seats where Rostov and Hassan could squeeze in. Tyrin was at the wheel. Large speakers above their heads were giving out an undertone of distant conversation and the occasional clink of crockery. A moment ago there had been an incomprehensible exchange, with someone apologizing for something and Dickstein saying it was all right, it had been an accident. Nothing distinct had been said since then.

Rostov's pleasure at being able to listen to Dickstein's conversation was marred only by the fact that Hassan was listening too. Hassan had become ~~altogether too damn~~ self-confident since his triumph in discovering that Dickstein was in England: now he apparently thought he was a professional spy like everyone else.

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He had insisted on being in on every detail of the London operation, threatening to complain to Cairo if he were excluded. Rostov had considered calling his bluff, but that would have meant another head-on collision with Feliks Vorontsov, and Rostov did not want to go over Feliks's head to Andropov again so soon after the last time. So he had settled on an alternative: he would allow Hassan to come along, and caution him against reporting anything to Cairo.

Hassan, who had been reading the printout, passed it across to Rostov. While the Russian was looking through the sheets, the sound from the speakers changed to street noises for a minute or two, followed by more dialogue.

Where to, guy?

Dickstein's voice: Lime Street.

Rostov looked up and spoke to Tyrin. "That'll be Lloyd's, the address he was given over the phone. Let's go!"

Tyrin started the van and moved off, heading east toward the City district. Rostov returned to the printout.

Hassan said pessimistically, "Lloyd's will probably give him a written report."

Tyrin said, "The bug ~~at least~~ is working very well . . . so far." He was driving with one hand and biting the fingernails of the other.

Meanwhile Rostov found what he was looking for. "Here it is — the Coparelli. Good — ~~very~~ good!"

Hassan said, "Show me."

Rostov hesitated momentarily, realized there was no way he could get out of it and smiled at Hassan as he pointed to the last page. "Under NON-NUCLEAR. Two hundred tons of yellowcake to go from Antwerp to Genoa aboard the motor vessel Coparelli."

"That's it, then, that's Dickstein's target —"

"But if you report this to Cairo, Dickstein will probably switch to a different target. Hassan—"

Hassan's color deepened with anger. "You've said all that once," he said coldly. "I resent the implication that our security is —"

"Okay, okay!" Rostov said quickly and thought Damn it, you

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He thumped his knee in enthusiasm.

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have to be a diplomat too ~~in this business~~. "All right," he said, "now we know what he's going to steal, and who he's going to steal it from. I call that some progress."

"We don't know when, where, or how," Hassan said.

He pulled his nose. "But/ something to do with it ~~though at the moment~~ I don't see how —"

Two and sixpence, please, gov.

Keep the change.

"Find somewhere to park, Tyrin," said Rostov.

"That's not so easy around here —"

"If you can't find a space, just stop. Nobody cares if you get a parking ticket —"

Good morning. My name's Ed Rodgers.

Ah, yes. Just a moment, please. Your report has just been typed. Mr. Rodgers. And here's the bill.

You're very efficient.

Hassan said, "It is a written report ~~just as I suspected~~ —"

Thank you very much.

Goodbye, Mr. Rodgers.

"He's not very chatty, is he?" said Tyrin.

"Good agents never are. You might bear that in mind," Rostov told him.

~~But now,~~ Hassan said, "We won't know the answers to his questions."

"Makes no difference," Rostov told him. "It's just occurred to me ~~that~~ he smiled ~~that~~ we know the questions/ all we have to do is ask the same questions ourselves and we ~~should~~ get the answers he got — Listen, he's on the street again. Go around the block, Tyrin, let's try to bring him in view."

The van moved off, but before it had completed a circuit of the block the street noises faded again.

Can I help you, sir?

"He's gone into a shop," Hassan said.

Rostov looked at Hassan. When his pride ~~was not in the forefront~~ ~~which was rare~~ he was clearly thrilled about the ~~as a school boy~~

~~paraphernalia of espionage~~ — the van, the bugs, the tailing — ~~Conceivably~~ he would keep his mouth shut ~~if only so that he could continue to be in the game with the Russians~~ —

I need a new shirt.

I can see that, sir. What is it?

Coffee.

It should have been sponged right away, sir. It will be very difficult to get the stain out now. Did you want a similar shirt?

Yes. Plain white nylon, button cuffs, collar size fourteen and a half.

Here we are. This one is thirty-two and sixpence.

That's fine.

Tyrin said, "I'll bet he charges it to expenses."

Thank you. Would you like to put it on now, perhaps?

Yes, please.

The fitting room is just through here.

Footsteps, then a brief silence.

Would you like a bag for the old one, sir?

Perhaps you'd throw it away for me.

"That button cost two thousand rubles!" Tyrin said.

Certainly, sir.

"That's it," Hassan said. "We won't get any more now."

"Two thousand rubles!" Tyrin said again.

Rostov said, "I think we got our money's worth."

"Where are we heading?" Tyrin asked.

"Back to the Embassy," Rostov told him. "I want to stretch my legs. I can't feel the left one at all. ~~We've done a good morning's~~ ~~work.~~"

As Tyrin drove west, Hassan said thoughtfully, "We need to find out where the Coparelli is right now."

"The squirrels can do that," Rostov said.

"Squirrels?"

"Desk workers in Moscow Center. They sit on their behinds all day, never doing anything more risky than crossing Granovsky Street in the rush hour ~~and get paid more than agents in the field.~~"

join paragraphs

MASTER all this / maybe / play spies / "Oh, no!" said Tyrin.

Tyrin complained. Roman, "Rostov said impatiently."

[scribble]

Rostov said, "Yes, sir." Damn. Now

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MASTER SET

Rostov decided to use the opportunity to further Hassan's education. ~~After all, the Arab was clearly eager.~~  
"Remember, an agent should never spend time acquiring information that is public knowledge. Anything in books, reports and files can be found by the squirrels. Since a squirrel is cheaper to run than an agent—not because of salaries but because of support work—the Committee always prefers a squirrel to do a given job of work if he can. Always use the squirrels. Nobody will think you're being lazy."

Hassan smiled ~~coolly~~, an echo of his old, languid self. "Dickstein doesn't work that way."

~~No,~~ the Israelis have a completely different approach. Besides, I suspect Dickstein isn't ~~much of~~ a team man."

"How long will the squirrels take to get us the Coparelli's location?"

"Maybe a day. I'll put in the inquiry as soon as we get to the Embassy."

Tyrin spoke over his shoulder. "Can you put through a fast requisition at the same time?"

"What do you need?"

"Six more shirt buttons."

"Six?"

"If they're like the last lot, five won't work."

Hassan laughed. "Is this Communist efficiency?"

"There's nothing wrong with Communist efficiency," Rostov told him. "It's ~~Russian~~ efficiency we suffer from."

As the van entered Embassy Row and was waved on by the duty policeman, Hassan asked, "What do we do when we've located the Coparelli?"

"Obviously," said Rostov, "we put a man aboard."

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# NINE

THE DON HAD had a bad day.

It had started at breakfast ~~in his palatial home in Buffalo, New York~~ with the news that some of his people had been busted in the night. The police had stopped and searched a truck containing two thousand five hundred pairs of fur-lined bedroom slippers and five kilos of adulterated heroin. The load, on its way from Canada to New York City, had been hit at Albany. The smack was confiscated and the driver and co-driver jailed.

The stuff did not belong to the don. However, the team that did the run paid dues to him, and in return expected protection. They would want him to get the men out of jail and get the heroin back. It was close to impossible. He might have been able to do it if the bust had involved only the state police; but if only the state police had been involved, the bust would not have happened.

And that was just the start of it. His eldest son had wired from Harvard for more money, having gambled away the whole of his next semester's allowance weeks before classes started. He had spent the morning finding out why his chain of restaurants was losing money, and the afternoon explaining to his mistress why he could not take her to Europe this year. Finally his doctor told him he had gonorrhoea, again.

He looked in his dressing-room mirror, adjusting his bow tie and said to himself, "What a ~~crummy~~ day." ~~A crummy day in Buffalo—mid-America was no protection!~~

It had turned out that the New York City police had been behind the bust: they had passed the tip to the state police in order to avoid trouble with the city Mafia. The city police could have ignored the tip, of course: the fact that they did not was a

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sign that the tip had originated with someone important, ~~like~~ the Drug Enforcement Agency of the Treasury Department. The don had assigned lawyers to the jailed drivers, sent people to visit their families and opened negotiations to buy back the heroin from the police.

He put on his ~~tuxedo~~. He liked to ~~dress~~ for dinner; he always had ~~ever since he'd gotten rich~~. He did not know what to do about his son ~~Giovanni~~. Why wasn't he home for the summer? College boys were supposed to come home for the summer. The don had thought of sending somebody to see ~~Giovanni~~; but then the boy would think his father was only worried about the money. It looked like he would have to go himself.

The phone rang. "Yes."

"Gate here, sir. I got an Englishman asking for you, won't give his name."

"So send him away," said the don, still thinking about ~~Giovanni~~.

"He said to tell you he's a friend from Oxford University."

"I don't know anybody—wait a minute. What's he look like?"

"Little guy with glasses, looks like a bum."

"No kidding!" The don's face broke into a smile. "Bring him in—and put out the red carpet!"



It had been a year for seeing old friends and observing how they had changed; but Al Cortone's appearance was the most startling. The increase in weight ~~that~~ had just begun when he returned from Frankfurt seemed to have continued steadily through the years, and now he weighed at least two hundred and fifty pounds. There was a look of sensuality about his puffy face that had been only hinted at in 1947 and totally absent during the war. And he was completely bald. Dickstein thought this was unusual among Italians.

Dickstein could remember, as clearly as if it were yesterday, the occasion when he had put Cortone under an obligation. In those days he had been learning about the psychology of a cornered animal. When there is no longer any possibility of running away, you realize how fiercely you can fight. Landed in a strange country,

MASTRETTI

did not know

separated from his unit, advancing across unknown terrain with his rifle in his hand, Dickstein had drawn on reserves of patience, cunning and ruthlessness he ~~had no idea~~ he had. He had lain for half an hour in that thicket, watching the abandoned tank which he *knew*—without understanding how—was the bait in a trap. He had spotted the one sniper and was looking for another when the Americans came roaring up. That made it safe for Dickstein to shoot—if there were another sniper, he would fire at the obvious target, the Americans, rather than search the bushes for the source of the shot.

So, with ~~but especially intending to, with his thoughts primarily and understandably, of his own survival~~, Dickstein had ~~coincidentally~~ saved Al Cortone's life.

Cortone had been even ~~newer~~ to the war than Dickstein, and ~~had learned~~ just as fast. They were both streetwise kids applying old principles to new terrain. For a while they fought together, and cursed and laughed and talked about women together. When ~~Sicily~~ was taken, they had sneaked off during the buildup for the next push and visited Cortone's Sicilian cousins.

~~It was those cousins that~~ were the focus of Dickstein's interest now.

They had helped him once before, in 1948 — ~~He'd known they had acquired vast stocks of weapons during the fighting on the island—weapons abandoned by Italian and German troops as well as those taken from battlefields. He had wanted those weapons for Israel but had no money to buy them. So he'd found Arab buyers for the guns and introduced them to the cousins. The Sicilians had made a small fortune from the sale. In return for Dickstein's services, they had told him exactly how and where delivery was to be made, and Dickstein had stolen the whole consignment from the Arabs. It was an operation after the Sicilians' own hearts. There had been profit for them in that, so Dickstein had gone straight to them with the plan.~~

[This project] of course, was very different: he wanted a favor and he could offer no percentage. Consequently he had to go to Al and call in the twenty-four-year-old debt. [He was not at all sure it would work. Cortone was rich now. The house was

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large—in England it would have been called a mansion—with beautiful grounds inside a high wall and guards at the gate. There were three cars in the gravel drive, and Dickstein had lost count of the servants. A rich and comfortable middle-aged American might not be in a hurry to get involved in Mediterranean political shenanigans, even for the sake of a man who had saved his life.

Cortone ~~though~~ seemed very pleased to see him, which ~~at least~~ was a good start. They slapped each other on the back, just as they had on that November Sunday in 1947, and kept saying, "How the hell are you?" to each other ~~without giving each other time to answer.~~

Cortone looked Dickstein up and down. "You're the same. ~~Not~~ I lost all my hair and gained a hundred pounds, and you haven't even turned gray. What have you been up to?"

"I went to Israel. I'm sort of a farmer ~~and~~ you?"

"Doing business, you know? — Come on, let's eat and talk."

The meal was a strange affair. Mrs. Cortone sat at the foot of the table without speaking or being spoken to throughout. Two ill-mannered boys wolfed their food and left early with a roar of sports-car exhaust. Cortone ate large quantities of the heavy Italian food and drank several glasses of California red wine. But the most intriguing character was a well-dressed, shark-faced man who behaved sometimes like a friend, sometimes like an adviser and sometimes like a servant. ~~Once~~ Cortone called him a counselor. No business was talked about during dinner. Instead they told war stories—Cortone ~~telling~~ most of them. He also told the story of Dickstein's 1948 coup against the Arabs—he had heard it from his cousins and had been as delighted as they. The tale had become embroidered in the retelling.

Dickstein decided that Cortone was genuinely glad to see him. Maybe the man was bored. He should be, if he ate dinner every night with a silent wife, two surly boys and a shark-faced counselor. Dickstein did all he could to keep the bonhomie going: he wanted Cortone in a good mood when he asked his favor.

Afterward Cortone and Dickstein sat in leather armchairs in a den and a butler brought brandy and cigars. Dickstein refused both.

"You used to be a hell of a drinker," Cortone said.

"It was a hell of a war," Dickstein replied. The butler left the room. Dickstein watched Cortone sip brandy and pull on the cigar, and thought that the man ate, drank and smoked joylessly, as though ~~if~~ he did these things long enough he would eventually acquire the taste. Recalling the sheer fun the two of them had had with the Sicilian cousins, Dickstein wondered whether there were any real people left in Cortone's life.

Suddenly Cortone laughed out loud. "I remember every minute of that day in Oxford. Hey, did you ever make it with that professor's wife, the Ay-rab ~~you were so gone on —~~ ? Jesus, ~~I can still see your face when —~~"

"No." Dickstein barely smiled. "She's dead, now."

"I'm sorry."

"A strange thing happened ~~though~~ — I went back there, to that house by the river, and met her daughter . . . She looks just like Eila used to."

"No kidding. And . . ." Cortone leered. "And you made it with the daughter—I don't believe it!"

Dickstein ~~looked at him~~. "I want to marry her. I plan to ask her — next time I see her."

"Will she say yes?"

"I'm not sure. I think so. I'm older than she ~~is~~"

"Age doesn't matter — you could put on a little weight, though. A woman likes to have something to get hold of ~~you know?~~"

The conversation was annoying Dickstein. Cortone was ~~so~~ set on keeping it ~~light~~ revealing nothing of himself. It might have been the habit of years of being close-mouthed ~~because~~ so much of his "family business" was criminal business and he did not want Dickstein to know it (though Dickstein had already guessed); ~~and~~ there might have been something else ~~— a fear~~ of revealing ~~some deep~~ secret disappointment he just couldn't share — Anyhow, the open, garrulous, excitable young man had long since disappeared inside this ~~older~~ fat man. Dickstein ~~wanted~~ to say, Tell me what gives you pleasure, who you love, how goes your life ~~I mean really~~ . . . [Instead he said, "Do you

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remember what you said to me in Oxford?"

"Sure. I told you I owe you a debt, you saved my life." Cortone inhaled on his cigar.

~~Thank God~~ at least that had ~~changed~~. "I'm here to ask for your help, Al."

"Go ahead and ask."

"Mind if I put the radio on?"

Cortone smiled. "This place is swept for bugs ~~at least~~ once a week."

"Good," but he put the radio on all the same. "Cards on the table, Al. I work for Israeli Intelligence."

Cortone's eyes ~~stayed steady~~. "I could have guessed."

"I'm running an operation in the Mediterranean in November. It's . . ." Dickstein wondered how much he needed to tell, and decided very little. ~~He'd build it up, though . . .~~ "It's something that could mean the end of the wars in the Middle East." He paused, remembering a phrase Cortone had ~~always~~ used —

"And I ain't shittin' you."

Cortone laughed. "If you were going to shit me, I figure you would have been here ~~doing it~~ sooner than twenty years."

"It's important that the operation ~~not~~ be traceable back to Israel. I need a base ~~to work from~~. I need a big house on the coast with a landing for small boats and an anchorage not too far offshore for a big ship. While I'm there—a couple of weeks, maybe more—I need to be protected from inquiring police and ~~any~~ other nosy officials. I can think of only one place where I could get all that, and only one person who could get it for me."

Cortone nodded. "I know a place—a derelict house in Sicily. It's not exactly plush, kid . . . no heat, no phone—but it could fill the bill."

Dickstein smiled. "That ~~sounds terrific, perfect. Exactly what I wanted. Thank you, Al. I mean it. It's what I came to ask for.~~"

"You're kidding," said Cortone. "That's all?"

FROM: Head of London Station

DATE: 29 July 1968

Suza Ashford is almost certainly an agent of an Arab intelligence service.

She was born in Oxford, England, 17 June 1944, the only child of Mr. (now Professor) Stephen Ashford (born Guildford, England, 1908) and Eila Zuabi (born Tripoli, Lebanon, 1925). The mother, who died in 1954, was a full-blooded Arab. The father is what is known in England as an "Arabist"; he spent most of the first forty years of his life in the Middle East and was an explorer, entrepreneur and linguist. He now teaches Semitic Languages at Oxford University, where he is well known for his pro-Arab views/ however moderately stated.

~~It is believed~~ therefore, ~~that~~ although Suza Ashford is strictly speaking a U.K. national, her loyalties may be assumed to lie with the Arab cause.

She works as an air hostess for BOAC on intercontinental routes, traveling frequently to ~~such places as~~ Tehran, Singapore and Zurich, ~~and~~ consequently has numerous opportunities to make contacts with Arab diplomatic staff. [She is a strikingly beautiful young woman (see attached photograph—which, however, does not do her justice, according to the field agent on this case). She is ~~sexually liberated~~ but not unusually so by the standards of her profession nor by those of her generation in London. ~~For her to have sexual relations with a man for the purpose of obtaining information might be an unpleasant experience but hardly~~ a traumatic one.

Yasif Hassan, the agent who ~~made~~ Dickstein in Luxembourg, studied under her father, Professor Ashford, at the same time as Dickstein, and has remained in occasional contact with Ashford in the intervening years. He may have visited Ashford—a man answering his description ~~did so~~ visit—about the time Dickstein's affair with Suza Ashford began.

I recommend that surveillance be continued.

(Signed)

Robert Jakes

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This seems to me to be a bad turn.

MASTER SET

TO: Head of London Station  
FROM: Head of Mossad  
DATE: 30 July 1968

I cannot understand why you do not recommend we eliminate her.

(Signed)  
Pierre Borg

TO: Head of Mossad  
FROM: Head of London Station  
DATE: 31 July 1968

I do not recommend eliminating Suza Ashford for the following reasons:

1. The evidence against her is strong but circumstantial.
2. From what I know of Dickstein, I doubt very much that he has given her any information, even if he is romantically involved.
3. If we eliminate her the other side will begin looking for another way to get at Dickstein. Better the devil we know.
4. We may be able to use her to feed ~~him~~ information to the other side.
5. I do not like to kill on the basis of circumstantial evidence. We are not barbarians. We are Jews.
6. If we kill a woman Dickstein loves, I think he will kill you, me and everyone else involved.

(Signed)  
Robert Jakes

TO: Head of London Station  
FROM: Head of Mossad  
DATE: 1 August 1968

Do it your way.  
(Signed)  
Pierre Borg

POSTSCRIPT (marked *Personal*):

Your point 5 is very noble / touching, but remarks like that ~~will~~ ~~not~~ get you promoted in this man's army.—P.B.

With all that / against her, / kill /

false /

Roman and / won't /

She was a small, old, ugly, dirty, cantankerous bitch.

Rust bloomed like a skin rash in great orange blotches all over her hull. If there had ever been any paint on her upperworks it had long ago been peeled away and blasted off and dissolved by the wind and the rain and the sea. Her starboard gunwale had been badly buckled just aft of the prow in an old collision, and nobody had ever bothered to straighten it out. Her funnel bore a layer of grime ten years thick. Her deck was scored and dented and stained; and although it was swabbed often, it was never swabbed thoroughly, so that there were traces of past cargoes—grains of corn, splinters of timber, bits of rotting vegetation and fragments of sacking—hidden behind lifeboats and under coils of rope and inside cracks and joints and holes. On a warm day she ~~tended to smell~~ ~~foul~~.

smelled /

She was some 2,500 tons, 200 feet long and a little over 30 feet broad. There was a tall radio mast in her blunt prow. Most of her deck was taken up by two large hatches opening into the main cargo holds. There were three cranes on deck: one forward of the hatches, one aft and one in between. The wheelhouse, officers' cabins, galley and crew's quarters were in the stern / clustered around the funnel. She had a single screw driven by a six-cylinder diesel engine theoretically capable of developing 2,450 b.h.p. and maintaining a service speed of thirteen knots.

Fully loaded, she would pitch badly. In ballast she would yaw like the very devil. Either way she would roll through seventy degrees of arc at the slightest provocation. The quarters were cramped and poorly ventilated, the galley was often flooded and the engine room had been designed by Hieronymus Bosch.

She was crewed by thirty-one officers and men, not one of whom had a good word to say for her.

The only passengers were a colony of cockroaches in the galley, a few mice and several hundred rats.

Nobody loved her, and her name was *Coparelli*.



/R900

TEN (B)

NAT DICKSTEIN went to New York to become a shipping tycoon. It took him all morning. <

He looked in the Manhattan phone book and selected a lawyer with an address on the lower East Side. Instead of calling on the phone he went there personally, and was satisfied when he saw that the lawyer's office was one room over a Chinese restaurant. The lawyer's name was Mr. Chung. <

Dickstein and Chung took a cab to the Park Avenue offices of Liberian Corporation Services, Inc., a company set up to assist people who wanted to register a Liberian corporation but had no intention of ever going within three thousand miles of Liberia. Dickstein was not asked for references, and he ~~was not required~~ to establish that he was honest or solvent or sane. For a fee of five hundred dollars—which Dickstein paid in cash—they registered the Savile Shipping Corporation of Liberia. The fact that at this stage Dickstein did not own so much as a rowboat was of no interest to anyone.

The company's headquarters was listed as No. 80 Broad Street, Monrovia, Liberia; and its directors were P. Satia, E.K. Nugba and J.D. Boyd, all residents of Liberia. This was also the headquarters address of most Liberian corporations, and the address of the Liberian Trust Company. Satia, Nugba and Boyd were founding directors of many such corporations; indeed this was the way they made their living. They were also employees of the Liberian Trust Company.

Mr. Chung asked for fifty dollars and cab fare. Dickstein paid him in cash and told him to take the bus.

did not have

as powerful, and as free of weakness

And so, without giving an address, Dickstein had created a legitimate shipping company which could not be traced back either to himself or to the Mossad.

Satia, Nugba and Boyd resigned twenty-four hours later, as was the custom; and that same day the notary public of Montserrado County, Liberia, stamped an affidavit which ~~de-clared~~ that total control of the Savile Shipping Corporation now lay in the hands of one Andre Papagopolous.

By this time Dickstein was riding the bus from Zurich airport into town, on his way to meet Papagopolous for lunch.

When he had time to reflect on it, even he was shaken by the complexity of his plan, the number of pieces that had to be made to fit, the number of people who had to be persuaded, bribed or coerced into performing their parts. He had been successful so far, first with Stiffcollar and then Al Cortone, not to mention Lloyd's of London and Liberian Corporation Services, Inc., but ~~from now on~~

Papagopolous was in some ways the greatest challenge: a man as elusive, clever and ruthless in his fashion as Dickstein was in his. [He had been born in 1912 in a village that during his boyhood was variously Turkish, Bulgarian and Greek. His father was a fisherman. In his teenage he graduated from fishing to other kinds of maritime work, mostly smuggling. After World War Two he turned up in Ethiopia, buying for knock-down prices the piles of surplus military supplies that had suddenly become worthless when the war ended. He bought rifles, handguns, machine guns, antitank guns, as well as ammunition for all of these. He then contacted the Jewish Agency in Cairo and sold the arms at an enormous profit to the underground Israeli Army. He arranged shipping—for which his smuggling background was invaluable—and delivered the goods to Palestine. He always asked if they wanted more.

Which was how he had met Nat Dickstein.

He soon moved on, to Farouk's Cairo and then to Switzerland. His Israeli deals had marked a transition from totally illegal business to dealings which were at worst shady and at times quite

MASTER SET

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~~legitimate~~ Now he called himself a ship broker, and that was most ~~+~~ though by no means all ~~+~~ of his business.

He had no address. He could be reached via half a dozen telephone numbers all over the world, but he was never ~~there~~—always, somebody took a message and Papagopolous called ~~one~~ back. Many people knew him and trusted him, especially in the shipping business ~~+~~ he never let anyone down ~~+~~ but this trust was based on reputation, not personal contact. He lived well but quietly, and Nat Dickstein was one of the few people in the world who knew of his single vice, which was that he liked to go to bed with ~~many young women~~ ~~+~~, ten or twelve. He ~~also~~ had no sense of humor.

Dickstein got off the bus at the railway station, where Papagopolous was waiting for him on the pavement. He was a big man, olive-skinned with thin dark hair combed over a growing bald patch. On a bright summer day in Zurich he wore a navy blue suit, pale blue shirt and dark blue striped tie. He had small dark eyes.

They shook hands. Dickstein said, "How's business?"

"Up and down." Papagopolous smiled. "Mostly up."

They walked through the clean, tidy streets, looking like a managing director and his accountant. Dickstein inhaled the cold air. "I like this town," he said.

"I've booked a table at the Veltliner Keller in the old city," Papagopolous said. "I know you don't care about food, but I do."

Dickstein said, "You've been to the Pelikanstrasse?"

"Yes."

"Good." The Zurich office of Liberian Corporation Services, Inc., was in the Pelikanstrasse. Dickstein had asked Papagopolous to go there to register himself as president and chief executive of Savile Shipping. For this he would receive ten thousand U.S. dollars, paid out of Mossad's account in a Swiss bank to Papagopolous's account in the same branch of the same bank—a transaction very difficult for anyone to ~~discover~~.

Papagopolous said, "But I didn't promise to do anything else. You may have wasted your money."

"I'm sure I ~~didn't~~."

They reached the restaurant. Dickstein had expected that Papagopolous would be known there, but there was no sign of recognition from the headwaiter, and Dickstein ~~reminded himself~~. Of course, he's not known anywhere.

They ordered food and wine. Dickstein noted with regret that the domestic Swiss white wine was still better than the Israeli.

While they ate, Dickstein explained Papagopolous's duties as president of Savile Shipping.

"One ~~+~~ buy a small, fast ship, a thousand or fifteen hundred tons, small crew. Register her in Liberia." This would involve another visit to the Pelikanstrasse and a fee of about a dollar per ton. "For the purchase, take your percentage as a broker. Do some business with the ship, and take your broker's percentage on that. I don't care what the ship does so long as she completes a voyage by docking in Haifa on or before October 7. Dismiss the crew at Haifa. Do you want to take notes?"

Papagopolous smiled. "I think not."

The implication was not lost on Dickstein. Papagopolous was listening, but he had not yet agreed ~~to~~ do the job. Dickstein continued. "Two: buy any one of the ships on this list." He handed over a single sheet of paper bearing the names of the four sister ships of the *Coparelli*, with their owners and last known locations—the information he had gotten from Lloyd's. "Offer whatever price is necessary ~~+~~ I must have one of them. Take your broker's percentage. Deliver her to Haifa by October 7. Dismiss the crew."

