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Corrections as described in the edits & Centaur as prepared / MSS, etc. & Perhaps such - & sent next to & Obvious horrors are caught in one cycle of proof galleys - Here and there corrections & errors as I've seen them.

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Also by Ken Follett

EYE OF THE NEEDLE

A Novel by

Ken Follett

Arbor House
NEW YORK

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To Al Zuckerman

It must be appreciated that the only difficult part of making a fission bomb of some sort is the preparation of a supply of fissionable material of adequate purity; the design of the bomb itself is relatively easy . . .

—*Encyclopedia Americana*

Prologue

Book Press
Galley 0002 Take 0001 Version code 02-08
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THERE WAS a time, just once, when they were all together.

They met many years ago, when they were young, before all *this* happened; but the meeting cast shadows far across the decades.

It was the first Sunday in November, 1947, to be exact; and each of them met all the others—indeed, for a few minutes they were all in one room. Some of them immediately forgot the faces they saw and the names they heard spoken in formal introductions. Some of them actually forgot the whole day; and when it became so important, twenty-one years later, they had to pretend to remember; to stare at blurred photographs and murmur "Ah, yes, of course," in a knowing way.

This early meeting is a coincidence, but not a very startling one. They were mostly young and able; they were destined to have power, to take decisions, and to make changes, each in their different ways, in their different countries; and those people often meet in their youth at places like Oxford University. Furthermore, when all *this* happened, those who were not involved initially were sucked into it just *because* they had met the others at Oxford.

However, it did not seem like an ~~especially~~ historic meeting at the time. It was just another sherry party in a place where there were too many sherry parties (and, undergraduates would add, not enough sherry). It was an uneventful occasion. Well, almost.

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Al Cortone knocked and waited in the hall for a dead man to open the door.

The suspicion that his friend was dead had grown to a conviction in the past three years. First, Cortone had heard that Nat Dickstein had been taken prisoner. Towards the end of the war, stories began to circulate about what was happening to Jews in the Nazi camps. Then, at the end, the grim truth came out.

On the other side of the door, a ghost scraped a chair on the floor and padded across the room.

Cortone felt suddenly nervous. What if Dickstein were disabled, deformed? Suppose he had become unhinged? Cortone had never known how to deal with cripples or crazy men. He and Dickstein had become very close, just for a few days back in 1943; but what was Dickstein like now?

The door opened, and Cortone said: "Hi, Nat."

Dickstein stared at him, then his face split in a wide grin and he came out with one of his ridiculous Cockney phrases: "Gawd, stone the crows!"

Cortone grinned back, relieved. They shook hands, and slapped each other on the back, and let rip some soldierly language just for the hell of it; then they went inside.

Dickstein's home was one high-ceilinged room of an old house in a run-down part of the city. There was a single bed, neatly made up in army fashion; a heavy old wardrobe of dark wood with a matching dresser; and a table piled with books in front of a small window. Cortone thought the room looked bare. If he had to live here he would put some personal stuff all around to make the place look like his own: photographs of his family, souvenirs of Niagara and Miami Beach, his high school football trophy.

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Book Press
Galley 0003 Take 0001 Version code 02-08
Job 00005928 Oper 00 Key Bd. 80 Date 06/29/79
C.Scan., DN 119, SN 3243, Book Press: Triple, 11/14x26 T.R., 606

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Dickstein said: "What I want to know is, how did you find me?"

"I'll tell you, it wasn't easy." Cortone took off his uniform jacket and laid it on the narrow bed. "It took me most of yesterday." He eyed the only easy chair in the room. Both arms tilted sideways at odd angles, a spring poked through the faded chrysanthemums of the fabric, and one missing foot had been replaced with a copy of Plato's *Theaetetus*. "Can human beings sit on that?"

"Not above the rank of sergeant. But—"

"They aren't human anyway."

They both laughed: it was an old joke. Dickstein brought a bentwood chair from the table and straddled it. He looked his friend up and down for a moment and said, "You're getting fat."

Cortone patted the slight swell of his stomach. "We live well in Frankfurt—you really missed out, getting demobilized." He leaned forward and lowered his voice, as if what he was saying was somewhat confidential. "I have made a *fortune*. Jewelry, china, antiques—all bought for cigarettes and soap. The Germans are starving. And—best of all—the girls will do anything for a Tootsie Roll." He sat back, waiting for a laugh, but Dickstein just stared at him straight-faced. Disconcerted, Cortone changed the subject. "One thing you ain't, is fat."

