

you can't / o

or something? 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.

1/3 you prick  
1/3

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.

1 was 1/2  
and boring people

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 He had always been quiet and withdrawn; he continued to look like an out-of-work bank clerk; and, except for occasional flashes of rather cynical wit, he was still dour.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

MASTER SET

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The other reason was more important.  
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87 fast

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.

*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.

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.

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.

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

MASTER SET

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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 ~~sshussed~~ 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 of something of a spring in his step, ~~a man seemingly with his mind more on his destination than his present circumstances~~ 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. the mark /

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. o / He

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. The desk clerk came over. / 8 /

"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. o 8 /

He kissed her, a man who had built up a powerful thirst all day. and he was like been thirsty / 8 / s /  
He savored the smell of her skin and the soft motions of her lips. 8 / 8 /  
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 8 / 8 /

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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red  
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the air from her  
a little to  
feasted his eyes on  
the white  
clinging to  
her curves and contrasting  
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for a long time  
and  
so he  
both  
an inch  
from her body  
out of his waistband  
incredibly

face to face with her in the small blue-and-yellow kitchen, looking directly into her eyes while he touched 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 ~~he 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. ~~He drew her panties down slowly.~~ He rose up from the floor and they were standing where they had kissed when he first came 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~~ ~~holes~~, and drew them down slowly, holding the shoes on her feet as she stepped out of the thin ~~extra garment~~.  
He was compelled to

he was/  
like a clockwork motor, and everything she did, every look on her face, tightened the spring  
MASTER  
There came into her eyes  
the beautiful thing  
so he said, "Suzanne here it comes," and she said, "Oh, and me," and  
in a long sharp tear which went through him like an electric shock  
inside her. He felt himself being wound up tight like a spring. He watched her ~~he was/~~ 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."

and  
and  
she screamed.  
ied  
he decided  
spotted  
and we might not know who  
because they discover, therefore they know  
"I see," said Tyrin.  
Rostov added.  
H



“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 passe-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.”

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



MASTER SET

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desperately said and did/  
liked ST  
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Rostov grunted. / ST W

ST Tyrin suggested  
○/ A

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

shocked, amazed / intrigued

all the time, so he had come out here, despite the weather

ST Borg / [ pavement /

ST (Roman) her orgasm /

not ST O / H not pavement

ST Dickstein /

31  
27



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~~ 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~~ 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 ~~frantically~~ 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.

: 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 ~~the~~ <sup>Beethoven and</sup> ~~the~~ ~~how she~~ ~~laughed~~ ~~her~~ ~~teeth~~ whether she snored.



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." ~~Ah, 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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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 ~~sparkling~~ 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.

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 ~~quietly~~ and thought: Damn it, you

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87 he said. “T/ , good, !/  
He thumped his knee in enthusiasm.

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87 said Hassan. “T/ 0/

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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. Rostov nodded. "All this business about sister ships must have something to do with it ~~though at the moment~~ I don't see how —"

Two and sixpence, please, guv.  
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 ~~he smiled~~ — 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~~ Damn, but w 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



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."

## 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 gonorrhea, 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,

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, on~~ 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







MASTER SET

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 ~~not~~ 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 ~~sounded 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*?"

TO: Head of Mossad

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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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 ~~mid~~ 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.

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.

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 Hieronymous 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 him ~~self~~ 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~~ 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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9

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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~~ ~~+~~ ~~for~~, 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."



Papagopolous looked dubious. <sup>h</sup>

"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 <sup>h</sup>sipped his coffee.

"~~Together~~ <sup>W</sup>what you want to do is make a ship disappear without a trace."

Dickstein nodded. <sup>h</sup>

"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 <sup>h</sup>drawn up. The ship goes into dry dock for inspection. When she <sup>h</sup>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 <sup>+</sup>"

"But not impossible."

"No, not impossible <sup>+</sup>"

Dickstein watched him. <sup>h</sup>

~~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*."

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

"Of course. But why would I give such a guarantee?"

Dickstein looked <sup>h</sup>at him. "I can promise you that the owner of the cargo will not complain."

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

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~~ <sup>held/</sup> his breath.

"I had less to lose in those days. I was . . . thirty-five. ~~But we~~ <sup>W</sup>did have a good deal of fun ~~And I must say~~ <sup>used to / lot / Tm</sup> this is the most intriguing offer I've had in ~~nearly~~ <sup>h</sup> twenty years — What the hell, ~~then, I believe~~ <sup>h</sup> 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 <sup>h</sup>in business <sup>h</sup>again."

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

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

MASTER SET

h "Well..."

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h Papagopolous was as sharp as a knife.

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Papagopolous /

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

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h in the eye



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



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 [k'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 steady~~ alcoholic than you."

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

MASTER SET

SPACE:  
NEW  
SCENE



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.

hand  
and panic-stricken / he

Roman  
tearing

[It+]  
Roman !/



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 ~~as~~ 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."~~



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~~."

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 ~~had~~ 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."

This was the last thing he had been expecting. He was filled with irrational guilt, like a boy caught masturbating. ~~What the fuck do you mean, all?~~ shame, embarrassment, and the sense of something ~~being~~ spoiled.

What the fuck do you mean, all?



MASTER

and /  
smiled slyly and saw /  
tucking / 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



o/s

"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 ~~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~~ ~~Not~~ 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.~~

I'm confident

I won't, Dickstein. I will kill her

Pierre.

BEGUN TAKE 2

1 R900

ELEVEN

(B)

MASTER SET

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.

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

David

had/

now/

was going to let Hassan know everything, then

appeal to his professionalism — such as it was

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

<< 1 R198

1 #P1 111



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* ~~a~~ 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."



Of course you do, Rostov thought. ~~You 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.”

“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.”

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.”

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.~~”

“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 ~~had~~ 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.”

“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.

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.

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.

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.

87 87

87

And, like millions of other Germans

87

hand 87

part/hard/

fat/

The company never looked back. went on/

87



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.

MASTER SET

genuine/

bad smell/

intelligent/

roman

now or ever

—

mused/

I/



"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~~ ~~right~~ 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



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 ~~I must say~~ 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 unrelenting 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.



MASTER S.

Sadly, the ship was the opposite of comfortable.

terribly / and had / since /

h / 8 / 4 / 7

h - 1 - 1 - 1

and /  
would /  
one line long

⊙ /  
⊙ /

~~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 fervently 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.

disused  
one line long  
He



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 ^ ^ ^

MASTER SET

and /

I will keep your secret, and you will keep mine

one line long

U.S. Naval / SET

o/h/

- one line long -



/R900

## 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

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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.

insect  
but/  
flee/  
for/  
But of great  
other than/  
right/  
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

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

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

MASTER SET



and that/

counting/

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 ~~saggle~~ 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.

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

blankly ~~staring~~ slowly then beginning with a small chuckle and finishing up giving a huge, body-shaking bellow that

— long — one line long —

bunch/

SPACE new scene

⊙/

— one line long — big/

It turns out/

8/ 8/



"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 is well to admire the Russians," Mahmoud said, "so long as we do ~~not~~ 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



and we  
8/8  
8/8

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."

8/

"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."

with unseeing eyes  
Then he said,

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

little/ 8/

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.

for/

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~~

of/ 8/ 8/

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wiped out  
Then/

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.

and/ i/ 8/ Roman

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 too 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.

low, these  
at once 8/ 8/

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.

8/ had/

Voting?

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

he  
like v/ 8/ have/

"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."

lot/



MASTER SET

is/ 5 0/  
h ["So be it," said  
Yasir Hassan  
his/ 8/

"It ~~is~~ decided ~~then~~?"  
"Yes. The Fedayeen will hijack the ship and steal the uranium."  
h

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 ~~this~~. 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.

bugged/  
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.

8/ 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.

and/ 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.

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

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

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.

h 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. ~~h~~ 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~~.

"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."

h Cohen's! A piece of luck. h 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. —

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

1e (e)  
h That was a business/ [Well, sometimes 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 amply.

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



would / the Prime Minister /  
he the hell /  
would / it would / the /  
Pierre

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 ownchutzpah.

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, tell /  
So /  
She said,  
one line long

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." dumbly /

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 /  
Dickstein /  
they took /  
one line long



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.

h 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



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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## THIRTEEN (B)

66 Moscow's HOTEL ROSSIYA <sup>(OR)</sup> was the largest hotel in Europe. It had 5,738 beds, ten miles of corridors, and no air-conditioning. ←

Yasif Hassan slept very badly there.

It was simple to say, "The Fedayeen should hijack the ship before Dickstein gets there," but the more he thought about it, the more ~~unsure~~ he was.

The Palestine Liberation Organization in ~~this year of~~ 1968 was not the tightly-knit political entity it pretended to be. It was not even a loose federation of individual groups working together. It was more like a club for people with a common interest — it represented its members, but it did not control them. The individual guerrilla groups could speak with one voice through the PLO, but they did not and could not act as one. So when Mahmoud said the Fedayeen would do something, he spoke only for his own group. Furthermore, in this case it would be unwise even to ask for PLO cooperation. The organization was given money, facilities and a home by the Egyptians, but it had also been infiltrated by them — if you wanted to keep something secret from the Arab establishment, you had to keep it secret from the PLO. Of course, after the coup, when the world's press came to look over the captured ship with its atomic cargo, the Egyptians would know and would probably suspect that the Fedayeen had deliberately thwarted them; but Mahmoud would play innocent and the Egyptians would be obliged to join in the general acclamation of the Fedayeen for frustrating an Israeli act of aggression — [Anyway, Mahmoud believed he did not need the help of the others. His group had the best connections outside

Palestine, the best European set-up, and plenty of money. He was now in Benghazi arranging to borrow a ship while his international team was gathered up from various parts of the world.

But the most crucial task, ~~Hassan realized~~ [devolved on him]: if the Fedayeen were to get to the *Coparelli* before the Israelis, he would have to establish exactly when and where Dickstein's hijack was to take place. [And for that, he needed the KGB.

He felt ~~especially~~ uneasy around Rostov now. Until his visit to Mahmoud he had been able to tell himself he was in a fashion working for two organizations with a common objective. Now he was indisputably a double agent, merely pretending to work with the Egyptians and the KGB while he sabotaged their plans. He felt different — a traitor, in a way — and he was afraid that Rostov would observe the difference in him —

When Hassan had flown in to Moscow Rostov himself had been uneasy. He had said there was not enough room in his apartment for Hassan to stay, although Hassan knew the rest of the family were away on holiday. It seemed Rostov was hiding something. Hassan suspected he was seeing some woman and ~~understandably~~ did not want him in the way.

After his restless night at the Hotel Rossiya, Hassan met Rostov at the KGB building on the Moscow ring road, in the office of Rostov's ~~superior~~, Feliks Vorontsov. There were undercurrents there too. The two men were having an argument when Hassan entered the room, and although they broke it off immediately the air was stiff with unspoken hostility. Hassan, however, was too busy with his own ~~private~~ moves to pay much attention to theirs.

He sat down. "Have there been any developments?"

Rostov and Vorontsov looked at one another. Rostov shrugged. Vorontsov ~~offered~~, "The *Stromberg* has been fitted with a very powerful radio beacon. She's out of dry dock now and heading south across the Bay of Biscay. The assumption would be that she is going to Haifa to take on a crew of Mossad agents. I think we can all be quite satisfied with our intelligence-gathering

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work. The project now falls into the sphere of positive action. Our task becomes prescriptive rather than descriptive, as it were."

"They all talk like this in Moscow Center," Rostov said irreverently. Vorontsov glared at him.

Hassan said, "What action?"

"Rostov here is going to Odessa to board a Polish merchant ship called the *Karla*," Vorontsov said. "She's an ordinary cargo vessel superficially, but she's very fast and has certain extra equipment—we use her quite often."

Rostov was staring up at the ceiling, an expression of mild distaste on his face. Hassan guessed that Rostov wanted to keep some of these details from the Egyptians, ~~that~~ perhaps ~~this~~ was what he and Vorontsov had been arguing about.

Vorontsov went on, "Your job is to get an Egyptian vessel and make contact with the *Karla* in the Mediterranean."

"And then?"

"We wait for Tyrin, aboard the *Coparelli*, to tell us when the Israeli hijack takes place. He will also tell us whether the uranium is transferred from the *Coparelli* to the *Stromberg*, or simply left aboard the *Coparelli* to be taken to Haifa and unloaded."

"And then?" Hassan persisted.

Vorontsov began to speak, but Rostov ~~stopped~~ him. "I want you to tell Cairo a cover story," he said to Hassan. "I want your people to think that we don't know about the *Coparelli*, ~~that~~ we just know the Israelis are planning something in the Mediterranean and we are still trying to discover what."

Hassan nodded, keeping his face impassive. He *had* to know what the plan was, and Rostov did not want to tell him. He said, "Yes, I'll tell them that—~~if~~ you tell ~~me~~ the actual plan."

Rostov looked at Vorontsov and shrugged. Vorontsov ~~took over~~ "After the hijack the *Karla* will set a course for Dickstein's ship, whichever one carries the uranium. The *Karla* will collide with that ship—"

"Collide?"

"Your ship will witness the collision, report it ~~and~~ observe that

the crew of the vessel are Israelis and their cargo is uranium. You will report these facts too. There will be an international inquiry into the collision. The presence of both Israelis and stolen uranium on the ship will be established beyond doubt. Meanwhile the uranium will be returned to its rightful owners and the Israelis will be ~~properly~~ covered with opprobrium."

"The Israelis will fight," Hassan said.

Rostov said, "So much the better, with your ship there to see them attack us and help us beat them off."

"It's a good plan," said Vorontsov. "It's simple. All they have to do is crash—the rest follows automatically."

"Yes, it's a good plan," Hassan said. ~~Especially since~~ it fitted in perfectly with the Fedayeen plan. Unlike Dickstein, Hassan knew that Tyrin was aboard the *Coparelli*. After the Fedayeen had hijacked the *Coparelli* and ambushed the Israelis, they could throw Tyrin and his radio into the sea, then Rostov would have no way of locating them.

But Hassan needed to know when and where Dickstein intended to carry out his hijack so that the Fedayeen could be sure of getting there first — [Vorontsov's office was hot. Hassan went to the window and looked down at the traffic on the Moscow ring road. "We need to know exactly when and where Dickstein will hijack the *Coparelli*," he said.