Papagopolous was eating chocolate mousse, his smooth face imperturbable. He put down his spoon and put on gold-rimmed glasses to read the list. He folded the sheet of paper in half and set it on the table without comment. ~~He was waiting for more~~.

Dickstein handed him another sheet of paper. "Three: buy this ship—the *Coparelli*. But you must buy her at exactly the right time. She sails from Antwerp on Sunday, November 17. We must buy her *after* she sails but *before* she passes through the Strait of Gibraltar."

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MASTER SET

"Well..."

Papagopolous looked dubious.   
 "Wait, let me give you the rest of it. Four: early in 1969 you sell ship No. 1, the little one, and ship No. 3, the *Coparelli*. You get from me a certificate showing that ship No. 2 has been sold for scrap. You send that certificate to Lloyd's. You wind up Savile Shipping." Dickstein sipped his coffee.

smiled and  
W

"I gather what you want to do is make a ship disappear without a trace."

Dickstein nodded.   
 "As you must realize," Papagopolous went on, "all this is straightforward except for the purchase of the *Coparelli* while she is at sea. The normal procedure for the sale of a ship is for negotiations to take place, a price to be agreed on, and the documents drawn up. The ship goes into dry dock for inspection. When she's been pronounced satisfactory the documents are signed, the money is paid and the new owner takes her out of dry dock. Buying a ship while she is sailing is most irregular."

Papagopolous was as sharp as a knife.

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"But not impossible."  
"No, not impossible"

Dickstein watched him.   
 He looked thoughtful, then said, "We would have to open negotiations, agree on the price and have the inspection arranged for a date after her November voyage. Then, when she has sailed, we say that the purchaser needs to spend the money immediately, perhaps for tax reasons. The buyer would then take out insurance against any major repairs which might prove necessary after the inspection . . . but this is not the seller's concern. He is concerned about his reputation as a shipper. He will want cast-iron guarantees that his cargo will be delivered by the new owner of the *Coparelli*."

He became thoughtful, his gaze distant; he was grappling with the problem. It was a good sign.

"Would he accept a guarantee based on your personal reputation?"

"Of course. But why would I give such a guarantee?"  
Dickstein looked at him. "I can promise you that the owner of the cargo will not complain."

Papagopolous made an open-handed gesture. "It is obvious

in the eye

that you are perpetrating some kind of a swindle here. You need me as a respectable front. That I can do. But you also want me to lay my reputation on the line and take your word that it will not suffer?"

"Yes. Listen. Let me ask you one thing. You trusted the Israelis once before, remember?"

"Of course."  
"Did you ever regret it?"

Papagopolous smiled, remembering the old days. "It was the best decision I ever made."

"So, will you trust us again?" Dickstein found himself holding his breath.

"I had less to lose in those days. I was . . . thirty-five. But we did have a good deal of fun. And I must say this is the most intriguing offer I've had in nearly twenty years — What the hell, then, I believe I'll do it."

Dickstein extended his hand across the restaurant table. Papagopolous shook it.

A waitress brought a little bowl of Swiss chocolates for them to eat with their coffee. Papagopolous took one, Dickstein refused.

"Details," Dickstein said. "Open an account for Savile Shipping at your bank here. The Embassy will put funds in as they are required. You report to me simply by leaving a written message at the bank. The note will be picked up by someone from the Embassy. If we need to meet and talk, we use the usual phone numbers."

"Agreed."  
"I'm glad we're in business again."

Papagopolous was not letting it go so quickly. "Ship No. 2 is a sister ship of the *Coparelli* — I think I can perhaps guess what you're up to. There's one thing I'd like to know, though, even if I'm certain you won't tell me. What kind of cargo will the *Coparelli* be carrying?"

"You're right," Dickstein said. "I won't."

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MASTER

Pyotr Tyrin looked gloomily at the *Coparelli* and said, "She's a grubby old ship."

Rostov did not reply. They were sitting in a rented Ford on a quay at Cardiff docks. The squirrels at Moscow Center had informed them that the *Coparelli* would make port there ~~this day~~, and they were now watching her tie up. She was to unload a cargo of Swedish timber and take on a mixture of small machinery and cotton goods; it would take her some days.

"At least the mess decks aren't in the foc'sle," Tyrin muttered, more or less to himself.

"She's not *that* old," Rostov said.

Tyrin was surprised Rostov knew what he was talking about. Rostov continually surprised him with ~~such~~ odd bits of knowledge.

From the rear seat of the car Nik Bunin said, "Is that the front or the back of the boat?"

Rostov and Tyrin looked at one another. "The back," Tyrin said. "~~They have a quaint name for it—the stern.~~"

It was raining. The Welsh rain was even more persistent and monotonous than the English, and colder. Pyotr Tyrin was unhappy. It so happened that he had done two years in the Soviet Navy. That, plus the fact that he was the radio and electronics expert, made him the obvious choice as the man to be planted aboard the *Coparelli*. He did not want to go back to sea. In truth, the main reason he had applied to join the KGB was to get out of the navy. He hated the damp and the cold and the food and the discipline. Besides, he had a warm, comfortable wife in an apartment in Moscow, and he missed her ~~considerably~~.

Of course, there was no question of his saying no to Rostov.

"We'll get you on as radio operator, but you must take your own equipment as a fallback," Rostov said.

Tyrin wondered how this was to be managed. His approach would have been to find the ship's radio man, knock him on the head, throw him in the water, and board the ship, saying, "I hear you need a new radio operator." No doubt Rostov would be able to come up with something a little more subtle, ~~presumably~~ that was why he was a colonel —

The activity on deck had died down, and the *Coparelli's* engines were quiet. Five or six sailors came across the gangplank in a bunch, laughing and shouting, and headed for the town. Rostov said, "See which pub they go to, Nik." Bunin got out of the car and followed the sailors.

Watching him go, Tyrin found himself depressed by the scene: the figures crossing the wet concrete quay with their raincoat collars turned up; the sounds of tugs hooting and men shouting nautical instructions and chains winding and unwinding; the stacks of pallets; the bare cranes like sentries; the smell of engine oil and ship's ropes and salt spray — it all ~~put him too much in mind~~ of the Moscow flat, the chair in front of the paraffin heater, salt fish and black bread, beer and vodka, and an evening of television — He was ~~also~~ unable to share Rostov's irrepressible cheerfulness about the way the operation was going. Once again they had no idea where Dickstein was—even though they had not exactly lost him ~~but had, on Rostov's orders,~~ deliberately let him go. Now he was afraid of getting too close to Dickstein, of scaring the man off. "We'll follow the *Coparelli*, and Dickstein will come to us," Rostov had said. Hassan had argued with him, but Rostov had won. ~~Though he~~ had no contribution to make to such strategic discussions, ~~he did think~~ Rostov was ~~probably~~ correct but also ~~that~~ he had no reason to be so confident.

"Your first job is to befriend the crew," Rostov said, interrupting Tyrin's thoughts. "You're a radio operator. You suffered a minor accident aboard your last ship, the *Christmas Rose*—you broke your arm—and you were discharged here in Cardiff to convalesce. You ~~received~~ an excellent compensation payment from the owners ~~and~~ are spending the money and having a good time while it lasts. You say vaguely that you'll look for another job when your money runs out. You must discover two things: the identity of the radio man, and the anticipated date and time of departure of the ship."

"Fine," said Tyrin, though it was far from fine. Just *how* was he to "befriend" these people? He was not much of an actor, in his view. Would he have to play the part of a hearty hail-fellow-well-met? Suppose the crew of this ship thought him a bore, a lonely

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MASTER SET

SPACE:  
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man trying to attach himself to ~~their tight little~~ group? What if they just plain did not like him \_\_\_\_\_?

Bunin ~~was coming back across the quay then, and~~ Rostov said, "Get in the back, let Nik drive." Tyrin got out and held the door for Nik. The young man's face was streaming with rain. He started the car, Tyrin got in. [As the car pulled away Rostov turned around to speak to Tyrin in the back seat. "Here's a hundred pounds," he said, and handed over a roll of banknotes. "Don't spend it too carefully."

Bunin stopped the car opposite a small dockland pub on a corner. A sign outside, flapping gently in the wind, read, "Brains Beers." A smoky yellow light glowed behind the frosted-glass windows. There were ~~Tyrin supposed~~ worse places to be on a day like this.

"What nationality are the crew?" he said suddenly. "Swedish," Bunin said.

Tyrin's false papers made him out to be Austrian. "What language should I use with them?"

"All Swedes speak English," Rostov told him. [A moment of silence [Any more questions? I want to get back to our friend Hassan before he gets up to any mischief]] Rostov added:

"No more questions." Tyrin opened the car door.

Rostov said, "Speak to me when you get back to the hotel tonight—no matter how late. ~~Good luck~~"

Tyrin slammed the car door, crossed the road to the pub. As he reached the entrance ~~a man~~ came out, and the warm smell of beer and tobacco engulfed Tyrin as he went inside.

It was a poky little place, with hard wooden benches around the walls and plastic tables nailed to the floor. Four of the sailors were playing darts in the corner, a fifth was at the bar calling out encouragement to them.

The barman nodded to Tyrin. "Good morning," Tyrin said. "A pint of lager, a large whiskey and a ham sandwich."

The sailor at the bar turned around and nodded pleasantly. Tyrin smiled. "Have you just made port?"

"Yes. The Coparelli," the sailor replied.

Unconsciously he squared his broad shoulders. Either he would do it, or there would be some reason why it could not be done. All he could promise was to try his best.

"Christmas Rose," Tyrin said. "She left me behind."

"You're lucky."

"I broke my arm."

"So?" said the Swedish sailor with a grin, "you can drink with the other one."

"I like that," Tyrin said. "Let me buy you a drink. What will it be?"

Two days later they were still drinking. There were changes in the composition of the group as some sailors went on duty and others came ashore; and there was a short period between four A.M. and opening time when there was nowhere in the city, legal or illegal, where one could buy a drink — but otherwise life was one long pub crawl. Tyrin had forgotten how sailors could drink. He was dreading the hangover. He was glad, though, that he had not got into a situation where he felt obliged to go with prostitutes—the Swedes were interested in women, but not in whores. Tyrin would never have been able to convince his wife that he had caught venereal disease in the service of Mother Russia. The Swedes' other vice was gambling. Tyrin had ~~now~~ lost about fifty pounds of KGB money at poker ~~and~~ was so well in with the crew of the Coparelli that the previous night he had been invited aboard at two A.M. He had fallen asleep on the mess deck and they had left him there until eight bells.

midnight. It was now ten past eleven. The landlord of the pub was moving about the room collecting glasses, emptying ashtrays. Tyrin was playing dominoes with Lars, the radio operator. ~~Actually~~ they had abandoned the proper game and were now competing to see who could stand the most blocks in a line without knocking the lot down. Lars was very drunk, Tyrin was pretending to be. He was also very frightened about what he had to do in a few minutes' time, and skeptical of its outcome.

The landlord called out, "Time, gentlemen, please! Thank you very much."

Tyrin knocked his dominoes down, and laughed. Lars said, "You see—I am a ~~steadier~~ alcoholic than you."

The other crew were leaving. Tyrin and Lars stood up. Tyrin

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[There was a / Rostov said, / o /

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"Sure."  
"Good luck."  
Tonight would not be like that. The Coparelli was to sail on the morning tide, and all officers and men had to be aboard by

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put his arm around Lars's shoulders and staggered with him out into the street.

The night air was cool and damp. From now on he had to stay very close to Lars. ~~He hoped~~ ~~Bunin got his timing right, he~~ hoped the car ~~didn't~~ break down / ~~that Lars didn't get killed~~

He began talking, ~~fast~~ asking questions about Lars's home and family, ~~keeping~~ the two of them a few yards behind the main group of sailors.

They passed a blonde woman in a microskirt. She touched her left breast. "Hello, boys, fancy a cuddle?"

Not tonight, sweetheart, Tyrin thought, and kept walking. He must not let Lars stop and chat — timing, it was the timing. Nik, where are you?

There. They approached a dark blue Ford Capri 2000 parked at the roadside with its lights out. As the interior light flashed on and off Tyrin glimpsed the face of the man at the wheel, Nik Bunin. Tyrin took a flat white cap from his pocket and put it on, the signal that Bunin was to go ahead. When the sailors had passed on the car started up and moved away in the opposite direction.

Not long now. "I have a fiancée —" ~~Lars was mumbling~~ Oh, no, don't start that.

Lars giggled. "She has . . . hot pants." "You going to marry her?" Tyrin was peering ahead, listening, talking only to keep Lars close.

"What for?" ~~said the faithful Lars~~ "Is she faithful?" "Better be or I slit her throat."

"I thought Swedish people believed in free love —" Tyrin was saying anything that came to mind. "Free love, yes — but she better be faithful."

"I see." "I can explain . . . ~~just a little fuzzy . . .~~" Come on, Nik, get it over with . . .

One of the sailors in the group stopped to urinate in the gutter, ~~while~~ the others stood around making ribald remarks, laughing.

And then: I hope to Christ Lars doesn't get killed.

[Come on!]

Tyrin wished the man would hurry up—the timing, the timing—but he seemed as if he would go on forever.

At last he finished, they all walked on. Tyrin heard a car. He tensed, Lars said, "What's matter?"

"Nothing." Tyrin saw the headlights. The car was moving steadily toward them in the middle of the road. The sailors moved onto the sidewalk to get out of its way. It wasn't right, it shouldn't be like this, it wouldn't work this way — suddenly Tyrin was confused, ~~panicky~~ — then saw the outline of the car more clearly as it passed beneath a street light, and he realized it was not the one he was waiting for, it was a patrolling police car. It went harmlessly by.

The end of the street opened into a wide, empty square, badly paved. There was no traffic about. The sailors headed straight across the middle of the square.

Now. Come on. They were halfway across.

A car came ~~full tilt~~ around a corner and into the square, headlights blazing. Tyrin tightened his grip on Lars's shoulder. The car was veering wildly.

"Drunk driver," Lars said thickly.

It was a Ford Capri, and swung toward the bunch of sailors in front. They stopped laughing and scattered out of its way, shouting curses. The car turned away, then screeched around and accelerated ~~dead~~ straight for Tyrin and Lars.

"Look out!" Tyrin yelled.

When the car was almost on top of them he pulled Lars to one side, jerking the man off balance, and threw himself sideways. There was a stomach-turning thud, followed by a scream and crash of breaking glass. The car went by.

It's done, Tyrin thought. He scrambled to his feet and looked for Lars.

The sailor lay on the road a few feet away. Blood glistened in the lamplight.

Lars groaned.

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MASTER SET

He's alive, Tyrin thought. Thank God.  
The car braked. One of its headlights had gone out—the one that ~~he presumed~~ had hit Lars. It coasted, as if the driver were hesitating. Then it gathered speed and, one-eyed, disappeared into the night.

Tyrin bent over Lars ~~but~~ the other sailors gathered around, speaking ~~excitedly in~~ Swedish. Tyrin touched Lars's leg. He yelled out in pain.

"I think his leg is broken," Tyrin said. *Thank God that's all.*  
Lights were going on in some of the buildings around the square. One of the officers said something, and a rating ran off toward a house presumably to call for an ambulance. More rapid dialogue and another went off in the direction of the dock.

Lars was bleeding, ~~though~~ not too heavily. The officer bent over him. He would not allow anyone to touch his leg.

The ambulance arrived within minutes, but it seemed forever to Tyrin—he had never killed a man, and he did not want to ~~start now~~.

They put Lars on a stretcher. The officer got into the ambulance, and turned to speak to Tyrin. "You had better come."

"Yes!"  
"You ~~seem to have~~ saved his life!"  
Tyrin ~~didn't answer as~~ he got into the ambulance with the officer.

They sped ~~now~~ through the wet streets, the flashing blue light on the roof casting an unpleasant glow over the buildings. Tyrin sat in the back, unable to look at Lars or the officer, unwilling to look out of the windows like a tourist, not knowing where to direct his eyes. He had done many ~~unsavory~~ things in the service of his country and Colonel Rostov—he had taped the conversations of lovers for blackmail, he had shown terrorists how to make bombs, he had helped capture people who would later be tortured—but he had never been forced to ride in the ambulance with his victim. He did not like it.

They arrived at the hospital. The ambulance men carried the

stretcher inside. Tyrin and the officer were shown where to wait. And, suddenly, the rush was over. They had nothing to do but worry. Tyrin was astonished to look at the plain electric clock on the hospital wall and see that it was not yet midnight. It seemed hours since they had left the pub.

After a long wait a doctor came out. "He's broken his leg and lost some blood," he said. He seemed very tired. "He's got a lot of alcohol in him, which doesn't help. But he's young, strong and healthy. His leg will mend and he should be fit again in a few weeks."

Relief. Tyrin realized he was shaking ~~with it~~.  
The officer said, "Our ship sails in the morning."

"I'm afraid he won't be on it," the doctor said. "Is your captain on his way here?"

"I sent for him."  
"Fine!" the doctor ~~paid~~ turned and left.

The captain arrived at the same time as the police. He spoke to the officer in Swedish while a young sergeant took down Tyrin's vague description of the car.

Afterward the captain approached Tyrin. "~~It seems~~ you saved Lars from a much worse accident."

Tyrin wished people would stop saying that. "I tried to pull him out of the way but he fell — he was very drunk —"

"Horst here says you are between ships."  
"Yes, sir."

"~~And that~~ you are a fully qualified radio operator?"  
"Yes, sir."

"I need a replacement for Lars. ~~We have no time to seek elsewhere~~ Would you like to sail with us in the morning?"

Pierre Borg said, "I'm pulling you out."  
Dickstein whitened, stared at his boss.

"I want you to come back to Tel Aviv and run the operation from the office."

"You are crazy!"

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Dickstein said, "You go and fuck yourself."

They stood beside the lake at Zurich. It was crowded with boats, their multicolored sails flapping prettily in the Swiss sunshine. Borg said, "No arguments, Nat."

"No arguments, *Pierre*. I won't be pulled out. Finish."

"I'm ordering you."

"And I'm telling you to ~~go to hell~~."

"Look!" Borg took a deep breath. "Your plan is complete. The only flaw in it is that you've been compromised. The opposition knows you're working, and they're trying to find you and screw up whatever it is you're doing. You can still run the project — all you have to do is ~~keep your face out of it~~."

"No," Dickstein said. "This isn't the kind of project where you can sit in an office and push all the buttons to make it go. It's too complex, too many variables. I have to be in the field myself to make quick decisions —" Dickstein stopped himself talking and began to think — *Why do I want to do it myself? Am I really the only man in Israel who can pull this off? Is it just that I want the glory and —*

Borg voiced his thoughts. "Don't try to be a hero, Nat. You're too smart for that. ~~You've survived too long for that —~~ You're a professional, professional, follow orders!"

Dickstein shook his head. "You ought to know better than to take that line with me. Remember how Jews feel about people who always follow orders?"

"All right, so you were in a concentration camp—that doesn't give you the right to do whatever the hell you like for the rest of your life."

Dickstein waved him off. "You can stop me. You can withdraw support. But you also won't get your precious uranium, because I'm not going to brief anyone else on how I've planned to do it."

"You bastard, you mean it." Borg stared at him.

Dickstein watched Borg's expression. He had once had the embarrassing experience of seeing Borg have a row with his teenage son Dan. The boy had stood there, sullenly confident, while Borg tried to explain that going on peace marches was disloyal to father, mother, country and God, until Borg had

strangled himself with his own inarticulate rage. Dan, like himself, had learned how to refuse to be bullied, and Borg would never quite know how to handle people who could not be bullied.

The script now called for Borg to go red in the face, to begin to yell — Suddenly Dickstein realized that this was not going to happen. Borg was remaining calm. ~~Dickstein didn't like it.~~

Borg ~~even allowed himself a smile.~~ "Nat, I believe you're sleeping with one of their agents."

Dickstein stopped breathing. ~~He felt as if he'd been hit from behind with a giant fist.~~ Suza was private, in a compartment separate from the rest of his life, and now Borg had invaded it. ~~Violated it.~~

"You're misinformed," Dickstein said tonelessly.

"I'll give you the headlines," Borg said. "She's an Arab, her father's politics are pro-Arab, she travels all over the world in her cover job to have opportunity for contacts, and the agent Yasif Hassan, who made you in Luxembourg, is a friend of the family."

Dickstein turned to face him. "That's all?"

"All? You'd shoot people on that much evidence!"

"Not people I know."

"Has she gotten any information out of you?"

~~He refused to dignify it.~~

"You're getting angry because you know you've made a mistake."

Dickstein turned away, looked across the lake, struggling to make himself calm. ~~rage was Borg's act, not his.~~ Finally he said,

"Yes, I'm angry because I've made a mistake. I should have told you about her, not the other way around. I can understand how it might seem to you —"

"Seem? You mean you don't believe she's an agent?"

"Have you checked through Cairo?"

"You talk as if Cairo was my intelligence service. I can't just call and ask them to look her up in their files while I hold the line."

"But you've got a very good double agent in Egyptian Intelligence."

MASTER CLIP

Dickstein and /  
smiled slyly and sawed /  
the other side /  
of / He had / had /  
sledgehammer

Was dragging her out /  
and holding her up to /  
public view: Just look /  
at what / was doing!

spotted /  
Borg, standing too close, /  
gazing fiercely into Borg's /  
eyes, his guilt turning /  
to resentment. /  
Dickstein shouted, "No!"

and /  
After a long pause /  
must / Roman

Borg gave a false /  
little laugh. /  
Italian

Fuck yourself /  
to /  
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hide /

there are /  
instant /

? /  
you /  
should /

made a deprecatory /  
gesture /  
tell / it can be done /  
"You bastard, you mean it."

This was the last thing /  
he had been expecting. /  
He was filled with /  
irrational guilt, like a /  
boy caught masturbating? /  
shame, /  
embarrassment, and the /  
kiss of something /  
spoiled.

What the fuck do you /  
mean, all?

2



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o/ had/ other than/ o/

h I'm confident q

h I won't, Dickstein. I kill her

h Pierre.

"How can he be good? Everybody seems to know about him."

"Stop playing games] since the Six-Day War even the newspapers say you have good doubles in Egypt. The point is, you haven't checked her."

Borg held up both hands, palms outward, in a ~~an~~ apparent gesture of appeasement. "Okay, I'm going to check her with Cairo. It will take a little time. Meanwhile, you're going to write a report giving all details of your scheme and I'm going to put other agents on the job."

Dickstein thought of Al Cortone and Andre Papagopolous neither of them would do what he ~~had~~ agreed to do for anyone ~~except Nat~~ Dickstein — "It won't work, Pierre," he said quietly. "You've got to have that uranium, and I'm the only one who can get it for you."

"And if Cairo confirms her to be an agent?"  
"The answer will be negative." ~~He had to believe that.~~  
"But if it's not?"  
"You'll kill her, I suppose."

"Oh, no." Borg pointed a finger at Dickstein's nose. "Oh, no, if she's an agent, you will."

With deliberate slowness, Dickstein took hold of Borg's wrist and removed the pointing finger from in front of his face. There was only the faintest perceptible tremor in his voice as he said, "Yes, I will kill her." ~~And right after that, Pierre Borg and himself.~~

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/HP1 AAA

and when he spoke there was real, deep-down malice in his voice

BEGUN TAPE 2

MASTER SET

/R900

ELEVEN (13)

(6) IN THE BAR at Heathrow Airport Rostov ordered another round of drinks and decided to take a gamble on Yasif Hassan. The problem, still, was how to stop Hassan telling all he knew to an Israeli double agent in Cairo. Rostov and Hassan were both going back for interim debriefing so a decision needed to be made ~~immediately~~. Rostov opted for disclosure to Hassan, at the same time ~~invoking his desire to be considered a professional~~. The alternative was to provoke him, and just now he needed him as an ally, not a suspicious antagonist.  
"Look at this," Rostov said ~~and~~ he showed Hassan a decoded message.

h David

had/ now/ was going to let Hassan know everything, then appeal to his professionalism — such as it was

TO: Colonel David Rostov via London Residency  
FROM: Moscow Center  
DATE: 3 September 1968  
Comrade Colonel:

We refer to your signal g/35-21a, requesting further information concerning each of four ships named in our signal r/35-21. The motor vessel *Stromberg*, 2500 tons, Dutch ownership and registration, has recently changed hands. She was purchased for DM 1,500,000 by one Andre Papagopolous, a ship broker, on behalf of the Savile Shipping Corporation of Liberia.

Savile Shipping was incorporated on 6 August this year at the New York office of Liberian Corporation Services, Inc., with a share capital of five hundred dollars. The shareholders are Mr. Lee Chung, a New York lawyer, and a Mr. Robert Roberts, whose address is care of Mr. Chung's office. The three directors

MASTER SET

were provided in the usual way by Liberian Corporation Services, and resigned the day after the company was organized, again in the usual way. The aforementioned Papagopolous was then named president and chief executive.

Savile Shipping has also bought the motor vessel *Gil Hamilton*, 1500 tons, for £80,000.

Our people in New York have interviewed Chung. He says that "Mr. Roberts" came into his office from the street, gave no address and paid his fee in cash. He appeared to be an Englishman. The detailed description is on file here, but it is not particularly helpful.

Papagopolous is known to us. He is a wealthy international businessman of indeterminate nationality. Shipbroking is his principal activity. He is believed to operate close to the fringes of the law. We have no address for him. There is considerable material in his file, much of it speculative. He is believed to have done business with Israeli Intelligence in 1948. Nevertheless, he has no known political affiliation.

We continue to gather information on all the ships in the list. —Moscow Center.

Hassan gave the sheet of paper back to Rostov. "How do they get all this?"

Rostov began tearing the signal into shreds. "It's all on file somewhere or other. The sale of the *Stromberg* would have been notified to Lloyd's of London. Someone from our consulate in Liberia would have gotten the details on Savile Shipping from public records in Monrovia. Our New York people got Chung's address out of the phone book, and Papagopolous was on file in Moscow. None of it is secret, except the Papagopolous file. It's all knowing where to go to ask the questions. The squirrels specialize in that. It's all they do."

Rostov put the shreds of paper into a large glass ashtray and set fire to them. "Your people should have squirrels!"

"I expect we're working on it."

"Suggest it yourself. It won't do you any harm. You might even get the job of setting it up which could help your career."

Hassan nodded. "Perhaps I will."

Fresh drinks arrived—vodka for Rostov, gin for Hassan. Rostov was pleased that Hassan was responding well to his friendly overtures. He examined the cinders in the ashtray to make sure the signal had burned completely.

"You're assuming Dickstein is behind the Savile Shipping Corporation."

"Yes."

"What will we do about the *Stromberg*?"

Rostov emptied his glass and set it on the table. "My guess is he wants the *Stromberg* so he can get an exact layout of the *Coparelli* sister ship."

"It will be an expensive blueprint."

"He can sell the ship again. However, he may also use the *Stromberg* in the hijack of the *Coparelli* — though as yet I'm not clear how —"

"Will you put a man aboard the *Stromberg*, like Tyrin on the *Coparelli*?"

"No point in it. Dickstein is sure to get rid of the old crew and fill the ship with Israeli sailors. I'll have to think of something else."

"Do we know where the *Stromberg* is now?"

"I've asked the squirrels. They'll have an answer by the time I get to Moscow."

Hassan's flight was being called. He stood up. "We meet in Luxembourg?"

"I'll let you know. Listen, there's something I've got to say. Sit down again."

Hassan sat down.