At first he had been so relieved to see Dickstein still in one piece and grinning the same grin that he had not looked at him closely. Now he realized that his friend was worse than thin: he looked wasted. Nat Dickstein had always been short and slight, but now he seemed all bones. The dead-white skin, and the large brown eyes behind the plastic-rimmed spectacles, accentuated the effect. Between the top of his sock and the cuff of his trouser-leg a few inches of pale shin showed like matchwood. Four years ago Dickstein had been brown, stringy, as hard as the leather soles of his British Army boots. When Cortone talked about his English buddy, as he often did, he would say, "The toughest, meanest bastard fighting soldier that ever saved my goddamn life, and I ain't shittin' you."

"Fat? No," Dickstein said. "This country is still on iron rations, mate. But we manage."

"You've known worse."

Dickstein smiled. "And eaten it."

"You got took prisoner."

"At La Molina."

"How the hell did they tie you down?"

"Easy." Dickstein shrugged. "A bullet broke my leg and I passed out. When I came round I was in a German truck."

Cortone looked at Dickstein's legs. "It mended okay?"

"I was lucky. There was a medic in my truck on the POW train—he set the bone."

Cortone nodded. "And then the camp . . ." He thought maybe he should not ask, but he wanted to know.

Dickstein looked away. "It was all right until they found out I'm Jewish. Do you want a cup of tea? I can't afford whiskey."

"No." Cortone wished he had kept his mouth shut. "Anyway, I don't drink whiskey in the morning anymore. Life doesn't seem as short as it used to."

Dickstein's eyes ~~turned~~ back toward Cortone. "They decided to find out how many times they could break a leg in the same place and mend it again."

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Job 00005928 Oper 00 Key Bd. 80 Date 06/29/79
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"Jesus." Cortone's voice was a whisper.

"That was the best part," Dickstein said in a flat monotone. He looked away again.

Cortone said, "Bastards." He could not think of anything else to say. There was a strange expression on Dickstein's face; something Cortone had not seen before, something—he realized after a moment—that was very like fear. It was odd. After all, it was over now, wasn't it? "Well, hell, at least we won, didn't we?" He punched Dickstein's shoulder.

Dickstein grinned. "We did. Now, what are you doing in England? And how did you find me?"

"I managed to get a stopover in London on my way back to Buffalo. I went to the War Office . . ." Cortone hesitated. He had gone to the War Office to find out how and when Dickstein died. "They gave me an address in Stepney," he continued. "When I got there, there was only one house left standing in the whole street. In this house, underneath an inch of dust, I find this old man."

"Tommy Coster."

"Right. Well, after I drink nineteen cups of weak tea and listen to the story of his life, he sends me to another house around the corner, where I find your mother, drink more weak tea and hear the story of her life. By the time I get your address it's too late to catch the last train to Oxford, so I wait until the morning, and here I am. I only have a few hours—my ship sails tomorrow."

"You've got your discharge?"

"In three weeks, two days and ninety-four minutes."

"What are you going to do back home? ~~In the States?~~"

"Run the family business. I've discovered, in the last couple of years, that I am a terrific businessman."

"What business is your family in? You never told me."

"Trucking," Cortone said shortly. "And you? What is this with Oxford University, for Christ's sake? What are you studying?"

"Hebrew Literature."

"You're kidding."

"I could write Hebrew before I went to school, didn't I ever tell you? My grandfather was a real scholar. He lived in one smelly room over a pie shop in the Mile End Road. I went there every Saturday and Sunday, since before I can remember. I never complained—I love it. Anyway, what else would I study?"

Cortone shrugged. "I don't know, atomic physics maybe, or business management. Why study at all?"

"To become happy, clever and rich."

Cortone shook his head. "Weird as ever. Lots of girls here?"

"Very few. Besides, I'm busy." ~~Dickstein blushed~~. ~~Dickstein, he could swear, blushed!~~ "Liar. You're in love, you fool. I can tell. Who is she?"

"Well, to be honest . . ." Dickstein was embarrassed. "She's ~~off-limits~~. A professor's wife. Exotic, intelligent, the most beautiful woman I've ever seen."

Cortone made a dubious face. "It's not promising, Nat."

"I know, but still . . ." Dickstein stood up. "You'll see what I mean."

"I get to meet ~~her~~?"

"Professor Ashford is giving a sherry party. I'm invited. I was just leaving when you got here." Dickstein put on his jacket.

"A sherry party in Oxford," Cortone said. "Wait till ~~they hear~~ about this ~~in Buffalo~~."