"Why?" Rostov asked. "We have Tyrin aboard the *Coparelli* and a beacon on the *Stromberg*. We know where both of them are at all times. We need only to stay close and move in when the time comes—"

"My ship has to be in the right area at the crucial time."

"Then follow the *Stromberg*, staying just over the horizon—you can pick up her radio signal. Or keep in touch with me on the *Karla*. Or both."

"Suppose the beacon fails, or Tyrin is discovered?"

["The risk of that!"] Rostov said, "must be weighed against the danger of tipping our hand if we start following Dickstein around again—assuming ~~of course~~ we could find him."

"He has a point, though," Vorontsov said.



It was Rostov's turn to glare.

Hassan unbuttoned his collar. "May I open a window?"

"They don't open," said Vorontsov.

"Haven't you people heard of air-conditioning?"

"In Moscow?"

Hassan turned and spoke to Rostov. "Think about it. I want to be perfectly sure we get these people."

"I've thought about it," Rostov said. "We're as certain as we can be. Go back to Cairo, organize that ship and stay in touch with me."

You patronizing — Hassan ~~cut off the~~ thought / turned to Vorontsov. "I cannot, in all honesty, tell my people I'm happy with the plan unless we can eliminate that remaining uncertainty."

Vorontsov said, "I agree with Hassan."

"~~I do not~~," said Rostov. "And the plan as it stands has already been approved by Andropov."

Until now Hassan had thought he was going to have his way, since Vorontsov was on his side and Vorontsov was Rostov's boss. But the mention of the Chairman of the KGB seemed to constitute a winning move in this game — Vorontsov was almost cowed by it, and once again Hassan had to conceal his desperation.

"The plan can be changed —"

"Only with Andropov's approval," Rostov ~~broke in~~ "and you won't get my support for the change."

Vorontsov's lips were compressed into a thin line. "Very well, then."

In all his time in the intelligence business Hassan had been part of a professional team—Egyptian Intelligence, the KGB, even the Fedayeen. There had been other people, experienced and decisive people, to give him orders and guidance and to take ultimate responsibility. Now, as he left the KGB building to return to his hotel, he realized he was ~~thoroughly~~ on his own.

Alone, he had to find a remarkably elusive and clever man and discover his most closely guarded secret.

For several days he was in a ~~near~~ panic. He returned to Cairo,

told them Rostov's cover story, and organized the Egyptian ship Rostov had requested. The problem stayed in front of his mind like a sheer cliff he could not begin to climb until he saw at least part of the route to the top. Unconsciously he searched back in his personal history for attitudes / approaches ~~that~~ would ~~help~~ him tackle such a task — independently.

He had to go a long way back.

Once upon a time Yasif Hassan had been a different kind of man. He had been a wealthy, almost aristocratic young Arab with the world at his feet. He had gone about with the attitude that he could do more or less anything—and thinking had made it so. He had gone to study in England, an alien country, without qualm; and he had entered its society without caring or even wondering what people thought of him. [There had been times, even then, when he had to learn ~~new and strange things~~; but he did that easily too. Once a fellow undergraduate, a Viscount something-or-other, had invited him down to the country to play polo. Hassan had never played polo. He had asked the rules and watched the others play for a while, noticing how they held the mallets, how they hit the ball, how they passed it and why / He had joined in. He was clumsy with the mallet but he could ride like the wind: he played passably well, he thoroughly enjoyed the game / and his team won.

Now, in 1968, he said to himself ~~once again~~ I can do anything, but who ~~is my model~~?

The answer, of course, was David Rostov.

Rostov — independent, confident, capable, brilliant. He could find Dickstein, even when it seemed he was stumped, clueless, up a blind alley. He had done it twice. Hassan recalled: [Question: Why is Dickstein in Luxembourg? [All right, what do we know about Luxembourg? What is there here? [There is the stock exchange, the banks, the Council of Europe, Euratom —

[Question: Dickstein has disappeared—where might he have gone? / Who do we know that he knows? [Only Professor Ashford in Oxford—

[Oxford]

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He hates Rostov,  
thought Hassan;  
and so do I.



Rostov's approach was to search out bits of information—any information, no matter how trivial—in order to get at an approach to the target.

h Trouble was, they seemed to have used all the bits of information they had — [Then I'll get more, I can do anything. Remember . . . ?]

He searched for all that he could remember from the time they had been at Oxford together. Dickstein had been in the war, he played chess, his clothes were shabby—

He had a mother.

But she had died.

Hassan had never met any brothers or sisters, no relatives of any sort. It was all such a long time ago, and they had not been exactly close even then.

There was, however, someone else who might know a bit more about Dickstein—Professor Ashford.

So, in desperation, Yasif Hassan went back to Oxford.

All the way—in the plane from Cairo, the taxi from London airport to Paddington station, the train to Oxford and the taxi to the little green-and-white house by the river—he wondered about Ashford. The truth was, he despised the professor. In his youth he had perhaps been an adventurer, but he had become a weak old man, a political dilettante, an academic who could not even hold his wife. He took pains to like Hassan because he thought he should, but he was not smart enough to conceal this. One could not respect an old cuckold—and the fact that the English did not think in this fashion only increased Hassan's contempt.

He worried that Ashford's weakness, together with some kind of loyalty to Dickstein as one who had been a friend and a student, might incline him to balk at getting involved.

He wondered whether to play up to the fact that Dickstein was Jewish. He knew from his time at Oxford that the most enduring anti-Semitism in England was that of the upper classes: the London clubs that still blackballed Jews were in the West End, not the East End. But Ashford was exceptional there. He loved the Middle East, and his pro-Arab stance was ethical, not racial

or religious in motivation. No, that approach would be a mistake.

In the end he decided to play it as the Americans said straight; to tell Ashford why he wanted to find Dickstein, and hope that Ashford would agree to help for reasons of his old pro-Arab sympathies.

When they had shaken hands and poured sherry, they sat down in the garden and Ashford said, "What brings you back to England so soon?"

Hassan told the truth. "I'm after Nat Dickstein."

They were sitting by the river in the little corner of the garden that was cut off by the hedge where Hassan had kissed lovely Eila Ashford all those years ago. The corner was sheltered from the October wind, and there was a little autumn sunshine to warm them.

Ashford was guarded, his face expressionless. "I think you'd better tell me more of what's going on."

Hassan observed that during the summer the professor had actually yielded a bit to fashion. He had cultivated side-whiskers and allowed his monkish fringe of hair to grow long, and was wearing denim jeans with a wide leather belt beneath his old tweed jacket.

"I'll tell you," Hassan said, realizing that Rostov would probably have been more subtle, but not clear how. "but I must have your word that it will go no further."

"Agreed."

"Dickstein is an Israeli spy."

Ashford said nothing.

Hassan went on. "The Zionists are planning to make nuclear bombs but they have no plutonium. They are trying to secure in secrecy a supply of uranium to feed to their reactor to make plutonium. Dickstein's job is to steal that uranium—and my job is to find him and stop him. Professor, I am being this forthright with you because I know and respect your philosophical dedica-



tion to the equitable treatment of the Palestinian people. I suspect you do not hate the Israelis, but that is hardly necessary to see the terrible threat to the Middle East, in fact to the stability of the world, such an eventuality would be . . .” There, that was better, he was doing as well as, *better* than, Rostov . . . “I want you to help me, professor. Will you . . . ?”

Ashford stared into his sherry, then drained the glass at a gulp. “There are two questions at issue here,” he said, and Hassan realized ~~as he suspected~~ that Ashford was going to treat this as an intellectual problem, the characteristic defense of the ~~academic~~. “One is whether or not I *can* help. The other, whether or not I *should*. The latter is ~~preeminent~~, I think; morally, ~~in any case~~.”

And Hassan thought I’d like to pick you up by the scruff of the neck and shake you. Maybe I can do that, at least figuratively. — “Of course you *should*! you believe in ~~the justice of~~ our cause.”

“It’s not so simple. I’m asked to interfere in a contest between two people, both of whom are my friends.”

“But only one of them ~~you must grant~~ is in the right.”

“So I should help the one who is in the right—and betray the one who is in the wrong?”

“Of course.”

“There is ~~not~~ any ‘of course’ about it . . . What will you do, if and when you find Dickstein?”

“I’m with Egyptian Intelligence, professor. But my loyalty—and ~~as I said~~ I believe ~~yours~~—lies with Palestine.”

Ashford ~~did not~~ take up the bait. “Go on,” he said noncommittally.

“I ~~must~~ find out exactly when and where Dickstein plans to steal this uranium.” Hassan ~~hesitated~~. . . He was on his own. . . Ashford was his only reasonable lead . . . there was nothing for it, he felt, except to go all the way to break through and enlist him . . . “Once I discover the time and place, ~~the Fedayeen~~ will get there before Dickstein and steal it for themselves. . . professor.”

Ashford’s eyes ~~took on a new life~~. “My God —”

He’s almost there, Hassan thought. He’s frightened, but he’s ~~clearly~~ excited too. “~~Forgive me, professor, but it is rather~~ easy for you to be loyal to ~~your Palestinian sympathies~~ here in Oxford, giving lectures, going to meetings. ~~But~~ things are a bit more difficult for those ~~out in the field~~, fighting for the ~~cause of justice~~. I’m here to ask you to do something ~~practical~~ about your ~~philosophy~~, to decide ~~how much~~ your ~~fine~~ ideals truly mean. This ~~professor~~ is where you / and I / find out whether the ~~just~~ historical Arab cause is anything more to you than a grand romantic concept. This is the test, professor. ~~For all of us~~.”

Ashford said ~~quietly~~, “Perhaps you’re right.”

And Hassan thought ~~it was enough~~. He ~~had done it~~.

Suza had decided to tell her father that she was in love with Nat Dickstein.

At first she had not been sure of it herself, not really. The few days they had spent together in London had been wild and happy and loving, but afterward she had realized that those feelings could be transient. She had resolved to make no resolutions. She would carry on normally and see ~~how her feelings sorted~~ out.

Something ~~however~~ had happened in Singapore to change her mind. Two of the cabin stewards on the trip were gay, and used only one of the two hotel rooms allotted to them; ~~the crew could therefore use the other~~ for a party, ~~at which~~ the pilot had made a pass at Suza. He was a quiet, smiling blond man with ~~a good~~ physique and a delightfully wacky sense of humor. The stewardesses all agreed he was a ~~most likely stud~~. One, ~~using the male image, thought he’d be a fine “piece of ass.”~~ Under ~~other~~ ~~circumstances~~ Suza would have bedded down with him without ~~a quibble~~. But she had said no, astonishing the whole crew ~~and even herself a little~~. Thinking about it later, she decided that she no longer wanted to get ~~(laid)~~. She had just gone off the whole idea. All she ~~wanted~~ was ~~Nathaniel~~. It was like . . . it was a bit like five years ago when the second Beatles album came out, and she had gone through her pile of records by Elvis and Roy



Orbison and the Everly Brothers and realized that she did not want to play them, they held no more enchantment for her, the old familiar tunes had been heard once too often, and she now wanted music of a higher order. Well, it was a bit like that ~~now~~ but more so. ~~Much much more.~~

Dickstein's letter had been the clincher. It had been written God knew where and posted at Orly Airport, Paris. In his small neat handwriting with its incongruously curly loops on the g and y he had ~~opened up~~ his heart in a manner that was all the more devastating because it came from a normally taciturn man. She had cried over that letter. ~~It was the first she ever had. Also the first man.~~

She wished she could think of a way to explain all that to her father. She knew that he disapproved of Israelis ~~for rather Israel~~. Dickstein was an old student, and her father had been genuinely pleased to see him and prepared to overlook the fact that the old student was on the opposing side. But now she planned to make Dickstein a permanent part of her life, a member of the family. His letter said "Forever is what I want," and Suza could ~~barely~~ wait to tell him, "Oh, yes, Nathaniel Me, too."

~~Actually, for herself~~ she believed both sides were in the wrong in the Middle East. The plight of the refugees was ~~she agreed~~ unjust and pitiful, but she thought they ought to set about making themselves new homes—it was not easy, but it was easier than war, and she despised the theatrical heroics which so many Arab men found irresistible. On the other hand, the Zionists had ~~occupied~~ a country that ~~many felt~~ belonged to other people. Such a ~~more or less even-handed~~ view had no appeal for her father, who ~~in his academic fashion tended to see the abstracts of~~ Right on one side and Wrong on the other, with the beautiful ghost of his wife ~~forever~~ on the side of Right.

It would be ~~difficult~~ for him. She had long ago scotched his dreams of walking up the aisle with his daughter beside him in a white wedding dress; but he still occasionally talked of her settling down and giving him a granddaughter. The idea that his grandchildren might be Israelis would come as a blow.

Still, that was the price of being a parent, Suza thought as she entered the house. She called, "Daddy, I'm home," as she took off her coat and put down her airline bag. There was no reply, but his briefcase was in the hall: he must be in the garden. She put the kettle on and walked out of the kitchen and down toward the river, still searching in her mind for the right words to tell him her news with. Maybe she should begin by talking about her trip, and gradually work around—

She heard voices as she approached the hedge.

"And what will you do with him?" It was her father's voice.

Suza stopped, wondering whether she ought to interrupt or not.

"Just follow him," said another voice, a strange one.

"Dickstein must not be ~~taken care of~~ until afterwards, of course."

~~Taken care of~~ She put her hand over her mouth, turned around and ran, soft-footed, back to the house.

"Well, now," said Professor Ashford, "following what you might call the Rostov Method, let us recall everything we know about Nat Dickstein."

Do it any way you want, Hassan thought, but for God's sake come up with *something*.

Ashford went on: "He was born in the East End of London. His father died when he was a boy. What about the mother?"

"She's dead, too, according to our files."

"Ah. Well, he went into the army midway through the war—1943, I think it was. ~~In any case~~ he was in time to be part of the attack on Sicily. He was taken prisoner soon afterward, about halfway up the leg of Italy, I ~~don't recall~~ the place. It was rumored—you'll remember this, I'm sure—that he had a particularly bad time in the concentration camps, being Jewish. After the war he came here. He—"

"Sicily," Hassan interrupted.

"Yes?"

"Sicily is mentioned in his file. He is supposed to have been



involved in the theft of a boatload of guns. Our people had bought the guns from a gang of criminals in Sicily."

"If we are to believe what we read in the newspapers," said Ashford, "there is only one ~~to called~~ gang of criminals in Sicily."

Hassan added, "Our people suspected that the hijackers had bribed the Sicilians for a tip-off."