"When we started to work together on Dickstein I was very hostile to you. I regret that now, I'm apologizing. But I must tell you there was a reason for it. You see, Cairo isn't secure. It's certain there are double agents in the Egyptian Intelligence apparatus. What I was concerned about—and still am—is that whatever you report to your superiors will get back, via a double agent, to Tel Aviv. That will enable Dickstein to know how close we are to move him to take evasive action."

"I appreciate your frankness."

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Hassan said,

So w / "Well ..."

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I don't quite see / just yet /

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87 / I'm not sure.

87 /

everything / and then / will / and will /

Appreciate/He/sx/ol

~~Of course you do~~, Rostov thought/ ~~Kod~~ love/it — "However, you are now completely in the picture, and what we must discuss is how to prevent the information you have in your possession ~~from~~ getting back to Tel Aviv."

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[Hanan added.  
ol/ y/ 87 of course/  
the give/

"What do you suggest?"  
"Well, you'll ~~of course~~ have to tell what we've found out, but I want you to be as vague as possible about details. Don't offer names, times, places. When you're pushed, complain about me, say I've refused to let you share all the information. Don't talk to anyone except the people you're obliged to report to. In particular, tell nobody about Savile Shipping, the *Stromberg*, or the *Coparelli*. As for Pyotr Tyrin being aboard the *Coparelli*—try to forget it."

Plenty/ 87

Hassan looked ~~understandably~~ worried. "What's left to tell?"  
"~~A good deal~~ . . . Dickstein, Euratom, uranium, the meeting with Pierre Borg . . . ~~my friend~~, you'll be a hero in Cairo if you tell half the story."

not/ 87  
ol/

Hassan was not convinced. "I'll be as frank as you. If I do this your way, my report will ~~hardly~~ be as impressive as yours."

Rostov gave a wry smile. "Is that ~~really~~ unfair?"

"No," Hassan conceded, "you deserve most of the credit."

"Besides, nobody but the two of us will know how different the reports are. And ~~in the end~~ you're going to get all the credit you need. ~~I assure you.~~"

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in the end/  
ol/ 87 ol/

"All right," Hassan said ~~finally~~. "I'll be ~~as vague as possible~~ . . . ~~including my friend, with you~~ . . . Unlike the Russian, he ~~was careful not to smile~~ . . . let Rostov continue to think him a fool . . . he would go along for his reasons."

"Good." Rostov waved his hand for a waiter. "You've got a little time, have a quick one before you go." He settled back in his chair and crossed his legs. He was satisfied, Hassan would do as he'd been told. "I'm looking forward to getting home."

"Any plans?"

"I'll try to take a few days on the coast with Mariya and the boys. We've a dacha in the Riga Bay."

"Sounds nice."

ol/  
had/

"It's pleasant there—but not as warm as where you're going, of course. Where will you head for—Alexandria?"

The last call for Hassan's flight came over the public address system, and the Arab stood up. "No such luck," he said. "I expect to spend the whole time stuck in filthy Cairo."

And ~~abruptly~~ Rostov/ ~~the manipulator~~ had the peculiar feeling that ~~perhaps~~ Yasif Hassan was lying.

87 87  
87

Franz Albrecht Pedler's ~~old~~ life was ruined when Germany lost the war. At the age of fifty, a career officer in the Wehrmacht, he was suddenly homeless, penniless and unemployed. ~~He~~ started again.

87  
And, like millions of other Germans h/

He became a salesman for a French dye manufacturer—small commission, no salary. In 1946 there were few customers, but by 1951 German industry was rebuilding and when at last things began to look up Pedler was in a good position to take advantage of the new opportunities. He opened an office in Wiesbaden, a rail junction on the right bank of the Rhine that promised to develop into an industrial center. His product list grew, so did his tally of customers/ soon he was selling soaps as well as dyes, and he gained entry to the U.S. bases, which at the time administered that ~~portion~~ of occupied Germany. He had learned, during the ~~difficult~~ years, to be an opportunist: if a U.S. Army procurement officer wanted disinfectant in pint bottles, Pedler would buy disinfectant in ten-gallon drums, pour the stuff from the drums into secondhand bottles in a rented barn, put on a label saying "F. A. Pedler's Special Disinfectant" and resell at a ~~nice~~ profit.

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From buying in bulk and repackaging it was not a very big step to buying ingredients and manufacturing. The first barrel of F. A. Pedler's Special Industrial Cleanser—never called simply "soap"—was mixed in the same rented barn and sold to the U.S. Air Force for use by aircraft maintenance engineers. ~~In~~ the late Fifties Pedler read a book about chemical warfare and ~~proceeded~~ to win a big defense contract to supply a range of solutions designed to neutralize various kinds of chemical weapons.

fat/  
The company never [ looked back. went on/

MASTER SET

F. A. Pedler had become a military supplier, small but secure and profitable. The rented barn had grown into a small complex of single-story buildings. Franz married again—his first wife had been killed in the 1944 bombing—and fathered a child. But he was still an opportunist at heart, and when he heard about a small mountain of uranium ore going cheap, he smelled a profit.

The uranium belonged to a Belgian company called Société Générale de la Chimie. Chimie was one of the corporations which ran Belgium's African colony, the Belgian Congo, a country rich in minerals. After the 1960 pullout Chimie stayed on; but, knowing that those who did not walk out would eventually be thrown out, the company expended all its efforts to ship home as much raw material as it could before the gates slammed shut. Between 1960 and 1965 it accumulated a large stockpile of yellowcake at its refinery near the Dutch border. Sadly for Chimie, a nuclear test ban treaty was ratified in the meantime, and when Chimie was finally thrown out of the Congo there were few buyers for uranium. The yellowcake sat in a silo, tying up scarce capital.

F. A. Pedler did not actually use very much uranium in the manufacture of their dyes. Franz, however, loved a gamble of this sort: the price was low, he could make a little money by having the stuff refined, and if the uranium market improved—as he felt it was likely to sooner or later—he would make a big capital profit. So he bought himself some.

To his surprise, Nat Dickstein liked Pedler right away. The German was a sprightly seventy-three-year-old who still had all his hair and the twinkle in his eye. They met on a Saturday. Pedler wore a loud sports jacket and fawn trousers, spoke good English with an American accent and gave Dickstein a glass of Sekt, the local champagne.

They were, of course, wary of each other at first. After all, they had fought on opposite sides in a war which had been cruel to them both. But Dickstein had always believed that the enemy was not so much Germany as Nazism, and he was concerned that Pedler might be uneasy. It seemed Pedler felt the same way.

Dickstein had called from his hotel in Wiesbaden to make an appointment. His call had been accepted eagerly. The local Israeli consul had alerted Pedler that Mr. Dickstein, a senior army procurement officer with a large shopping list, was on his way. Pedler had suggested a short tour of the factory on Saturday morning, when it would be empty, followed by lunch at his home.

If Dickstein had been a conventional customer he would have been put off by the tour: the factory was no gleaming model of German efficiency, but rather a straggling collection of old huts and cluttered yards with a pervasive, unpleasant ~~aroma~~.

After sitting up half the night with a textbook on chemical engineering Dickstein was ready with a handful of reasonably knowing questions about agitators and baffles, materials-handling and quality-control and packaging. He relied upon the language problem to camouflage any errors. It seemed to be working.

The situation was peculiar. Dickstein had to play the role of a buyer and be dubious and noncommittal while the seller wooed him, whereas in reality he was hoping to seduce Pedler into a relationship the German would be unable or unwilling to sever. It was Pedler's uranium he wanted, but he was not going to ask for it. Instead he would try to maneuver Pedler into a position where he was dependent upon Dickstein for his livelihood.

After the factory tour Pedler drove him in a new Mercedes from the works to a wide chalet-style house on a hillside. They sat in front of a big window and sipped their Sekt while Frau Pedler, a pretty, cheerful woman in her forties, busied herself in the kitchen. Bringing a potential customer home to lunch on the weekend was a somewhat Jewish way of doing business, Dickstein thought, and he wondered if Pedler had thought of that.

The window overlooked the valley. Down below, the river was wide and slow, with a narrow road running alongside it. Small gray houses with white shutters clustered in small groups along the banks, and the vineyards sloped upward to the Pedlers' house and beyond it to the treeline. If one were going to live in a cold country, Dickstein thought, this would do nicely.

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now or ever

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STET sure /

but fascism /  
the same was true

nervous only /

"Well, what do you think?" said Pedler.

"About the view, or the factory?"

Pedler smiled and shrugged. "Both."

"The view is magnificent/ the factory is smaller than I expected."

Pedler lit a cigarette. He was a heavy smoker—lucky to have lived so long/ he often thought. "Small?"

"Perhaps I should explain what I'm looking for."

"Please."

Dickstein launched into his story. "Right now the Army buys cleaning materials from a variety of suppliers — detergents from one, ordinary soap from another, solvents for machinery from someone else and so forth. We're trying to cut costs, and perhaps we can do this by taking our entire business in this area to one manufacturer."

Pedler's eyes widened. "That is . . ." He fumbled for a phrase ". . . a tall order."

"I'm afraid it may be too tall for you," Dickstein said, thinking/ don't agree with me/

"Not necessarily — the only reason we haven't got that kind of bulk manufacturing capacity is simply that we've never had this scale of business. We certainly have the managerial and technical knowhow, and with a large firm order we could get finance to expand . . . it all/ of course/ depends on the figures —"

Dickstein picked up his briefcase from beside his chair and opened it. "Here are the specifications for the products," he said, handing Pedler a list. "Plus the quantities required and the time scale. You'll want an opportunity, I assume/ to consult with your directors and do your figures —"

"I'm the boss," Pedler said with a smile. "I don't have to consult anybody. Give me tomorrow to work on the figures, and Monday to see the bank. On Tuesday I'll call and give you prices."

"I was told you were a good man to work with," Dickstein said.

"There are some advantages to being a small company."

Frau Pedler came in from the kitchen and announced that

~~lunch was ready. Her husband, as Dickstein expected, was too excited to eat.~~

My darling Suza,

I have never written a love letter before. I don't believe I ever called anyone darling until now. I must tell you, it feels very good.

I am alone in a strange town on a cold Sunday afternoon. The town is quite pretty, with a good many parks. In fact I'm sitting in one of them now, writing to you with a leaky ballpoint pen and some vile green stationery, the only kind I could get. My bench is beneath a curious kind of pagoda with a circular dome and Greek columns all about in a circle—like the kind of summer house you might find in an English country garden designed by a Victorian eccentric. In front of me is a flat lawn dotted with poplar trees, and in the distance I can hear a brass band playing something by Edward Elgar. The park is full of people with children and footballs and dogs.

I don't know why I'm telling you all this. What I really want to say is that I love you and I want to spend the rest of my life with you. I believe I knew that a couple of days after we met. I hesitated to tell you, not because I wasn't sure, but — Well, if you want to know the truth, I thought it might scare you off. I believe you love me, but I also know that you are twenty-five, that love comes easily to you (I'm the opposite way), and that love that comes easily may go the same way — So I thought/ at first/ softly, softly, at least give her a chance to get to like you before you ask her to say/ forever. Now that we've been apart for so many weeks I'm no longer capable of such deviousness. I just have to tell you how it is with me. Forever is what I want, and you might as well know it now.

I'm a changed man. I know that sounds trite, but when it happens to you it isn't trite at all, quite the opposite. Life looks very different to me now, in several ways—some of which you know about, others I'll tell you one day. Even this is different, this being alone in a strange place with nothing to do until

N.B. No punctuation at the end of this paragraph

MASTER BLEAKER

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MASTER SEA

Monday. Not that I mind it, particularly. But before, I wouldn't even have thought of it as something I might like or dislike. Before, there was nothing I'd prefer to do. Now there is always something I'd prefer to do, and you're the person I'd prefer to do it to — I mean with you, not to — well, either, or both. I'm going to have to get off that subject, it's making me fidget.

I'll be gone from here in a couple of days, don't know where I'm going next, don't know—and this is the worst part—don't even know when I'll see you again. But when I do, believe me, I'm not going to allow you out of my sight for at least ten or fifteen years.

None of this sounds how it's supposed to sound. I want to tell you how I feel, and I can't put it into words. I want you to know what it's like for me to picture your face many times every day, to see a slender girl with black hair and to hope against all reason that somehow she might be you, to imagine all the time what you might say about a view, a newspaper article, a small man with a large dog, a pretty dress / I want you to know how, when I get into bed alone, I ache with the need to touch you.

I love you very much.

N.

Franz Pedler's secretary phoned Nat Dickstein at his hotel on Tuesday morning and made a date for lunch.

They went to a modest restaurant in the Wilhelmstrasse and ordered beer instead of wine—this was to be a working session. Dickstein controlled his impatience—Pedler, not he, was supposed to do the wooing.

Pedler said, "Well, I think we can accommodate you."

Dickstein kept his face impassive. [Pedler continued: "The prices, which I'll give you in a moment, are conditional. We need a five-year contract. We will guarantee prices for the first twelve months, after that they may be varied in accordance with an index of world prices of certain raw materials. And there's a cancellation penalty amounting to ten percent of the value of one year's supply."

Dickstein wanted to say, "Done!" and shake hands on the deal, but he reminded himself to continue to play his part — "Ten percent is rather stiff."

"It's not excessive," Pedler argued. "It certainly would not recompense us for our losses if you did cancel / but it at least must be large enough to deter you from canceling except under very compelling circumstances."

"I see that — but we may suggest a smaller percentage."

Pedler shrugged. "Everything is negotiable. Here are the prices."

Dickstein studied the list, then said, "This is not close to what we're looking for."

"Does that mean we have a deal?"

"No, it means that I think we can do business."

Pedler beamed. "In that case," he said, "let's have a real drink. Waiter!"

When the drinks came Pedler raised his glass in a toast. "To many years of business together."

"I'll drink to that," Dickstein said. As he raised his glass he was thinking: Lucky Pierre, your least favorite pirate seems to have done it again.



Life at sea was uncomfortable, but still not as bad as Pyotr Tyrin had expected. In the Soviet Navy, ships had been run on the principles of unremitting hard work, harsh discipline and bad food. The Coparelli was very different. The captain, Eriksen, asked only for safety and good seamanship, and even there his standards were not remarkably high. The deck was swabbed occasionally, but nothing was ever polished or painted. The food was quite good, and Tyrin had the advantage of sharing a cabin with the cook. In theory Tyrin could be called upon at any hour of the day or night to send radio signals, but in practice all the traffic occurred during the normal working day so he even got his eight hours sleep every night. It was a comfortable regimen, and Pyotr Tyrin was concerned about comfort.

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Dickstein thought: Yes, yes! But he said,

How about that: I did it again!

it was /

MASTER COPY

Sadly, the ship was the opposite of comfortable.

terribly / and had / since /

~~The ship, however, held no comfort.~~ She was a bitch. As soon as they rounded Cape Wrath and left The Minch and the North Sea she began to pitch and roll like a toy yacht in a gale. Tyrin felt ~~wretchedly~~ seasick, but of course was obliged to conceal it—he was supposed to be a sailor. Fortunately this occurred while the cook was busy in the galley and Tyrin was not needed in the radio room, so he was able to lie flat on his back in his bunk until the worst was over.

The quarters were poorly ventilated and inadequately heated, so it immediately got a little damp above, the mess decks were full of wet clothing hanging up to dry and making the atmosphere worse.

Tyrin's radio gear was in his sea-bag, well protected by polythene and canvas and some sweaters. He could not, however, set it up and operate it in his cabin, where the cook or anyone else might walk in. He had already made routine radio contact with Moscow on the ship's radio during a quiet but nonetheless tense moment when nobody was listening; but he needed something safer and more reliable.

Tyrin was a nest-building man. Whereas Rostov would move from embassy to hotel room to safe house without noticing his environment, Tyrin liked to have a base, a place where he could feel comfortable/familiar and secure. On static surveillance, the kind of assignment he preferred, he would always find a large easy chair to place in front of the window and sit at the telescope for hours, perfectly content with his bag of sandwiches, his bottle of soda and his thoughts.

Here on the *Coparelli*, he had found a place to nest. Exploring the ship in daylight, he had discovered a little labyrinth of stores up in the bow beyond the for'ard hatch. The naval architect had put them there merely to fill a space between the hold and the prow. The main store was entered by a semiconcealed door down a flight of steps. It contained some tools, several drums of grease for the cranes and—inexplicably—a rusty old lawn mower. Several smaller rooms opened off the main one—some containing ropes, bits of machinery and decaying cardboard boxes of nuts and bolts; others empty but for insects. Tyrin had never seen

anyone enter the area—stuff that was used was stored aft, where it was needed.

He chose a moment when darkness was falling and most of the crew and officers were at supper. He went to his cabin, picked up his sea-bag and climbed the companionway to the deck. He took a flashlight from a locker below the bridge but did not yet switch it on.

The almanac said there was a moon, but it did not show through the thick clouds. Tyrin made his way stealthily for'ard holding on to the gunwale, where his silhouette would be less likely to show against the off-white deck. There was some light from the bridge and the wheelhouse, but the duty officers would be watching the surrounding sea, not the deck.

Cold spray fell on him, and as the *Coparelli* executed her notorious roll he had to grab the rail with both hands to avoid being swept overboard. At times she shipped water—not much, but enough to soak into Tyrin's sea boots and freeze his feet. He ferverently hoped that he would never find out what she was like in a real gale.

He was miserably wet and shivering when he reached the bow and entered the little store. He closed the door behind him, switched on his flashlight and made his way through the assorted junk to one of the small rooms off the main store. He closed that door behind him too, took off his oilskin, rubbed his hands on his sweater to dry and warm them some, then opened his bag. He put the transmitter in a corner, lashed it to the bulkhead with a wire tied through rings in the deck, and wedged it with a cardboard box.

He was wearing rubber soles, but he put on rubber gloves as an additional precaution for the next task. The cables to the ship's radio mast ran through a pipe along the deckhead above him. With a small hacksaw pilfered from the engine room Tyrin cut away a six-inch section of the pipe, exposing the cables. He took a tap from the power cable to the power input of the transmitter, then connected the aerial socket of his radio with the signal wire from the mast.

He switched on the radio and called Moscow.

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MASTER SET

His outgoing signals would not interfere with the ship's radio because he was the radio operator and it was unlikely that anyone else would attempt to send on the ship's equipment. However, while he was using his own radio, incoming signals would not reach the ship's radio room; and he would not hear them either since his set would be tuned to another frequency. He could have wired everything so that both radios would receive at the same time, but then Moscow's replies to him would be received by the ship's radio, and somebody might notice . . . Well, there was nothing very suspicious about a small ship taking a few minutes to pick up signals. Tyrin would take care to use his radio only at times when no traffic was expected for the ship.

When he reached Moscow he made: *Checking secondary transmitter.*

They acknowledged, then made: *Stand by for signal from Rostov.* All this was in a standard KGB code.

Tyrin made: *Standing by, but hurry.*

The message came: *Keep your head down until something happens. Rostov.*

Tyrin made: *Understood. Over and out.* Without waiting for their sign-off he disconnected his wires and restored the ship's cables to normal. The business of twisting and untwisting bare wires, even with insulated pliers, was time-consuming and not very safe. He had some quick-release connectors among his equipment in the ship's radio room. He would pocket a few and bring them here next time to speed up the process.

He was well satisfied with his evening's work. He had made his nest, he had opened his lines of communication, and he had remained undiscovered. All he had to do now was sit tight; and sitting tight was what he liked to do.

He decided to drag in another cardboard box to put in front of the radio and conceal it from a casual glance. He opened the door and shined his flashlight into the main store—and got a shock.

He had company.

The overhead light was on, casting restless shadows with its yellow glow. In the center of the storeroom, sitting against a grease drum with his legs stretched out before him, was a young

sailor. He looked up, just as startled as Tyrin and—Tyrin realized from his face—just as guilty.

Tyrin recognized him. His name was Ravlo. He was about nineteen years old, with pale blond hair and a thin white face. He had not joined in the pub-crawls in Cardiff, yet he often looked hung over, with dark discs under his eyes and a distracted air.

Tyrin said, "What are you doing here?" And then he saw.

Ravlo had rolled up his left sleeve past the elbow. On the deck between his legs were a phial, a watch-glass and a small waterproof bag. In his right hand was a hypodermic syringe, with which he was about to inject himself.

Tyrin frowned. "Are you diabetic?"

Ravlo's face twisted; he gave a dry, humorless laugh.

"An addict," Tyrin said, understanding. He did not know much about drugs, but he knew that what Ravlo was doing could get him discharged at the next port of call. He began to relax a little. This could be handled.

Ravlo was looking past him, into the smaller store. Tyrin looked back and saw that the radio was clearly visible. The two men stared at one another, each understanding that the other was doing something he needed to hide.

Tyrin said, "~~We will keep each other's secrets.~~"

Ravlo gave the twisted smile and the dry, humorless laugh again; then he looked away from Tyrin, down at his arm, and he stuck the needle into his flesh.



The exchange between the *Coparelli* and Moscow was picked up and recorded by a ~~British Intelligence~~ listening station. Since it was in standard KGB code, they were able to decipher it. But all it told them was that someone aboard a ship—they did not know which ship—was checking his secondary transmitter, and somebody called ~~Rostov~~—the name was not on any of their files—wanted him to keep his head down. Nobody could make any sense of it, so they opened a file titled "Rostov" and put the signal in the file and forgot about it.

< /R198 < /HP1 ^ ^ ^

and /

I will keep your secret, and you will keep mine

one line long

U.S. Naval / STET

o/w  
- one line long -



1990

## TWELVE ⑥

⑥ WHEN HE HAD finished his interim debriefing in Cairo, Hassan asked permission to go to Syria to visit his parents in the refugee camp. He was given four days. He took a plane to Damascus and a taxi to the camp. ←

↪ He did not visit his parents. ←

↪ He made certain inquiries at the camp, and one of the refugees took him, by means of a series of buses, to Dara, across the Jordanian border, and all the way to Amman. From there another man took him on another bus to the Jordan River. ←

↪ On the night of the second day he crossed the river, guided by two men who carried submachine guns. By now Hassan was wearing Arab robes and a headdress like them, but he did not ask for a gun. They were young men, their soft adolescent faces just taking on lines of weariness and cruelty, like recruits in a new army. They moved across the Jordan valley in confident silence, directing Hassan with a touch or a whisper; they seemed to have made the journey many times. At one point all three of them lay flat behind a stand of cactus while lights and soldiers' voices passed a quarter of a mile away.

Hassan felt helpless—and something more. At first he thought that the feeling was due to his being so completely in the hands of these boys, his life dependent on their knowledge and courage. But later, when they had left him and he was alone on a country road trying to get a lift, he realized that this journey was a kind of regression. For years now he had been a European banker, living in Luxembourg with his car and his refrigerator and his television set. Now, suddenly, he was walking in sandals along the dusty

Palestine roads of his youth | No car, no jet; an Arab again, a peasant, a second-class citizen in the country of his birth. None of his reflexes would work here—it was not possible to solve a problem by picking up a phone or pulling out a credit card or calling a cab. He felt like a child, a pauper and a fugitive all at the same time.

He walked five miles without seeing a vehicle, then a fruit truck passed him, its engine coughing unhealthily and pouring smoke, and pulled up a few yards ahead. Hassan ran after it.

“To Nablus?” he shouted.

“Jump in.”

The driver was a heavy man whose forearms bulged with muscle as he heaved the truck around bends at top speed. He smoked all the time. He must have been certain there would not be another vehicle in the way all night, driving as he did on the crown of the road and never using the brake. Hassan could have used some sleep, but the driver wanted to talk. He told Hassan that the Jews were good rulers, business had prospered since they occupied Jordan, but of course the land must be free one day. Half of what he said was insincere, no doubt; but Hassan could not tell which half.

They entered Nablus in the cool Samaritan dawn, with a red sun rising behind the hillside and the town still asleep. The truck roared into the market square and stopped. Hassan said goodbye to the driver.

He walked slowly through the empty streets as the sun began to take away the chill of the night. He savored the clean air and the low white buildings, enjoying every detail, basking in the glow of nostalgia for his boyhood: he was in Palestine, he was home.

He had precise directions to a house with no number in a street with no name. It was in a poor quarter, where the little stone houses were crowded too close together and nobody swept the streets. A goat was tethered outside, and he wondered briefly what it ate; there was no grass. The door was unlocked.

He hesitated a moment outside, fighting down the excitement in his belly. He had been away too long—now he was back in the

MASTER SET

for |

Land. He had waited too many years for this opportunity to strike a blow in revenge for what they had done to his father. He had suffered exile, he had endured with patience, he had nursed his hatred enough, perhaps too much.

He went in.

There were four or five people asleep on the floor. One of them, a woman, opened her eyes, saw him and sat up instantly, her hand under the pillow reaching for what might have been a gun.

"What do you want?"

Hassan spoke the name of the man who commanded the Fedayeen.

Cantonese. He was directing a small cadre of terrorists on forays into Israel, bombing and shooting and stealing and then returning to disappear into the Gaza camps like rats into a garbage dump. The terrorists were getting money, weapons and intelligence from Cairo: Hassan was, briefly, part of the intelligence backup, and when they met again Yasif told Mahmoud where his ultimate loyalty lay—not with Cairo, not even with ~~any~~ pan-Arab cause, but with Palestine.

Yasif had been ready to abandon everything there and then—his job at the bank, his home in Luxembourg, his role in Egyptian Intelligence—and join the freedom fighters. But Mahmoud had said no—the habit of command was already fitting him like a tailored coat. In a few years, he said—he took a long view—they would have all the guerrillas they wanted, but they would still need friends in high places, European connections, and secret intelligence.

They had met once more, in Cairo, and set up lines of communication which bypassed the Egyptians. ~~And Hassan had continued to cultivate his front of a rather naïve, even bumbling type so as not to put off his colleagues—especially the Russians, whose arrogance was his best advantage. Rostov was a prime example.~~ At first Yasif sent over much the same kind of stuff he was giving to Cairo, principally the names of loyal Arabs who were stashing away fortunes in Europe and could therefore be touched for funds. Recently he had been of more immediate practical value as the Palestinian movement began to operate in Europe. He had booked hotels and flights, rented cars and houses, stockpiled weapons and transferred funds.

He was not the kind of man to use a gun. He knew this and was faintly ashamed of it, so he was all the more proud to be so useful in other nonviolent but nonetheless practical ways.

The results of his work had begun to explode in Rome that year. Yasif believed in Mahmoud's program of European terrorism. He was convinced that the Arab armies, even with Russian support, could never defeat the Jews, since this allowed the Jews to think of themselves as a beleaguered people defending their

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With the Intelligence Establishment Hassan had cultivated a deceptive image: he pretended to be a little less perceptive than he was.

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↳ Mahmoud had lived not far from Yasif Hassan when they were both boys in the late Thirties, but they had never met, or if they had neither remembered it. After the European war, when Yasif went to England to study, Mahmoud tended sheep with his brothers, his father, his uncles and his grandfather. Their lives would have continued to go in quite different directions except for the 1948 war. Mahmoud's father, like Yasif's, made the decision to pack up and leave. The two sons—Yasif was a few years older than Mahmoud—met at the refugee camp. Mahmoud's reaction to the ceasefire was even stronger than Yasif's, which was paradoxical, inasmuch as Yasif had lost more. Mahmoud, however, was possessed by a rage that would allow him to do nothing except fight for the liberation of his homeland. Until then he had been oblivious of politics, thinking it had nothing to do with shepherds; now he set out to understand it. Before he could do that, he had to teach himself to read.