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He thought Dickstein was blushing.

out of reach

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Book Press
Galley 0005 Take 0001 Version code 02-08
Job 00005928 Oper 00 Key Bd. 80 Date 06/29/79
C.Scan., DN 119, SN 3243, Book Press: Triple, 11/14x26 T.R., 606

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0003 It was a cold, bright morning. Pale sunshine washed the
0004 cream-colored stone of the city's old buildings. They walked in
0005 comfortable silence, hands in pockets, shoulders hunched against
0006 the biting November wind which whistled through the streets.
0007 Cortone kept muttering, "Dreaming spires ~~[illegible] balls~~"
0008 There were very few people about, but after they had walked a
0009 mile or so Dickstein pointed across the road to a tall man with a
0010 college scarf wound around his neck. "There's the Russian," he
0011 said. He called: "Hey, Rostov!"
0012 The Russian looked up, waved, and crossed to their side of the
0013 street. He had an army haircut, and was too long and thin for his
0014 mass-produced suit. Cortone was beginning to think everyone
0015 was thin in this country.
0016 Dickstein said: "Rostov's at Balliol, same college as me. David
0017 Rostov, meet Alan Cortone. Al and I were together in Italy for a
0018 while. Going to Ashford's house, Rostov?"
0019 The Russian nodded solemnly. "Anything for a free drink."
0020 Cortone said: "You interested in Hebrew Literature too?"
0021 Rostov said: "No, I'm here to study bourgeois economics."
0022 Dickstein laughed loudly. Cortone did not see the joke.
0023 Dickstein explained: "Rostov is from Smolensk. He's a member
0024 of the CPSU—the Communist Party of the Soviet Union."
0025 Cortone still did not see the joke.
0026 "I thought nobody was allowed to leave Russia," Cortone said.
0027 Rostov went into a long and involved explanation which had to
0028 do with his father's having been a diplomat in Japan when the war
0029 broke out. He had an earnest expression which occasionally gave
0030 way to a sly smile. Although his English was imperfect, he
0031 managed to give Cortone the impression that he was condescend-
0032 ing. Cortone turned off, and began to think about how you could
0033 love a man as if he was your own brother, fighting side by side
0034 with him, and then he could go off and study Hebrew Literature
0035 and you would realize you never really knew him at all.
0036 Eventually Rostov said to Dickstein: "Have you decided yet,
0037 about going to Palestine?"
0038 Cortone said: "Palestine? What for?"
0039 Dickstein looked troubled. "I haven't decided."
0040 "You should go," said Rostov. "The Jewish National Home
0041 will help to break up the last remnants of the British Empire in
0042 the Middle East."
0043 "Is that the Party line?" Dickstein asked with a faint smile.
0044 "Yes," Rostov said seriously. "You're a socialist—"
0045 "Of sorts."
0046 "—and it is important that the new State should be socialist."
0047 Cortone was incredulous. "The Arabs are murdering you
0048 people out there. Jeez, Nat, you only just escaped from the
0049 ~~goddamn~~ Germans."
0050 'I haven't decided," Dickstein repeated. He shook his head
0051 irritably. "I don't know what to do." It seemed he did not want to
0052 talk about it.
0053 They were walking briskly. Cortone's face was freezing, but he
0054 was perspiring beneath his winter uniform. The other two began
0055 to discuss a scandal: a man called Mosley—the name meant
0056 nothing to Cortone—had been persuaded to enter Oxford in a
0057 van and make a speech at the Martyr's Memorial. Mosley was a
0058 ~~Nazi, he~~ gathered a moment later. Rostov was arguing that the
0059 ~~incid~~ent proved how social-democracy was closer to Fascism than
0060 Communism. Dickstein claimed the undergraduates who organ-
0061 ized the event were just trying to be "shocking."
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Galley 0006 Take 0001 Version code 02-08
Job 00005928 Oper 00 Key Bd. 80 Date 06/29/79
C.Scan., DN 119, SN 3243, Book Press: Triple, 11/14x26 T.R., 606

Cortone listened and watched the two men. They were an odd couple: tall Rostov, his scarf like a striped bandage, taking long strides, his too-short trousers flapping like flags; and diminutive Dickstein with big eyes and round spectacles, wearing a demob suit, looking like a skeleton in a hurry. Cortone was no academic, but ~~he figured~~ he could smell ~~out~~ bullshit in any language, and he knew that neither of them was saying what he believed: Rostov was parroting some kind of official dogma, and Dickstein's brittle ~~detachment~~ masked a different, deeper attitude. When Dickstein laughed about Mosley, he sounded like a child laughing after a nightmare. They both argued cleverly but without emotion: it was like a fencing match with blunted swords.

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unconcern
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Eventually Dickstein seemed to realize that Cortone was being left out of the discussion and began to talk about their host. "Stephen Ashford is a bit accentric, but a remarkable man," he said. "He spent most of his life in the Middle East. Made a small fortune and lost it, by all accounts. He used to do crazy things, like crossing the Arabian Desert on a camel."

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"That might be the least crazy way to cross it," Cortone said.

Rostov said, "Ashford has a Lebanese wife."

Cortone looked at Dickstein. "She's—"

"She's younger than he is," Dickstein said hastily. "He brought her back to England just before the war and became Professor of Semitic Literature here. If he gives you marsala instead of sherry it means you've overstayed your welcome."