"Wasn't it Sicily where he saved that man's life —?"

Hassan wondered what Ashford was talking about. He controlled his impatience, thinking ~~let him ramble—it was, after all,~~ the whole idea — "He saved someone's life?"

"The American. Don't you remember? I've never forgotten it. Dickstein brought the man here. A rather brutish American G.I. He told me the whole story, right here at this house. Now ~~I believe~~ we're getting somewhere — you must have met the man, you were here that day, don't you remember?"

"I can't say I do," Hassan muttered. He was embarrassed . . . he had probably been in the ~~garden making love to Eila~~.

"It was . . . unsettling," Ashford said. He stared at the slowly moving water as his mind went back twenty years, and his face was shadowed by sadness for a moment, as if he ~~was~~ remembering his wife. Then he said, "Here we all were, a gathering of academics and students, probably discussing atonal music or existentialism while we sipped our sherry, when in came ~~this big G.I. who~~ started talking about snipers and tanks and blood and death. It cast a ~~considerable~~ chill — that's why I recall it so clearly. He said his family originated in Sicily, and his cousins had fêted Dickstein after the life-saving incident — Did you say a Sicilian gang had tipped off Dickstein about the boatload of guns?"

"It's possible, that's all —"

"Perhaps he didn't have to bribe them —"

Hassan shook his head. This was information, the kind of trivial information Rostov always seemed to make something of—but how was ~~he~~ going to use it? "I don't see what use all this is going to be to us," he said. "How could Dickstein's ancient hijack be connected with the Mafia?"

"The Mafia," said Ashford. "That's the word I was looking for. And the man's name was — Cortone—Tony Cortone—no, Al Cortone ~~from an unlikely place called Buffalo —~~ I told you, I remember every detail ~~of it~~."

"But the connection?" Hassan said impatiently.

Ashford shrugged. "Simply this. Once before Dickstein used his connection with Cortone to call on the Sicilian Mafia for help with an act of piracy in the Mediterranean. People ~~tend to repeat themselves~~, you know ~~I suggest~~ he may do the same thing ~~once~~ again."

~~It was a long shot, a sheer guess, but a guess that at least did make sense . . .~~

Ashford looked pleased with himself ~~as though he'd just propounded a fine piece of speculative reasoning and was thinking how to publish it with footnotes.~~

"I wonder," said Hassan ~~more excited than he allowed himself to show~~ "I wonder —"

"It's getting cool, let's go into the house."

As they walked up the garden Hassan thought ~~that~~ he had not ~~entirely~~ learned to be a Rostov ~~he had at least found in Ashford something of an academic substitute. Still his once proud sense of independence seemed unretrieved.~~ There was something — unmanly about it ~~and~~ he wondered if the other Fedayeen felt the same way ~~if perhaps~~ that was why they were so bloodthirsty. ~~They . . . he~~

Ashford ~~was saying~~, "Trouble is, I ~~doubt~~ Cortone will tell you anything, whatever he knows."

"Would he tell you?"

"Why should he? He'll hardly remember me. Now, if Eila were alive, she could have gone to see him and told him some story . . ."

"Well . . ." Hassan wished Eila would stay out of the conversation. "I'll ~~simply~~ have to try myself."

They entered the house. ~~As they went~~ into the kitchen ~~they saw~~ Suza ~~and~~ when they looked at each other ~~each~~ knew ~~he~~ had found the answer.

MASTER SET

[Hassan began to see: and, as enlightenment dawned, so did hope. It was a long shot, a guess, but it made sense, the chance was real, maybe he could catch up with Dickstein again.]

their youth /

"It's a nice / I wish I could / longingly. /

fleetingly / like / merely / perhaps / former / had gone forever / hand /

said / The don't suppose /

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By the time the two men came into the house Suza had almost convinced herself that she had been mistaken when, in the garden, she thought she heard them talk about ~~taking care of~~ Nat Dickstein. ~~Taking care of~~ killing. It was simply unreal! The garden, the river, the autumn sunshine, ~~her~~ professor father and his guest . . . ~~death~~ murder had no place here, the whole idea was fantastic, like a polar bear in the Sahara Desert. Besides, there was a very good psychological explanation for her mistake — she had been planning to tell her father that she loved Dickstein, and she had been afraid of his reaction—Freud could probably have predicted that at that point she might well imagine her father plotting to ~~take care of~~ kill her lover.

Because she nearly believed this reasoning ~~because she so much needed to~~ she was able to smile brightly ~~a bit overbrightly?~~ at them. “Who wants coffee? I’ve just made some!” she chattered.

Her father kissed her cheek. “I didn’t realize you were back, my dear.”

“I just arrived, I was thinking of coming out to look for you.” — Why am I telling these lies — ?

“You don’t know Yasif Hassan—he was one of my students when you were very small.”

Hassan kissed her hand and stared at her the way people always did when they had known Eila. “You’re every bit as beautiful as your mother,” he said, and his voice was not flirtatious, not even flattering: ~~father~~ it sounded amazed.

Her father said, “Yasif was here a few months ago, shortly after a contemporary of his visited us—Nat Dickstein. You met Dickstein, I think, but you were away by the time Yasif came.”

“Was there any connec—connection?” she asked, and silently cursed her voice for cracking on the last word.

The two men looked at one another, and her father said, “Matter of fact, ~~Suza~~ there was.”

And then she knew it was true, she had not misheard, they

really were going to kill Nat Dickstein—the only man she had ever ~~been able to~~ love. She felt dangerously ~~infuriatingly~~ close to tears, and turned away from them to fiddle with cups and saucers.

“I want to ask you to do something, my dear,” said her father. “Something very important, for the sake of your mother’s memory. Sit down.”

No more, she thought; this ~~mustn’t~~ get even worse, please.

She took a deep breath, turned around, and sat down facing him.

“I want you to help ~~my friend~~ Yasif here to find Nat Dickstein.”

From that moment she hated her father. Suddenly, instantly, his love for her was fraudulent. He had never seen her as a person, ~~had~~ used her as he had used her mother. Well, at least she never again would ~~feel obliged to~~ take care of him, serve him. Never again worry about how he felt, whether he was lonely, what he needed . . . She realized, in the same ~~rush~~ of insight and ~~accompanying~~ fear, and hatred, that her mother ~~must in her fashion have~~ reached this same point with him, and that she would now do what ~~her mother~~ had done—

Ashford ~~was going on~~ “There is a man in America who may know where Dickstein is. I want you to go there with Yasif and ask this man —”

She said nothing. Hassan took her ~~silence, her blank expression~~ for incomprehension, and ~~felt he had better try to explain.~~ “You see, ~~Miss Ashford~~ this Dickstein is an Israeli agent, working against our people ~~your late mother’s people~~. We must stop him. Cortone—this man in Buffalo—may be helping him, and if he is he will not ~~of course~~ help us. But he will remember your mother, and so he may cooperate with you. You ~~might even~~ tell him that you and Dickstein are lovers.”

Suza’s ~~hard-edged~~ laugh was involuntary, and she ~~only~~ hoped they would assume the wrong reasons for it. She controlled herself, and managed to become numb, to keep her body still and



her face expressionless — while ~~God help her~~ they told her about the yellowcake, and the man aboard the *Coparelli*, and the radio beacon on the *Stromberg*, and about Mahmoud and his hijack plan, and how ~~very~~ much it would all mean for the Palestine liberation movement, ~~her dear mother's heritage and legacy~~. And at the end she was numb, she no longer had to pretend.

Finally her father said, "So, my dear, will you help? Will you do it?"

With an effort of self-control that astonished her, she gave them a bright air-hostess smile, got up from her stool and said, "It's a lot to take in in one go, isn't it? I'll think about it while I'm in the bath."

It all sank in, gradually, as she lay in the hot water with a locked door between her and them.

So this was the thing that Nathaniel had to do before he could see her again — steal a ship. And then, he had said, he would not let her out of his sight for ten or fifteen years . . . Perhaps that meant he would give up this work —

But, of course, none of his plans was going to succeed, because his enemies knew ~~too much~~ about them. A Russian planned to ~~destroy~~ Nat's ship, and Hassan planned to steal the ship first and ~~surprise~~ Nat. Either way ~~her lover~~ was in ~~terrible~~ danger. Either way they wanted to destroy him. Well, ~~at least she~~ could warn him. ~~She had to.~~

~~But to do that~~ she had to know where he was.

How little those ~~two strangers~~ downstairs knew about her! Hassan simply assumed, just like a ~~typical~~ Arab male chauvinist ~~the worst of the breed~~ that she would do as she was told. Her father assumed she would take the Palestinian side, because he did and he was ~~after all~~ the brains of the family. He had never ~~of course~~ known what was in his daughter's mind. ~~he~~ had for that matter, ~~been~~ equally ignorant about his wife. Eila had always been able to deceive him ~~because in his self-~~

~~reenteredness~~ he never suspected that she might not be what she seemed.

When Suza realized what she had to do, she was terrified all over again.

There was, after all, ~~one~~ way she might find Nathaniel and warn him.

"Find Nat" was what ~~they~~ wanted her to do.

She ~~believed, hoped~~ she could deceive them — they already assumed ~~presumed~~ she was on their side, ~~thought as they thought~~. So she would ~~do~~ what they wanted. She would find Nat — and then she could warn him —

~~But~~ would she be making things worse? To find him herself, she had to lead them to him.

But even if Hassan did not find him, ~~he~~ was ~~still~~ in ~~mortal~~ danger from the Russian —

And if he was forewarned, ~~at least~~ he would ~~have a chance~~ ~~a chance perhaps to~~ escape both ~~of them~~.

Perhaps, too, she could get rid of Hassan, somehow, before she actually reached Nat —

What ~~after all~~ was the alternative? To wait, to go on as if nothing had happened, to hope for a phone call that might never come . . . It was, she realized, ~~at least~~ partly ~~her hungry~~ need to see Dickstein again ~~in the flesh~~ that ~~led~~ her to think like this, partly the thought that after the hijack ~~they intended to kill him~~, that this might ~~well~~ be her last chance — By doing nothing she might help frustrate Hassan's scheme, but that still left the Russians ~~hardly inconsiderable adversaries~~.

Her decision was made. She would pretend to work with Hassan so that she could find Nathaniel. ~~There was nothing else for it.~~

Strangely, ~~she felt a kind of exhilaration~~ she was trapped ~~in a bad situation~~ but she felt free! She was obeying her father, ~~but at the same time~~ she felt that ~~finally~~ she was defying him! ~~Above all, win or lose, life or death,~~ she was committed to ~~her~~ Nathaniel ~~Dickstein~~.

She was also very, very frightened.



She got out of the bath, dried herself, dressed, and went downstairs to tell them the good news.

At four A.M. on November 16, 1968, the *Coparelli* hove to at Vlissingen, on the Dutch coast, and took on board a port pilot to guide her through the channel of the Westerschelde to Antwerp. Four hours later, at the entrance to the harbor, she took on another pilot to negotiate her passage through the docks. From the main harbor she went through Royers Lock, along the Suez Canal, under the Siberia Bridge and into Kattendijk Dock, where she tied up at her berth.

Dickstein was watching.

When he saw her sweep slowly in, and read the name *Coparelli* on her side, and thought of the drums of yellowcake that would soon fill her belly, he was overcome by a most peculiar feeling, like the one he had when he looked at Suza's naked body . . . yes, almost like lust.

He looked away from berth No. 42 to the railway line, which ran almost to the edge of the quay. There was a train on the line now, consisting of eleven cars and an engine. Ten of the cars carried fifty-one 200-liter drums with sealed lids and the word PLUMBAT stenciled on the side; the eleventh car had only fifty drums. He was so close to those drums, to that uranium; he could stroll over and touch the railway cars—he already had done this once, earlier in the morning, and had thought / Wouldn't it be great just to raid this place with choppers and Israeli commandos and simply steal the stuff — ~~Damn the injunction of his brief for secrecy, for leaving no trail to Israel.~~

The *Coparelli* was scheduled for a fast turnaround. The port authorities had been convinced that the yellowcake could be handled safely, but all the same they did not want the stuff hanging about their harbor one minute longer than necessary. There was a crane standing by ready to load the drums onto the ship.

Nevertheless, there were formalities to be completed before loading could begin.

The first person Dickstein saw boarding the ship was an official from the shipping company. He had to give the pilots their *pourboire* and secure from the captain a crew list for the harbor police.

The second person aboard was Josef Cohen. He was here for the sake of customer relations: he would give the captain a bottle of whiskey and sit down for a drink with him and the shipping company official. He also had a bunch of tickets for free entry and one drink at the best nightclub in town, which he would give to the captain for the officers. And he would discover the name of the ship's engineer. Dickstein had suggested he do this by asking to see the crew list, then counting out one ticket for each officer on the list.

Whatever way he had decided to do it, he had been successful — As he left the ship and crossed the quay to return to his office he passed Dickstein and ~~said sotto voce~~, "The engineer's name is Jarne," without breaking stride —

It was not until afternoon that the crane went into action and the dockers began loading the drums into the three holds of the *Coparelli*. The drums had to be moved one at a time, and inside the ship each drum had to be secured with wedges of wood. As expected, the loading was not completed that day.

In the evening Dickstein went to the best nightclub in town. Sitting at the bar, close to the telephone, was a quite astonishing woman of about thirty, with black hair and a long, aristocratic face possessed of a faintly haughty expression. She wore an elegant black dress which made the most of her extraordinary legs and her high, round breasts. Dickstein gave her an almost imperceptible nod but did not speak to her.

He sat in a corner, nursing a glass of beer, hoping the sailors would come. Surely they would. Did sailors ever refuse a free drink?

Yes.

The club began to fill up. The woman in the black dress was propositioned a couple of times but refused both men, thereby establishing that she was not a professional. At nine o'clock Dickstein went out to the lobby and phoned Cohen. By previous

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It was a small satisfaction for Dickstein, another brick in the wall. Finding out names was not really difficult. If Cohen had not been around, there would have been alternative methods: for example, posing as a messenger with a parcel for Mr. Katzenjammer, ship's engineer, *Coparelli* — "Mr. who? That can't be right, friend, our engineer is Mr. Jarne..."

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arrangement, Cohen had called the captain of the *Coparelli* on a pretext. He now told Dickstein what he had discovered: that all but two of the officers were using their free tickets. The exceptions were the captain himself, who was busy with paperwork, and the radio operator—a new man they had taken on in Cardiff after Lars broke his leg—who had a head cold.