They met again in the Fifties, in Gaza. By then Mahmoud had blossomed, if that was the appropriate word for something so fierce. He had read Clausewitz on war and Plato's *Republic*, *Das Kapital* and *Mein Kampf*., Keynes and Mao and Galbraith and Gandhi, history and biography, classical novels and modern plays. He spoke good English and bad Russian and a smattering of

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homes against foreign soldiers, which in turn gave them strength. The truth was, in Yasif's view, that the Palestine Arabs were defending their home against invading Zionists. There were still more Arab Palestinians than Jewish Israelis, if one counted the exiles in the camps; and it was they, not a rabble of soldiers from Cairo and Damascus, who would liberate the homeland. But first they had to believe in the Fedayeen. Acts such as the Rome airport affair would convince them that the Fedayeen had international resources. And when the people believed in the Fedayeen, the people would be the Fedayeen, and then they would be unstoppable.

The Rome airport affair was trivial, a peccadillo, by comparison with what Hassan had in mind.

It was an outrageous, mind-boggling scheme that would put the Fedayeen on the front pages of the world's newspapers for weeks, and prove that they were a powerful international force, not a gaggle of ragged refugees. Hassan hoped desperately that Mahmoud would accept it.

Yasif Hassan had come to propose that the Fedayeen should hijack a holocaust.

They embraced like brothers, kissing cheeks, then stood back to look at one another.

Mahmoud was a big man, a fraction taller than Hassan and much broader; and he looked big, the way he held his head and walked and spoke.

The house had two rooms—the one Hassan had entered, and behind that another, where Mahmoud slept on the floor with two other men. There was no upper story. Cooking was done in a yard at the back, and the nearest water supply was one hundred yards away. The woman lit a fire and began to make a porridge of crushed beans. While they waited for it, Hassan told Mahmoud his story.

"Three months ago in Luxembourg I met a man I had known at Oxford, a Jew called Dickstein. I discovered he is a key Mossad operative. Since then I have been watching him, with the help of the Russians, in particular a KGB man named Rostov who conveniently takes me for a fool. We have discovered that

Dickstein plans to steal a shipload of uranium so the Zionists will be able to make atom bombs —"

At first Mahmoud refused to believe this. He cross-questioned Hassan: how good was the information, what exactly was the evidence, who might be lying, what mistakes might have been made? Then, as Hassan's answers made more and more sense, the truth began to sink in, and Mahmoud became very serious.

"These bombs could ravage the whole of the Middle East. What do you and this Russian propose to do?"

"The plan is to stop Dickstein and expose the Israeli plot, showing the Zionists to be lawless adventurers. We haven't worked out the details yet. But I have an alternative proposal." He paused, trying to form the right phrases, then blurted it out. "I think the Fedayeen should hijack the ship before Dickstein gets there."

Mahmoud stared at him for a long moment, then slowly began to shake his head from side to side, his mouth widened in a smile, and at last he began to laugh, eventually so wholeheartedly it brought the rest of the household around to see what was happening.

Hassan ventured, "But what do you think?" Mahmoud sighed. "It's wonderful," he said. "I don't see how we can do it, but it's a wonderful idea."

Then he started asking questions. He asked questions all through breakfast and for most of the morning: the quantity of uranium, the names of the ships involved, how the yellowcake was converted into nuclear explosive, places and dates and people. They talked in the back room, just the two of them for most of the time, but occasionally Mahmoud would call someone in and tell him to listen while Hassan repeated some particular point.

About midday he summoned two men who seemed to be his lieutenants. With them listening, he again went over the points he thought crucial.

"The Coparelli is an ordinary merchant ship with a regular crew?"

"Yes."

This is not only a threat to the Palestinian cause. Mahmoud asked.

[Hassan thought: Say something, for God's sake! Mahmoud

"You smell like a whore," said Mahmoud. "You smell like a goatherd," said Hassan. They laughed and embraced again.

He did smell, too: a sour familiar smell that came from living very close to many people in a place that lacked the modern inventions of hot baths and sanitation and garbage disposal. It was three days since Hassan had used after-shave and talcum powder, but he still smelled like a scented woman to Mahmoud.

grave! [It was like him, Hassan thought, to see the big picture.

blankly [then slowly] beginning with a small chuckle and finishing up giving a huge, body-shaking belly laugh

— boy my long — one line long

bunch/ SPACE NEW SCENE

It turns out/ — one line long

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MASTER SET

"She will be sailing through the Mediterranean to Genoa."

"Yes."

"What does this yellowcake weigh?"

"Two hundred tons."

"And it is packed in drums."

"Five hundred sixty of them."

"Its market price?"

"Two million American dollars."

"And it is used to make nuclear bombs."

"Yes — well, it is the raw material."

"Is the conversion to the explosive form an expensive or difficult process?"

"Not if ~~one has~~ a nuclear reactor. Otherwise, yes."

Mahmoud nodded to the two lieutenants. "Go and tell this to the others."



In the afternoon, when the sun was past its zenith and it was cool enough to go out, Mahmoud and Yasif walked over the hills outside the town. Yasif was desperate to know what Mahmoud really thought of his plan. Mahmoud ~~did not seem inclined to tell him~~. So Yasif spoke about David Rostov and said that despite ~~his arrogance and the difficulties he had made for him~~, he admired the Russian's professionalism.

"It's well to admire the Russians," Mahmoud said, "so long as we don't trust them. I think you understand. Their heart is not in our cause. There are three reasons why they take our side. The least important is that we cause trouble for the West, and anything that is bad for the West is good for the Russians. Then there is their image. The underdeveloped nations identify with us rather than with the Zionists, so by supporting us the Russians gain credit with the Third World—and remember, in the contest between the United States and the Soviet Union the Third World has all the floating votes. But the most important reason—the only really important reason—is oil. The Arabs have oil."

They passed a boy tending a small flock of bony sheep. The boy

was playing a flute. Yasif remembered that Mahmoud had once been a shepherd boy who could neither read nor write.

"Do you understand how important oil is?" Mahmoud said.

"Hitler lost the European war because of oil."

"No!"

"Listen. The Russians defeated Hitler. They were bound to. Hitler knew this — he knew about Napoleon, he knew nobody could conquer Russia. ~~Then~~ why did he try? He was running out of oil. There is oil in Georgia, in the Caucasian oilfields. Hitler had to have the Caucasus. But you cannot hold the Caucasus secure unless you have Volgograd, which was then called Stalingrad, the place where the tide turned against Hitler. Oil. That's what our struggle is about, whether we like it or not, do you realize that? If it were not for oil, nobody but ~~ourselves~~ would care about a few Arabs and Jews fighting over a dusty little ~~outpost~~ country like ours."

Mahmoud was magnetic when he talked. His strong, clear voice rolled out short phrases, simple explanations, statements that sounded like devastating basic truths: Hassan suspected he said these same things often to his troops. In the back of his mind he remembered the sophisticated ways in which politics were discussed in places like Luxembourg and Oxford, and it seemed to him now that for all their mountains of information those people knew less than Mahmoud. He knew, too, that international politics were complicated; that there was more than oil behind these things, yet at bottom ~~— or on the bottom line, as the financial people called it —~~ he believed Mahmoud was right.

They sat in the shade of a fig tree. The smooth, dun-colored landscape stretched all around them, empty. The sky glared hot and blue, cloudless from one horizon to the other. Mahmoud uncorked a water bottle and gave it to Hassan, who drank the tepid liquid and handed it back. He asked Mahmoud whether he wanted to rule Palestine after the Zionists were beaten back.

"I've killed many people," Mahmoud said. "At first I did it with my own hands, with a knife or a gun or a bomb. Now I kill by devising plans and giving orders, but I still kill them. We know

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this is a sin, but I cannot repent. I have no remorse, Yasif. Even if we make a mistake, kill children and Arabs instead of soldiers and Zionists, still I think only, "This is bad for our reputation," not, "This is bad for my soul." There is blood on my hands, and I will not wash it off. I will not try. There is a story called *The Picture of Dorian Gray*. It is about a man who leads an evil and debilitating life, the kind of life that should make him look old, give him lines on his face and bags under his eyes, a destroyed liver and venereal disease. Still, he does not suffer. Indeed, as the years go by he seems to stay young, as if he had found the elixir of life. But in a locked room in his house there is a painting of him, and it is the picture that ages, and takes on the ravages of evil living and terrible disease. Do you know this story? It is English."

"I saw the movie," said Yasif. ~~He did not smile.~~

"I read it when I was in Moscow. I would like to see that film. Do you remember how it ended?"

"Oh, yes. *Dorian Gray* destroyed the painting, and then all the disease and damage fell on him in an instant, and he died."

"Yes." Mahmoud put the stopper back in the bottle, and looked out over the brown hillsides. "When Palestine is free, my picture will be destroyed."

After that they sat in silence for a while. Eventually, without speaking, they stood up and began to walk back to the town.

Several men came to the ~~small~~ house in Nablus at dusk that evening, just before curfew. Hassan did not know who they were exactly; they might have been the local leaders of the movement, or an assorted group of people whose judgment Mahmoud respected, or a permanent council of war that stayed close to Mahmoud but did not actually live with him. Hassan could see the logic in the last alternative — if they all lived together, they could all be destroyed together.

The woman gave them bread and fish and watery wine, and Mahmoud told them about Hassan's ~~grand~~ scheme. Mahmoud had thought it through more thoroughly than Hassan. He ~~now~~

proposed that they hijack the *Coparelli* before Dickstein got there, then ambush the Israelis as they came aboard. Expecting only an ordinary crew and halfhearted resistance, Dickstein's group would be ~~more vulnerable~~. Afterward the Fedayeen would take the *Coparelli* to a North African port and invite the world to come aboard and see the bodies of the ~~international~~ Zionist criminals. The cargo would be offered to its owners for a ransom of half its market price—one million U.S. dollars.

There was a long debate. Clearly a faction in the movement was already nervous about Mahmoud's policy of taking the war into Europe, and saw the proposed hijack as a further extension of the same strategy. They suggested that the Fedayeen could achieve most of what they wanted simply by calling a press conference in Beirut or Damascus and revealing the Israeli plot to the international press. Hassan was convinced that was not enough — accusations were cheap. It was not just the lawlessness of Israel that had to be demonstrated, it was the power of the Fedayeen.

They spoke as equals, and Mahmoud seemed to listen to each with the same attention. Hassan sat quietly, hearing the calm voices of people who looked like peasants and spoke like senators. He was hopeful and fearful that they would adopt his plan: hopeful because it would be the fulfillment of twenty years of vengeful dreams; fearful because it would mean he would have to do things far more difficult, violent and risky than the work he had been involved in so far.

In the end he could not stand it any longer and went outside and squatted in the mean yard, smelling the night and the dying fire. A little later there was a chorus of quiet voices from inside.

Yoting  
Mahmoud came out and sat beside Hassan. "I've sent for a car."

"Oh?"

"We must go to Damascus. Tonight. There is a great deal to do. It will be our biggest operation. We must start work immediately."

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"It's decided then?"

"Yes. The Fedayeen will hijack the ship and steal the uranium."

h ["So be it," said  
Yasif Hassan  
his! 87

h The first day of ~~Rostov's~~ holiday with his family was fine. He made breakfast, they walked along the beach, and in the afternoon Vladimir, the young genius, played chess against Rostov, Mariya, and Yuri simultaneously, and won all three games. They took hours over supper, catching up on all the news and drinking a little wine. The second day was similar, but they enjoyed it less; and by the third day the novelty of each other's company had worn ~~thin~~. Vladimir remembered he was supposed to be a prodigy and stuck his nose back into his books; Yuri began to play degenerate Western music on the record player and argued with his father about dissident poets; and Mariya fled into the kitchen of the dacha and stopped putting make-up on her face.

off

So when the message came to say that Nik Bunin was back from Rotterdam and had successfully placed "bugs" on the *Stromberg*, Rostov used that as an excuse to return to Moscow.

bugged/

Nik reported that the *Stromberg* had been in dry dock for the usual inspection prior to completion of the sale to Savile Shipping. A number of small repairs were in progress, and without ~~much~~ difficulty Nik had gotten on board, posing as an electrician; and planted a powerful radio beacon in the prow of the ship. On leaving he had been questioned by the dock foreman, who did not have any electrical work on his schedule for that day; Nik had pointed out that if the work had not been requested, no doubt it would not have to be paid for.

87

From that moment, whenever the ship's power was on—which was all the time she was at sea and most of the time she was in dock—the beacon would send out a signal every thirty minutes until the ship sank or was broken up for scrap. For the rest of her life, wherever in the world she was, Moscow would be able to locate her within an hour.

and

David Rostov had always liked his family in small doses, and as he got older the doses got smaller.

Rostov listened to Nik, then sent him home. He had plans for the evening. It was a long time since he had seen Olga, and he was impatient to see what she would do with the battery-operated vibrator he had brought her as a present from London.

In Israeli Naval Intelligence there was a young captain named Dieter Koch who had trained as a ship's engineer. When the *Coparelli* sailed from Antwerp with her cargo of yellowcake ~~it~~ ~~was necessary that~~ Koch be aboard.

87 had to

Nat Dickstein reached Antwerp with only the vaguest idea of how this was to be achieved. From his hotel room he phoned the local representative of the company that owned the *Coparelli*.

When I die, he thought as he waited for the connection, they will bury me from a hotel room.

A girl answered the phone. Dickstein said briskly, "This is Pierre Beaudaire, give me the director."

"Hold on, please."

A man's voice, "Yes?"

"Good morning, this is Pierre Beaudaire from the Beaudaire Crew List," Dickstein improvised.

87 was making it up as he went along. Never heard of/

"I don't know you."

"That's why I'm calling you. You see, we're contemplating opening an office in Antwerp, and I'm wondering whether you would be willing to try us."

"I doubt it, but you can write to me and—"

"Are you completely satisfied with your present crew agency?"

"They could be worse. Look here—"

"One more question and I won't trouble you further. May I ask whom you use at the moment?"

"Cohen's. Now, I haven't any more time—"

"I understand. Thank you for your patience. Goodbye."

Cohen's! A piece of luck. It was unexpected—docks and shipping were not typical Jewish enterprises. He looked up Cohen's crew agency in the phone book, memorized the address, put on his coat, left the hotel and hailed a cab.

Perhaps I will be able to do this bit without brutality. Dickstein thought as he put down the phone. Cohen!

12 87 That was a business! [well, some] -times you got lucky.

Cohen had a little two-room office above a sailor's bar in the red-light district of the city. It was not yet midday, and the night people were still asleep—the whores and thieves, musicians and strippers and waiters and bouncers, the people who made the place come to life in the evening. Now it might have been any run-down business district, gray and cold in the morning, and none too clean.

Dickstein went up a staircase to a first-floor door, knocked and went in. A middle-aged secretary presided over a small reception room furnished with filing cabinets and orange plastic chairs.

"I'd like to see Mr. Cohen," Dickstein told her.

She looked him over and seemed to think he did not appear to be a sailor. "Are you wanting a ship?" she said doubtfully.

"No," he said. "I'm from Israel."

"Oh —" (She had dark hair and deep-set, shadowed eyes, and she wore a wedding ring. Dickstein wondered if she might be Mrs. Cohen as she got up and went through a door behind her desk into the inner office. She was wearing a pants suit, which from behind she filled more than empty.

A minute later she reappeared and ushered him into Cohen's office. Cohen stood up, shook hands and said without preamble, "I give to the cause every year. In the war I gave twenty thousand guilders, I can show you the check. This is some new appeal? There is another war?"

"I'm not here to raise money, Mr. Cohen," Dickstein said ~~and~~ ~~smiled his most gracious~~ smile. Mrs. Cohen had left the door open/Dickstein closed it. "May I sit down?"

"If you don't want money, sit down, have some coffee, stay all day," said Cohen, and ~~now~~ he ~~smiled too~~.

Dickstein sat. Cohen/a short man in spectacles, bald and clean-shaven, looked to be about fifty years old. He wore a brown check suit that was not very new. He had a good little business here, Dickstein guessed, but he was no millionaire — "Were you here in World War II?"

Cohen nodded. "I was a young man. I went into the country and worked on a farm where nobody knew me, nobody knew I was Jewish. I was lucky."

"Do you think it will happen again?"

"Yes. It's happened all through history, why should it stop now? It will happen again—but not in my lifetime. It's all right here. I don't want to go to Israel."

"Okay, I understand — I work for the government of Israel. We would like you to do something for us."

Cohen shrugged. "So?"

"In a few weeks' time, one of your clients will call you with an urgent request. They will want an engineer officer for a ship called *Coparelli*. We would like you to send them a ~~certain~~ man ~~provided~~ by us. His name is Koch, and he is an Israeli, but he will be using a different name and false papers. However, he is a ship's engineer—your clients will not be dissatisfied."

Dickstein waited for Cohen to say something. You're a nice man, he thought; a decent Jewish businessman, smart and hardworking and a little frayed at the edges; ~~please~~ don't make me ~~be rough on~~ you —

Cohen ~~finally~~ said, "You're not going to tell me why the government of Israel wants this man Koch aboard the *Coparelli*?"

"No."

There was a silence.

"You carry any identification?"

"No."

The secretary came in without knocking and gave them coffee. Dickstein got ~~distinctly~~ hostile vibrations from her. Cohen used the interruption to gather his thoughts. When she had gone out he said, "I would have to be *meshugenah* to do this."

"Why?"

"You come in off the street saying you represent the government of Israel, you have no identification, you don't even tell me your name. You ask me to take part in something that's obviously underhanded and ~~maybe~~ criminal! You ~~won't~~ tell me what it is that you're trying to do. Even if I believe your story, I don't know that I would approve of the Israelis doing what you want to do."

Dickstein sighed, thinking of the alternatives—blackmail him, kidnap his wife, take over his office on the crucial day . . . He

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MASTER SET  
Prime Minister

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said, "Is there anything I can do to convince you?"  
"I need a personal request from a high official of Israel before I would do this thing. ~~How about the Prime Minister...~~" He half-smiled at his own chutzpah.

Dickstein stood up to leave, then thought, Why not? Why indeed not? It was a wild idea, they would think he was crazy... but it just might work, serve his purpose... He grinned as he thought it through. Borg would have apoplexy — He said to Cohen, "All right."

"What do you mean, 'all right'?"

"Put on your coat. We'll go to Jerusalem."

"Now?"

"Are you busy?"

"Are you serious?"

"I told you it's important." Dickstein pointed to the phone on the desk. "Call your wife."

"She's just outside."

Dickstein went to the door and opened it. "Mrs. Cohen?"

"Yes."

"Would you come in here, please?"

She hurried in, looking worried. "What is it, Josef?" she asked her husband.

"This man wants me to go to Jerusalem with him."

"When?"

"Now."

"You mean this week?"

"I mean this morning, Mrs. Cohen. I must warn you that all this is highly confidential — I've asked your husband to do something for the Israeli government. Naturally he wants to be certain that it is the government that is asking this favor and not some crank or criminal. I'm going to take him there to convince him."

"Don't get involved, Josef —"

Cohen shrugged. "I'm Jewish, I'm involved already. Mind the shop."

"You don't know anything about this man!"

"So I'm going to find out."

Dickstein said, / one line long /  
of / So / She said,

Dickstein realised how proud she would be if her husband met the Prime Minister of Israel. He said,

Then Dickstein knew it was going to be all right.

He kept grinning, and had to turn his face away so that Cohen would not see.

Pierre Borg would go through the roof.

"I don't like it."

"There's no danger," Cohen told her. "We'll take a scheduled flight, we'll go to Jerusalem, I'll see his man and we'll come back."

"What man?" she said.

"Would the Prime Minister do?"

"The Prime Minister! You're crazy!"

"Some would agree, Mrs. Cohen. But crazy or no, I am serious. Now, as you can understand, I'm sure, this has to be secret, Mrs. Cohen. Please tell people your husband has gone to Rotterdam on business. He will be back tomorrow."

She stared at the two of them. "My Josef meets the Prime Minister, and I can't tell Rachel Rothstein?"

Cohen took his coat from a hook and put it on. Mrs. Cohen kissed him, then put her arms around him.

"It's all right," he told her. My god, the Prime Minister...

She nodded silently and let him go.

"This is very sudden and strange, but it's all right." Ambly!

They took a cab to the airport. Dickstein's sense of pleasure grew as they traveled. The scheme had an air of mischief about it, he felt a bit like a schoolboy, this was, in a way, a monumental prank, however serious the cause. He had to turn his face away so that Cohen would not see the beginning of a huge grin as he once again thought of Borg's outraged reaction.

He bought two round-trip tickets to Tel Aviv, paying with his credit card. They had to take a connecting flight to Paris. Before taking off he called the embassy in Paris and arranged for someone to meet them in the transit lounge.

In Paris he gave the man from the embassy a message to send to Borg, explaining what was required. The diplomat was a Mossad man, and treated Dickstein with deference. Cohen was allowed to listen to the conversation, and when the man had gone back to the embassy he said, "We could go back, I'm convinced already."

"Oh, no," Dickstein said. "Now that we've come this far I

delight /  
a terrific /  
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want to be absolutely sure of you." ~~And there was also the pleasure of Borg's anticipated displeasure!~~

On the plane Cohen said, "You must be an important man in Israel."

"No. It's just what I'm trying to do."

Cohen wanted to know how to behave, how to address the Prime Minister. Dickstein told him, "I don't know, I've never met him. Shake hands and call him by his name."

Cohen smiled. He was ~~perhaps~~ beginning to share Dickstein's feeling of mischievousness.

Pierre Borg met them at Lod Airport with a car to take them to Jerusalem. He smiled and shook hands with Cohen. ~~Underneath, he was on fire.~~ As they walked to the car he muttered to Dickstein, "You better have a powerful good reason for all this."

"I have."

They were with Cohen all the while, ~~which meant~~ Borg did not have an opportunity to cross-examine Dickstein. They went straight to the Prime Minister's residence in Jerusalem. Dickstein and Cohen waited in an anteroom while Borg explained to the Prime Minister what was required and why. ~~Cohen was getting very cold feet, and said so. Dickstein waved him silent.~~

Minutes later they were admitted. "This is Nat Dickstein, sir," Borg said.

They shook hands, and the Prime Minister said, "We haven't met before, but I've heard of you, Mr. Dickstein."

Borg said, "And this is Mr. Josef Cohen of Antwerp."

"Mr. Cohen." The Prime Minister smiled. "You're a very cautious man. You should be a politician. Well, now . . . please do this thing for us. It is very important, and you will come to no harm from it."

Cohen was bedazzled. "Yes, sir, of course I will do this, I'm sorry to have caused so much trouble . . ."

"Not at all. You did the right thing." He shook Cohen's hand again. "Thank you for coming. Goodbye."

Borg was less polite on the way back to the airport. He sat

silent in the front seat of the car, smoking a cigar and fidgeting. At the airport he managed to get Dickstein alone for a minute. "If you ever pull a stunt like this again—"

"It was necessary," Dickstein said. "It took less than a minute. Why not?"

"Why not, is because half my department has been working all day to fix that minute. Why didn't you just point a gun at the man's head or something?"

"Because we're not barbarians," Dickstein said.

"So people keep telling me."

"They do? That's a bad sign."

"Why?"

"Because you shouldn't need to be told."

~~Fortunately~~ their flight was called. Boarding the plane with Cohen, Dickstein reflected that his relationship with Borg was in ruins. They had always talked like this, with bantering insults, but until now there had been an undertone of . . . perhaps not affection but at least respect. Now that had gone. Borg was genuinely hostile. Dickstein's refusal to be pulled out was a piece of basic defiance which could not be tolerated. If Dickstein had wanted to continue in the Mossad, he would have had to fight Borg for the job of director—there was no longer sufficient room for both men in the organization. ~~Except~~ there would be no contest now, ~~because~~ Dickstein ~~decided~~, he was going to resign. ~~When this one was over.~~

Flying back to Europe through the night, Cohen drank some gin and went to sleep. Dickstein ~~took the opportunity to run~~ over in his mind ~~what~~ he had done in the past five months. Back in May he had started out with no real idea of how he was going to steal the uranium Israel needed. He had taken the problems as they came up, and ~~somehow~~ found a solution to each: how to locate uranium, which uranium to steal, how to hijack a ship, how to camouflage the Israeli involvement in the theft, how to prevent the disappearance of the uranium being reported to the authorities, how to placate the owners of the ~~uranium~~. If he had sat down at the beginning and tried to ~~imagine~~ the whole scheme he

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could never possibly have foreseen all the complications. [He had had some good luck and some bad. The fact that the owners of the Coparelli used a Jewish crew agency in Antwerp was ~~decidedly~~ a piece of luck; so was the existence of a consignment of uranium for non-nuclear purposes, and one going by sea. The bad luck was ~~mostly~~ the accidental meeting with Yasif Hassan.

Hassan, the proverbial fly in the ointment. Dickstein was ~~reasonably certain~~ he had shaken off the opposition when he flew to Buffalo ~~to see Cortone~~, and that they had not picked up his trail again since. But that did not ~~of course~~ mean they had dropped the case.

It would be useful ~~important~~ to know how much they had found out before they lost him.

~~He also had realized he could not see Suza again until the whole affair was over, and Hassan was to blame for that too. If he were to go to Oxford, Hassan was sure to pick up the trail somehow. And then there was that damnable implication of Berg's about her sympathies. No way to answer it for certain except not to see her.~~

The plane began its descent. Dickstein fastened his seat belt. It was all done now, the scheme in place, the preparations made. The cards ~~to use the old metaphor~~ had been dealt. He knew what was in his hand, and he knew some of his opponents' cards, and they knew some of his. All that remained was to play out the game. No one could foretell the outcome. He wished he could see the future more clearly, he wished his plan were less complicated, he wished he did not have to risk his life once more ~~it was worth~~ ~~too much to him since Suza~~ and he wished the game would start so that he could stop wishing and start doing —

Cohen was awake. "Did I dream all that?" he said.

"No." Dickstein smiled. There was one more unpleasant duty he had to perform ~~scare Cohen half to death~~. "Mr. Cohen, I told you this was important, and secret."

"Of course, I understand."

"You don't understand. If you talk about this to anyone other than your wife, we will ~~need to take direct~~ action."

"Is this a threat? What are you saying — ?"

"I'm saying, if you don't keep your mouth shut, ~~Mr. Cohen~~ we will kill your wife."

Cohen stared, ~~went pale~~ then after a moment he turned away and looked out of the window at the airport coming up to meet them.

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Dickstein gave Sarne a little more gas each time he showed signs of waking. He administered the last dose at six A.M. the following day, <sup>then he</sup> paid the bill for the two rooms and left.



When Sarne finally woke up he found that the woman he had slept with had gone without saying goodbye. He also found he was massively, ravenously hungry.

During the course of the morning he discovered that he had been asleep not for one night, as he had imagined, but for two nights and the day in between.

He had an insistent feeling in the back of his mind that there was something remarkable he had forgotten, but he never found out what had happened to him during that lost twenty-four hours.



Meanwhile, on Sunday, November 17, 1968, the *Coparelli* had sailed ~~with a new engineer~~.

< /R 198 < /HF 1 A.A.A

One brief long

MASTER SET

12900

# FIFTEEN (15)

HASSAN DID NOT GO BACK TO CAIRO, then or ever.

As his plane took off from Palermo he considered how close he'd come to disaster in nearly allowing Dickstein to be warned by Cortone and, for all he knew, Suza . . . as a woman he'd never trusted her fully anyway — and then promptly took delight in the realization that he'd outwitted Rostov once again — He could hardly believe it when Rostov had told him to get out of his sight. He'd felt sure he would be forced to board the *Karla* and thereby miss the hijack by the Fedayeen. But Rostov had considered him, as usual, merely impulsive, inexperienced, even stupid. It had never occurred to him that he might be wrong, that this Arab might have a vision, a dedication that transcended the narrow ones of those in Cairo. No . . . he was the representative of Egyptian Intelligence on the team. He was an Arab. Egyptians were Arabs. They were all the same.