"People know the difference?" Cortone said.

"This is his house."

Cortone was half expecting a Moorish villa, but the Ashford home was imitation Tudor, painted white with green woodwork. The garden in front was a jungle of shrubs. The three young men walked up a brick pathway to the house. The front door was open. They entered a small, square hall. Somewhere in the house several people laughed: the party had started. A pair of double doors opened and the most beautiful woman in the world came out.

Cortone was transfixed. He stood and stared as she came across the carpet to welcome them. He heard Dickstein say, "This is my friend Alan Cortone," and suddenly he was touching her long brown hand, warm and dry and fine-boned, and he never wanted to let go.

She turned away and led them into the drawing room. Dickstein touched Cortone's arm and grinned: he had known what was going on in his friend's mind.

Cortone recovered his composure sufficiently to say, "Wow."

Small glasses of sherry were lined up with military precision on a little table. She handed one to Cortone, smiled, and said, "I'm Eila Ashford, by the way."

Cortone took in the details as she handed out the drinks. She was completely unadorned: there was no make-up on her astonishing face, her black hair was straight, and she wore a white dress and sandals—yet the effect was almost like nakedness, and Cortone was embarrassed at the thoughts that ~~rushed~~ through his mind as he looked at her.

animal

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He forced himself to turn away and study his surroundings. The room had the unfinished elegance of a place where people are living slightly beyond their means. The rich Persian carpet was bordered by a strip of peeling gray linoleum; someone had been mending the radio, and its innards were all over a kidney table; there were a couple of bright rectangles on the wallpaper where pictures had been taken down; and some of the sherry glasses did not quite match the set. There were about a dozen people in the room.

Book Press
Galley 0007 Take 0001 Version code 02-08
Job 00005928 Oper 00 Key Bd. 80 Date 06/29/79
C.Scan., DN 119, SN 3243, Book Press: Triple, 11/14x26 T.R., 606

An Arab wearing a beautiful pearl-gray Western suit was standing at the fireplace, looking at a wooden carving on the mantlepiece. Eila Ashford called him over. "I want you to meet Yasif Hassan, a friend of my family from home," she said. "He's at Worcester College."

Hassan said, "I know Dickstein." He shook hands all around.

Cortone thought he was fairly handsome, for a ~~colored guy~~, and haughty, the way ~~some of them~~ were when they made some money and ~~got~~ invited to white homes.

Rostov asked him: "You're from Lebanon?"

"Palestine."

"Ah!" Rostov became animated. "And what do you think of the United Nations partition plan?"

"Irrelevant," the Arab said languidly. "The British must leave, and my country will have a democratic government."

"But then the Jews will be in a minority," Rostov argued.

"They are in a minority in England. Should they be given Surrey as a national home?"

"Surrey has never been theirs. Palestine was, once."

Hassan shrugged elegantly. "It was—when the Welsh had England, the English had Germany, and the Norman French lived in Scandinavia." He turned to Dickstein. "You have a sense of justice~~, Dickstein,~~ what do you think?"

Dickstein took off his glasses. "Never mind justice. ~~Let's just say~~ I want a place to call my own."

"Even if you have to steal mine?" Hassan said.

"You can have the rest of the Middle East."

"I don't want it."

Rostov said, "This discussion~~, gentlemen, clearly,~~ proves the necessity for partition."

~~At which point~~ Eila Ashford offered a box of cigarettes. Cortone took one, and lit hers. While the others argued about Palestine, Eila asked Cortone, "Have you known Dickstein long?"

"We met in 1943," Cortone said. He watched her brown lips close around the cigarette. She even smoked beautifully. Delicately, she picked a fragment of tobacco from the tip of her tongue.

"I'm terribly curious about him," she said.

"Why?"

"Everyone is. He's only a boy, and yet he seems so *old*. Then again, he's obviously a Cockney, but he's not in the least intimidated by all these upper class Englishmen. But he'll talk about anything except himself."

Cortone nodded. "I'm ~~finding out~~ that I don't really know him, either."

"My husband says he's a brilliant student."