Dickstein then dialed the number of the club he was in. He asked to speak to Mr. Sarne, who, he understood, would be found in the bar. While he waited he could hear a barman calling out Sarne's name: it came to him two ways, <sup>one</sup> directly from the bar, the other through several miles of telephone cable. Eventually he heard <sup>h h</sup> over the phone a voice say, "Yes? Hello? This is Sarne. Is anybody there? Hello?"

Dickstein hung up and walked quickly back into the bar. He looked over to where the bar phone was. The woman in the black dress was speaking to a tall, suntanned blond man in his thirties whom Dickstein had seen on the quay earlier that day. <sup>So this was Sarne</sup> Sarne.

The woman smiled at Sarne. It was a nice smile, a smile to make any man look twice—warm and red-lipped, showing even, white teeth, and it was accompanied by a ~~measured~~ languid half-closing of the eyes, which <sup>it was certain / was very sexy and spell bound</sup> looked not at all as though it had been rehearsed a thousand times in front of a mirror.

Dickstein watched. He had very little idea how this sort of thing worked, how men picked up women and women picked up men, and he understood even less how a woman could pick up a man while letting the man believe *he* was doing the picking up.

Sarne had his own charm, it seemed. He gave her his smile, a grin with something wickedly boyish in it that <sup>made / ten / some cannot go / this: not /</sup> seemed to make him look ~~several~~ years younger. He said something to her, and she smiled again. He hesitated, like a man who wants to talk more but ~~can't~~ think of anything to say; then, to ~~ruin it all~~, he turned away to ~~leave~~.

The woman was equal to ~~it~~ Dickstein need ~~to~~ have worried. She touched the sleeve of Sarne's blazer, and he turned back to her. A cigarette had suddenly appeared in her hand. Sarne slapped his pockets for matches. Apparently he did not smoke.

Dickstein ~~sweated~~. The woman took a lighter from the evening bag on the bar in front of her and handed it to him. He lit her cigarette.

Dickstein could not go away, or watch from a distance; he would have a nervous breakdown. He had to listen. He pushed his way through the bar and stood behind Sarne, who was facing the woman. Dickstein ordered another beer.

The woman's voice was warm and inviting—<sup>groaned inwardly /</sup> Dickstein ~~already~~ <sup>already, / knew /</sup> ~~knew this~~ but now she was really using it. Some women had bedroom eyes, she had a bedroom voice.

Sarne was saying, "This kind of thing is always happening to me."

"The phone call?" the woman said.

Sarne nodded. "Woman trouble. I hate women. All my life, women have caused me ~~nothing but~~ pain. <sup>and suffering</sup> Sometimes I wish I were a homosexual."

What was he saying? Was he trying to give her the brush-off? <sup>Did he mean it? / She said, fancy /</sup>

"Why don't you become one?"

"I don't ~~happen to prefer~~ men."

"Be a monk."

"Well, you see, I have this other problem, this insatiable sexual appetite. I ~~need it~~ all the time, often several times a night. It's a ~~real problem, a monkey on my back, so to speak~~ ... Would you like a fresh drink?" <sup>have to get laid, / great problem to me /</sup>

Ah. ~~A line ... pretty damn good~~ ... Dickstein supposed that sailors did this sort of thing all the time, they had it down to a fine art <sup>It was a line of chat. / How did he think it up? /</sup>

It went on that way. Dickstein had to admire the way the woman led Sarne by the nose while letting him think he was making the ~~action~~. She told him she was stopping over in Antwerp just for the night, and let him know she had a room in a good hotel. Before long he said they should have champagne, but the champagne sold in the club was very poor stuff, not like they might be able to get somewhere else — at a hotel, say, <sup>running /</sup> her hotel, for example <sup>is / is /</sup>

They left when the floor show started. Dickstein was ~~well~~ <sup>well</sup>



pleased: so far so good. He watched a line of girls kicking their legs for ten minutes, then went out.

He took a cab to the hotel and went up to the room. He stood close to the communicating door, which led through to the next room. He heard the woman giggle and Sarne say something in a low voice.

Dickstein sat on the bed and checked the cylinder of gas. He turned the tap on and off quickly, and got a sharp whiff of sweetness from the face mask. It had no effect on him. He wondered how much you had to breathe before it worked. He had not had time to try out the stuff properly.

The noises from the next room became louder, and Dickstein began to feel embarrassed. He wondered how conscientious Sarne was. Would he want to go back to his ship as soon as he had finished with the woman? That would be awkward. It would mean a fight in the hotel corridor—unprofessional, risky.

Dickstein waited—tense, increasingly embarrassed. The woman was good at her trade. She knew Dickstein wanted Sarne to sleep afterward, and she was trying her best to tire him. It seemed to take forever.

It was past two A.M. when she knocked on the communicating door. The agreed signal was three slow knocks to say he was asleep, six fast ones to say he was leaving.

She knocked three times, slowly.

Dickstein opened the door. Carrying the gas cylinder in one hand and the face mask in the other, he moved into the next room.

Sarne lay flat on his back, naked, his blond hair mussed, his mouth wide open, his eyes closed. His body looked fit and strong. Dickstein went close and listened to his breathing. He breathed in, then all the way out—then, just as he began to inhale again, Dickstein turned on the tap and clapped the mask over the sleeping man's nose and mouth.

Sarne's eyes opened wide. Dickstein held the mask on more firmly. Half a breath incomprehension in Sarne's eyes. The breath turned into a gasp, and Sarne moved his head, failed to

weaken Dickstein's grip, and began to thrash about. Dickstein leaned on the sailor's chest with an elbow. For God's sake, this was too slow —

Sarne breathed out. The confusion in his eyes had turned to fear/panic. He gasped again, about to increase his struggles. Dickstein thought of calling the woman to help hold him down. But the second inhalation defeated its purpose; the struggles were perceptibly weaker; the eyelids fluttered and closed; and by the time he exhaled the second breath, he was asleep.

Altogether it had taken no more than some three seconds. It had seemed an hour! Dickstein relaxed. Sarne would probably never remember it. He gave him a little more of the gas to make sure, then stood up.

He looked at the woman. She was wearing shoes, stockings, garters; nothing else. She caught his gaze, opened her arms, offering herself: at your service, sir. Dickstein shook his head with a regretful smile.

He sat in the chair beside the bed and watched her dress: string panties, soft brassiere, jewelry, dress, coat, bag. She came to him, and he gave her eight thousand Dutch guilders. She kissed his cheek, then she kissed the banknotes. She went out without speaking.

Dickstein went to the window. A few minutes later he saw the headlights of her sports car as it went past the front of the hotel, heading back to Amsterdam.

He sat down to wait, again. After a while he began to feel sleepy. He went into the next room and ordered coffee from room service —.

In the morning Cohen phoned to say the first officer of the *Coparelli* was searching the bars, brothels and flophouses of Antwerp for his engineer.

At twelve-thirty Cohen phoned again. The captain had called him to say that all the cargo was now loaded and he was without an engineer officer. Cohen had told him it was his lucky day.

At two-thirty Cohen called to say he had seen Dieter Koch aboard the *Coparelli* with his kitbag over his shoulder.



then he  
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, 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.

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

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(~~not~~ Right hand pg)

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MASTER SET

## FOURTEEN ③

WHAT SUZA should have done was phone any Israeli embassy and give them a message for Nat Dickstein. <

This thought occurred to her an hour after she had told her father that she would help Hassan. She was packing a case at the time, and she immediately picked up the phone in her bedroom to call Inquiries for the number. But her father came in and asked her who she was calling. She said the airport, and he said he would take care of that. <

Thereafter she constantly looked for an opportunity to make a ~~private~~ call; there was none. Hassan ~~by calculation~~ was with her every ~~moment~~. They drove to the airport, caught the plane, changed at Kennedy for a flight to Buffalo, and went straight to Cortone's house.

During the journey she came to loathe Yasif Hassan ~~personally~~. He made ~~repeated~~ vague boasts about his "work" for the Fedayeen; he smiled ~~in~~ and put his hand on her knee; he hinted that he and Eila had been more than friends, and that he would like to be more than friends with Suza. She told him that Palestine would not be free until its women were free; and that Arab men had to learn the difference between being manly and being porcine. ~~Which, finally~~ shut him up.

They had some trouble discovering Cortone's address—Suza half hoped they would fail—but in the end they found a taxi driver who knew the house. Suza was dropped off; Hassan would wait for her half a mile down the road.

The house was large, surrounded by a high wall, with guards at the gate. Suza said she wanted to see Cortone, that she was a friend of Nat Dickstein.

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WASTED

She had given a ~~good deal~~ of thought to what she should say to Cortone: should she tell him all ~~she knew~~ or only part of the truth? Suppose he knew, or could find out, where Dickstein was — why should he tell her? She would ~~tell him~~ Dickstein was in ~~real~~ danger, she had to find him and warn him. ~~Except~~ what reason did Cortone have to believe her? She would charm him—she knew how to do that with men his age—but he would at ~~least~~ still be suspicious.

She wanted to explain to Cortone the ~~whole~~ picture ~~as she knew it~~: that she was looking for Nat to warn him, but she was also being used by his enemies to lead them to him, that Hassan was half a mile down the road in a taxi waiting for her. ~~Except~~ then ~~of course~~ he would certainly never tell her anything.

She found it very difficult to think clearly about all this. There were so many deceptions and double deceptions involved — And she wanted so badly to see Nathaniel's face, ~~to~~ speak to him herself, ~~to be with him and touch him~~ . . . She found the thought of him ~~almost overpowering~~.

She still had not decided what to say when the guard opened the gate for her, then led her up the gravel drive to the house. It was a beautiful place, but rather overripe, as if a decorator had furnished it lavishly ~~enough~~ then the owners had ~~topped it all with more expensive things of their own choosing~~. There seemed to be a lot of servants. One of them led Suza upstairs, telling her that Mr. Cortone was having late breakfast in his bedroom.

When she walked in Cortone was sitting at a small table, digging into eggs over and homefries. He was a fat man, completely bald. Suza had no memory of him from the time he had visited Oxford, but he must have looked very different then.

He glanced at her, then stood upright with a look of ~~amazement~~ on his face, ~~and~~ then his breakfast went down the wrong way and he began to cough and splutter.

The servant grabbed Suza from behind, pinning her arms in a painful grip; then let her go and went to pound Cortone on the back. "What did you do?" he yelled at her. "What did you do, for Christ's sake?"

In a peculiar way this farce helped calm her a little. She could not be terrified of a man who had been so terrified of her ~~the~~ ghost, ~~as he obviously thought, of her mother~~. She rode the wave of ~~a new~~ confidence, sat down at his table and poured herself coffee. When Cortone stopped coughing she said, "She was my mother ~~relax, Mr. Cortone~~."

"My God," Cortone said, gave a last cough, then waved the servant away and sat down again. "You're so like her, hell, you scared me half to death." He screwed up his eyes, remembering. "Would you have been about four or five years old, back in, um, 1947?"

"That's right."  
"Hell, I remember you, you had a ribbon in your hair. And now you and ~~old~~ Nat are an item —"

"So he has been here," she said, ~~and~~ her heart leaped. "Maybe," Cortone said. His friendliness vanished. She realized he would not be ~~an~~ easy ~~man~~ to manipulate.

She said, "I want to know where he is."  
"And I want to know who sent you here."

"Nobody sent me." Suza ~~struggled to collect~~ her thoughts, to hide her tension. "I guessed he might have come to you for help with this . . . project he's working on. The thing is, ~~they~~ the Arabs know about it, and they'll kill him, ~~Mr. Cortone~~ and I have to warn him . . . Please, if you know where he is, please help me. ~~Help him~~."

She was suddenly close to tears. Cortone was ~~unimpressed~~. "Helping you is easy," he said. "Trusting you is the hard part." He unwrapped a cigar and lit it, taking his time. Suza watched in an agony of impatience.

"I owe Dickstein my life. Now I have a chance to save his, if you're telling the truth. It's a debt of honor. I have to pay it ~~back~~ myself, in person. So what do I do?" He paused.

Suza held her breath.  
"Dickstein is in a wreck of a house somewhere on the Mediterranean. It's a ruin, hasn't been lived in for years, ~~there's~~ not even a phone there. I could send a message, but I couldn't be

added a lot of expensive junk!

and shouted: "You should be old!"

He looked away from her and spoke almost to himself. "There was a time when life was just a thing of seeing an opportunity and taking it. It's not so simple any more. Always, I have to find my way through a whole forest of problems. It seems the best I can do is choose the least rotten thing. I don't know whether it's the times are different, or he."

He looked away from her and spoke almost to himself. "You know, there was a time when I'd just see something I wanted and ~~grab it~~ I'd grab it. It's not so simple anymore. Now I've got all these complications. I got to make choices, and none of them are what I really want. I don't know whether it's the way things are now or if it's me."



sure it would get there, and like I said, I have to do this myself, in person."

He drew on the cigar. "I could tell you where to go look for him, but ~~little lady~~ you just might pass the information on to the wrong people. I won't take that risk."

"What, then?" Suza said ~~impatiently~~. "We have to help him."

"I know that," Cortone said. "So I'm going there myself."  
"Oh!" ~~Somehow~~ it was a possibility she had never considered ~~because she so much had wanted to go herself, to see him herself~~.

"And what about you?" he went on. "I'm not going to tell you where I'm headed, but you could still have people follow me. I need to keep you real close from now on ~~little lady~~. Let's face it, ~~old Nat may have the hots for you but to me you're just another broad who~~ could be playing it both ways. I'm taking you with me."

She stared at him. Tension drained out of her, she slumped in her chair. ~~Thank God, she thought, and~~ then, at last, she ~~was able to cry~~.

They flew first class. Cortone always did. After the meal Suza left him to go to the toilet. She looked through the curtain into economy, hoping against hope, but ~~of course~~ she was disappointed: there was Hassan's wary brown face staring at her over the rows of headrests.

She looked into the galley and spoke ~~confidentially~~ to the chief steward. She had a problem, she said. She needed to contact her boyfriend but she couldn't get away from her Italian father, who wanted her to wear iron ~~panties~~ until she was twenty-one. Would he phone the Israeli consulate in Rome and leave a message for a Nathaniel Dickstein? Just say, Hassan has told me everything ~~he and I are coming to see you. She gave him extra money for the phone call, she hoped it was enough of a tip, bribe~~. He wrote the message down and promised.