Wonderful. Clever, arrogant, patronizing Colonel Rostov and the might of the KGB had been fooled by a lousy Palestinian refugee, a man they barely tolerated, a nobody — But of course it was not over yet. He still had to join forces with the Fedayeen. —

The flight from Palermo took him to Rome, where he tried to get a plane to Annaba or Constantine, both near the Algerian coast. The nearest the airlines could offer was Algiers or Tunis. He went to Tunis, where he found a young taxi driver with a newish Renault and thrust in front of the man's face more money in American dollars than he normally earned in a year. The taxi took him across the hundred-mile breadth of Tunisia, over the

Exultation ~~in~~ <sup>filled</sup> him  
It had been close, but / had / said /  
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land  
Hassan might be a traitor. But then, why should it? Hassan

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Completely believed that Hassan was merely over-enthusiastic

If Rostov had toyed with suspicions about his loyalty, he might have considered whether he was working for the Israelis, for they were the opposition — the Palestinians, if they entered the picture at all, could be assumed to be on the Arab side.

Hassan felt tears start to his eyes.

border into Algeria and dropped him off at a fishing village with a small natural harbor.

One of the Fedayeen ~~by prearrangement~~ was waiting for him. Hassan found him on the beach, sitting under a propped-up dinghy that sheltered him from the rain, playing backgammon with a fisherman. The three men got into the fisherman's boat and cast off. The sea was rough as they headed out in the last of the day. Hassan, no seaman, worried that the little motorboat would capsize, though the fisherman grinned cheerfully at him and the weather through it all.

The trip took them less than a half hour. As they approached the looming hulk of the ship, Hassan felt again a rising sense of the possibility of success for the farfetched operation he'd conceived. A ship . . . they had a ship —

He clambered up onto the deck while the man who had met him paid off the fisherman. Mahmoud was waiting for him on deck. They embraced, and Hassan said, "We should weigh anchor immediately—things are moving very fast now."

"Come to the bridge with me."

Hassan followed Mahmoud forward. The ship was a small coaster of about one thousand tons, quite new and in good condition. She was sleek, with most of her accommodations below deck. There was a hatch for one hold. She had been designed to carry small loads quickly and to maneuver in local North African ports.

They stood on the foredeck for a moment, looking about. "She appears to be just what we need —"

"I've renamed her the *Nablus*," Mahmoud told him. "The first ship of the Palestine Navy."

Both men were clearly delighted. They climbed the ladder and Mahmoud added, "I got her from a Libyan businessman who wanted to save his soul. ~~Also his life!~~"

The bridge was compact and tidy. There was ~~in fact~~ only one serious lack—radar. Many of these small coastal vessels still managed without it, and there had been no time to buy the equipment and fit it — Mahmoud introduced the captain, also a

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Libyan—the businessman had provided a crew as well as a ship| ~~after all~~ none of the Fedayeen were sailors. The captain ~~promptly~~ gave orders to weigh anchor and start engines.

The three men bent over a chart as Hassan told what he had learned in Sicily. “The *Stromberg* left the south coast of Sicily at midday today. The *Coparelli* was due to pass through the Strait of Gibraltar late last night, heading for Genoa. They are sister ships, with the same top speed, so the earliest they can meet is twelve hours east of the midpoint between Sicily and Gibraltar.”

and/

The captain made some calculations/looked at another chart. “They will meet southeast of the island of Minorca.”

“We should intercept the *Coparelli* no less than eight hours earlier.”

The captain ran his finger back along the trade route. “That would put her just south of the island of Ibiza at dusk tomorrow.”

“Can we make it?”

“Yes, with a little time to spare, unless there is a storm.”

“Will there be a storm?”

“Sometime in the next few days, yes. But not tomorrow, I think.”

“Good. Where is the radio operator?”

“Here. This is Yaacov.”

Hassan turned to see a small, smiling man with tobacco-stained teeth and told him, “There is a Russian aboard the *Coparelli*, a man called Tyrin, who will be sending signals to a Polish ship, the *Karla*. You must listen on this wavelength —” He wrote it down. “Also, there is a radio beacon on the *Stromberg* that sends a simple thirty-second tone every half hour. If we listen for that every time we will be sure the *Stromberg* is not outrunning us.”

The captain was giving a course. Down on the deck the first officer had the hands making ready. Mahmoud was speaking to one of the Fedayeen about an arms inspection. The radio operator began to question Hassan about the *Stromberg*'s beacon — ~~But Yasif Hassan was not really listening. His thoughts, his feelings were taken over by a kind of ecstasy he'd never thought possible for him. He was, at this moment, a supremely happy man. . . .~~

He was thinking: ~~to be glorious~~  
Whatever happens, it will be glorious.

one line long

0/ 9

What he had to do now was simple. He had to get up

It was almost certain he could do this without being seen, for

But "almost certain" was not enough in an operation of this importance.

The ship's engines roared, the deck tilted, the prow broke water/ and/ They were on their way.

and/

thinking: but what do I see me?!

h/

I/

The thing had to be done, and it had to be done now. thought: I'll say I'm!

one line long

Dieter Koch, the new engineer officer of the *Coparelli*, lay in his bunk in the middle of the night ~~wondering what he would say if somebody saw him~~

~~His job now was to go to the aft engineering store, take out the spare oil pump and get rid of it. His cabin was close to the store, most of the crew were asleep, and those that were awake were on the bridge and in the engine room and likely to stay there. He ought to be able to manage it without being seen. . . . But if he should fail, if anyone should suspect, now or later, what he was really up to . . .~~

He put on a sweater, trousers, sea boots and an oilskin. He pocketed the key to the store, opened his cabin door and went out. As he made his way along the gangway he ~~decided if he were stopped or observed that his story would be that he couldn't sleep so he was checking the stores.~~

He unlocked the door to the store, turned on the light, went in and closed it behind him. Engineering spares were racked and shelved all around him—gaskets, valves, plugs, cable, bolts, filters . . . given a cylinder block, you could build a whole engine out of these parts.

He found the spare oil pump in a box on a high shelf. He lifted it down—it was not bulky but it was heavy—and then spent five minutes double-checking that there was not a second spare oil pump.

Now for the difficult part. . . . I couldn't sleep, sir, so I was checking the spares. Very good, everything in order? Yes, sir. And what's that you've got under your arm? A bottle of whiskey, sir. A cake my mother sent me. The spare oil pump, sir, I'm going to throw it overboard . . .

He opened the storeroom door and looked out. Nobody. He killed the light, went out, closed the door behind him and

locked it. He walked along the gangway and out on deck.

Nobody.

g  
g

It was still raining. He could see only a few yards, which ~~he~~ reminded himself was good, because it meant others could see only that far.

He crossed the deck to the gunwale, leaned over the rail, dropped the oil pump into the sea, turned and bumped into someone.

o

A cake my mother sent me, it was so dry.

"Who's that?" a voice said in accented English.

"Engineer. You?" As Koch spoke, the other man turned so that his profile was visible in the deck light, and Koch recognized the rotund figure and big-nosed face of the radio operator.

"I couldn't sleep," the radio operator said. "I was . . . getting some air."

He's as embarrassed as I am, Koch thought. I wonder why?

"Lousy night," Koch said. "I'm going in."

"Goodnight."

Koch went inside and made his way to his cabin. Strange fellow, that radio operator. He was not one of the regular crew. He had been taken on in Cardiff after the original radioman broke his leg. Like himself, he was something of an outsider here. A good thing he'd bumped into him instead of one of the others.

Koch had rather than

Inside his cabin he took off his wet outer clothes and lay on his bunk. He knew he would not sleep. His plan for tomorrow was all worked out, there was no point in going over it again. He tried to think of other things: of his mother, who made the best potato kugel in the world; of his fiancée, who gave the best head in the world; of his mad father now in an institution in Tel Aviv; of the magnificent tapedeck he would buy with his back pay after this assignment; of his fine apartment in Haifa; of the children he would have, and how they would grow up in Israel safe from war.

so/h/

one line long  
an/

He got up two hours later. He went aft to the galley for some coffee. The cook's apprentice was there, standing in a couple of inches of water, frying bacon for the crew.

"Lousy weather," Koch said.

"It will get worse."

Koch drank his coffee, then refilled his mug and took a second one up to the bridge. The first officer was there. "Good morning," Koch said.

g  
and took them

"Not really," said the first officer, looking out into a curtain of rain.

"Coffee?"

"Good of you. Thank you."

Koch handed him the mug. "Where are we?"

"Here." The officer showed him their position on a chart. "Dead on schedule, in spite of the weather."

Koch nodded. He had to stop the ship in fifteen minutes. "See you later," he said, left the bridge and went below to the engine room.

That meant h/  
He /

His number two was there, looking quite fresh, as if he had taken a good long nap during his night's duty. "How's the oil pressure?" Koch asked him.

"Steady."

"It was going up and down a bit yesterday."

"Well, there was no sign of trouble in the night," the number two said. He was a little too firm about it, as if he was afraid of being accused of sleeping while the gauge oscillated.

"Good," Koch said. "Perhaps it's repaired itself." He put his mug down on a level cowling, then picked it up quickly as the ship rolled. "Wake Larsen on your way to bed."

"Right."

"Sleep well."

The number two left, and Koch drank down his coffee and went to work.

The oil pressure gauge was located in a bank of dials aft of the engine. The dials were set into a thin metal casing, painted matt black and secured by four self-tapping screws. Using a large screwdriver, Koch removed the four screws and pulled the casing away. Behind it was a mass of many-colored wires leading to the different gauges. Koch swapped his large screwdriver for a small electrical one with an insulated handle. With a few turns he disconnected one of the wires to the oil pressure gauge. He

one line long

0720-8662A

14P  
start here →

wrapped a couple of inches of insulating tape around the bare end of the wire, then taped it to the back of the dial so that only a close inspection would reveal that it was not connected to the terminal. Then he replaced the casing and secured it with the four screws.

When Larsen came in he was topping up the transmission fluid. ←

"Can I do that, sir?" Larsen said. He was a Donkeyman Greaser, and lubrication was his province.

"I've done it now," Koch said. He replaced the filler cap and stowed the can in a locker.

Larsen rubbed his eyes and lit a cigarette. He looked over the dials, did a double take and said, "Sir! Oil pressure zero!"

"Zero?"

"Yes!"

"Stop engines!"

"Aye, aye, sir."

Without oil, friction between the engines' metal parts would ~~of~~ <sup>of</sup> ~~course~~ cause a very rapid build-up of heat until the metal melted, the parts fused and the engines stopped, never to go again. So dangerous ~~in fact~~ was the sudden absence of oil pressure that Larsen might well have stopped the engines on his own initiative, without asking Koch.

Everyone on the ship heard the engine die and felt the Coparelli lose way; even those dayworkers who were still asleep in their bunks heard it through their dreams and woke up. Before the engine was completely still the first officer's voice came down the pipe. "Bridge! What's going on below?"

Koch spoke into the voice-pipe. "Sudden loss of oil pressure."

"Any idea why?"

"Not yet."

"Keep me posted."

"Aye, aye, sir."

Koch turned to Larsen. "We're going to drop the sump," he said. Larsen picked up a toolbox and followed Koch down a half deck to where they could get at the engine from underneath. Koch told him, "If the main bearings or the big end bearings were worn the drop in oil pressure would have been gradual. A sudden

One line long

MASTER SET

drop means a failure in the oil supply. There's plenty of oil in the system—I checked earlier—and there are no signs of leaks. So there's probably a blockage."

Koch released the sump with a power spanner and the two of them lowered it to the deck. They checked the sump strainer, the full-flow filter, the filter relief valve and the main relief valve without finding any obstructions.

"If there's no blockage, the fault must be in the pump," Koch said. "Break out the spare oil pump."

"That will be in the store on the main deck," Larsen said.

Koch handed him the key, and Larsen went above.

Now Koch had to work very quickly. He took the casing off the oil pump, exposing two broad-toothed meshing gear wheels. He took the spanner off the power drill and fitted a bit, then attacked the cogs of the gear wheels with the drill, chipping and breaking them until they were all but useless. He put down the drill, picked up a crowbar and a hammer, and forced the bar in between the two wheels, prising them apart until he heard something give with a loud, dull crack. Finally he took out of his pocket a small nut made of toughened steel, battered and shipped. He ~~had~~ brought it with him when he'd boarded the ship. He dropped the nut into the sump.

Done.

Larsen came back.

Koch realized he had not taken the bit off the power drill when Larsen left there had been a spanner attachment on the tool. Don't look at the drill! he thought.

Larsen said, "The pump isn't there, sir."

Koch fished the nut out of the sump. "Look at this," he said, distracting Larsen's eye from the incriminating power drill. "Here's the culprit." He showed Larsen the ruined gear wheels of the oil pump. "The nut must have been dropped in the last time the filters were changed. It got into the pump and it's been going round and round in those gear wheels ever since. I'm surprised we didn't hear the noise, even over the sound of the engine. Anyway, the oil pump is beyond repair, so you'll have to find that spare. Get a few hands to help you look for it."

This is the cause of the trouble.  
One line long

MASTER SET

Larsen went out. Koch took the bit off the power drill and put back the spanner attachment. He ran up the steps to the main engine room to remove the other piece of incriminating evidence. Working at top speed in case someone else should come in, he removed the casing on the gauges and reconnected the oil pressure gauge. Now it would genuinely read zero. He replaced the casing and threw away the insulating tape.

It was finished. Now to pull the wool over the captain's eyes.

As soon as the search party admitted defeat Koch went up to the bridge and told the captain, "A mechanic must have dropped a nut into the oil sump last time the engine was serviced, sir." He showed the captain the nut. "At some point—maybe while the ship was pitching so steeply—the nut got into the oil pump. After that it was just a matter of time. The nut went around in the gear wheels until it had totally ruined them. I'm afraid we can't make gear wheels like that on board. The ship should carry a spare oil pump, but it doesn't."

"Are you telling me you can't repair it?"

"I'm afraid so."

"~~And I'm telling you~~ there will be hell to pay when I find out who's responsible for this."

"It's the engineer's job to check the spares, but as you know, sir, I came on board at the last minute."

"That means it's Sarne's fault."

"There may be an explanation—"

"Such as he spent too much time chasing Belgian whores to look after his engine. Can we limp along?"

"Absolutely not, sir. We wouldn't move half a cable before she seized."

"Damnation. Where's that radio operator?"

The first officer said, "I'll find him, sir," and went out.

"You're certain you can't put something together?" the captain asked Koch.

"I'm afraid you can't make an oil pump out of spare parts and string. That's why we have to carry a spare pump."

The first officer came back with the radio operator. The captain said, "Where the devil have you been?"

The radio operator was the rotund, big-nosed man Koch had bumped into on the deck during the night. He looked hurt. "I was helping to search the for'ard store for the oil pump, sir, then I went to wash my hands." He glanced at Koch, but there ~~seemed~~ <sup>was</sup> no hint of suspicion in his look — Koch was not sure how much he had seen during that little confrontation on the deck, but if he had made any connection between a missing spare and a package thrown overboard by the engineer, he wasn't saying.

"All right," the captain said. "Make a signal to the owners: Report engine breakdown at . . . What's our exact position, number one?"

The first officer gave the radio operator the position.

The captain continued: "Require new oil pump or tow to port. Please instruct."

Koch's shoulders imperceptibly slumped. He had done it.

Eventually the reply came from the owners: COPARELLI SOLD TO SAVILE SHIPPING OF ZURICH. YOUR MESSAGE PASSED TO NEW OWNERS. STAND BY FOR THEIR INSTRUCTIONS.

Almost immediately afterward there was a signal from Savile Shipping: OUR VESSEL GIL HAMILTON IN YOUR WATERS. SHE WILL COME ALONGSIDE AT APPROXIMATELY NOON. PREPARE TO DISEMBARK ALL CREW EXCEPT ENGINEER. GIL HAMILTON WILL TAKE CREW TO MARSEILLES. ENGINEER WILL AWAIT NEW OIL PUMP. PAPAGOLOUS.

The exchange of signals was heard sixty miles away by Solly Weinberg, the master of the *Gil Hamilton* and a commander in the Israeli Navy. "Right on schedule. Well done, Koch." He set a course for the *Coparelli* and ordered full speed ahead.

It was *not* heard by Yasif Hassan and Mahmoud aboard the *Nablus* 150 miles away. They were in the captain's cabin, bent over a sketch plan Hassan had drawn of the *Coparelli*, and they

o/ He

/The captain said,

The captain was furious

/Indeed.

~~string~~

was

a little

He muttered,



were deciding exactly how they would board her and take over. Hassan had instructed the *Nablus's* radio operator to listen out on two wavelengths: the one on which the *Stromberg's* radio beacon broadcast and the one Tyrin was using for his clandestine signals from the *Coparelli* to Rostov aboard the *Karla*. Because the messages were sent on the *Coparelli's* regular wavelength, the *Nablus* did not pick them up. It would be some time before the Fedayeen realized they were hijacking an almost abandoned ship.



The exchange was heard 200 miles away on the bridge of the *Stromberg*. When the *Coparelli* acknowledged the signal from Papagopolous, the officers on the bridge cheered and clapped. Nat Dickstein, leaning against a bulkhead with a mug of black coffee in his hand, staring ahead at the rain and the heaving sea, did not cheer. His body was hunched and tense, his face stiff, his brown eyes slitted behind the plastic spectacles. One of the others noticed his silence and made a remark about getting over the first big hurdle. Dickstein's muttered reply was uncharacteristically peppered with obscenities. The officer turned away, and later in the mess observed that Dickstein looked like the kind of man who would stick a knife in you if you stepped on his goddamn toe.

the strongest of



And it was heard by David Rostov and Suza Ashford 300 miles away aboard the *Karla*.

Suza had been in a daze as she walked across the gangplank from the Sicilian quayside onto the Polish vessel. She had hardly noticed what was happening as Rostov showed her to her cabin—an officer's room with its own head—and said he hoped she would be very comfortable. She sat on the bed. She was still there, in the same position, an hour later when a sailor brought some cold food on a tray and set it down on her table without speaking. She did not eat it. When it got dark she began to shiver, got into the bed and lay there with her eyes wide open, staring at nothing still shivering.

so she

She felt horribly guilty.

She thought of that, and she thought of how surrounded by Russian thugs; cheerful

and fought the ~~hysteria~~ hysteria that bubbled up in her throat.

angry, and that was what saved her sanity.

putting his hand on her knee, and she wished she had slapped his face while she had the chance.

Eventually she had slept—fitfully at first, with strange meaningless nightmares, but in the end deeply. Dawn woke her.

She lay still, feeling the motion of the ship and looking blankly at the cabin around her; and then she realized where she was. It was like waking up and remembering the blind terror of a nightmare, except that instead of thinking/ Oh, thank God it was a dream, she realized it was all true and it was still going on.

She had been fooling herself, she could see it now — ~~at~~ that / ~~father, face it — oh yes~~ she had convinced herself that she had to find Nat to warn him, no matter the risk / but the truth was she would have reached for (any) excuse to rationalize her desire to see him. The disastrous consequences of what she had done followed naturally — almost inevitably, she now realized — from the confusion of her motives — It was true enough, God know that Nat had been in danger / But it was just as true that he was in worse danger now / And it was her fault . . .

She was at sea in a Polish ship, commanded by Nat's enemies — ~~a wonderful result for her effort~~ — She closed her eyes tight / pushed her head under the pillow to help fight the building hysteria . . . [And then, blessedly, she began to feel anger — which turned out to be its own best therapy . . .] [She

thought of her father, and how ~~he had been willing~~ to use her to further his ~~so-called~~ political ~~ideas~~ . . .] She thought of Hassan, manipulating her father, ~~a deceitful disgusting man, presuming that she would welcome his advances~~ . . .] And she thought of the Russian Rostov, of his hard, intelligent face and ~~frigid~~ smile, and how he intended to ram Nat's ship and kill him —

Not, by God, if she could help it. Perhaps she was willful, but she was also not accustomed to losing what she wanted. And she badly wanted a man named Nat Dickstein . . . a strange, strong man who wrote wonderfully tender, vulnerable love letters, who made love as though it were the first . . . and last . . . time.

All right, fine, brave thoughts. But what was she going to do . . . ?

She was in the enemy camp, a prisoner, but only from her point

that / ~~at~~ / ~~Roman~~ go and / ~~had~~ / ~~and~~ / ~~ly~~ / ~~and~~ / ~~she~~ / ~~wanted~~ / ~~ideas~~, and she felt angry with him. / finally / with / his cold / and she got mad as hell.

At last she began to think constructively.

Dickstein was her man. He was funny, and he was strong, and he was oddly vulnerable, and he wrote love letters and stole ships, and he was the only man she had ever loved like this; and she was not going to lose him ~~or if she had to fight the whole of the world~~

They thought she was on their side; they trusted her. Perhaps she would

of view. So far as she could tell, they still considered her to be one of them. She ought to have a chance to throw a wrench in their precious works. She would move about the ship, pretend to a coolness she didn't feel, talk to them, build their confidence in her, pretend to share their ambitions and concerns, until she saw her opportunity

I've no choice, she instructed herself. If I don't do it, I lose him. And if I lose him, I stop living.

She got out of bed, took off the clothes she had slept in, washed and put on clean sweater and pants from her suitcase. She sat at the small nailed-down table and forced herself to eat some of the sausage and cheese that had been left there the day before. She brushed her hair, put on a trace of make-up.

She tried her cabin door. It was not locked. She went out.

She walked along a gangway and followed the smell of food to the galley. She went in and looked swiftly about.

Rostov sat alone, eating eggs slowly with a fork. Now he looked up and saw her. His narrow mouth seemed hard, his eyes without emotion. Suza hesitated, then forced herself to walk toward him. Reaching his table, she leaned briefly on a chair to steady herself.

"Sit down."

She dropped into the chair. "How did you sleep?"

She was breathing too quickly, as if she had been walking very fast. "Fine!"

His sharp, skeptical eyes seemed to bore into her brain. "You seem rather upset." He spoke evenly, without sympathy or hostility.

"I . . ." (Damn it, the words seemed to stick in her throat, nearly choking her. "Yesterday . . . was confusing." That much was certainly true. So was "I never saw anyone die.")

"Ah." He reached for a coffee pot and poured her a cup. "You're very young," he said. "You can't be much older than my first son."

Suza sipped at the hot coffee, hoping he would go on talking in

She must look for it. Concealing her fear, talking to her enemies, consolidating her position in their confidence, pretending. Then she told herself: don't want to live.

"Now he was not frightening at all: he was staring over Suza's shoulder with a fondly indulgent expression on his face."

what could they talk about?

It was true, anyway: it was easy to say this.

MASTER SET — it would help her to calm down. she said.

this fashion. It would build his feeling of being at ease with her perhaps . . . who knew? . . . help him to confide in her . . .

"Your son?"

"Yuri Davidovitch, he's twenty."

"What does he do?" Rostov's smile was distinctly less chilly than before. "Unfortunately he spends most of his time listening to ridiculous music. He also doesn't study as hard as he should. Not like his brother."

Suza's breathing was slowing to normal, her hand no longer felt unsteady when she picked up her cup. She reminded herself that this man was no less dangerous just because he had a family. Her father had a family. But at least he seemed less frightening when he talked on like this — "And your other son?" she asked. "The younger one?"

Rostov nodded. "Vladimir. He's very gifted. He will be a great mathematician if he gets the right schooling."

"That shouldn't be a problem," she said, watching him closely. "Soviet education is supposed to be the best in the world."

It seemed a likely thing to say, but it must have had some special significance for him, because the benign look disappeared and his face turned hard and cold again. "No," he said. "It shouldn't be a problem." He continued eating his eggs.

Damn it, she thought. He was becoming friendly, I mustn't lose him now. She cast about for something to bring him back. What did they have in common? — and then remembered. "I wish I could remember you from when you were at Oxford."

"You were very small." He poured himself some coffee. "Everyone remembers your mother. She was easily the most beautiful woman we'd ever seen. And you're exactly like her."

That's better, Suza thought, and asked him, "What did you study?"

"Economics."

"Not an exact science in those days, I imagine."

"And not much better today." Damn near heresy, he thought, for a good Soviet citizen whose God was supposed to be economic determinism.

Suza put on a faintly solemn expression. "We speak of

not as / as / decadent / 87 / shook / 87 / knew / 87 / s / b / 87 / (Hale) / 87 / 0 /

like a safe / faraway / Suza / urgently: / STET / desperately say / Then she was inspired.

around / She / One line long

The thought made her tremble. She

ate / and, just to boost her morale a little,

Suddenly his face seemed icily evil, her legs felt weak Rostov said,

she said. Her voice shook.

one line long

gratefully

At last a hint of human feeling showed in Rostov's expression: perhaps he remembered the first time he watched a man die.

He seemed to decide she was ~~shocked~~ that she was a typically idealistic western Communist.

bourgeois economics, of course."

"Of course." Rostov looked at her as if he could not tell whether she were serious or not. In fact, he couldn't. This woman had intrigued him from the start. An officer came into the galley and spoke to him in Russian. Rostov looked at Suza a bit regretfully, she thought. "I must go up to the bridge."

She had to go with him. She forced herself to speak calmly. "May I come?"

He hesitated and as she waited for her answer the seconds seemed hours she tried to reassure herself, telling herself that he'd seemed to enjoy talking to her, and that even if for some reason he didn't trust her completely, what in the world could she do with any secrets stuck here as she was on a KGB ship —?

After a century she saw him nod, heard him say, "Follow me."

Up in the radio room Rostov was smiling as he read through the messages and even translated them for Suza's benefit. He seemed delighted with Dickstein's ingenuity. "The man is smart/very smart," he said.

"What's Savile Shipping?" Suza asked.

"A front for Israeli Intelligence. Dickstein is eliminating all the people who have reason to be interested in what happens to the uranium. The shipping company isn't interested because they no longer own the ship. Now he's taking off the captain and crew. No doubt he has some kind of hold over the people who actually own the uranium." He shook his head in appreciation.

Suza was also delighted. Rostov was talking easily to her, almost like a colleague. "I suppose the breakdown was rigged?"

"Yes. Now Dickstein can probably take over the ship without firing a shot."

It was her opportunity... the moment to prove her loyalty to Rostov's side, by betraying Hassan, the man they all detested most.

"And so can Yasif Hassan, of course."

"What?"

"Hassan can also take over the Coparelli without firing a shot."

Suza was shocked to see him suddenly lose all his poise and confidence. He said,

Suza pretended to be shocked.

Suza thought: He should let me. He's enjoyed talking to me, he believes I'm on his side, and if I learn any secrets how could he imagine I could use them,

[Rostov said: "Why not?" He walked away. Suza followed.

that if she did not do the next bit exactly right, both she and Dickstein would die. Rostov looked up at her. "There is?"

It's a beautiful scheme.

There. She had said it.

Rostov was thinking hard. He said,

Rostov stared at her. The blood seemed to drain from his thin face. "You are suggesting that Hassan intends to take over the Coparelli?"

"Are you suggesting that you didn't know?"

"But not with the Egyptians, surely!"

"The Fedayeen. Hassan said this was your plan!"

Rostov banged the bulkhead with his fist. The family man, the sophisticated operative able to admire his Israeli adversary was gone. "Hassan is not only a fool, he's a liar!"

"But" God, let her do this right — "but surely there's some way we can stop him..."

Rostov looked at her. "What's his plan?"

"To take over, to hijack the Coparelli before Dickstein gets there, then ambush the Israeli team, and sail to... he didn't tell me exactly, somewhere in North Africa. I believe... What was your plan?"

And he told her — "To ram the ship after Dickstein had stolen the uranium —"

"Can't we — still do that?"

"No. We're too far away, we'd never catch them."