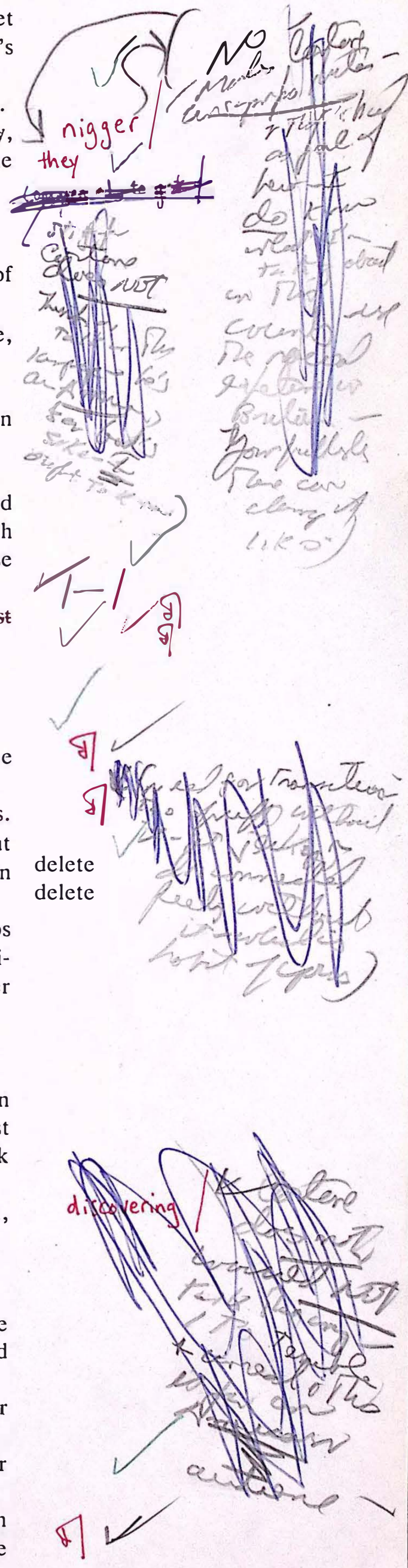
"He saved my life."

"Good Lord." She looked at him more closely, as if she were wondering whether he was just being melodramatic. She seemed to decide in his favor. "I'd like to hear about it."

A middle-aged man in baggy corduroy trousers touched her shoulder and said, "How is everything, my dear?"

"Fine," she said. "Mr. Cortone, this is my husband, Professor Ashford."

Cortone said, "How are you." Ashford was a balding man in ill-fitting clothes. Cortone had ~~at least~~ been expecting Lawrence of Arabia. He thought, maybe Nat has a chance after all.



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Galley 0008 Take 0001 Version code 02-08
Job 00005928 Oper 00 Key Bd. 80 Date 06/29/79
C.Scan., DN 119, SN 3243, Book Press: Triple, 11/14x26 T.R., 606

Eila said, "Mr. Cortone was telling me how Nat Dickstein saved his life."

"Really!" Ashford said. ~~"Tell us about it."~~

~~Cortone~~ glanced over at Dickstein, now deep in conversation with Hassan and Rostov; and noted how the three men displayed their attitudes by the way they stood: Rostov with his feet apart, wagging a finger like a teacher, sure in his dogma; Hassan leaning against a bookcase, one hand in his pocket, smoking, pretending that the international debate about the future of his country was of merely academic interest; Dickstein with arms folded tightly, shoulders hunched, head bowed in concentration, his stance giving the lie to the dispassionate character of his remarks. Cortone heard *The British promised Palestine to the Jews,* and the reply, *Beware the gifts of a thief.* He turned back to the Ashfords and began to tell them the story ~~of a Jew and a Wop. It really seemed a long time ago, but he would never forget it.~~

"It was in Sicily, near a place called Ragusa, a hill town," he said. "I'd taken a T-force around the outskirts. To the north of the town we came on a German tank in a little hollow, on the edge of a clump of trees. The tank looked abandoned but I put a grenade into it to make sure. As we drove past there was a shot—only one—and a German with a machine gun fell out of a tree. He'd been hiding up there, ready to pick us off as we passed. It was ~~pld~~ Nat Dickstein who shot him."

Eila's eyes sparkled with something like excitement, but her husband had gone white. Obviously the Professor had no stomach for tales of life and death. Cortone thought if that upsets you, pop, I hope Dickstein never tells you any of *his* stories.

"The British had come around the town from the other side," Cortone went on. "Nat had seen the tank, like I did, and smelled a trap. He had spotted the sniper and was waiting to see if there were any more when we turned up. If he hadn't been so damn smart I'd be ~~a~~ dead ~~Italian~~."

The other two were silent for a moment. Ashford said, "It's not long ago, but we forget so fast."

Eila remembered her other guests. "I want to talk to you some more before you go," she said to Cortone. She went across the room to where Hassan was trying to open a pair of doors that gave on to the garden.

Ashford brushed nervously at the wispy hair behind his ears. "The public hears about the big battles, but I suppose the soldier remembers those little personal incidents."

Cortone nodded, thinking that Ashford clearly had no conception of what war was like, and wondering if the Professor's youth had really been as adventurous as Dickstein claimed. "Later, I took him to meet my cousins—the family comes from Sicily. We had pasta and wine, and they made a hero of Nat. We were together only for a few days, but we were like brothers, you know?"