She went back to Cortone. Bad news, she said. One of the Arabs was back there in economy. He must be following them.

Cortone cursed, then told her never mind, the man would just have to be taken care of later.

From the big house on the clifftop Dickstein went down a long zigzag flight of steps cut into the rock to the beach. He splashed through the shallows to a waiting motorboat, jumped in and nodded to the man at the wheel.

The engine roared, the boat surged through the waves and out to sea. The sun had just set. In the last faint light the clouds were massing above, obscuring the stars as soon as they appeared. Dickstein was deep in thought, racking his brains for things he had not done, precautions he might ~~still~~ take, loopholes he still had time to close. He went over his plan again and again in his mind, like a man who has learned by heart an important speech he must make but still wishes it were better.

The high shadow of the *Stromberg* loomed ahead, and the boatman brought the little vessel around in a foamy arc to stop alongside, where a rope ladder dangled in the water. Dickstein scrambled up the ladder and ~~on~~ to the deck.

The ship's master shook his hand and introduced himself. Like all the officers aboard the *Stromberg*, he was borrowed from the Israeli Navy.

They took a turn around the deck. Dickstein said, "Any problems, captain?"

"She's not a good ship," the captain said. "She's slow, clumsy and old. But we've got her in good shape."

From what Dickstein could see in the twilight the *Stromberg* was in better condition than her sister ship the *Coparelli* had been in Antwerp. She was clean, and everything on deck looked squared away, shipshape.

They went up to the bridge, looked over the powerful equipment in the radio room, then went down to the mess, where the crew were finishing dinner. Unlike the officers, the ordinary



MASTER SET

seamen were all Mossad agents, most with a little experience of the sea. Dickstein had worked with some of them before. They were all, he observed, at least ten years younger than he. They were bright-eyed, dressed in a peculiar assortment of denims and homemade sweaters. Tough, proud, well-trained men.

Dickstein took a cup of coffee and sat at one of the tables. He considerably outranked all these men, but there was not much bull about R. P. rank has its privileges in the Israeli armed forces, and even less in the Mossad. The four men at the table nodded and said hello. Ish, a gloomy Palestine-born Israeli with a dark complexion, said, "The weather's changing."

"Don't say that. I was planning to get a tan on this cruise." The speaker was a lanky ash-blond New Yorker named Feinberg, a deceptively pretty-faced man with eyelashes women coveted. Calling this assignment a "cruise" was already a standing joke. In his briefing earlier in the day Dickstein had said the *Coparelli* would be almost deserted when they hijacked it. "Soon after she passes through the Strait of Gibraltar," he had told them, "her engines will break down. The damage will be such that it can't be repaired at sea. The captain will cable the owners to that effect—and we are now the owners. By an apparently lucky coincidence, another of our ships will be close by. She's the *Gil Hamilton*, now moored across the bay here. She will go to the *Coparelli* and take off the whole crew except for the engineer. Then she's out of the picture—she'll go to her next port of call, where the crew of the *Coparelli* will be let off and given their train fares home."

They had had the day to think about the briefing, and Dickstein was expecting questions. Now Levi Abbas, a short, solid man—"built like a tank and about as handsome," Feinberg had said—said to Dickstein, "You didn't tell us how come you're so sure the *Coparelli* will break down when you want her to."

Dickstein sipped his coffee. "Do you know Dieter Koch, naval intelligence?"

Feinberg knew him.

"He's the *Coparelli*'s engineer."

Abbas nodded. "Which is also how come we know we'll be able to repair the *Coparelli*? We know what's going to go wrong?"

"Right."

Abbas went on. "~~Then, as you said~~ we paint out the name *Coparelli*, rename her *Stromberg*, switch log books, scuttle the old *Stromberg* and sail the *Coparelli*, now the *Stromberg*, to Haifa with the cargo — But why not transfer the cargo from one ship to the other at sea? We have cranes —"

"That was my original ~~notion~~," Dickstein said. "~~But~~ it was too risky. Especially in bad weather."

"We could still do it if the good weather holds."

"Yes, but now that we have identical sister ships ~~and that~~ took a little doing — it will be a lot easier to switch names than cargoes."

Ish said lugubriously, "Anyway, the good weather won't hold."

The fourth man at the table was Porush, a crewcut youngster with a chest like a barrel of ale who happened to be married to Abbas's sister — "If it's going to be so easy, what are all of us tough guys doing here?"

Dickstein ~~turned to him~~ "I've been running around the world for the past six months setting up this thing. Once or twice I've bumped into people from the other side—inevitably. I don't think they know what we're about to do . . . but if they do, we may find out just how tough ~~you tough guys~~ are."

One of the officers came in with a piece of paper and approached Dickstein. "Signal from Tel Aviv, sir. The *Coparelli* just passed Gibraltar."

"That's it," said Dickstein, standing up. "We sail in the morning."

Suza Ashford and Al Cortone changed planes in Rome and arrived in Sicily early in the morning. Two of Cortone's cousins were at the airport to meet him. There was ~~an extended~~ argument



nevertheless loudly / properly,

his face split in a smile of joy and guilty

81

01

had

was merely elderly. / old

81

between them; not acrimonious, but ~~loud and~~ excitable. Suza could not ~~entirely~~ follow the rapid dialect but she gathered the cousins wanted to accompany Cortone and he was insisting that this was something he had to do alone because it was a debt of honor.

Cortone seemed to win the argument. They left the airport, without the cousins, in a big white Fiat. Suza drove. Cortone directed her ~~on~~ to the coast road. For the hundredth time she played over in her mind the reunion scene with Nathaniel: she saw his slight, angular body / he looked up / he recognized her and ~~smiled his lovely pinched~~ smile / and she ran to him / they threw their arms around each other / he squeezing her so hard it hurt / she saying, I love you, and kissing his cheek, nose, mouth . . . But she was / frightened too, and there was another scene she played less often in which he stared at her stony-faced and said, "What the hell do you think you're doing here?" — [It was a little like the time she had behaved badly on Christmas Eve, and her mother got angry and told her Santa Claus would put stones in her Christmas stocking instead of toys and candy. She had not known whether to believe this or not, and she had lain awake, alternately wishing for and dreading the morning —

She glanced across at Cortone in the seat beside her. The transatlantic journey ~~seemed to have~~ tired him. Suza found it difficult to think of him as being the same age as Nat, he was so fat and bald and . . . well, he had an air of weary depravity that might have been amusing but in fact ~~only said prematurely~~ old.

The island was pretty when the sun came out. Suza looked at the scenery, trying to distract herself so that the time would pass more quickly. The road twisted along the edge of the sea from town to town, and on her right-hand side there were views of rocky beaches and the sparkling Mediterranean.

Cortone lit a cigar. "I used to do this kind of thing a lot when I was young," he said. "Get on a plane, go somewhere with a pretty girl, drive around, see places. Not anymore. I've been stuck in ~~shuffle off to~~ Buffalo for years, it seems like. That's the

She felt more sympathy for Cortone than she showed: he was a man who had ~~worked~~ hard for all the wrong things.

his / his

Suza felt more and more as if she were in a dream

thing with — business—you get rich, but there's always something to worry about. So you never go places, you have people come to you, bring you stuff. You get too ~~damn fat and~~ lazy to have fun."

"You ~~made your bed~~," Suza ~~said, not meaning it to sound~~ chose it / said. ~~harsh as she quickly realized it must to him~~

"I ~~did that, all right~~," Cortone ~~said~~ chose it / admitted / mercy." He gave a rare half smile and puffed on his cigar.

For the third time Suza saw the same blue car in her rearview mirror. "We're being followed," she said, trying to keep her voice calm.

"Your Arab?"

"Must be." She could not see the face behind the windshield.

"What will we do / you said you'd handle it —"

"I will."

~~That was all~~. Expecting him to say more, Suza glanced across at him. He was loading a pistol with / brown-black bullets. She ~~had~~ never seen a / gun in her life.

Cortone looked up at her, then ahead. "Christ, ~~lady~~ watch the goddamn road!"

She looked ahead, / braked hard for a sharp bend. "Where did you get that thing?"

"From my cousin."

~~It was~~ a nightmare. She had not slept in a bed for four days. From the moment / she / heard her father talking so calmly about killing Nathaniel she had been running / running from the awful truth about Hassan and her father, ~~running~~ to the safety of Dickstein's wiry arms — and, as in a nightmare, the destination seemed to recede as fast as she ran —

"Why don't you tell me where we're going?" she asked Cortone.

~~He felt it was safe now~~ / Nat asked me for the loan of a house with a mooring and protection from snooping police. We're going to that house."

"How far?"

"Couple of miles."

and normal The

? / y / 0 /

He was silent. / ugly / gasped: / she had / real-life

Roman / ! /

and she said

when had / fleeing / fleeing /

0 /

I guess I can, now

Suza's heart beat faster.



A minute later Cortone said, "We'll get there, don't rush | We don't want to die on the way."

She realized she had unconsciously put her foot down. She eased off the accelerator but she could not slow her thoughts. Any minute now, to see him and touch his face, to kiss him hello, to feel his hands on her shoulders—

"Turn in there, on the right."

She drove through an open gateway and along a short gravel drive overgrown with weeds to a large ruined villa of white stone. When she pulled up in front of the pillared portico she somehow expected Nathaniel to come running out to greet her.

There were no signs of life on this side of the house.

They got out of the car and climbed the broken stone staircase to the front entrance. The great wooden door was closed but not locked. Suza opened it and they went in.

There was a great hall with a floor of smashed marble. The ceiling sagged and the walls were blotched with damp. In the center of the hall was a great fallen chandelier sprawled on the floor like a dead eagle.

Cortone called out, "Hello, anybody here?"

No reply.

It was a big place, she thought, he had to be here, it was just that he couldn't hear, maybe he was out in the garden —

They crossed the hall, skirting the chandelier. They entered a cavernous drawing room, their footsteps echoing loudly, and went out through the glassless french doors at the back of the building.

A short garden ran down to the edge of the cliff. They walked that far and saw a long stairway cut into the rock zigzagging down to the sea.

No one in sight.

He's not here, Suza thought — this time, Santa really did leave me stones.

"Look." Cortone was pointing out to sea with one fat hand. Suza looked, and saw two vessels—a ship and a motorboat. The motorboat was coming toward them fast, jumping the waves and

slicing the water with its sharp prow; there was one man in it. The ship was sailing out of the bay, leaving a broad wake.

"Looks like we just missed them," Cortone said.

Suza ran down the steps, shouting and waving, trying to attract the attention of someone on the ship, and at the same time knowing it was impossible, they were too far away — She slipped on the stones and fell heavily on her bottom and she began to cry as though her heart would break.

Cortone ran down after her, his heavy body jerking on the steps. "It's no good," he said, pulling her to her feet.

"The motorboat," she said, "maybe we can take the motorboat and catch up with the ship—"

"No way — by the time the boat gets here the ship will be too far away, much too far, and going faster than the boat can."

He led her back up the steps. She had run a long way down, and the climb back taxed him heavily. Suza hardly noticed she was too full of her own misery — Her mind was a blank as they walked up the slope of the garden and back into the house.

"Have to sit down," Cortone said as they crossed the drawing room.

Suza looked at him. He was breathing hard, his face was gray and covered with perspiration. And finally she realized it had all been too much for his overweight body. For a moment she forgot her own awful disappointment. "The stairs," she said. They went into the ruined hall and she led Cortone to the wide curving staircase and sat him on the second step. He went down heavily. He closed his eyes and rested his head on the wall beside him.

"Listen," he said, "you can call ships . . . or send them a wire . . . we can still reach him . . ."

"Sit quietly for a minute," she said. "Don't talk."

"Ask my cousins—who's there?"

Suza turned around. There had been a clink of chandelier shards, and now she saw what had caused it.

Yasif Hassan walked toward them across the room.

And suddenly, with a massive effort, Cortone stood up. Hassan stopped.



MASTER SET  
[Then:]

Cortone's breath was coming in ragged gulps. He fumbled in his pocket, pulled out the gun.

Hassan ~~seemed~~ frozen, ~~unable to move~~.

Cortone staggered, the gun in his hand weaving, ~~but he managed to pull~~ the trigger. The gun went off twice, with a huge, deafening double report. The shots went wild. Cortone collapsed onto the floor, his face dark as death. The gun fell from his fingers, hit the cracked marble floor.

Suza knelt beside Cortone. He opened his eyes. "Listen —" he began hoarsely.

Hassan ~~now found his customary courage~~. "Leave him! Let's go."

Suza turned her head to face him. "You," she said, "you just fuck off!" and then turned back to Cortone.

"— I've killed a lot of men," Cortone ~~was saying~~, and Suza bent closer to hear. "Eleven men, I killed myself . . . I slept with a lot of women . . ." His voice trailed off, his eyes closed, and then he made a huge effort to speak again. "All my goddamn life I been a thief and a ~~lot worse~~. But, goddamn, I died for my friend, right? This counts for something, right . . . ? It has to, doesn't it —?"

"Yes," she said. "It really counts —"

"Okay," he said.

Suza had never seen a man die. It was terrible. Suddenly there was nothing there, nothing but a body — the person had vanished. She realized her own face was streaked with tears. And she realized something else about death, it exposed hypocrites — I didn't even like him, she thought, ~~not until now~~.

Hassan broke in, saying, "You did very well, now let's get out of here."

"Very well —?" And then she understood — Hassan didn't know she'd told Cortone he'd been following them. As far as Hassan was concerned she had done just what he wanted her to — she had led him here. Now she must try to keep up the pretense that she was on his side, ~~but she could find a way to contact Nat~~. But I can't lie. I'm so damn tired . . . And then

[Suza said, "No —"]  
[Cortone

~~she remembered~~ — You can phone a ship, or at least send a cable, Cortone ~~had~~ said.

She ~~could~~ still warn Nat.

Oh, God, when can I sleep?

She stood up. "What are we waiting for?"

They went out through the high derelict entrance. "We'll take my car," Hassan told her.

She thought of trying to run away from him then, ~~quickly~~ but realized it was a foolish idea. He would let her go soon — she had done what he'd asked, hadn't she? Now he would send her home —

She got into the car.

"Wait," Hassan said. He ran to Cortone's car, took out the keys and threw them into the bushes. He got into his own car. "So the man in the motorboat can't follow!"