Suza knew everything depended on what came next. She crossed her arms to stop the tremors she felt. She said, "Then there seems to be only one thing left to do." And before he could interrupt — "Warn Dickstein about the Fedayeen ambush so that he can have a good chance to take back the Coparelli."

She watched Rostov's face. Incredibly, he was half smiling, as though he not only approved but had been thinking along with her... perhaps ahead of her. "Warn Dickstein so that he can take the Coparelli back from the Fedayeen, so he can proceed according to his plan — and we can proceed according to ours —"

FROM: SAVILE SHIPPING, ZURICH TO: ANGELUZZI E BIANCO, GENOA YOUR YELLOWCAKE CONSIGNMENT FROM F.A.

MASTER PLAN hijack

Roman telling me who? N of Italian looking very uncool and Russian for a moment. and a traitor! This was Suza's chance, she knew. She thought: Give me strength. She said: "Maybe"

shaking! is! we can! We must He must swallow it, it was logical, it was the right thing for him to do! Then Roman of

smiled/ as hell/

This was what Suza wanted.

She said, as casually as the possibly could,

she was at the centre of events; she must be able to find a way to foul things up for him. She said,

314 Suza thought fast. When she betrayed Dickstein she had proved her loyalty to the Arab side. Now the Arab side had split into two camps: in one were Rostov, the KGB and Egyptian Intelligence; in the other Hassan and the Fedayeen. Now Suza could prove her loyalty to Rostov's side by betraying Hassan.

315 "Yes!" said Suza. "That's the only way! Isn't it? Isn't it?"

PEDLER INDEFINITELY DELAYED DUE TO ENGINE TROUBLE AT SEA. WILL ADVISE SOONEST OF NEW DELIVERY DATES. PAPAGOPOLOUS.

[Me thought: If I'm discovered now I've had it.]

lifeboat ~~the~~ cover ~~of which~~ he'd loosened earlier. The stem of the boat could be seen from the deck amidships, where the sailors were standing, but the stern could not. Tyrin moved to the stern, lifted the cover, got in and from inside put the cover back in place. He was a big man, and the life jacket made him bigger. With some difficulty he crawled the length of the boat to a position from which he could see the deck through an eyelet in the tarpaulin. Now, damn it, it was up to Ravlo. He watched as a second detachment of men went down the ladder to the launch, then heard the first officer say, "Where's that radio operator?"

MASTER SET

As the *Gil Hamilton* came into view, Pyotr Tyrin cornered Ravlo, the addict, in the 'tweendecks of the *Coparelli*. Tyrin acted with a confidence he did not feel, grabbing hold of Ravlo's sweater. Tyrin was a bulky man, and Ravlo was somewhat wasted. Tyrin said, "Listen, friend, you're going to do something for me."

He adopted a bullying manner and grabbed

"Sure, anything you say."

Tyrin hesitated. It would be risky depending on a man like Ravlo. Still, there was no alternative. "I need to stay on board ship when the rest of you go on the *Gil Hamilton*. If I'm missed, you will say that you have seen me go over. Is that clear?"

Good boy!

"Right, okay, sure."

"If I'm discovered, and I have to board the *Gil Hamilton*, you can be sure I'll tell them your secret."

"I'll do everything, I'll do it."

"You'd better, I'm counting on it," and he released him, still not reassured but feeling he'd done all he could.

Tyrin let him go. He was not reassured: a man like that would promise you anything, but when it came to the crunch he might fall to pieces.

All hands were summoned on deck for the changeover. The sea was too rough for the *Gil Hamilton* to come alongside, so she sent a launch. All wore lifebelts for the crossing. The officers and crew of the *Coparelli* stood quietly in the pouring rain while they were counted, then the first sailor went over the side down the ladder, jumped into the well of the launch.

The boat would be too small to take the whole crew—they would have to go over in two or three detachments, Tyrin realized. While everyone's attention was on the first men to go over the rail, Tyrin whispered to Ravlo, "Try and be last to go."

The two of them edged out to the back of the crowd on deck. The officers were peering over the side at the launch. The men were standing, waiting, facing toward the *Gil Hamilton*.

Tyrin slipped back behind a bulkhead. He was two steps from a

Tyrin looked for Ravlo, located him. Speak up, damn you — Ravlo hesitated — "He went over with the first lot, sir."

"Are you sure?"

"Yes, sir, I saw him."

Tyrin breathed easier.

The officer nodded, said something about not being able to tell one from another in this filthy rain.

The captain called to Koch, and the two men stood talking in the lee of a bulkhead, close to Tyrin's hiding place. "I've never heard of Savile Shipping, have you?"

"No, sir."

"This is all wrong, selling a ship while she's at sea, then leaving the engineer in charge of her and taking the captain off."

"Yes, sir — I imagine they're not seafaring people, these new owners —"

"They're surely not, or they'd know better. Probably accountants." There was a pause. "You could refuse to stay alone, of course, then I would have to stay with you. I'd back you up afterward —"

"I'm afraid I'd lose my ticket."

"Right, I shouldn't have suggested it. Well, good luck."

"Thank you, sir."

The third group of seamen had boarded the launch. The first officer was at the top of the ladder waiting for the captain, who was still muttering about accountants as he turned around, crossed the deck and followed the first officer over the side.

Roman I can. 0/8/8

Everyone had to wear and/

"All right."

Tyrin turned his attention to Koch, who now thought he was the only man aboard the *Coparelli*. The engineer watched the launch go across to the *Gil Hamilton*, then climbed the ladder to the bridge.

Tyrin cursed silently. He wanted Koch to go below so that he could get to the for'ard store and radio to the *Karla*. He watched the bridge, saw Koch's face appear from time to time behind the glass. If Koch stayed there, he'd have to wait until dark before he could contact and report to Rostov.

It looked very much as if Koch planned to remain on the bridge all day.

Tyrin settled down for a long wait.

When the *Nablus* reached the point south of Ibiza where Hassan expected to encounter the *Coparelli*, there was not a single ship in sight.

They circled the point in a widening spiral while Hassan scanned the desolate rainswept horizon through binoculars.

Mahmoud said, "You have made a mistake."

"Not necessarily." Hassan was determined he would not appear panicked. "This was just the earliest point at which we could meet her. She doesn't have to travel at top speed —"

"Why should she be delayed?"

Hassan shrugged. "Perhaps the engine isn't running well. Perhaps they've had worse weather than we have. Many reasons."

"What do you suggest, then?"

Mahmoud was also very uneasy, Hassan realized. On this ship he was not in control, the decisions were not his. "We travel southwest, backing along the *Coparelli*'s route. We must meet her sooner or later."

"Give the order to the captain," Mahmoud said, and went below to his troops, leaving Hassan on the bridge with the captain.

Mahmoud burned with the anger of tension. So did his troops,

aloud. / H  
and Tyrin would /

, seeming less worried / than he was  
a lot of /

only Hassan / could make /

irrational /

They were hyped up for combat, and inclined to play dangerous knife-throwing games to prove their courage to each other and to themselves. One of them had quarreled with two seamen over an imaginary insult, and had cut them both about the face with a broken glass before the fight was broken up. Now

Hassan felt a little nauseous when he thought about that. It was all very well for the battle-hardened men below to convince themselves they looked forward to a fight, but Hassan

He was afraid, and he was even more afraid of disgracing himself by showing his fear, by turning and running away, by throwing up as he had done in the villa. But he also felt excited, for if they won — if they won!

Hassan had observed. They'd been expecting a fight at midday, now they had to wait, dawdling about in the crew quarters and the galley, cleaning weapons, playing cards, bragging about past and future battles. One of them had cut the faces of two seamen over an imaginary insult. Thereafter the crew kept their distance from the crazy Fedayeen.

Hassan wondered how he would handle them if he were responsible for them. He'd thought more than a little like this recently. Mahmoud was still the commander, but he was the one who had done all important work — discovered Dickstein, brought the news of his plan, conceived the counter-hijack, established the *Stromberg*'s whereabouts. It was heady business to speculate on what his position would be in the Palestinian movement — the Fedayeen — when all this was over — And it was pretty clear that such thoughts were on Mahmoud's mind as well — But if there was to be a power struggle between the two of them, it would have to wait — First there was the matter of taking over the *Coparelli* and destroying Dickstein when he attacked it. For that Hassan was more than willing to have Mahmoud around. He himself had never been in war, never even had a gun pointed at him except by Cortone in that ruined villa. And he hadn't liked it. In fact, the thought of it made him nauseous, as did the violence that was certain to come now.

There was a false alarm at four-thirty in the afternoon when they sighted another ship coming toward them, but after examining her through binoculars Hassan decided she was not the *Coparelli*, and as she passed they were able to read the name on her side — *Gil Hamilton*.

As daylight began to fade Hassan, though, became truly worried. In this weather, even with navigation lights, two ships could pass within half a mile of each other at night without seeing each other. And there had been not a sound out of the *Coparelli*'s secret radio all afternoon, although Yaacov had reported that Rostov was trying to raise Tyrin. To be certain that the *Coparelli* did not pass the *Nablus* in the night they would have to spend the night traveling toward Genoa at the *Coparelli*'s speed, then

MASTEE

and / and / were staying well away /

Mahmoud / had / along these lines a lot /

and He was beginning to / wonder /

[clearly, Mahmoud was wondering the same thing. /

they had to / hijack / ambush /

the /

announced /

one another /

go about and

resume searching in the morning. But by that time the *Stromberg* would be close by and the Fedayeen ~~troop~~ might lose the chance of springing a trap on Dickstein.

Hassan was about to ~~acknowledge all~~ this to Mahmoud—who had just returned to the bridge—when a single white light winked on in the distance.

"She's at anchor," said the captain.

"How can you tell?" Mahmoud asked.

"That's what a single white light means."

Hassan ~~put in quickly~~, "That would explain why she wasn't off Ibiza when we expected her. If that's the *Coparelli*, you should prepare to board—"

o/ Mahmoud ~~nodded vigorously~~ and went off to tell his men.

"Turn out your navigation lights," Hassan told the captain ~~and~~ as the *Nablus* closed with the other ship, night fell.

"I'm almost certain that's the *Coparelli*," Hassan said.

The captain lowered his binoculars. "She has three cranes on deck, and all her upperworks are aft of the hatches."

o/ "Your eyesight is better than mine," Hassan said, ~~satisfied~~.

"She's the *Coparelli*."

He went below to the galley, where Mahmoud was ~~facing~~ his troops. Mahmoud looked at him as he stepped inside ~~and~~ Hassan nodded. "~~There's no question any longer.~~"

Mahmoud turned back to his men. "We do not expect great resistance. The ship is crewed by ordinary seamen, and there is no reason for them to be armed. We go in two boats, one to attack the port side/one the starboard. On board our first task is to take the bridge and prevent the crew from using the radio. Next we round up the crew on deck —" He paused and turned to Hassan. "Tell the captain to get as close as possible to the *Coparelli* and then stop engines."

Hassan turned ~~to go, aware that~~ suddenly he was ~~again an~~ errand boy/ Mahmoud ~~demonstrating that when it counted, in~~ ~~battle~~ he was still the undisputed leader. Hassan felt ~~a~~ rush of blood to his cheeks.

"Yasif."

He turned back.

"Your weapon." Mahmoud threw him a gun ~~which~~ Hassan ~~fumbled slightly as he~~ caught it. It was a small pistol, almost a toy, the kind of gun a woman might carry in her handbag. ~~Mahmoud's troops thought it very funny.~~

Hassan ~~decided he could~~ play ~~their~~ games too. He found what looked like the safety catch and released it. He pointed the gun at the floor and pulled the trigger. The report was very loud. He emptied the gun into the deck.

There was a silence.

Hassan said, "I thought I saw a mouse]" ~~and grandly~~ threw the gun back to Mahmoud.

The ~~men~~ laughed even louder.

~~Hassan, with no gesture left~~ went back up to the bridge, passed the message to the captain ~~and~~ returned to the deck. It was very dark now. For a time all that could be seen of the *Coparelli* was its light/ then, ~~gradually~~, a silhouette of solid black became distinguishable against the wash of dark gray.

Mahmoud's men, quiet now, had emerged from the galley and stood on deck with the crew. The *Nablus's* engines died, the crew lowered the boats.

Hassan and his Fedayeen went over the side.

Hassan was in the same boat as Mahmoud ~~(he had to be, from his point of view and Mahmoud's)~~. The small launch bobbed on the waves, which now seemed immense. They approached the side of the *Coparelli*. There was no sign of activity on the ship. Surely, Hassan thought, the officer on watch must hear the sound of two engines approaching? But no alarms sounded, no lights flooded the deck, no one shouted orders or came to the rail.

Mahmoud was first up the ladder.

By the time Hassan reached the *Coparelli's* deck the other team was swarming over the starboard gunwale.

Men poured down the companionways and up the ladders. (Still) no sign of the *Coparelli's* crew. Hassan had a dreadful premonition/ something ~~seemed~~ terribly wrong.

He followed ~~after~~ Mahmoud up to the bridge. Two of the men

MASTER  
The fedayeen  
coared with  
laughter.  
thought: I can  
see these!

[Hassan went out.]

o/ He/  
Fedayeen/  
He/  
as he strained his eyes/  
The fedayeen/

o/ little/  
sheer

(Roman) There was  
that/ s/ had gone/

explain/  
Roman  
said/  
o/  
"I agree," said/ and/  
o/ [A Roman]  
addressing/  
o/ s/ This is it/  
much/  
and/  
o/  
o/ s/ s/ again:/ was s/ battle/

the humiliation bring

MASTER SET

had already ~~made their way~~ there. Hassan asked, "Did they have time to use the radio?"

"Who?" Mahmoud said ~~in disgust~~.

They went back down to the deck. Slowly the men were emerging from the bowels of the boat, looking puzzled, ~~unused~~ guns in hand.

~~Now~~ two men came across the deck with a frightened looking sailor between them.

Hassan ~~nervously~~ spoke to the sailor in English. "What's happened here?"

The sailor ~~Dieter Koch~~ began to answer in German when Hassan had a sudden/terrifying thought. "We haven't checked the hold," he said to Mahmoud. They found a companionway leading below and down into the hold.

Hassan found a light switch/turned it on. The hold ~~to Hassan's relief~~ was ~~empty of men~~. What filled it were wooden wedges. The drums had the word PLUMBAT stenciled on their sides.

Hassan said the word, the two men looked at the drums, then at each other. ~~Their expressions were solemn, their feelings ecstatic~~. Especially Hassan's. For the moment all rivalry was forgotten in the grandeur of their victory.

As darkness fell Tyrin had watched the engineer go forward to switch on the white light. Coming back, he had not gone up to the bridge but had walked further aft and entered the galley. Tyrin was hungry too. He would give his arm for a plate of salted herring and a loaf of brown bread. Sitting cramped in his lifeboat all afternoon, waiting for Koch to move, he had had little else to occupy his thoughts besides his hunger, and had tortured himself with thoughts of caviar, smoked salmon, marinated mushrooms and most of all brown bread.

Once Koch had disappeared from sight, Tyrin got out of the lifeboat, his muscles protesting as he stretched, and hurried along the deck to the for'ard store.

He had shifted the boxes and assorted junk in the main store so

Mahmoud said: "The wreck of the Marie Celeste."

Tyrin said aloud: "Jesus, what's going on?"

was full of large oil drums, sealed and secured with wooden wedges.

Tyrin frowned as he decoded this, then his face cleared as he understood. "Then we'll be back to square one," he said to himself. "That's clever. But what do I do?"

He was going to get something to eat.

that they concealed the entrance to his small radio room. Now he ~~was obliged~~ to get down on hands and knees, pull away ~~boxes~~, crawl through a little tunnel to get in.

The set was repeating a short two-letter signal. Tyrin checked the code book, found it meant he was to switch to another wavelength before acknowledging. He set the radio to transmit and followed his instructions.

Rostov immediately replied. CHANGE OF PLAN. HASSAN WILL ATTACK COPARELLI.

Tyrin was understandably puzzled, and made: REPEAT PLEASE. HASSAN A TRAITOR. FEDAYEEN WILL ATTACK COPARELLI.

The Coparelli was here, he was on it . . . alone except for the engineer. Why would Hassan for the uranium, of course.

Rostov was still signaling. HASSAN PLANS AMBUSH DICKSTEIN. OBEY FOLLOWING INSTRUCTIONS PRECISELY. FOR OUR PLAN TO PROCEED WE MUST WARN DICKSTEIN OF AMBUSH.

Tyrin decoded, at first confused, then understanding. It puts things back in place, very clever. Except what do I do?

He made: HOW?

YOU WILL CALL STROMBERG ON COPARELLI'S REGULAR WAVELENGTH/ SEND FOLLOWING MESSAGE PRECISELY REPEAT PRECISELY. QUOTE COPARELLI TO STROMBERG I AM BOARDED ARABS UNQUOTE.

Tyrin nodded. Dickstein would think that Koch had time to get a few words off before the Arabs killed him. Forewarned, Dickstein should be able to take the Coparelli. Then Rostov's Karla could collide with Dickstein's Coparelli as planned. Fine very neat but what about me?

He made: UNDERSTOOD heard a distant bump, as if something had hit the ship's hull. At first he ignored it, then remembered there was nobody aboard but himself and Koch. He went to the door of the for'ard store and looked out.

Hassan and the Fedayeen.

He closed the door hurried back to his transmitter. He made: HASSAN IS HERE.

Rostov replied, SIGNAL DICKSTEIN NOW. WHAT THEN? DISAPPEAR.

frowned in puzzlement/

It is

Why would Hassan for the uranium, of course.

THE h

AND I THINK WATCH

ship/ Tyrin thought

He had arrived

one line

and

DO I DO

HIDE

were/ Roman their cold/ their sk

replied in some other language. Let's

went and

"That's it," said Hassan. "That's the uranium."

They

"We did it," said Hassan. "By God, we did it."

nothing think about but As soon as

[Not yet, Tyot, he told himself.

the one thing he did not care about was himself

and he wanted personally to kill Yasif Hassar. He had no particular fear of bullets, pain, or even death. Suza had betrayed him, and he had no burning desire to live a long life with that in his past. So long

of that. Let Israel get its bomb, and Esther would die peacefully, Mottie would finish *Treasure Island*, and Yigael would look after the grapes. He gripped the barrel of the machine gun beneath his oilskin. They crested a wave and there in the next trough, was the *Coparelli*.

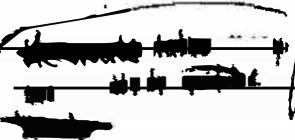
Switching several times from forward to reverse in rapid succession Levi Abbas edged his boat closer to the bows of the *Coparelli*. The white light above them enabled him to see clearly, while the outward-curving hull shielded his boat from the sight of anyone on deck or on the bridge. When the boat was close enough to the ladder Abbas took a rope and tied it around his waist under the oilskin. He hesitated a moment, shucked off the oilskin, unwrapped his gun and slung it over his neck. He stood with one foot in the boat and one on the gunwale, waited for his moment, and jumped.

He hit the ladder with both feet and hands, untied the rope around his waist and secured it to a rung of the ladder, went up the ladder almost to the top, stopped. They wanted to go over the rail as close together as possible.

He looked back down. Sharrett and Sapir were already on the ladder below him. As he looked, Porush made his jump, landed awkwardly and missed his grip, then slipped down a rung before he managed to hook an arm around the side of the ladder and arrest his descent.

Abbas waited for Porush to come up close behind Sapir, then put himself over the rail. He landed softly on all fours and crouched low beside the gunwale. The others followed swiftly, one, two, three. The white light was above them, they were very exposed.

Abbas looked about. Sharrett was the smallest, he could wriggle like a snake. Abbas touched his shoulder and pointed



if one of the enemy should happen to look this way now, while Porush was on the ladder - then

and for a moment Abbas' breath caught in his throat; but Porush

across the deck. "Take cover on the port side." Sharrett belted across two yards of open deck, partly concealed now by the raised edge of the for'ard hatch. He inched forward.

Abbas looked up and down the deck. At any moment they could be spotted, which fact would be announced by bullets tearing into them. Up in the stem was the winding gear for the anchor, with a large pile of slack chain. "Sapir —" Abbas pointed, and Sapir, understanding, crawled along the deck to the position.

"I'll take the crane," Porush said. Abbas looked at the derrick towering over them, dominating the whole of the foredeck. The control cabin was some ten feet above deck level. It would be a dangerous position, but it made good tactical sense. "Go," he said.

Porush crawled forward, following Sharrett's route. Watching, Abbas thought, He's got a fat ass—my sister feeds him too well. Porush gained the foot of the crane, began to climb the ladder. Abbas held his breath until he reached the cabin.

Behind Abbas, in the prow, was a companion head over a short flight of steps leading down to a door. The area was not big enough to be called a fo'c'sle, and there was almost certainly no proper accommodation in there—it was simply a for'ard store. He crawled to it, crouched at the foot of the steps in the little well, gently cracked open the door. It was dark inside. He closed the door and turned around, resting his gun on the head of the steps, satisfied that he was alone.

There was almost no light at the stern end, and Dickstein's boat had to get very close to the *Coparelli's* starboard ladder. Gibli, the team leader, found it difficult to keep the boat in position. Dickstein found a boathook in the well of the launch and used it to hold the boat steady, pulling toward the *Coparelli* when the sea tried to part them and pushing away when the boat and the ship threatened to collide broadside.

Gibli, ex-army, insisted on adhering to the Israeli tradition that

then he was they would know nothing until a hail of

like and then

and

very little

who was

quite

then the gun

both of He then should

only one

he went and and



MASTER SET  
10/10/14

the officers lead their men from in front, not from behind/ ~~He~~  
~~went~~ first. He always wore a hat to conceal his receding hairline,  
and now sported a beret. He crouched at the edge of the boat  
while it slid down a wave; then, in the trough when boat and ship  
moved closer together, he jumped/ landed well/ moved forward.

On the edge, waiting for his moment, Feinberg said, "Now,  
then—I count to three, then open my parachute, right?" ~~He~~  
jumped into the teeth of his nervous man's humor.

Katzen went next, then Raoul Dovrat. Dickstein dropped the  
boathook and followed. On the ladder, he leaned back and  
looked up through the streaming rain to see Gibli just reaching  
the level of the gunwale/ then swing one leg over the rail.

Dickstein looked back over his shoulder, saw a faint band of  
lighter gray in the distant sky, the first sign of dawn—  
A burst of machine-gun fire and a shout.

Dickstein looked up again to see Gibli falling slowly backward  
off the top of the ladder. His beret came off/ ~~to be~~ whipped away  
by the wind, disappearing into the darkness. Gibli fell down,  
down past Dickstein/ down into the sea.

Dickstein stomach turning, gave the order to open fire/ ~~and~~  
Feinberg vaulted over the rail. He would hit the deck rolling,  
Dickstein knew, then—yes, there was the sound of his gun as he  
gave covering fire for the others —

And ~~now~~ Katzen was over/ and there were four, five, guns  
crackling, and Dickstein was scampering up the ladder, and  
pulling the pin from a grenade with his teeth and hurling it up and  
over the rail some thirty yards forward, where ~~he hoped~~ it would  
cause a diversion without injuring any of his men already on  
deck — and then Dovrat was over the rail and Dickstein saw  
him hit the deck rolling, gain his feet, dive for cover behind the  
stern superstructure/

~~Dickstein followed,~~ landed on hands and knees, bent double  
under a sheet of covering fire and scampered to the stern.

"Where are they?"  
Feinberg stopped shooting ~~only~~ to answer him. "In the galley,"  
jerking a thumb toward the bulkhead beside them. "And the  
lifeboats/ and the doorways amidships."

had to go /  
he  
He / and / upward /  
Then h /  
Then there was a / sudden /  
shocking /  
and was /  
and /  
shouted, "Go, go, go!" /  
flew /  
many  
he yelled.  
he said, w /  
In /

sent Dickstein (yell) and went over in a high-jumper's roll

"All right!" Dickstein got to his feet—"we hold this position  
until Bader's group makes the deck. When you hear them open  
fire, move. Dovrat and Katzen, hit the galley door and head  
below. Feinberg, cover them, then work your way forward along  
this edge to the deck. I'll make for the first lifeboat. Meantime  
give them something to distract their attention from the port stern  
ladder and Bader's team. Fire at will."

Hassan and Mahmoud were interrogating ~~Koch~~ when the  
shooting started. They were in the chart room, aft of the bridge.  
~~Koch~~ would speak only German, but Hassan spoke German too.  
~~Koch's~~ story was that the Coparelli had broken down and the  
crew had been taken off, leaving him to wait in the ship until a  
spare part arrived. He knew nothing of uranium or hijacks or  
Dickstein. Hassan did not believe him—as he pointed out to  
Mahmoud/ if Dickstein could arrange for the ship to break down,  
he could surely arrange for one of his own men to be left aboard  
it. ~~Koch~~ was tied to a chair, and now Mahmoud proceeded to cut  
off his fingers/ one by one/ to encourage him to tell a different  
story.

They heard one quick burst of firing, then a silence, then a  
second burst followed by a barrage. Mahmoud sheathed his knife  
and went down the stairs/ which led from the chartroom to the  
officers' quarters.

Hassan tried to assess the situation. ~~Mahmoud's men~~ were  
grouped in three places—the lifeboats, the galley and the main  
amidships superstructure. From where he was Hassan could see  
both port and starboard sides of the deck, and if he went forward  
from the chartroom to the bridge he could see the foredeck. Most  
of the Israelis seemed to have boarded the ship at the stern. The  
Fedayeen, both those immediately below Hassan and those in the  
lifeboats at either side, were firing toward the stern. There was no  
firing from the galley, which must mean the Israelis had taken it.  
~~Apparently they'd~~ gone below/ but had left two men on deck, one  
on either side, to guard their rear —

Mahmoud's ~~hoped for~~ ambush had failed/ and Hassan, in

the sailor /  
The sailor /  
His /  
for /  
The sailor / was cutting /  
in an attempt /  
to make him /  
The fedayeen  
The line long  
They must have /  
then. /

MASTER SET

spite of himself, almost took a secret pleasure in it. The Israelis were supposed to be shot down as they came over the rail. In fact, they had succeeded in reaching cover. The advantage was gone, it was now all even.

and now the battle was even.

The fighting on the deck was stalemated, with both sides shooting at each other from good cover which was the Israelis' intention, Hassan assumed to keep the opposition busy on deck while they made their progress below, attacking the Fedayeen stronghold, the amidships superstructure, after making their way the length of the 'tweendecks gangways.

Where was the best place for him to be? Right where he was, Hassan decided. To reach him the Israelis would have to fight their way along the 'tweendecks, then up through the officers' quarters, then up again to the bridge and chartroom—a tough position to take.

A huge explosion from the bridge. The heavy door separating bridge and chartroom rattled, sagged on its hinges and fell slowly inward. Hassan looked through. A grenade had landed in the bridge. The bodies of three Fedayeen were spread across the bulkheads. All the glass of the bridge was smashed. The grenade must have come from the foredeck, which meant that there was another group of Israelis in the prow. As if to confirm his thought, a burst of gunfire came from the forward crane.

Hassan, the armchair warrior, was retired. He picked up a submachine gun from the floor, rested it on the window frame, and commenced to shoot back.

Levi Abbas watched Porush's grenade sail through the air and into the bridge, saw the explosion shatter what remained of the glass. The guns from that quarter were briefly silenced, and then a new one started up. For a minute Abbas could not figure out what the new gun was shooting at—none of the bullets landed even near him. He looked at either side. Sapir and Sharrett were both shooting at the bridge, and neither seemed to be under fire. Abbas looked up at the crane—Porush—it was Porush who was

under fire. There was a burst from the cabin of the crane as Porush fired back.