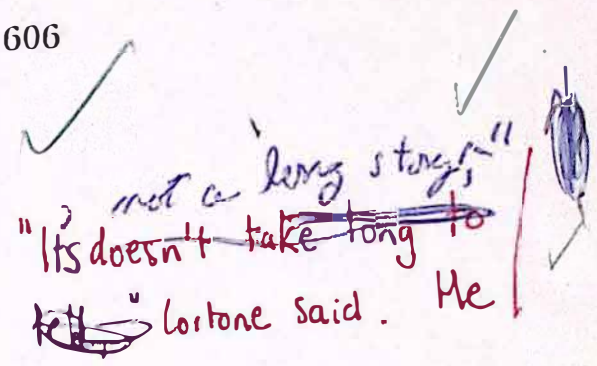
"Indeed."

"When I heard he was taken prisoner, I figured I'd never see him again."

"Do you know what happened to him?" Ashford said. "He doesn't say much . . ."

Cortone shrugged. "He survived the camps."

"He was fortunate."



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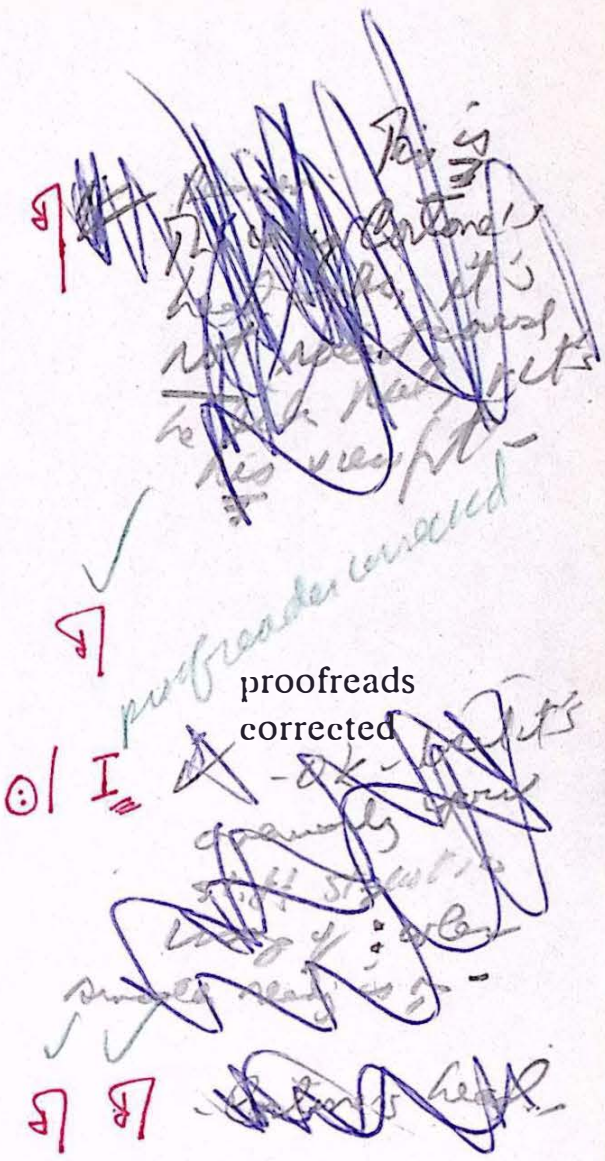

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Job 00005928 Oper 00 Key Bd. 80 Date 06/29/79
C.Scan., DN 119, SN 3243, Book Press: Triple, 11/14x26 T.R., 606

"Was he?"

Ashford looked at Cortone for a moment, ~~hesitated~~, then turned away and looked around the room. After a moment he said, "This is not a very typical Oxford gathering, you know. Dickstein, Rostov and Hassan are somewhat unusual students. You should meet Toby—he's the archetypal undergraduate." He caught the eye of a red-faced youth in a tweed suit and a very wide paisley tie. "Toby, come and meet Dickstein's comrade-in-arms—Mr. Cortone."

Toby shook hands and said abruptly: "Any chance of a tip from the stable? Will Dickstein win?"

"Win what?" Cortone said.

Ashford explained: "Dickstein and Rostov are to play a chess match—they're both supposed to be terribly good. Toby thinks you might have inside information—he probably wants to bet on the outcome."

~~All~~ Cortone said ~~was~~, "I thought chess was an old man's game."

Toby said: "Ah!" rather loudly, and emptied his glass. He and Ashford seemed ~~shocked~~ by Cortone's remark — ~~Just then~~ a little girl, four or five years old, came in from the garden carrying an elderly gray cat. Ashford introduced her with the coy pride of a man who has become a father in middle age.

"This is Suza," he said.

The girl said, "And this is Hezekiah."

She had her mother's skin and hair; she too would be beautiful. Cortone wondered whether she was really Ashford's daughter. There was nothing of him in her looks. She held out the cat's paw, and Cortone obligingly shook it and said, "How are you, Hezekiah?"