As they drove off he said, "I'm disappointed in your attitude. That man was helping our enemies. You should rejoice, not cry, when an enemy dies."

She covered her eyes with her hand. "He was helping his friend."

Hassan patted her knee. "You've done well, I shouldn't criticize you. You got the information I wanted."

She looked at him. "Did I?"

"Sure. That big ship we saw leaving the bay—that was the Stromberg. I know her time of departure and her maximum speed, so now I can figure out the earliest possible moment at which she could meet up with the Coparelli. And I can have my men there a day earlier." He patted her knee again, this time letting his hand rest on her thigh.

"Don't touch me," she said.

He took his hand away.

She closed her eyes and tried to think — She had achieved the worst possible outcome by what she had done — she'd led Hassan to Sicily but she'd failed to warn Nat — She must find out how to send a telegram to a ship, and do it as soon as she and Hassan parted company — Only one other chance—the air-

At the top of her voice she shouted,

She thought: No wonder death makes us cry.

Suza did not understand. I did well? she thought.

STET



plane steward who had promised to call the Israeli consulate in Rome — [“Oh, God, I’ll be glad to get back to Oxford”]

“Oxford?” Hassan laughed. “Not yet. You’ll have to stay with me until the operation is over.”

“Dear God, I can’t stand it. “But I’m so tired,” she said.

“We’ll rest soon. I couldn’t let you go. Security, you know. Anyway, you wouldn’t want to miss seeing the dead body of ~~Israel’s most important spy~~.”

At the Alitalia desk in the airport three men approached Yasif Hassan. Two of them were young and thuggish, the third was a tall sharp-faced man in his fifties.

The older man said, “You damn fool, you deserve to be shot.”

Hassan looked up at him, and Suza saw ~~genuine~~ fear in his eyes as he said, “Rostov!”

Rostov took hold of Hassan’s arm. It seemed for a moment that Hassan would resist, jerk his arm away. The two young thugs moved closer. Suza and Hassan were enclosed. Rostov led Hassan away from the ticket desk. One of the thugs took Suza’s arm and they followed.

They went into a quiet corner. Rostov / obviously blazing / kept his voice low. “You might have blown the whole thing if you hadn’t been a few minutes late.”

“What do you mean?”

“You think I don’t know you’ve been running around the world looking for Dickstein? You think I can’t have you followed just like any other bloody imbecile? I’ve been getting hourly reports on your movements ever since you left Cairo. And what made you think you could trust her?” He ~~nodded imperceptibly toward~~ Suza.

“She ~~led~~ me here.”

“Do you know why?”

Suza stood still, ~~confused~~. The multiple shocks of the morning — missing Nat, watching Cortone die, now this ~~Russian~~ had ~~all but~~ paralyzed her ability to think ~~clearly~~ — Keeping the lies straight had been difficult enough when she had been deceiving

Hassan and telling Cortone a truth that Hassan thought was a lie. Now there was this Rostov, to whom Hassan was lying, and she could not even begin to think about whether what she said to Rostov should be the truth or another, different lie.

Hassan was saying, “How did you get here?”

“On the *Karla*, of course. We were only forty or fifty miles off Sicily when I got the report that you had landed here. I also obtained permission from Cairo to order you to return there immediately and directly.”

“I still think I did the right thing,” said Hassan.

“Get out of my sight.”

Hassan walked away. Suza began to follow him but Rostov said, “Not you.” He took her arm and began to walk. ~~“You may feel~~ you’ve proved your loyalty to us, Miss Ashford, but in the middle of a project like this we can’t, ~~of course~~, allow newly recruited people simply to go home. On the other hand I have no people here in Sicily other than those I need with me on the ship, so I can’t have you escorted somewhere else. I’m afraid you’re going to have to come aboard the *Karla* with me until this business is over. I hope you don’t mind. Do you know, you look exactly like your mother. ~~Yes, I expect you do~~.”

They had walked out of the airport to a waiting car. Rostov opened the door for her. Now was the time she should run — after this it might be too late. She hesitated. One of the thugs stood beside her. His jacket fell open slightly and she saw the butt of his gun. She remembered Cortone’s gun ~~the sound of it going off in the ruined villa~~; and suddenly she was afraid to die, ~~Cortone’s poor fat body reduced to nothingness, and suddenly, hating herself for it~~ she began to shake —

“What is it?” Rostov said.

“Nothing, I’m just tired . . .”

“Of course,” Rostov said. “Get in the car.”

~~She was also, he suspected, something else~~

Pierre Borg drove out of Athens and parked his car at one end of a stretch of beach where occasional lovers strolled. He got out

o/ [She said, o/

She thought: /

Nat Dickstein /

/ to Hassan naked /

[Suza thought: Oh God, what now? / and

was / with fury but /

I don't know what / , /

Jerked a thumb / at /

Roman o/

silent and frightened /

[She went with him, thinking: What do I do now?]

Hassan said desperately.

Yes, but you didn't know that then. She was hopelessly confused.

to become a lump of clay like poor fat Cortone; she was terrified of that gun and that bang and the bullet entering her body, and

I know /

Yes, I expect you do

the awful bang had made / and how she had screamed

All Cortone died / We know / Suza got in the car

One line long



and walked along the shoreline until he met Kawash coming the other way. They stood side by side, looking out to sea, wavelets lapping sleepily at their feet. Borg could see the handsome face of the tall Arab double agent by starlight ~~and he~~ was not his usual confident self.

"Thank you for coming," Kawash said.

Borg ~~had no idea~~ why he was being thanked. If anyone should say thank you, it was he. And then he realized that Kawash had been making precisely that point — the man did everything with subtlety, including insults.

"The Russians suspect there is a leak out of Cairo," Kawash ~~was saying~~. "They are playing their cards very close. Even when Yasif Hassan came back to Cairo for debriefing we didn't learn much—and I didn't get all the information Hassan gave."

"Don't waste time with excuses, please. Just tell me what you do know."

"All right. I know that they know that Dickstein is to steal some uranium."

"You told me that last time."

"I don't think they know any of the details. Their intention is to let it happen, then expose it afterward. They've put a couple of ships into the Mediterranean, but they don't know where to send them."

A plastic bottle floated in on the tide and landed at Borg's feet. He kicked it back into the water. "What about Suza Ashford?"

"Definitely working for the Arab side — Now listen to this — there was an argument between Rostov and Hassan. Hassan wanted to find out exactly where Dickstein was, and Rostov thought it was unnecessary."

"Bad news. Go on."

"Afterward Hassan went out on a limb. He got the Ashford girl to help him look for Dickstein. They went to a place called Buffalo, in the U.S., and met a gangster called Cortone who took them to Sicily. They missed Dickstein, but only just they even saw the *Stromberg* leave. Hassan is in considerable trouble over this. He has been ordered back to Cairo but ~~hasn't~~ turned up ~~as yet~~."

"Jesus Christ, this is bad."

to their collective Communist chest, so to speak." Kawash smiled thinly. Borg did not see the joke.

Borg belched loudly: he had eaten a big Greek dinner.

and he was more wretched, pessimistic and depressed than he had ever been in the whole of his unhappy life.

The silence went on for a few moments.

"But the girl led them to where Dickstein had been?"

"Exactly."

Borg thought of the message that had arrived in the Rome consulate for Nat Dickstein from his "girlfriend" and told Kawash about it — "Hassan has told me everything/ he and I are coming to see you." — Was it intended to warn Dickstein, or to delay him, or to confuse him? Or was it a double bluff—an attempt to make him think she was being coerced into leading Hassan to him?

A double bluff ~~was~~ Kawash's opinion. "She knew her role in this would eventually be exposed, so she tried for a longer lease on Dickstein's trust — You won't pass the message on . . ."

"Of course not." Borg's mind turned to another tack. "If they went to Sicily they know about the *Stromberg*. What conclusions can they draw from that?"

"That the *Stromberg* will be used in the uranium theft?"

"Exactly. Now, if I were Rostov, I'd follow the *Stromberg*, let the hijack take place, then attack. Damn ~~it~~ I think this will have to be called off." He dug the toe of his shoe into the soft sand.

"What's the situation at Qattara?"

"I was saving the worst news until last. All tests have been satisfactorily completed. The Russians are supplying uranium. The reactor goes on stream three weeks from today."

Borg stared out to sea, ~~thoroughly miserable~~. "You know what this means? It means we can't call it off. It means I can't stop Dickstein. It means ~~God help us~~ that Nat Dickstein is Israel's last chance."

Kawash was silent. His eyes were closed. "What are you doing?" Borg said.

Slowly Kawash opened his eyes, looked at Borg, and gave his polite little half smile. "Praying," he said.

TEL AVIV TO MV STROMBERG  
PERSONAL BORG TO DICKSTEIN EYES ONLY  
MUST BE DECODED BY THE ADDRESSEE  
BEGINS SUZA ASHFORD CONFIRMED ARAB AGENT

MASTER SET

He and I are coming to see you. What the hell did it mean?

I should say, said

and

damn, damn.

fucking don't you know

After a moment Borg looked at him. Finally

The Arab's

one line Borg



STOP SHE PERSUADED CORTONE TO TAKE HER AND HASSAN TO SICILY STOP THEY ARRIVED AFTER YOU LEFT STOP CORTONE NOW DEAD STOP THIS AND OTHER DATA INDICATES STRONG POSSIBILITY YOU WILL BE ATTACKED AT SEA STOP NO FURTHER ACTION WE CAN TAKE AT THIS END STOP YOU ~~FOULED~~ IT UP ON YOUR OWN NOW GET OUT OF IT ~~SAME WAY~~ ENDS < < <

The clouds which had been massing over the western Mediterranean for the previous few days finally burst that night, drenching the *Stromberg* with rain. Next a brisk wind blew up, and the shortcomings of the ship's design became apparent as she began to roll and yaw in the burgeoning waves.

Dickstein did not notice the weather.

He sat alone in his cabin at the table which was screwed to the bulkhead, a pencil in hand and a pad, a codebook and a signal in front of him, transcribing Borg's message word by crucifying word.

He read it over and over again, and finally sat staring at the blank steel wall in front of him.

It was pointless to speculate about why she might have done this, to invent farfetched hypotheses that Hassan had coerced or blackmailed her, to imagine that she had acted from mistaken beliefs or confused motives. Borg never mind his rotten disposition... he wouldn't lie about something like this. He had said she was a spy, and now it seemed he was right — she had been one all along. No wonder she made love to him. He'd thought it was too good to be true. He was right.

She had a big future in the intelligence business, his beloved.

Dickstein put his face in his hands, pressed his eyeballs with his fingertips. No use... he still could see her, in the buff, leaning against the cupboard in the kitchen of that little flat, reading the morning paper while she waited for a kettle to boil. For him to boil...

Worst of all... he probably still loved her. At least was

and he would be more handicapped than ever

and says "See

If you took

He could never hurt her, no matter what she did.

naked except for her high-heeled shoes

~~obsessed by her... not possible to just turn off what had brought him back from the dead.~~ Before he met her he had been a cripple, an emotional amputee with an empty sleeve hanging where he should have had love. She had ~~no question~~ performed a miracle, made him whole again. And now she had betrayed him, cut off what she had given, leaving him a paraplegic. He had written her a love letter — God, what did she do when she read that letter? Laugh? Show it to Hassan? how I've got him hooked —?

Take a blind man, give him back his sight, make him blind again during the night while he's sleeping — how would he feel when he woke up? Like Dickstein did now... Yes, he told Borg he would kill Suza if she proved out to be an agent, but he knew even then that he'd been lying. It was she who could do the killing.

It was late. Most of the crew were asleep except for those taking watches. He left the cabin and went up on deck without seeing anyone. Walking from the hatch to the gunwale he got soaked to the skin. He did not notice. He stood at the rail, looking into the darkness, unable to see where the black sea ended and the black sky began, letting the rain stream across his face like tears.

No... he could never kill Suza, but Hassan was a different matter. Hassan, whose sensual encounter with Eila Dickstein had observed in misery, suffering nonetheless because his own feelings for the woman were too locked in to make known to her... Hassan who now had managed to corrupt, take over, Eila's daughter, his Suza, all these years later. His Suza...? He was still at it, still deceiving himself. She was not now, never had been...

But Hassan... oh, yes, he at least belonged to him. Hassan was his to kill...

and thought they would be attacked at sea. Dickstein stood now gripping the rail as the ship made its way through the rough sea. The wind rose momentarily and lashed his face with cold rain. He welcomed it. He could hardly wait.

MASTER SET

and s/ s/ s/ making/ s/ s/ taking away/ s/ Dear/ he thought, Did she/ Did she s/ Yasif s/ and then, after a/ a day, this was were/ now had/

but h/

H w/ Yasif

See attached copy

One line long

FUCKED/ ALL/ ALONE/

A Nat little/

had been/ s/ had/ that was why/ she had/ that girl/ and/ but/

The worst of it was, he loved her still.



If ever a man had an enemy, he had one in Hassan. ~~The young~~  
~~Dickstein~~<sup>He</sup> had loved Eila, only to see her ~~look~~ in a sensual  
embrace with Hassan. Now ~~Dickstein~~<sup>he</sup> had fallen in love with Suza,  
only to find that she had already been seduced by the same <sup>old</sup> rival.  
And Hassan had also used Suza in his campaign to take away  
Dickstein's homeland.

Oh, yes, he would kill Yasif Hassan, and he would do it with  
his bare hands if he could. And the others, ~~he would kill them all.~~  
The thought brought him ~~singing~~ up out of the depths of despair in  
a fury: he wanted to hear bones snap, ~~and wounded men scream,~~ he  
wanted to see bodies crumple, ~~and blood pour,~~ he wanted the smell  
of fear and gunfire, ~~and the opened bowels of the dead and dying.~~  
he wanted death all around him.

Borg thought they would be attacked at sea. Dickstein stood  
gripping the rail as the ship sawed through the unquiet sea; the  
wind rose momentarily and lashed his face with cold, hard rain;  
and he thought, So be it; and then he opened his mouth and shouted  
~~loudly, angry and insane~~ into the wind: "Let them come! <sup>M</sup> Let the  
bastards come!"

<< /R198 /HP 1111



1 R900

## FIFTEEN

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 Dieckstein 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

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 far-fetched 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

MASTER SET

the triumph!

She is Hassan said joyfully.

col said

o/



for/ 31  
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.”

one line long  
01 9  
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: ~~it will be glorious.~~  
Whatever happens, it will be glorious.