The shooting from the bridge was amateurish, wild and inaccurate—the man was just spraying bullets. But he had a good position—he was high, and well protected by the walls of the bridge. Sooner or later he would hit something. Abbas took out a grenade, lobbed it, but it fell short. Only Porush was close enough to throw into the bridge, and he had used all his grenades though only the fourth had landed on target.

Abbas fired again, then looked up at the control cabin of the crane. As he looked, he saw Porush come toppling backward out of the control cabin, turn over in the air, and fall a dead weight to the deck.

And Abbas thought, How will I tell my sister?

The gunman in the bridge stopped firing, then resumed with a burst in Sharrett's direction. Unlike Abbas and Sapir, Sharrett had very little cover, squeezed as he was between a capstan and the gunwale. Abbas and Sapir both shot at the bridge. The unseen sniper was improving—bullets stitched a seam in the deck toward Sharrett's capstan, and found their target. Sharrett screamed, jumped sideways, jerked as if electrocuted while bullets shredded his body, until at last he lay still, his screaming a dead echo.

The situation was bad. Abbas's team was supposed to command the foredeck, but at the moment some damn Arab on the bridge was doing that—Abbas threw another grenade. It landed short of the bridge and exploded—at least the flash might dazzle the sniper for a second or two. Abbas was on his feet and running for the crane, the sound of Sapir's covering fire in his ears. He made the foot of the ladder and started firing before the sniper on the bridge saw him. Bullets were clanging on the girders all around him. It seemed to take him an age to climb each step, some autonomous part of his mind began to count the steps—seven-eight-nine-ten—

A ricochet bullet entered his thigh just below the hip bone, the shock of it seeming to paralyze the muscles in the lower half of his

he was Roman and

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h

he was

then

more thudded into and the screaming stopped

the man

had to take him out. He

when the bang came

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Then b

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They would /  
from below /  
It was /  
There was /  
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Abbas looked up at the crane /

ed

MASTER SET  
K, sadly

12900  
SEVENTEEN ③

A YEAR EARLIER THE BOAC JET in which Suza Ashford was ~~then~~ serving dinner had abruptly begun to lose height for no apparent reason over the Atlantic Ocean. The pilot had switched on the seat-belt lights. Suza had walked up and down the aisle, intoning "Just a little turbulence," and helping people fasten their seat belts, all the time thinking, "We're going to die, we're all going to die."

She felt ~~something~~ like that now.

There had been a short message from Tyrin: *Israelis attacking*—then silence. At this moment Nathaniel was being shot at. He might be wounded, he might have been captured, he might be dead ~~all the~~ while Suza seethed ~~inside~~ she had to ~~show~~ the radio operator the BOAC Big Smile and say, "It's ~~really~~ quite a setup you've got here —"

The *Karla's* radio operator was a big gray-haired man from Odessa. His name was Aleksandr, and he spoke passable English. "It cost one hundred thousand dollar," he said proudly. "You know ~~anything~~ about radio?"

"A little . . . I used to be an air hostess. I've seen the air crew using their radios. I ~~guess~~ I know the basics."

"Well, this is four radios," Aleksandr explained, ~~pleased by the company~~. "One picks up the *Stromberg* beacon. One listens to Tyrin on *Coparelli*. One listens to *Coparelli's* regular wavelength. And this one wanders. Look."

He showed her a dial whose pointer moved around slowly. "It seeks a transmitter, stops when it finds one!" Aleksandr said.

"That's ~~remarkable~~ — did you invent that?"

"I am an operator, not inventor."  
"And you can broadcast on any of the sets, just by switching to TRANSMIT?"

"Yes, Morse code or speech. But of course, on this operation nobody uses speech."

"Did you have to go through long training to become a radio operator?"

"Not long. Learning Morse is easy. But to be a ship's radioman you must know how to repair the set." He ~~theatrically~~ lowered his voice. "And to be a KGB operator, you must go to spy school." He laughed, and Suza laughed with him, thinking — Come on, Tyrin! and then her wish was granted.

The message began, Aleksandr started writing and at the same time said to Suza, "Tyrin. Get Rostov, please."

Suza reluctantly left the bridge, ~~badly wanting~~ to know what was in the message. She hurried to the mess, expecting to find Rostov there drinking strong black coffee. The room was empty. She went down another deck, made her way to his cabin, knocked on the door.

His ~~response~~ in Russian ~~she presumed~~ meant come in. She opened the door. Rostov was semidressed, shaving. "Tyrin's coming through," Suza said, and turned quickly to leave.

"Suza."  
She ~~stopped without turning~~.

"What would you say if I surprised you in ~~this way~~?"  
~~I'd say she said piss off!~~

"Wait for me outside."  
She closed the door, thinking ~~now she'd~~ done it.

When he came out she said, "I'm sorry —"  
He gave a tight smile. "I should not have been so unprofessional. Let's go."

She followed him up to the radio room, which was immediately below the bridge in what should have been the captain's cabin. Because of the mass of extra equipment, Aleksandr had explained, it was not possible to put the radio operator adjacent to

saying /  
rather /

and / with nervous tension /

stood there in his  
washed, washing  
in a bowl

give /  
"I'd say piss off,"  
she said.

"She had said 'used to be' without forethought, and now she wondered whether that life really was gone for good."

she wanted /  
but /  
and /  
She voice / said something which might have /

turned back /  
your underwear? /  
That's /

Really /  
incredible /

had figured out for herself/

the bridge, as was customary. Suza realized that this arrangement had the additional advantage of segregating the radio from the crew when the ship carried a mixture of ordinary seamen and KGB agents.

Aleksandr had transcribed Tyrin's signal. He handed it ~~now~~ to Rostov, who read it in English. "Israelis have taken Coparelli. Stromberg alongside. Dickstein alive."

Suza ~~but, actually~~ slumped into a chair. No one noticed. Rostov was already composing his reply to Tyrin: "We will hit at six A.M. tomorrow."

~~Out went~~ the tide of relief ~~What in God's name did she do now?~~

went limp with relief. She had to sit down. She

I went out for Suza and she thought: Oh, God, what do I do now?

↳ Nat

↳ Dickstein stood in silence, wearing a borrowed seaman's cap, as the captain of the Stromberg read the words of the service for the dead, raising his voice against the noise of wind, rain and sea. One by one the canvas-wrapped bodies were tipped over the rail into the black water: Abbas, Sharrett, Porush, Gibli, Bader, Remez, Jabotinsky. Seven of the twelve had died. Uranium was the most costly metal in the world ~~in seven more ways than one.~~

There had been another funeral earlier. Four ~~of the Arabs, it turned out~~ had been left alive—three wounded, one who ~~lost~~ his nerve and hidden—and after they ~~had~~ been disarmed Dickstein had allowed them to bury their dead. Theirs had been a bigger funeral—they had deposited twenty-five bodies into the sea. They had hurried through their ceremony under the watchful eyes—and guns—of three surviving Israelis, who understood ~~the~~ courtesy but did not like it. ~~the~~ should be extended to the enemy

Meanwhile, the Stromberg's captain had brought aboard all his ship's papers. The team of fitters and joiners, which had come along in case it was necessary to alter the Coparelli to match the Stromberg, was set to work repairing the battle damage. Dickstein told them to concentrate on what was visible from the deck — the rest would have to wait until they reached port. They set about filling holes, repairing furniture, replacing panes

and Fedayeen had had dropped that this have to

↳ and

Dickstein felt depression and faint anxiety ~~at~~ the sight of great destruction.

of glass and metal fittings with spares cannibalized from the doomed Stromberg. A painter went down a ladder to remove the name Coparelli from the hull and replace it with the stenciled letters S-T-R-O-M-B-E-R-G. When he had finished he set about painting over the repaired bulkheads and woodwork on deck. All the Coparelli's lifeboats, damaged beyond repair, were chopped up and thrown over the side, and the Stromberg's boats were brought over to replace them. The new oil pump, which the Stromberg had carried on Koch's instructions, was installed in the Coparelli's engine. [Work had stopped for the burial. Now, as soon as the captain had uttered the final words, it began again. Toward the end of the afternoon the engine rumbled to life. Dickstein stood on the bridge with the captain while the anchor was raised. The crew of the Stromberg quickly found their way around the new ship, which ~~of course, as a sister ship~~ was identical to their old one. The captain set a course and ordered full speed ahead.

It was almost over, Dickstein thought. The Coparelli had disappeared for all intents and purposes the ship in which he now sailed was the Stromberg, and the Stromberg was legally owned by Savile Shipping. Israel had her uranium, and nobody ~~would~~ ever know how she had obtained it. Everyone in the chain of operation was now taken care of—except Pedler, still the legal owner of the yellowcake. He was the one man who could ruin the whole scheme if he should become curious or hostile. Papagopolous would be handling him right now — Dickstein silently wished him luck.

"We're clear," the captain ~~was saying.~~ The explosives expert in the chartroom pulled a lever on his radio detonator ~~as all had~~ watched the empty Stromberg, now more than a mile away.

↳ A loud, dull thud, like thunder, and the Stromberg seemed to sag in the middle. Her fuel tanks caught fire and the stormy evening was lit by a gout of flame reaching for the sky. ↳ The Stromberg began to sink, slowly at first and then faster. Her stern went under; seconds later her bows, her funnel poked up above

[

↳

⊙

↳

↳ either

⊙

said

then everybody

↳ There was a

↳ followed

the water for a moment like the raised arm of a drowning man, and then she was gone.

Dickstein turned away.

He heard a noise. The captain heard it too. They went to the side of the bridge and looked out, and then they understood.

Down on the deck, men were cheering. ~~They too understood.~~

Franz Albrecht Pedler sat in his office on the outskirts of Wiesbaden and scratched his snowy-white head. The telegram from Angeluzzi e Bianco in Genoa, translated from the Italian by Pedler's multilingual secretary, was perfectly plain and at the same time totally incomprehensible. It said: PLEASE ADVISE SOONEST OF NEW EXPECTED DELIVERY DATE OF YELLOWCAKE.

As far as Pedler knew there was nothing wrong with the old expected delivery date, which was a couple of days away. Clearly Angeluzzi e Bianco knew something he did not. He had already wired the shippers: IS YELLOWCAKE DELAYED? He felt a little annoyed with them. Surely they should have informed him as well as the receiving company if there was a delay. But maybe the Italians had their wires crossed. Pedler had formed the opinion during the war that you could never trust Italians to do what they were told. He had thought they might be different nowadays, but perhaps they were the same.

He stood at his window, watching the evening gather over his little cluster of factory buildings. He could almost wish he had not bought the uranium. The deal with the Israeli Army, all signed, sealed and delivered, would keep his company in profit for the rest of his life, and he no longer needed to speculate.

His secretary came in with the reply from the shippers, already translated: COPARELLI SOLD TO SAVILE SHIPPING OF ZURICH WHO NOW HAVE RESPONSIBILITY FOR YOUR CARGO. WE ASSURE YOU OF COMPLETE RELIABILITY OF PURCHASERS. There followed the phone number of Savile Shipping and the words SPEAK TO PAPAGOPOLOUS.

Pedler gave the telegram back to the secretary. "Would you

call that number in Zurich and get this Papagopolous on the line please?"

She came back a few minutes later. "Papagopolous will call you back."

Pedler looked at his watch. "I suppose I'd better wait for his call. I might as well get to the bottom of this now that I've started."

Papagopolous came through ten minutes later. Pedler said to him, "I'm told you are now responsible for my cargo on board the *Coparelli*. I've had a cable from the Italians asking for a new delivery date—is there some delay?"

"Yes, there is," Papagopolous said. "You should have been informed—I'm terribly sorry." The man spoke excellent German but it was still clear he was not a German. It was also clear he was not really terribly sorry. He went on, "The *Coparelli's* oil pump broke down at sea and she is becalmed. We're making arrangements to have your cargo delivered as early as possible."

"Well, what am I to say to Angeluzzi e Bianco?"

"I have told them that I will let them know the new date just as soon as I know it myself," Papagopolous said. "Please leave it to me. I will keep you both informed."

"Very well. Goodbye."

Odd, Pedler thought as he hung up the phone. Looking out of the window, he saw that all the workers had left. The staff car parking lot was empty except for his Mercedes and his secretary's Volkswagen. What the hell, time to go home. He put on his coat. The uranium was insured. If it was lost he would get his money back. He turned out the office lights and helped his secretary on with her coat, then he got into his car and drove home to his wife.

Suza Ashford did not close her eyes all during the night.

Once again, Nat Dickstein's life was in danger. And once again she was the only one who could warn him. Except this time she could not ~~dup~~ others into helping her.

She had to do it alone.

smiled faintly and

87

87  
870 5  
And/  
deceive!

MASTER SET

I'll never do it / she thought / I want to go to sleep forever.

It was simple ~~and impossible~~. She had to go to the Karla's radio room, get rid of Aleksandr, and call the Coparelli.

~~Impossible~~. The ship is full of KGB. Aleksandr is a man. ~~It's impossible. I can't do it. I've got to.~~

~~Oh, Nathaniel.~~

At four A.M. she put on jeans, a sweater, boots and an oilskin. The full bottle of vodka she had taken from the mess—"to help me sleep"—went in the inside pocket of the oilskin.

She had to know the Karla's position.

She went up to the bridge. The first officer smiled at her. "Can't sleep?" he said in English.

"The suspense is too much," she told him. The BOAC Big Smile — is your seat belt fastened, sir? — just a little turbulence, nothing to worry about — She asked the first officer, "Where are we?"

He showed her their position on the map, and the estimated position of the Coparelli.

"What's that in — numbers?" she said.

He told her the coordinates, the course, and the speed of the Karla. She repeated the numbers once aloud and twice more in her head, trying to burn them into her brain. "It's fascinating," she said brightly. "Everyone on a ship has a special skill . . . Will we reach the Coparelli on time, do you think —?"

"Oh, yes," he said. "Then—boom —"

She looked outside. ~~Black—no stars/ no ships' lights in sight.~~ The weather was getting worse.

"You're shivering," the first officer said. "Are you cold?"

"Yes," she said, though it was not the weather making her shiver. "When does Colonel Rostov get up?"

"He's to be called at five."

"I think I'll try to get another hour's sleep."

She went down to the radio room. Aleksandr was there. "Couldn't you sleep, either?" she asked him.

"No. I've sent my number two to bed."

She looked over the radio equipment. "Aren't you listening to the Stromberg anymore?"

"The signal stopped. Either they found the beacon, or they

sank the ship. We think they sank her."

Suza sat down and took out the bottle of vodka. She unscrewed the cap. "Have a drink." She handed him the bottle.

"Are you cold?"

"A little."

"Your hand is shaking." He took the bottle and put it to his lips, taking a long swallow. "Ah, thank you." He handed it back to her.

Suza drank a mouthful for courage. It was Russian vodka, ~~Stolichnaya~~ and it burned her throat, but it had the desired effect. She screwed down the cap and waited for Aleksandr to turn his back on her.

"Tell me about life in England," he said conversationally. "Is it true ~~it's full of homosexuals and poor people working to support a corrupt monarchy?~~"

many people starve

"Not really," she said — Turn around, damn it, turn around — I can't do this facing you — "But there is ~~something in what you say~~ —"

"Seriously, are there ~~not very~~ different laws for rich and poor?"

"Well, there's a saying — 'The law forbids rich and poor alike to steal bread and sleep under bridges.'"

Aleksandr ~~nodded and~~ laughed. "In the Soviet Union people are equal, ~~except some are more equal than others~~ — Will you live in Russia now?"

"I don't know." Suza opened the bottle and passed it to him again.

He took a long swallow and gave it back. "In Russia you won't have such clothes."

Time was passing, she had to do it now. She stood up to take the bottle. Her oilskin was open down the front. Standing before him, she tilted her head back to drink from the bottle. ~~She had neither time nor the luxury to be ashamed of her performance.~~ She allowed him a good look, then shifted her grip on the bottle and brought it down as hard as she could on the top of his head.

His eyes closed and he slumped in the chair. Suza got hold of

rough

that the poor starve while the rich get fat

great inequality

I

but some have privileges

The t / too quickly

knowing he would stare at her breasts as they juttred out.

I

E

It was completely and

is getting

these were

There was a sickening thud as it hit him. He stared at her dazedly. She thought: You're supposed to be knocked out! His eyes would not shut. What do I do, ~~what do I do~~? She hesitated ~~then she~~ then she gritted her teeth and hit him again.

12900

# SIXTEEN

⑥ THE THREE BOATS pulled away from the *Stromberg* in the last few minutes before dawn.

Within seconds the ship behind them was invisible. She had no navigation lights, all deck lights and cabin lamps had been extinguished even below the waterline to ensure that no light escaped to warn the *Coparelli*.

The weather had worsened during the night. The *Stromberg* captain said it was still not bad enough to be called a storm, but the rain was torrential, the wind strong enough to blow a steel bucket clattering along the deck, the waves so high that now Dickstein was obliged to cling tightly to his bench seat in the well of the motorboat.

For a while they were in limbo, nothing visible ahead or behind. Dickstein could not even make out the faces of the four men in the boat with him. Feinberg broke the silence: "I still say we should have postponed this fishing trip until tomorrow."

Whistling past the graveyard.

Dickstein was as superstitious as the rest: underneath his oilskin and life jacket he wore his father's old striped waistcoat with a smashed fob watch in the pocket over his heart. The watch after all had once stopped a German bullet. Powerful magic not in the Koran.

In a way he knew he had gone a little crazy. His affair with Suza, her incredible betrayal, had turned him upside down: his old values had been jolted, the new ones held fast with her turned to dust. He still cared about some things though the wanted to win this battle, he wanted Israel to have the uranium,

Dickstein was thinking logically, but

and

with see  
his  
and motivations  
acqui  
had in his hands

MASTER SET

and gave a cry of dismay: it was

his feet and pulled. As he came off the chair his head hit the deck, making Suza wince, ~~until~~ she thought ~~that what she'd done was~~ bound to be more damaging

It's just as well, he'll stay out longer. She was breathing fast, from fear as well as exertion.

She dragged him to a cupboard. From her jeans pocket she took a long piece of baling twine she had picked up in the stern. She tied Aleksandr's feet, then turned him over and bound his hands behind his back.

She glanced at the door. Oh, ~~God~~, don't let anyone come in now!

She had to get him into the cupboard. She put his feet in, then straddled his unconscious body and tried to lift him. He was a heavy man. She got him half upright, but when she tried to shift him into the cupboard he slipped from her grasp. She got behind him to try again. She grasped him beneath the armpits and lifted. This way was better; she could lean his weight against her chest while she shifted her grip. She got him half upright again, then wrapped her arms around his chest and inched sideways. She had to go into the cupboard with him, let him go, then wriggle out from underneath him.

He would have liked to open one and feel the stuff, just to know what it was like, but the lids were heavily sealed.

He was in a sitting position now, his feet against one side of the cupboard, his knees bent, his back against the opposite side. She checked his bonds—still tight. She looked about for something to stuff in his mouth—~~could find~~ nothing. She could not leave the room to search for something—he might come round in the meantime. The only thing that she could think of was her ~~panties~~. It seemed to take her forever to do it. She had to pull off her borrowed sea-boots, take off her jeans, pull her ~~panties~~ off, put her jeans on, get into her boots, then crumple the nylon cloth into a ball and stuff it between his slack jaws.

But he could still shout! Instead of the elation of victory, he had only bereavement. He could not rejoice over the terrorists he had killed.

[She could not close the cupboard door—it was Aleksandr's elbow in the way. His bound hands rested on the floor of the cupboard, and because of his slumped position his arms were bent outward. No matter how she pushed and shoved at the door that elbow stopped it from closing. Finally she had to get back into the cupboard with him and turn him slightly sideways so that he leaned into the corner. Now, ~~finally~~ his elbow was out of the way.

"Oh, ~~God~~!" she said out loud.

She looked at him a moment longer. How long ~~would he~~ stay unconscious? ~~If he were only unconscious...~~

She looked at her wristwatch—ten minutes to five. The Coparelli would soon appear on the Karla's radar screen, and Rostov would be here, and she would have lost her chance.

She sat down at the radio desk, switched the lever to TRANSMIT, selected the set that was already tuned to the Coparelli's wavelength and leaned over the microphone.

"Calling Coparelli, come in please."

She waited.

Nothing.

"Calling Coparelli, come in please."

Nothing.

"Damn it to hell, Dickstein, speak to me. Nathaniel."

you / Nat Roman !/

Dickstein stood in the amidships hold of the Coparelli, staring at the drums of sandy metallic ore that had cost so much. They ~~hardly~~ looked ~~anything~~ special—just large black oil drums with the word PLUMBAT stenciled on their sides.

Nat  
nothing!  
suicidal!

He felt ~~no elation~~. Unlike the man during the Jews' struggle to evict the British from their homeland ~~he did not feel a little holiday in his heart each time one of his enemy died. He still found it difficult to hate collectively.~~

Mostly he could only mourn for his own dead. [He went over the battle again, as he had been doing throughout a sleepless night—If he had told Abbas to open fire as soon as he got aboard it might have distracted the Fedayeen ~~at least~~ long enough for Gibli to get over the rail without being shot—If he had gone with three men to take out the bridge with grenades at the very start of the fight the mess might have been taken earlier and lives would have been saved—If . . . but there were a hundred ~~ifs and maybes~~. Surely he would have done some things differently if he had been able to see into the future, or if he were just a wiser man. ~~But he had not, and he was not~~]

things he would have done  
atom / protect her / forever!  
one

Well, Israel would now have ~~its precious~~ bombs to ensure its survival.

And even that thought gave him no joy. A year ago, ~~yes~~ but a year ago he had not met ~~or lost~~ Suza Ashford—

351  
it would have thrilled him.

but then  
to gag him. She could see because / pantyhose / pantyhose /  
[ O / that was / long I  
did people / knocked out /

She had no idea. She knew she should hit him again, but she was afraid of killing him. She went and got the bottle, and even lifted it over her head; but at the last moment she lost her nerve, put the bottle down, and slammed the cupboard door.



wondering what to do with the rest of his life. He emerged on deck.

Roman

he shouted. / But

The voice of Nat Dickstein

Nat, at last. / that Suzal / Roman

gathered her thoughts / I'm w / Make a note of this.

Nat, t / Why? /

very

He looked up, his thoughts interrupted by the sound of people running about on deck. He climbed the ladder out of the hold. A rating peered at him. "Mr. Dickstein?"

"Yes. What do you want?"

"We've been searching the ship for you, sir . . . It's the radio, someone is calling the Coparelli. We haven't answered, sir, because we're not supposed to be the Coparelli, are we? But she says—"

"She?"

"Yes, sir. She's coming over clear—speech, not Morse code. She sounds close. And she's upset. 'Speak to me, Nathaniel,' she says, stuff like that, sir."

Dickstein grabbed the rating by his peajacket. "Nathaniel? Did she really say Nathaniel?"

"Yes, sir, I'm sorry, if—"

Dickstein was already heading for the bridge at a run.

Dickstein's voice came over the radio: "Who is calling Coparelli?"

She found her voice. "Oh, God, it's really you—"

"Suza? Is it you?"

"Yes, yes."

"Where are you?"

She forced herself to be coherent. "With David Rostov on a Russian ship called the Karla —" She gave him the position, course and speed just as the first officer had told them to her.

"That was at four-ten this morning. This ship is going to ram yours at six A.M."

"Ram? Oh, yes — I see . . ."

"Nat, I don't have long at this radio —"

"Suza — listen to me — can you create a diversion of some kind at precisely five-thirty?"

"Diversion?"

"Start a fire, shout 'man overboard,' anything to keep them all busy for a few minutes."

He heard a noise and looked up. It sounded as if people were running around on deck. Some nautical crisis, no doubt. [Suza had changed him.

She had taught him to expect more out of life than victory in battle. When he had anticipated this day, when he had thought about what it would feel like to have pulled off this tremendous coup, she had always been in his daydream, waiting for him somewhere, ready to share his triumph. But she would not be there. Nobody else would do. And there was no joy in a solitary celebration.

[He had stared long enough at his portrait

[Suddenly Suza was struck by his spark, after all she had been through, made her feel weak and helpless.

[Who is calling Coparelli? "

they'll catch me at the radio any minute, what are we going to do, quickly in

"I'll try—"

"I know you'll do better than that — are they all KGB (so far) as you can tell?"

"Yes."

"Okay, now—"

The door of the radio room opened—Suza flipped the switch to TRANSMIT and Dickstein's voice was silenced. Rostov walked in.

"Where's Aleksandr?"

BOAG smile. "He went for coffee. Seems I'm minding the shop."

"The damn fool . . ." His curses switched into Russian as he stormed out.

Suza moved the lever to RECEIVE.

Nat said, "I heard that. Make yourself scarce until five-thirty—"

"Wait, what are you going to do?"

"Do?" he said. "I'm coming to get you."

As she switched off, Morse began to come through on another set. Tyrin would have heard every word of her conversation, and now he would be trying to warn Rostov. God, she had forgotten to tell Nat about Tyrin.

She could try to contact Nat again, but it would be very risky, and Tyrin would surely get his message through to Rostov in the time it took Nat's men to search the Coparelli, locate Tyrin and destroy his equipment. And when Tyrin's message got to Rostov, he would know Nat was coming, he would be prepared.

She had to block that message.

She also had to get away.

She decided to wreck the radio.

How? All the wiring must be behind the panels. She would have to take a panel off. She needed a screwdriver. Quickly, before Rostov gives up looking for Aleksandr — She found Aleksandr's tools in a corner and picked out a small screwdriver. She undid the screws on two corners of the panel. Impatient, she pocketed the screwdriver and forced the panel out with her hands. Inside was a mass of wires like psychedelic spaghetti. She

Do your best. I want them all running around nobody quite sure what's going on or what to do

MASTER SET

and David / He said / Suza tried to /

You'd better m / "she shouted." W / "Oh," she said. "Oh, thank you. "I love you."

Roman

and

quickly

MASTER SET

grabbed a fistful and pulled. Nothing happened: she'd pulled too many at once. She selected one, and tugged: it came out. Furiously she pulled wires until fifteen or twenty were hanging loose. Still the Morse code chattered. She poured the remains of the vodka into the innards of the radio. The Morse stopped, and every light on the panel went out.

must be / o/

There was a thump from inside the cupboard. Aleksandr/ coming round — Well, they would know everything as soon as they saw the radio now anyway.

She went out, closing the door behind her.

She went down the ladder and out onto the deck, trying to figure out where she could hide and what kind of diversion she could create. No point now in shouting "man overboard"—they certainly would not believe her after what she had done to their radio and their radio operator.

What was Rostov likely to do now? He would look for Aleksandr in the galley, the mess, and his cabin. Not finding him he would return to the radio room — and at that point would start a shipwide search for her.

g/ then /  
o/ H

He was a methodical man. No doubt he would start at the prow and work backward along the main deck, then send one party to search the upperworks and another to sweep below, deck by deck, starting at the top and working down.

That /

What was the lowest part of the ship? The engine room. It would have to be her hiding place. She went inside and found her way to a downward companionway. She had her foot on the top rung of the ladder when she saw Rostov.

And he saw her.

She had no idea where her next words came from. "Aleksandr's come back to the radio room, I'll be back in a moment."

and /

Rostov nodded grimly, went off in the direction of the radio room.

She headed straight down through two decks and emerged into the engine room. The second engineer was on duty at night. He stared at her as she came in and approached him.

SP

"This is the only warm place on the ship," she said cheerfully. "Mind if I keep you company?"

He looked mystified, and said slowly, "I cannot . . . speak English . . . please—"

"You don't speak English?"

He shook his head.

"I'm cold," she said, and mimed a shiver. She held her hands out toward the ~~hot~~ throbbing engine. "Okay?"

A broad smile. He was more than happy to have this beautiful girl for company in the stinking engine room. "Okay," he said, nodding vigorously.