Suza went over to Dickstein. "Good morning, Nat. Would you like to stroke Hezekiah?"

"She's a very cute ~~little girl~~," Cortone said to Ashford — "I have to talk to Nat. Would you excuse me?" ~~and~~ went over to Dickstein, who was kneeling down and stroking the cat.

Nat and Suza ~~clearly~~ seemed to be pals. He told her, "This is my friend Alan."

"We've met," she said, and fluttered her eyelashes/ ~~and~~ Cortone thought/ She learned *that* from her mother.

"We were in the war together," Dickstein continued.

Suza looked directly at Cortone. "Did you kill people?"

He hesitated/ ~~then~~ "Sure."

"Do you feel bad about it?"

"Not too — they were ~~pretty bad~~ people.".

"Nat feels bad about it. That's why he doesn't like to talk about it too much."

The kid ~~seemed to be the only one who~~ had got ~~anything~~ out of Dickstein/

The cat jumped out of Suza's arms with surprising agility. She chased after it. Dickstein stood up.

"I wouldn't say Mrs. Ashford is out of reach," Cortone said quietly.

"Wouldn't you?" Dickstein said.

"She can't be more than twenty-five. He's at least twenty years older, and I'll bet he's no pistol. If they got married before the war, she must have been around seventeen at the time. And they don't ~~exactly~~ seem affectionate."

confused /

Substitute confused

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Roman

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than all the grown-ups put together

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Galley 0010 Take 0001 Version code 02-08
Job 00005928 Oper 00 Key Bd. 80 Date 06/29/79
C.Scan., DN 119, SN 3243, Book Press: Triple, 11/14x26 T.R., 606

"I wish I could believe you," Dickstein said. ~~Except~~ he was not as interested as he should have been ~~Cortone thought~~. "Come and see the garden."

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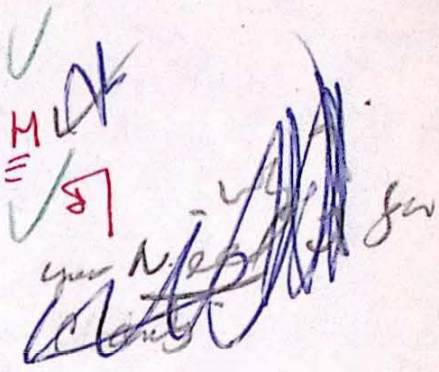


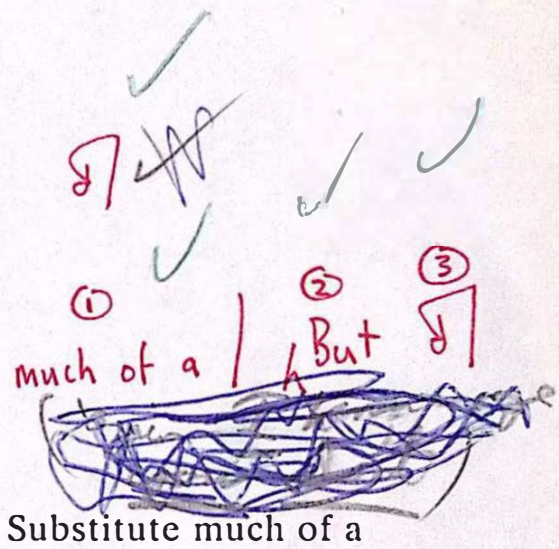
They went through the French doors. The sun was stronger, and the bitter cold had gone from the air. The garden stretched in a green-and-brown wilderness down to the edge of the river. They walked away from the house.

Dickstein said, "You don't much like this crowd."

"The war's over," Cortone said. "You and me, we live in different worlds now. All this—professors, chess matches, sherry parties . . . I might as well be on Mars. My life is doing deals, fighting off the competition, making a few bucks. I was fixing to offer you a job in my business, ~~Nat~~, but I guess I'd be wasting my time."

"Alan . . ."

"Listen, what the hell. We'll probably lose touch now—I'm not ~~exactly your ace~~ letter writer. I won't forget ~~though~~, that I owe you my life. One of these days you might want to call in the debt. You know where to find me."



Substitute much of a

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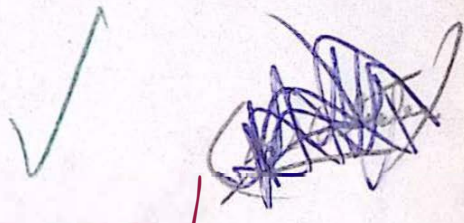
Dickstein opened his mouth to speak, then they heard the voices.

"Oh . . . no, not here, not now . . ." It was a woman.

"Yes!" A man.