The ship’s engines roared, the deck tilted, the prow broke water/

They were on their way.

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~~

h/ 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 . . .

I= 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.

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

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.

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.

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 ~~had~~ bumped into him ~~instead~~ of one of the others —

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.

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.

"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.

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



0750-8662A  
19P  
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 ~~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

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. ~~Held~~ 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."

MASTER ST

had /

This is the cause of the trouble. /  
one line long



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~~ 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. PAPAGOPOLOUS.

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



were deciding exactly how they would board her and take over. Hassan had instructed the *Nablu'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 *Nablu* 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.

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.

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 KGB.

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 — ~~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 knew~~ 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 ~~ideals~~ . . . 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



MASTER SET  
— it would help her to calm down.

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.

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.

The thought made her tremble.  
She

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.

and, just to boost her morale a little,

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.

"Now he was not frightening at all: he was staring over Suza's shoulder with a fond, indulgent expression on his face."

Suddenly his face seemed icily evil, for her legs felt weak Rostov said,

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?"

, what could they talk about?

she said. Her voice shook.

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."

It was true, anyway: it was easy to say this.

"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

one line long  
some  
gratefully

At last a hint of human feeling showed in Rostov's expression: perhaps he remembered the first time he watched a man die.

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."

not as / as / decadent /  
shook /  
knew /  
Italian

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.

like a safe / faraway /  
Suza / urgently: /  
desperately say /  
Then she was inspired.

~~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?"

around /  
She /  
one line long

"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



He seemed to decide she was ~~she looked~~ ~~he was thinking 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 toours she tried to reassure herself, telling herself that he'd seemed to enjoy talking to her, and 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 the 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.

315

"Yes!" said Suza. "That's the only way! Isn't it? Isn't it?"

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.

MASTER SEE hijack. Roman telling me / Italic who? N 81!

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 w / of

He must swallow it, it was logical, it was the right thing for him to do! Then / Roman 81 / Roman 81

smiled / as hell /

This was what Suza wanted.

She said, as casually as she 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,



PEDLER INDEFINITELY DELAYED DUE TO ENGINE TROUBLE AT SEA. WILL ADVISE SOONEST OF NEW DELIVERY DATES. PAPAGOPOLOUS.

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."

"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?~~"

"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~~

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

[He thought: If I'm discovered now I've had it.]

He adopted a bullying manner and grabbed

[Good boy!]

[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.]

lifeboat ~~the~~ cover ~~of which~~ he'd loosened earlier. The stem of the ~~whose~~ 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?"

Tyrin looked for Ravlo / located him. Speak up, damn you — and / ! / 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.

MASTER SET



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,

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 troops 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 ~~thought~~ 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



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."

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."

"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



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, ~~unarmed~~ 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. ~~They were~~

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~~, ~~had~~ hand ~~and~~ 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/ his

alone except for the

TO THE THE

AND I THINK WATCH

ship/ Tyrin thought

He he

I had arrived and

Do I do HIDE

were/ human their cold h their s replied in some other language. Let's and replied That's it, They We did it, Hassan. By God, we did it. nothing think about As soon as

[Not yet, Pyotr, he told himself.



Thanks very much,  
Tyrin thought.

Tyrin did not transmit the expletive he uttered to himself. Instead, as directed, he signed off and tuned to the regular wavelength to signal the *Stromberg*.

The thought occurred to him that he might never eat salted herring again.

The message from the *Coparelli* had altered Dickstein's mood. At first he had been shocked. How had the opposition managed to learn so much of his plan that they had been able to attack the *Coparelli* first? Somewhere, somehow, he must have made terrible errors of judgment. Suza . . . ? But there was no point now in berating himself. Now there was a genuine fight ahead. His black depression vanished. The tension was still there, coiled tight inside him like a steel spring, but now at least he could ride it / use it / Now he had something to do with it.

The twelve men in the mess room of the *Stromberg* sensed the change in Dickstein / caught his eagerness for the battle / Each had an Uzi 9-mm submachine gun, a reliable, compact firearm weighing nine pounds when loaded with the 25-round magazine and only an inch over two feet long with its metal stock extended. They had three spare magazines each. Each man had a 9-mm Luger in a belt holster—the pistol would take the same cartridges as the machine gun—and a clip of four grenades on the opposite side of his belt. Almost certainly, Dickstein realized, they had extra weapons of their own choice—knives, blackjacks, bayonets, knuckle-dusters and others more exotic—carried superstitiously / more as talismen than fighting implements.

Dickstein recognized their mood, knew without conceit—though with some pride—that ultimately it came from him. He had felt it before with men before a fight. Fear . . . and an impatience to get started to relieve the fear. Waiting that was always the worst part. The action was anesthetic. The aftermath, win or lose, was counting the dead.

He had figured his battle plan in detail and briefed them. The *Coparelli* was designed like a miniature tanker, holds forward and amidships, main superstructure on the afterdeck, a secondary

superstructure in the stern. The main superstructure contained the bridge, the officers' quarters and the mess; below were crew's quarters. The stern superstructure contained the galley, below that stores, and below these the engine room. The two superstructures were separate above deck, but below deck they were connected by gangways.

They were to go over in three teams. Abbas's would attack the bows. The other two, led by Bader and Gibli, would go up the port and starboard ladders at the stern. The two stern teams were detailed to go below and work forward, flushing out the enemy amidships where they could be attacked by Abbas and his men from the prow. The strategy he realized was likely to leave a pocket of resistance at the bridge, which Dickstein assigned to himself.

The attack would be by night; otherwise they would never get aboard / would be picked off as they came over the rails. Which left the problem of how to avoid shooting at one another as well as the enemy. For this he provided a recognition signal—the word *Aliyah*—and the attack plan was designed so that they were not expected to come together until the very end of the action.

Now they were waiting.

They sat in a loose circle in the galley of the *Stromberg*, identical to the galley of the *Coparelli*. Dickstein was speaking to Abbas: "From the bows you'll control the foredeck, an open field of fire. Deploy your men behind cover and stay there. When the enemy on deck reveal their positions, pick them off. Your main problem is going to be hailing fire from the bridge."

Slumped in his chair, Abbas looked even more like a tank than usual (Dickstein was glad Abbas was on his side). "And we hold our fire at first —"

"Yes. You've a good chance of getting aboard unseen. No point in shooting until you know the rest of us have arrived."

Abbas nodded. "I see Porush is on my team. You know he's my brother-in-law."

"Yes. I also know he's the only married man here. I thought you might want to take care of him."

"Thanks."

MASTER SET

mown down /

so / planned /  
to take the bridge

That /

confront one another /

although they knew  
some of them would  
die soon.

where they would  
soon be fighting  
and dying

They were afraid, and  
—paradoxically— the  
fear made them eager to  
get started, for the

and afterward you  
had either survived  
or you were dead and  
did not care any more.



Feinberg looked up from the knife he was cleaning. The lanky New Yorker was, for once, not grinning. "How do you figure these Arabs?"

Dickstein shook his head. "They could be regular army or Fedayeen."

Feinberg grinned. "Let's hope they're regular army—we make faces, they surrender."

It was a lousy joke, but ~~in the tension earned a few insincere laughs~~ anyway.

Ish, ~~over a pessimist~~, sitting with his feet on a table and his eyes closed, said, "Going over the rail will be the worst part. We'll be naked as babes."

~~Except~~ Dickstein said, "remember that they believe we're expecting to take over a deserted boat. Their ~~presence~~ is supposed to be a big surprise for us. They're looking for an easy victory ~~We're forewarned~~ and ~~we'll have the dark~~ —" it will be dark

The door opened, the captain ~~entered~~. "We've sighted the Coparelli."

Dickstein ~~took a deep breath~~ stood up. "Let's go."

Good luck, and don't take any prisoners.

8/8/47

they all laughed/  
always pessimistic/

R

ambush/

(- but w/ prepared / A O /  
and / came in /

8/

< ~~scribble~~ /R193

/HP 1111



18900

MASTER SET

# 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 he'd found with her turned to dust. He still cared about some things. He wanted to win this battle, he wanted Israel to have the uranium,

Dickstein was thinking logically, but

and



; the one thing he did not care about was himself

8/ suddenly, and hand 8/ and he wanted personally to kill Yasif Hassan. He had no particular fear of bullets, pain, even death. Suza had taken care of that. Let Israel get its bomb, and Esther would die peacefully, Mottie would finish *Treasure Island*, and Yigael could look after the grapes.

betrayed him, and he had no burning desire to live a long life with that in his past. So long as

8/ suddenly, 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

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



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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, whipped away by the wind, disappearing into the darkness. Gibli fell down, down past Dickstein into the sea.

Dickstein's stomach turning, gave the order to open fire.

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."

"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.

So Mahmoud's hoped-for ambush had failed, and Hassan, in

Dickstein's  
"Here I come you fuckers"  
and went over in a  
high-jumper's western  
roll,



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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 hit by  
It did not kill him, but the



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He had  
but he and/  
He turned and/  
; and he died  
wide-eyed,  
Russian face; but n/  
; and the door closed/

He ran,  
had/ and/  
to/

o/[  
wildly and dashed/  
of w/ he r  
conscious/ 87  
until he reached and/  
87

to fetch up, breathing hard/  
and shaking with effort,

body. His feet slipped from the rungs of the ladder a moment of confused panic as he discovered that his legs would not work. Instinctively he grabbed for the ladder with his hands, missed, and fell ~~turning~~ partly over as he landed awkwardly, ~~and broke~~ breaking/ his neck.

The door to the for'ard store opened slightly and a frightened Tyrin looked out. Nobody saw him as he quickly retreated back inside, closing the door tight after him. it, and it went/

As Katzen and Dovrat rushed the galley, Dickstein took advantage of Feinberg's covering fire to move forward running bent double past the point at which they had boarded the ship past the galley door, throwing himself behind the first of the lifeboats, one that had already been grenaded. From there, in the faint but increasing light, he could make out the lines of the amidships superstructure, shaped like a flight of three steps rising forward. At the main deck level was the officers' mess, the officers' dayroom, the sick bay and a passenger cabin used as a dry store. On the next level up were officers' cabins, heads, and the captain's quarters. On the top deck was the bridge with adjoining chartroom and radio booth.

Most of the enemy would now be at deck level in the mess and the dayroom. He could bypass them by climbing a ladder alongside the funnel to the walkway around the second deck, but the only way to the bridge was through the second deck. He would have to take out any soldiers in the cabins on his own — He looked back. Feinberg had retreated behind the galley, perhaps to reload. He waited until Feinberg started shooting again, then got to his feet. Firing from the hip, he broke from behind the lifeboat, ran across the afterdeck to the ladder, and without breaking stride jumped onto the fourth rung and scrambled up, very aware that for a few long seconds he made an easy target, hearing a clutch of bullets rattle on the funnel beside him, finally reaching the level of the upper deck where he flung himself across the walkway lying now against the door to the officers' quarters.

was seized with a  
kind of mad  
exultation:

"Stone the bloody crows," he muttered, his old Cockney soul asserting itself. He reloaded his gun, put his back to the door and slowly slid himself upright to a porthole in the door at eye level. He risked a look, saw a passage with three doors on either side and, at the far end, ladders going down to the mess and up to the chartroom. He realized that the bridge could be reached by either of two outside ladders leading up from the main deck as well as by way of the chartroom. Except the Arabs still controlled that part of the deck and could cover the outside ladders — the only way to the bridge was this way.

He opened the door and stepped in, crept along the passage to the first cabin door, opened it and threw in a grenade. He saw one of the enemy begin to turn around, and closed the door. He heard the grenade explode in the small space. He ran to the next door on the same side, opened it, threw in another grenade. It exploded into empty space.

There was/ One more door on this side, for his last grenade. He ran to the door, threw it open, went in firing. There was one man here. He had been firing through the porthole, but now he was easing his gun out of the hole, turning around — Dickstein's burst ripped him across the middle.

Dickstein turned quickly, faced the open door, waiting. The door of the opposite cabin abruptly opened. Dickstein shot down the man behind it, then stepped into the gangway, firing blind.

Two more cabins to account for. The door of the nearer one opened as Dickstein was spraying it, and a body fell out.

One to go. Dickstein watched. The door opened a crack, closed. Dickstein ran down the gangway, kicked open the door, sprayed the cabin. No return fire. He stepped inside — the occupant had been hit by a ricochet and lay bleeding on the bunk.

Dickstein was too beside himself to realize fully what he had done — taken the entire deck on his own.

Next, the bridge. The inner motor propelling him now was on automatic as he ran forward along the gangway. At the far end the companionway led up to the chartroom and down to the officers' mess. He stepped onto the ladder, looked up, and threw

o/[ 87  
o/[ He/  
He/  
knew  
However,/  
; therefore/  
Roman/  
o/[ He/  
and  
o/[ and he had no  
and more grenades/  
had/  
o/[ of bullets  
sliced him in half/  
and, w/  
flew open and/  
o/[ Dickstein/  
There were  
t/  
then again  
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o/[  
had/  
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87 H  
The line long



himself down and away from the snout of a gun poked down at him and began to fire.

His grenades were gone. ~~he reminded himself~~. The man in the chartroom was impregnable to gunfire. ~~he~~ could stay behind the edge of the companionhead and fire blind down the ladder. ~~yet~~ Dickstein ~~needed~~ to get ~~onto that~~ ladder, to get up to the bridge.

He went into one of the forward cabins to overlook the deck. ~~He~~ try to assess the situation. ~~It was worse than he thought~~ on the foredeck: ~~three dead bodies~~ only one of the four men of Abbas's team ~~still~~ firing, with at least two or three guns firing from the bridge at him, trapping him behind a stack of anchor chain.

Dickstein looked to the side. Feinberg was still well aft—he had not managed to progress forward. And there was still no sign of the men who had gone below.

The Fedayeen were well entrenched in the mess below him and from their superior position they were able to keep at bay the men on deck and the men in the 'tweendecks below them. The only way to take the mess would be to attack it from all sides at once—including from above. ~~Which~~ meant taking the bridge first. And the bridge was impregnable.

Dickstein ran back along the gangway and out of the aft door. It was still pouring, but there was a dim/cold light in the sky. He could make out Feinberg on one side and Dovrat on the other. He called out their names, pointed at the galley, then jumped from the walkway to the afterdeck, raced across it and literally dove into the galley.

They got his meaning and a moment later followed him in. "We have to take the mess!" Dickstein told them.