He continued to stare at her, with a pleased look on his face, until it occurred to him that he should perhaps show some hospitality. He looked about, pulled a pack of cigarettes from his pocket and offered her one.

"I don't usually, but I think I will," she said, and took a cigarette. It had a small cardboard tube for a filter. The engineer lit it for her as she looked up at the hatch, half expecting to see Rostov. She looked at her watch. Five-twenty-five already! ~~no~~ more time — diversion, start a diversion. Shout "man overboard," light a fire—

Light a fire.

With what?

Petrol, there must be petrol, or diesel fuel, or something like it right here in the engine room.

She looked over the engine. Where did the petrol come in? The thing was a mass of tubes and pipes. She wished she had learned more about the engine of her car, though she was no Lady Stupid about it. Were boat engines the same? No, sometimes they used truck fuel. Which kind was this? It was supposed to be a fast ship, so perhaps it used petrol — she vaguely remembered that petrol engines were more expensive to run but faster. If it was a petrol engine it should at least be similar to the engine of her car. Were there cables leading to spark plugs? She had changed a spark plug once.

She stared at it — yes, it was like her car — there were six

Let down the anchor?  
She would not know where to begin.

She had no time to think.

o/

o/ o/ his /

then

o/ S  
It could not be f /  
drop the anchor,

o/

Concentrate, concentrate!  
had /

o/ o/

o/ u/

w/ o/ had /

o/ o/

o/ y / o/ T //

plugs, with leads from them to a round cap like a distributor. Somewhere there had to be a carburetor. The petrol, ~~she knew~~ went through the carburetor. It was a small thing that sometimes got blocked—

The voice-pipe barked in Russian, the engineer walked toward it to answer. His back was to Suza.

She had to do it now.

There was something about the size of a coffee tin with a lid held on by a central nut. It could be the carburetor. She stretched herself across the engine and tried to undo the nut with her fingers. It would not budge. A heavy plastic pipe led into it. She grabbed it and tugged. She could not pull it out. She remembered she had put Aleksandr's screwdriver into her oilskin pocket. She took it out and jabbed at the pipe with the sharp end. The plastic was thick and tough. She stabbed the screwdriver into it — it made a small cut in the surface of the pipe. She stuck the point of the screwdriver into the cut and worked it.

The engineer ~~had now~~ reached the voice-pipe and spoke into it in Russian, ~~of course~~.

Suza felt the screwdriver break through the plastic. She tugged it out. A spray of clear liquid jetted out of the little hole, and the air was filled with the unmistakable smell of petrol. She dropped the screwdriver and ~~moved quickly, quietly~~ toward the ladder.

She heard the engineer answer yes in Russian and nod his head to a question from the voice-pipe. An order followed. The voice was angry. As she reached the foot of the ladder she looked back. ~~The welcome map had disappeared from the engineer's face.~~ She went up the ladder as he ~~came on the run~~ across the engine room deck after her.

At the top of the ladder she turned around ~~to see~~ a pool of petrol spreading over the deck, and the engineer stepping on the bottom rung of the ladder. In her hand she still held the cigarette ~~held~~ given her. She threw it toward the engine, aiming at the place where the petrol was squirting out of the pipe.

She did not wait to see it land, ~~but as~~ her head and shoulders ~~emerged~~ onto the next deck, she heard a loud *whoosh*, there was

a bright red light from below, and a wave of scorching heat. Suza ~~snapped~~ as her trousers caught fire and the skin of her legs burned. She jumped the last few inches of the ladder and rolled, ~~beating~~ at her trousers, then struggling out of her oilskin, ~~which she~~ managed to wrap around her legs. The fire was ~~out~~, but ~~not~~ pain where Nat could find her — She forced herself to stand up. Her legs felt as if they still burning. She looked down to see bits like burned paper falling off, and she wondered if they were ~~pieces~~ of trouser / or ~~of the skin from her~~ leg.

She took a step. ~~At least~~ she could walk. ~~She made her way~~ along the gangway. The fire alarm began to sound all over the ship. She reached the end of the gangway, and leaned on the ladder.

Up, go up.

She raised one foot, placed it on the bottom rung, and began the longest climb of her life.

She wanted to collapse. She knew if she lay down she would pass out and the pain would go, but

She had to get away from the fire, she had to be somewhere

MASTER screamed / ed / and it killed / the / got /

bits / of / bits of / staggered /

she had to

1R 198 / H P L A A A

The engineer's smiling face had been transformed into a mask of malice.

She carried on up the ladder.

and / with all her might. / I /

ran / ran / She saw / had /

were emerging / when there was

it's the best way /

MASTER SELF

12900

# EIGHTEEN (B)

Or do I /

"I don't think ~~that will be necessary~~," Feinberg said.

~~"You seem to be set on handling that yourself," Ish said,~~  
~~finishing his thought.~~

Well, I do, and it's ~~my~~ my life, ~~and besides~~, and besides, I'm the senior officer here and it's my decision, so to hell with ~~that~~ of you.

Dickstein smiled. "I'm glad you see the light. ~~Never, they say,~~ ~~argue with a crazy man. Or a senior officer, which is what I~~ ~~happen to be around here!~~"

So he had dressed and armed himself, and the captain had shown him how to operate the launch's radio and how to maintain an interception course with the *Karla*, and they had lowered the launch, and he had climbed down into it and pulled away.

It was ~~of course~~ impossible for him to overcome a whole boatload of KGB all on his own. ~~Well~~, he was not planning that. He ~~did~~ not fight with any of them if he could help it. He would ~~try~~ to get aboard, hide himself until Suza's diversion began — ~~Suza~~ — and then look for her. And when he ~~did~~ found her, he would get off the *Karla* with her and — ~~he~~ he had a small magnetic mine with him that he ~~did~~ fix to the *Karla's* side before boarding.

Whether he managed to escape or not, whether the whole thing was a trap or genuine, the *Karla* would have a ~~big enough~~ hole blown in her side ~~to keep her from catching the Coparelli~~ — ~~Except~~ he was sure it was not a trap ~~he~~ he knew she was there, he knew ~~she~~ had been forced to help them, and ~~now~~ had risked her life to save his.

He knew ~~once more~~ that she loved him. And ~~that damn near scared him to death.~~

~~Because~~ suddenly he wanted ~~so badly~~ to live ~~that he was afraid~~ ~~to die~~. The blood-lust was gone — he was no longer interested in killing his enemies, defeating Rostov, frustrating the schemes of the Fedayeen or outwitting Egyptian Intelligence. He wanted ~~to~~ to take her home, ~~to~~ to spend the rest of his life with her. ~~The hollow man could be whole again, and yes, the prospect of dying~~ ~~scared him to death.~~

He ~~tried to concentrate~~ on steering his boat. Finding the *Karla* at night was not easy. He could keep a steady course but he had to estimate and make allowance for how much the wind and the waves were carrying him sideways. After fifteen minutes he knew he should have reached her ~~she~~ she was nowhere to be seen. He

(C) FOR THE SECOND TIME IN TWENTY-FOUR HOURS ~~h~~ Dickstein was crossing huge seas in a small boat to board a ship held by the enemy. He was dressed as before — life jacket, oilskin, and sea boots; and armed as before with submachine gun, pistol and grenades. ~~But~~ this time he was alone.

There had been an argument aboard the *Coparelli* about what to do after Suza's radio message. Her dialogue with Dickstein had been listened ~~in~~ to by the captain, Feinberg, and Ish. They had seen the ~~excitement~~ in Nat's face, and they had felt entitled to argue that his judgment was now ~~affected~~ by personal involvement.

"It's a trap," ~~was~~ Feinberg ~~view~~. "They can't catch us, so they want us to turn and fight. ~~Damned convenient~~."

"~~I've been up against~~ Rostov ~~for a long time~~," Dickstein said. "This is ~~how~~ how his mind works — he waits for you to make a break, then ~~pounces~~. This ramming ~~has his name written all over it~~."

"This isn't a ~~game~~," Dickstein.

"Listen, Nat," Ish said more reasonably, "let's just carry on and be ready to fight if and when they catch us. What have we got to gain by sending a boarding party?"

"I'm not suggesting a boarding party. ~~I'm~~ going ~~+~~"

"Don't be a damn fool," Ish said. "If you go, so do we—you can't take a ship alone."

"Look," Dickstein said, trying to pacify them ~~if~~ "if I make it, the *Karla* will never catch this ship. If I don't, the rest of you can still fight when the *Karla* gets to you. And if the *Karla* really can't catch you, and it's a trap, then ~~at least~~ I'm the only one who falls into it. ~~So I'm a damn fool, so kill me~~."

[And he was terrified.]

And he was terrified.

that somehow she had been in their power and

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Feinberg got angry. (Roman)

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wondering desperately

began to zigzag in a search pattern, ~~with no idea~~ how far off course he was.

181

He was contemplating radioing the *Coparelli* for a new fix when suddenly the *Karla* appeared out of the night alongside him. She was moving fast, faster than his launch could go, and he had to reach the ladder at her bows before she was past and at the same time avoid a collision. He gunned the launch forward, swerved away as the *Karla* rolled toward him, then turned back, homing in, while she rolled the other way.

He had ready the rope tied around his waist. The ladder came within reach. He flipped the engine of his launch into idle, stepped on the gunwale, and jumped. The *Karla* began to pitch forward as he landed on the ladder. He clung on while her prow went down into the waves. The sea came up to his waist, up to his shoulders. He took a deep breath as his head went under. He seemed to be under water forever. The *Karla* just kept on going down. When he felt his lungs would burst she hesitated, and at last began to come up ~~which~~ seemed to take even longer. At last he broke surface and gulped lungfuls of air. He went up the ladder a few steps, untied the rope around his waist and made it fast to the ladder, securing the boat to the *Karla* for his escape. The magnetic mine was hanging from a rope across his shoulders. He took it off and slapped it onto the *Karla's* hull.

; and that / 01

He shed his oilskin and climbed up the ladder.

The sound of the launch engine was inaudible in the noise of the wind, the sea, and the *Karla's* own engines, but something must have attracted the attention of the man who looked over the rail just as Dickstein came up level with the deck. For a moment the man stared at Dickstein, ~~which gave Dickstein the advantage he needed, gave him the moment, as he climbed over the rail to grab the man's arm and pull him overboard into the sea.~~

Dickstein crouched down on the deck. The *Karla* was a small ship, much smaller than the *Coparelli*. There was only one superstructure, located amidships, two decks high. There were no cranes. The foredeck had a big hatch over the for'ard hold, but there was no aft hold — the crew accommodations and the

The uranium was safe. No bomb

his face registering amazement.

01

Then Dickstein reached out his hand for a pull as 360 he climbed over the rail. Automatically, with a natural instinct to help someone trying to get aboard out of the raging sea, the other man grabbed his arm. Dickstein got one leg over the rail, used his other hand to grab

the outstretched arm, and threw the other man overboard and into the sea. His cry was lost in the wind. Dickstein brought the other leg over the rail and crouched down on the deck. [It seemed nobody had seen the incident.]

- three men was probably one-fifth of the opposition

Two dead, and still they did not know he was on board.

engine room must occupy, ~~Dickstein thought~~ all the below-surface space aft.

He looked at his watch. Five-twenty-five. Suza's diversion should begin any moment —

He began to walk along the deck. There was some light from the ship's lamps, but one of the crew would have to look twice at him before being sure he was not one of them. He took his knife out of the sheath at his belt — he did not want to use his gun, the noise would ~~lead them to him~~. [As he drew level with the superstructure a door opened, throwing a wedge of yellow light onto the rain-spattered deck. He dodged around the corner, flattening himself against the for'ard bulkhead and heard two voices speaking Russian. The door slammed, and the voices receded as the men walked aft in the rain.]

In the lee of the superstructure he crossed to the port side and continued toward the stern. He stopped at the corner and, looking cautiously around it, saw the two men cross the afterdeck and speak to a third man in the stern. He was tempted to take all three out with a burst from his submachine gun, but warned himself to be patient. It was too early, Suza's diversion had not yet started and he had no idea where she was —

The two men came back along the starboard deck and went inside. Dickstein walked up to the remaining man in the stern, who seemed to be on guard. The man spoke to him in Russian. Dickstein grunted something unintelligible, the man replied with a question. Dickstein, close enough now, moved in and cut the man's throat.

He threw the body overboard and retraced his steps. He looked at his watch. The luminous hands showed five-thirty. Time to go inside.

He opened a door, saw an empty gangway and a companionway leading up, presumably to the bridge. He climbed the ladder.

Loud voices came from the bridge and as he emerged through the companionhead he saw three men — the captain, the first officer and, he guessed, the second sublieutenant. The first officer was shouting into the voice-pipe. A strange noise was coming

MASTER SET deck concluded. Dickstein It was f Roman, if she could do it

unless he had to start a hue and cry

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back. As Dickstein brought his gun level, the captain pulled a lever and an alarm began to sound all over the ship. Dickstein pulled the trigger, the loud reports of the gun partly smothered by the wailing klaxon of the fire alarm. ~~All three~~ were killed where they stood.

Dickstein hurried back down the ladder. The alarm must mean that Suza's diversion had started. Now all he had to do was stay alive until he found her — [The companionway from the bridge met the deck at a junction of two gangways—a lateral one, which Dickstein had used, and another running the length of the superstructure. In response to the alarm doors were opening and men emerging all down both gangways. None of them seemed to be armed ~~— after all~~ this was a fire alarm, not a call to battle stations. Dickstein decided to run a bluff, and shoot only if it failed. He proceeded briskly along the central gangway, pushing his way through the milling men, shouting, "Get out of the way" in German. They stared at him momentarily, not knowing who he was or what he was doing, except that he seemed to be in authority and there was a fire emergency. One or two ~~even~~ spoke to him. He ~~busily~~ ignored them. There was a raspy order from somewhere, and the men began to move purposefully. Dickstein reached the end of the gangway and was about to go down the ladder when the officer who had given the order came into sight and pointed at him, shouting a question.

Dickstein dropped down.

On the lower deck things were better organized. The men were running in one direction, toward the stern, and a group of three hands under the supervision of an officer was breaking out fire-fighting gear ~~— And then he saw~~ a place where the gangway widened for access to hoses / and a red mist ~~covered~~ his eyes.

Suza was on the floor, her back to the bulkhead. Her legs were stretched out in front of her, her trousers torn. He could see her scorched and blackened skin through the tatters. He heard Rostov's voice, shouting at her over the sound of the alarm — "What did you tell ~~him~~?" One of the hands looked as though he was about to kick her ~~— again~~ [Dickstein jumped from the

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Dickstein o/ o/ 3

Then he kicked her in the stomach to was ~~362~~  
palefully, with a kick, and it knocked her  
back out of her and thought with a  
her eyes.

Rostov saw his face  
and gasped "You!"  
Dickstein hit him in the  
stomach first,

Dickstein saw  
something which  
made him temporarily  
unhinged

ladder onto the deck. One of the hands moved in front of him. Dickstein knocked him to the deck with an elbow blow to the face, and jumped on Rostov.

Even in his rage, he realized that he could not use the gun in this confined space while Rostov was so close to Suza. Besides, he wanted to ~~take care of~~ the man with his ~~own~~ hands — [He grabbed Rostov's shoulder / spun him around / took brief pleasure in his surprised look before hitting him] a pile-driving blow to the stomach that buckled him at the waist / made him gasp for air. Instantly, as his head came down / Dickstein brought a knee up snapping his chin up and breaking his jaw; then, continuing the motion, he put all his strength behind a kick into the throat that smashed Rostov's neck and drove him backward into the bulkhead.

Rostov had ~~barely~~ completed his fall when Dickstein turned quickly around, went down on one knee to bring his machine gun off his shoulder, and with Suza behind him and to one side opened fire on three hands who appeared in the gangway.

He turned again, picked Suza up in a fireman's lift, trying not to touch her charred flesh. He had a moment to think / now. Clearly the fire was in the stern, the direction in which all the men had been running. If he went forward now he was less likely to be seen.

He ran the length of the gangway, then carried her up the ladder. He could tell by the feel of her body on his shoulder that she was still conscious / that she was not "dead weight." He came off the top of the ladder to the main deck level, found a door and stepped out.

There was some confusion out on deck. A man ran past him, heading for the stern; another ran off in the opposite direction. Somebody was in the prow. Down in the stern a man lay on the deck with two others bending over him; presumably he had been injured in the fire.

Dickstein hurried forward to the ladder that he had used to board / eased his gun onto his shoulder, shifted Suza a little on the other shoulder, and stepped over the rail.

But looking about the deck as he started to go down, he knew

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that they had seen him [It was one thing to see a strange face on board ship, wonder who he was, and delay asking questions until later because there was a fire alarm; it was another to see someone leaving the ship with a body over his shoulder.]

He was not quite halfway down the ladder when they began to shoot at him.

A bullet pinged off the hull beside his head. He looked up to see three men leaning over the rail, two of them with pistols. Holding on to the ladder with his left hand, he put his right hand to his gun, pointed up and fired. His aim was hopeless but at least the men pulled back.

And he lost his balance.

As the prow of the ship pitched up, he swayed to the left, dropped his gun into the sea and grabbed hold of the ladder with his right hand. His right foot slipped off the rung—and then Suza began to slip from his left shoulder.

"Hold on to me," he yelled at her, no longer sure whether she was conscious or not. He felt her hands clutch at his sweater, but she continued to slip away, and as she did her unbalanced weight was pulling him even more to the left.

"No—" She slipped completely off his shoulder, and went plunging into the sea.

Dickstein turned, made out the launch, and jumped, landing with a jarring shock in the well of the boat.

He called out her name into the black sea all around him, swinging himself from one side of the boat to the other, his desperation increasing with every second as she failed to surface. And then he heard, over the noise of the wind, a scream, and turning toward the sound he saw her head just above the surface, between the side of the boat and the hull of the *Karla*.

She was out of his reach.

The launch was tied to the *Karla* by the rope, most of which was piled on the deck of the boat. Dickstein cut the rope with his knife, letting go of the end that was tied to the *Karla*'s ladder and throwing the other end toward Suza.

As she reached for the rope the sea rose again and engulfed her.

Up on the deck of the *Karla* they were again shooting over the rail.

Dickstein's eyes swept the sea, hoping that with the ship and the boat pitching and rolling in different directions the chances of a hit were relatively slim. And if not, what were his options . . . ?

After seconds that seemed hours, Suza surfaced again. Dickstein threw her the rope. This time she was able to grab it and he pulled it in, bringing her closer and closer until he was leaning for out over the gunwale of the launch to take hold of her wrists.

He pulled her into the well of the launch ~~up~~ up above them a machine gun opened fire. Dickstein threw the launch into gear then fell on top of Suza, covering her body with his own. The launch moved away from the *Karla*, undirected, riding the waves.

The shooting seemed to have stopped. Dickstein looked back. The *Karla* was nearly out of sight.

Gently he turned Suza over. Her eyes were closed. He took the wheel of the launch, looked at the compass, and set an approximate course for the *Coparelli*—the *Stromberg*. He turned on the boat's radio and called the *Coparelli*. Waiting for them to come in, he lifted Suza toward him and tried to cradle her in his arms.

A muffled thud came from across the water—like a distant explosion—By God, the magnetic mine—

The *Coparelli* replied. Dickstein said, "The *Karla* is on fire. Turn back and pick me up. Have the sick bay ready for a burn case—!" He waited for their acknowledgment, then switched off and stared at Suza's expressionless face. "Don't die," he said. "Damn it, please don't die."

And ~~after a while~~ while she opened her eyes and looked up at him. She opened her mouth, struggling to speak. He bent his head to her. "Is it really you?" And then, "Don't worry, I'll make it. . . I'm too damn stubborn not to—"

"It's me," he said. 365  
[The corners of her mouth lifted in a faint smile. "I'll make it"]

MASTER SET started

He ignored the gunfire.

[He had her now, and he would never let her go.]

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She screamed again.

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There was the sound of a tremendous explosion. The fire had reached the fuel tanks of the *Karla*. ~~Then~~ the sky was lit up for several moments by a sheet of flame, the air was filled with a roaring noise, and the rain stopped. The noise and the light died, and so did the *Karla*.

"She's gone down," Dickstein said to Suza. He looked at her. Her eyes were closed, she was unconscious again. ~~But he thought~~ she was smiling.

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# EPILOGUE (B)

NATHANIEL DICKSTEIN resigned from the Mossad, ~~but~~ his name and exploits were talked of enough to make him into something of a living legend. He married Suza and took her back to the kibbutz, where they tended grapes by day and made love half the night. In his spare time he organized a political campaign to have the laws changed so that his children could be classified Jewish; or, better still, to abolish classification.

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~~Except~~ they did not have children for a while. They were prepared to wait — Suza was young, and he was in no hurry. Her burns never healed completely. Sometimes, in bed, she would say, "My legs are horrible," and he would kiss her knees and tell her, "They are beautiful, they saved my life." —

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When the opening of the Yom Kippur War took the Israeli armed forces by surprise, Pierre Borg was blamed for the lack of advance intelligence, and ~~was forced to resign~~. The truth was more complicated. The fault lay with a Russian intelligence officer called David Rostov—an elderly-looking man who ~~was~~ ~~obliged~~ to wear a neck brace every moment of his life. He had gone to Cairo and, beginning with the interrogation and death of an Israeli agent called Towfik early in 1968, he had investigated all the events of that year and concluded that Kawash was a double agent. Instead of having Kawash tried and hanged for espionage, Rostov had told the Egyptians how to feed him disinformation, which Kawash, in all innocence, duly passed on to Pierre Borg.

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The result was that Nat Dickstein came out of retirement to take over Pierre Borg's job for the duration of the war. On Monday, October 8, 1973, he attended a crisis meeting of the



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cabinet. After three days of war the Israelis were in deep trouble. The Egyptians had crossed the Suez Canal and pushed the Israelis back into Sinai with heavy casualties. On the other front, the Golan Heights, the Syrians were pushing forward, again with heavy losses to the Israeli side. The proposal before the cabinet was to drop atom bombs on Cairo and Damascus. Not even the most hawkish ministers actually ~~liked~~ the idea; but the situation was desperate and the Americans were dragging their heels over the arms airlift which might save the day.

The meeting ~~seemed actually about to come~~ around to accepting the ~~terrible notion~~ of using nuclear weapons when Nat Dickstein made his only contribution to the discussion: "Of course, we could *tell* the Americans that we plan to drop these bombs—on Wednesday, say—unless they start the airlift immediately . . ."

And that is exactly what they did.



The airlift turned the tide of the war, and later a similar crisis meeting took place in Cairo. Once again, nobody was in favor of nuclear war in the Middle East; once again, the politicians gathered around the table began to persuade one another that there was no alternative; and once again, the proposal was stopped by an unexpected contribution.

This time ~~at first inconspicuously~~ it was the military that stepped in. Knowing of the proposal that would be before the assembled presidents, they had run checks on their nuclear strike force in readiness for a positive decision. And they had found that all the plutonium in the bombs had been taken out and replaced with iron filings. It was assumed that the Russians had done this, as they had mysteriously rendered unworkable the nuclear reactor in Qattara before being expelled from Egypt in 1972.

That night, one of the presidents talked to his wife for five minutes before falling asleep in his chair. "It's all over," he told her. "Israel has won—permanently. They have the bomb, and we do not, and that single fact will determine the course of history in our region for the rest of the century."

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"What about the Palestine refugees?" his wife said.

The president shrugged and began to light his last pipe of the day. "I remember reading a story in the London *Times* . . . this must be five years ago, I suppose. It said that the Free Wales Army had put a bomb in the police station in Cardiff."

"Wales?" said his wife. "Where is Wales?"

"It is a part of England, more or less."

"I remember," she said. "They have coal mines and choirs."

"That's right. Have you any idea how long ago the Anglo-Saxons conquered the Welsh?"

"None at all."

"Nor have I, but it must be more than a thousand years ago, because the Norman French conquered the Anglo-Saxons nine hundred years ago. You see? A thousand years, and they are still bombing police stations! The Palestinians will be like the Welsh . . . They can bomb Israel for a thousand years, but they will always be the losers, ~~never mind what international agreements that may ever be signed.~~"

His wife looked up at him. All these years they had been together, and still he was capable of surprising her. She had thought she would never hear words like this from him.

"I will tell you something else," he went on. "There will have to be peace. We cannot possibly win now, so we will have to make peace. Not ~~this moment~~ — perhaps not for five or ten years. But the time will come, and then I will have to go to Jerusalem and say, 'No more war.' I may even get some credit for it, when the dust settles. It is ~~not~~ how I planned to go down in history, but it's not such a bad way, for all that. 'The man who brought peace to the Middle East.' What would you say to that?"

His wife got up from her chair and came across to hold his hands. There were tears in her eyes. "I would give thanks to God," she said.

~~The president did not smile.~~



Franz Albrecht Pedler died in 1974. He died content. His life had seen some ups and downs—he had, after all, lived through

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the most ignominious period in the history of his nation—but he had survived and ended his days happily.

He had guessed what had happened to the uranium. One day early in 1969 his company had received a check for two million dollars, signed by A. Papagopolous, with a statement from Savile Shipping which read: "To lost cargo." The next day a representative of the Israeli Army had called, bringing the payment for the first shipment of cleaning materials. As he left, the army man had said, "On the matter of your lost cargo, we would be happy if you were not to pursue any further inquiries."

Pedler began to understand then. "But what if Euratom asks me questions?"

"Tell them the truth," the man said. "The cargo was lost, and when you tried to discover what had happened to it, you found that Savile Shipping had gone out of business."

"Have they?"

"They have."

And that was what Pedler told Euratom. ~~Why not~~ They sent an investigator to see him, and he repeated his story, which was completely true, if not truly complete. He said to the investigator, "I suppose there will be publicity about all this soon."

"I doubt it," the investigator told him. "It reflects badly on us. I don't suppose we'll broadcast the story unless we get more information."

They did not get more information, of course; at least, not in Pedler's lifetime.



On Yom Kippur in 1974 Suza Dickstein went into labor.

In accordance with the custom of this particular kibbutz, the baby was delivered by its father, with a midwife standing by to give advice and encouragement.

The baby was small, like both parents. As soon as its head emerged it opened its mouth and cried. Dickstein's ~~sight~~ became watery and blurred. He held the baby's head, checked that the cord was not around its neck, and said, "Almost there, Suza."

Suza gave one more heave, and the baby's shoulders were born, and after that it ~~emerged easily~~. Dickstein tied the cord in two places and cut it, then—again in accordance with the local custom—he put the baby in the mother's arms.

"Is it all right?" she said.

"Perfect," said the midwife.

"What is it?"

Dickstein said, "Oh, God, I didn't even look . . . it's a boy."

A little later Suza said, "What shall we call him? Nathaniel?"

"I'd like to call him Towfik," Dickstein said.

"Towfik? Isn't that an Arab name?"

"Yes."

"Why? Why Towfik?"

"Well," he said, "that's ~~quite~~ a long story."

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# POSTSCRIPT ⑥

] FROM the London Daily Telegraph of May 7, 1977: [ ^  
⑥ ISRAEL SUSPECTED OF HIJACKING SHIP WITH URANIUM ↓ <  
by Henry Miller in New York ^ ^

Israel is believed to have been behind the disappearance from the high seas nine years ago of a uranium shipment large enough to build 30 nuclear weapons, it was disclosed yesterday.

Officials say that the incident was "a real James Bond affair" and that although intelligence agencies in four countries investigated the mystery, it was never determined what had actually happened to the 200 tons of uranium ore that vanished . . . <

—Quoted by permission of the Daily Telegraph Ltd.

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← (Could we center the headline?)

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EPILOGUE <  
POSTSCRIPT <<