"How?" said Feinberg. "By rushing it from all sides at once — port, starboard, below and above. First we have to take the bridge. That's mine. When I get there I'll sound the foghorn, that will be the signal. You two go below and tell the men there —"

"And how will you get to the bridge?" Feinberg said. ~~no smile~~ ~~on his face now~~.

"Over the roof."

and Dickstein could just make out three bodies.

For he wanted to go up

He was appalled when he saw what had happened ~~and~~ seemed to be

Shut up and I'll tell you. We rush

On the bridge, Hassan had been joined by Mahmoud and two of his Fedayeen, who took up firing positions while the leaders sat on the floor and conferred.

"They can't win," Mahmoud said. "From here we control too much deck. They can't attack the mess from below, the companionway is easy to dominate from above. They can't attack from the sides or the front because we can fire down on them from here. They can't attack from above because we control the down companion. We ~~need only to~~ keep shooting until they surrender."

"One of them tried to take this companion a few minutes ago. I stopped him —"

"You were on your own up there?"

"Yes."

~~The Fedayeen leader smiled~~ put his hands on Hassan's shoulders. "I believe you are now one of us!"

Hassan spoke out with the thought that was on both of their minds. "And after this?"

Mahmoud nodded. "Equal partners." And clasped his hand.

Hassan repeated, "Equal partners."

"And now," Mahmoud said, "I think they will certainly try for that companionway again—it is their only hope."

"I'll cover it from the chartroom," Hassan said.

As they stood up, a stray bullet from the foredeck came in through the glassless windows and entered Mahmoud's brain.

And Yassif Hassan, of all people, was suddenly leader of the Fedayeen.

Lying on his stomach, arms and legs spread wide for traction, Dickstein inched his way across the roof, which was curved, totally without handholds and slick with rain. As the Coparelli heaved and shifted in the waves, the roof tilted forward, backward, from side to side. The best Dickstein could do was

Yassif mole

because

just

Hassan said

He the fedayeen, he said

voiced

They

And

both; then and he died instantly the

belly It and and it was and All



✓, more by luck than by judgement,

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press himself to the metal to slow down his sliding about with the roof's tilt

At the forward end of the roof was a navigation light. If he reached that he would have a handhold, but his progress toward it was painfully slow. He was within a foot of it when the ship rolled to port and he slid away a long roll that took him all the way to the edge of the roof where for a moment he hung by one arm over a thirty-foot drop to the deck. The ship rolled more, he tried to dig the fingernails of his right hand into the painted metal of the roof.

The ship, and Dickstein, seemed suspended.

The Coparelli rolled back.

Dickstein let himself go with the roll, sliding toward the navigation light — until the ship pitched up, the roof tilted backward, and he slid in a long curve, missing the light by a yard. Once again he pressed his hands and feet into the metal, trying to slow himself down; once again he went all the way to the edge; once again he hung over the drop to the deck — but this time it was his right arm which dangled over the edge, and his machine gun slipped off his right shoulder and fell into a lifeboat.

The ship rolled back and pitched forward, Dickstein found himself sliding once more toward the navigation light, and this time he reached it, managed to grab hold of it with both hands. The light was about a foot from the forward edge of the roof. Immediately below the edge were the front windows of the bridge, their glass long ago smashed out, two gun barrels poking through their openings.

Dickstein held on to the light but could not stop his slide. His body swung about, heading for the edge. He saw that the front of the roof, unlike the sides, had a narrow steel gutter to take away the rain from the glass below. As his body swung over the edge he released his grip on the navigation light, let himself slide forward with the pitch of the ship, grabbed the steel gutter with his fingertips and swung his legs down and in. He came flying through the broken windows feet first to land in the middle of the bridge, bent his knees to take the shock of landing, then straightened up. His

be safe, for he could hold on to it.

the rest of his leg went over, and

the most vicious

The other man was bringing up his gun. Dickstein lifted the dead man and

Until this moment Dickstein had been like a machine, reacting reflexively to everything that confronted him, letting his nervous system plan every move without conscious thought, allowing training and instinct to guide him; but now it was more than that. Now, faced with the enemy of all he had ever loved, he was possessed by blind hatred and mad rage. [It gave him added speed and power.

submachine gun had been lost, he had no time to draw his pistol or knife. There were two Arabs on the bridge, one on either side of him, both holding machine guns and firing down onto the deck. As Dickstein straightened up they began to turn toward him, amazed at the manner of his arrival.

Dickstein fractionally nearer the one on the port side, took advantage of their surprise to lash out with a foot which landed on the point of the man's elbow, momentarily paralyzing his gun arm.

Dickstein then jumped for the other man as his machine gun was swinging toward Dickstein, a split second too late. Dickstein got inside its swing, brought up his right hand in a two-stroke blow, the heel of his hand hitting the point of the Arab's chin, snapping his head back for the second stroke as Dickstein's fingers stiffened for a karate chop, came down into the exposed flesh of the man's throat. Before the man could fall Dickstein grabbed him by the jacket, swung him around between himself and the other Arab, hurled him across the bridge as the machine gun began firing. The dead body took the bullets, crashed into the other Arab, who lost his balance, went backward out through the open doorway and fell to the deck below.

But there was a third man in the chartroom, this one guarding the companionway leading down. In the few seconds during which Dickstein had been on the bridge the man had become aware, stood up, and turned around. Yasif Hassan.

Dickstein dropped to a crouch, stuck out a leg, kicked at the broken door which lay on the floor between himself and Hassan. The door slid along the deck, striking Hassan's feet, just enough to throw him off balance. As he spread his arms to recover his equilibrium Dickstein moved. No longer was he the creature of his instincts and training. Something new had been added. This was the man he most hated, his personal enemy. Rage gave its own dimension to his speed and power. He took hold of Hassan's gun arm by the wrist and shoulder, with a downward pull broke the arm over his knee. Hassan screamed, the gun dropped from his useless hand. Turning slightly, Dickstein brought his elbow



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only / would /

back in a blow which caught Hassan just under the ear. Hassan turned away, falling. Dickstein grabbed his hair from behind, pulling the head backward. As Hassan sagged away from him he lifted his foot high and kicked. His heel struck the back of Hassan's neck at the moment he jerked the head. ~~A telltale snap as muscles went slack, the head lolled. A lifeless thing.~~

There was a ~~gusty~~ snap as all the tension went out of the man's muscles and his head lolled, ~~he was~~ unsupported, on his shoulders.

and / a /  
at the ~~blow~~ <sup>and</sup> ~~harsh~~ <sup>body</sup> with exultation ringing in his ears.

Then /  
[said] "Christ."  
o / H

got up /  
think I can / o /

o / I / o / and

o / H /  
here,  
careful  
(Roman) ! /

Dickstein let go the body crumpled.

He stared ~~for a moment, coming back as though from an altered state~~

And then he saw Koch.

The engineer was tied to a chair, slumped over, pale as death but conscious. There was blood on his clothes. Dickstein drew his knife, cut the ropes that bound Koch, and saw the man's hands.

He ~~wanted to be sick~~

"I'll live," Koch muttered. ~~"I think . . . But~~ he did not get up from the chair.

Dickstein picked up Hassan's machine gun, checked the magazine. It was almost full. He moved out onto the bridge and located the foghorn.

"Koch," he said, "can you get out of that chair?"

Koch ~~did~~, swaying unsteadily until Dickstein stepped across and supported him, leading him through to the bridge. "See this button? I want you to count slowly to ten then ~~lean on it.~~"

Koch shook his head to clear it. ~~"I'll handle it —" Neither smiled at the unintended irony.~~

"Start. Now."

"One," Koch said, "two —"

Dickstein went down the companionway, came out on the second deck, the one he had cleared himself. It was still empty. He went on down, and stopped just before the ladder emerged into the mess, where he figured all the remaining Fedayeen must be lined against the walls, shooting out through portholes and doorways; one or two perhaps watching the companionway. There was no safe, ~~calculated~~ way to take such a strong defensive position.

Come on, (Koch) —

Dickstein had intended to spend ~~at most~~ a second or two hiding in the companionway. At any moment one of the Arabs might look up it to check — If Koch had collapsed he ~~had~~ have to go back up there and—

The foghorn sounded.

Dickstein ~~moved~~ was firing before he landed. There were two men close to the foot of the ladder. He shot them first. The firing from outside went into a crescendo. Dickstein turned in a rapid half circle, dropped to one knee to make a smaller target, and sprayed the Fedayeen along the walls. Suddenly there was another gun as Ish came up from below; then Feinberg was at one door, shooting; and Dovrat, wounded, came in through another door. And then, as if by signal, they all stopped shooting. The silence was like thunder.

jumped. He /

~~They were alone with the corpses of the enemy. All dead.~~

the Fedayeen were.

Dickstein, still kneeling, bowed his head in exhaustion. After a moment he stood up and looked at his men. "Where are the others?" he said.

Feinberg gave him a peculiar look. "There's someone on the foredeck, Sapir, I think."

~~Dickstein was afraid to ask the next question. He didn't have to.~~

And the rest? /  
are

"That's it," Feinberg said. "All the others / dead."

Dickstein ~~half-slumped~~ against a bulkhead. "What a price," he said, ~~himself feeling more dead than alive.~~

quietly  
Looking out t /  
he saw that  
it was day. <<

Through the smashed porthole ~~the rays of first daylight made their own announcement.~~

1R198/HP1  
^  
^



# 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

MASTER SET

h, sadly

stood there in his underwear, 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 / t / and / o /

She voice / said something which might have /

o / She /

turned back / your underwear? /

That's / o /



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 ~~sat, 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

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. ~~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

Dickstein felt  
of elation and faint  
anxiety with  
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 it 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

had figured out for herself/

I went out for Suza and she thought: Oh, God, what do I do now?

Lat

and/  
Fedayeen/  
had/  
had/  
dropped/  
that this/  
have to

and



the water for a moment like the raised arm of a drowning man, and then she was gone.

*smiled faintly and*  
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 ~~dupe~~ others into helping her.

She had to do it alone.



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~~.

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~~?"

"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~~ 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

[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 ~~in a agony of indecision~~, then she gritted her teeth and hit him again.]

I'll never do it, she thought. <sup>h big</sup> I want to go to sleep forever.

o I <sup>h</sup> o

o I <sup>h</sup> <sup>h</sup> It was completely <sup>h</sup> ann

is getting

~~Oh, Nathaniel.~~

many people starve

there were

rough

that the poor starve while the rich get fat

o <sup>h</sup> o great inequality

I o

but some have privileges

The t too quickly

knowing he would stare at her breasts as they jolted out.



and gave a cry of  
dismay: it was

**MASTER SENT**

: It's just as well,  
he'll stay out longer.

she was breathing fast, from fear as well as exertion.

She glanced at the door.  
Oh, ~~God~~, don't let  
anyone come in now!

He would have liked to open one and feel the stuff, just to know what it was like, but the lids were heavily sealed.

7 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,

"Damn ~~it~~ to hell, Dickstein, *spea*k to me. (Nathaniel) —"

~~And~~ even that thought gave him no joy. A year ago ~~yes~~ but a year ago he had not met ~~for lost~~ Suza Ashford +

She had no idea. She knew she should hit him again, but she was afraid of killing him. She <sup>350</sup> 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.

it would have thrilled him.



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 Suza / 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 pea jacket. "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 ~~a~~ 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 ~~tattered~~ 

[Suddenly Suza was ~~stretched~~  Hearing his ~~spoke~~, 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~~ quickly

Do your best. I want them all running around, nobody quite sure what's going on or what to do

"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 ~~as~~ 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 ~~had~~ 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, ~~h~~ 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

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

hand



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.

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.

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.

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."

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.

"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



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 whooosh, ~~there was~~

a bright red light from below, and a wave of scorching heat. Suza gasped 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. She had to get away from the fire, she had to be somewhere 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

The engineer's smiling face had been transformed into a mask of malice.

She carried on up the ladder.

MASTER screamed / She / ed / and / it killed / the / got worse /

bits / bits of / staggered /

she had to

<< 1R198 / HP1A11



/R900

## EIGHTEEN

(B)

FOR THE SECOND TIME IN TWENTY-FOUR HOURS 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 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's 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 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 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."

Nor do I

Well, I do, and it's my life, and besides, I'm the senior officer here and it's my decision, so to hell with you.

[And he was terrified.]

and he was terrified.

that somehow she had been in their power and

it's the best way

"I don't think that will be necessary," Feinberg said.

"You seem to be set on handling that yourself," Ish said, finishing his thought.

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'd 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'd found her, he would get off the *Karla* with her and—he had a small magnetic mine with him that he'd 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 knew she was there, he knew she'd 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 Suza, to take her home, 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 was nowhere to be seen. He

MASTER SET

However, would

And when he'd found her, he would get off the Karla with her and he had a small magnetic mine with him that he'd fix to the Karla's side before boarding.

big enough

Except he was sure it was not a trap—he knew she was there, he knew she'd been forced to help them, and now had risked her life to save his.

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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 Suza, to take her home, 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.

It's the best way.



Wondering desperately

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; and that /

The uranium was safe.

his face registering amazement.

Then Dickstein reached out his hand for a pull as 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

began to zigzag in a search pattern, with no idea how far off course he was.  
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.  
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

- three men was probably one-fifth of the opposition

Two dead, and still they did not know he was on board.

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.

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

He

decided not to.

then was and he jumped forward

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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 rasping 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

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 ~~know~~. 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

Rostov saw his face and gasped "You!"

Dickstein hit him in the stomach first,

Dickstein saw something which made him temporarily unhinged,

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Then he kicked her in the stomach, it was a powerful, vicious kick, and it knocked the breath out of her and brought fresh tears to her eyes.

One line, long



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—" ~~he~~

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 ~~far out~~ over the gunwale of the launch ~~to~~ take hold of her wrists.

He pulled her into the well of the launch ~~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~~ ~~ease~~." 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~~ 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.

[The corners of her mouth lifted in a faint smile. "I'll make it"] ~~she said~~

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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 <sup>h</sup>smiling.

← /R198 ← /HP 1 1 1 1

## EPILOGUE <sup>(B)</sup>

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.

~~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." —

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.

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



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."

"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 ③

FROM the London Daily Telegraph of May 7, 1977: F ^

⑥ ISRAEL SUSPECTED OF HIJACKING SHIP WITH URANIUM ↓ <  
by Henry Miller in New York 1 ^

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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