Dickstein and Cortone were standing beside a thick box hedge which cut off a corner of the garden: someone had begun to plant a maze and never finished the job. A few steps from where they were a gap opened, then the hedge turned a right angle and ran along the river bank. The voices came clearly from the other side of the foliage.

The woman spoke again, low and throaty. "Don't, damn you, ~~no . . .~~"



or I'll scream.

or I'll scream

Dickstein and Cortone stepped through the gap.

See reverse side

~~Neither~~ Cortone ~~nor Dickstein—especially Dickstein~~ would never forget what he saw there. ~~Cortone~~ stared at the two people, then glanced at Dickstein ~~whose~~ face was gray with shock ~~He, in fact,~~ looked ill. Cortone looked back at the couple.

The woman was Eila Ashford. The skirt of her dress was around her waist, her face was flushed with pleasure, and ~~the man providing it was~~ Yasif Hassan.

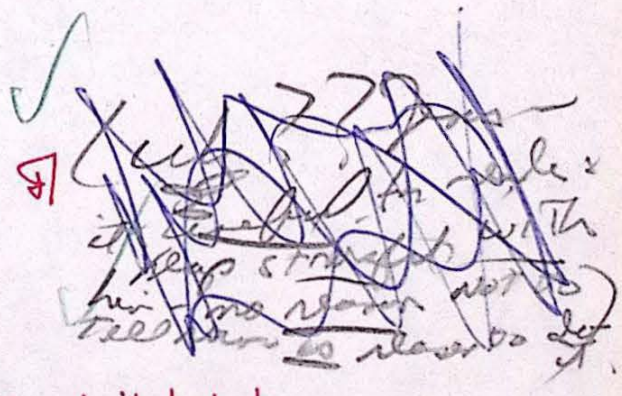
~~Dickstein could no longer look at all.~~

He Dickstein's , and his mouth dropped open as he gazed in horror and despair.

She was kissing

She was kissing.

THE PUBLIC-ADDRESS system at Cairo airport made a noise like a doorbell, and then the arrival of the Alitalia flight from Milan was announced in Arabic, Italian, French and English. Towfik el-Masiri ~~—not, of course, his real name—~~ left his table in the buffet and made his way out to the observation deck. He put on his sunglasses to look over the shimmering concrete apron. The Caravelle was already down and taxiing.



and it had been

Insert it had been

Towfik was there because of a cable. It had come that morning from his "uncle" in Rome, in code. Any business could use a code for international telegrams, provided it first lodged the key to the code with the post office. Such codes were used more to save money—by reducing common phrases to single words—than to keep secrets. Towfik's uncle's cable, transcribed according to the registered code book, gave details of his late aunt's will. However, Towfik had another key, and the message he read was:

0033

Cortone would never forget what he saw there. He stared at the two people and then, appalled, he glanced at Dickstein. Dickstein's face was gray with shock, and he looked ill; his mouth dropped open as he gazed in horror and despair. Cortone looked back at the couple.

The woman was Eila Ashford. The skirt of her dress was around her ~~face~~ waist, her face was flushed with pleasure, and she was kissing Yasif Hassan.

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9999
0001
0002 OBSERVE AND FOLLOW PROFESSOR FRIEDRICH
0003 SCHULZ ARRIVING CAIRO FROM MILAN WEDNES-
0004 DAY 28 FEBRUARY 1968 FOR SEVERAL DAYS. AGE 51
0005 HEIGHT 180 CM WEIGHT 150 POUNDS HAIR WHITE
0006 EYES BLUE NATIONALITY AUSTRIAN COMPANIONS
0007 WIFE ONLY.

0008
0009 The passengers began to file out of the aircraft, and Towfik
0010 ~~detected~~ his man almost immediately. There was only one tall,
0011 lean white-haired man on the flight. He was wearing a light blue
0012 suit, a white shirt and a tie and carrying a plastic shopping bag
0013 from a duty-free store and a camera. His wife was much shorter,
0014 and wore a fashionable mini-dress and blonde wig. As they
0015 crossed the airfield they looked about them and sniffed the warm,
0016 dry desert air the way most people did the first time they landed
0017 in North Africa.
0018 The passengers disappeared into the arrivals hall. Towfik
0019 waited on the observation deck until the baggage came off the
0020 plane, then he went inside and mingled with the small crowd of
0021 people waiting just beyond the customs barrier.
0022 He did a lot of waiting. That was something they did not teach
0023 you—how to wait. You learned to handle guns, memorize maps,
0024 break open safes and kill people with your bare hands, all in the
0025 first six months of the training course; but there were no lectures
0026 in patience, no exercises for sore feet, no seminars on tedium.
0027 And it was beginning to seem like *There is something wrong here*
0028 beginning to seem *Lookout lookout* beginning to—
0029 There was another agent in the crowd.
0030 Towfik's subconscious hit the fire alarm while he was thinking
0031 about patience. The people in the little crowd, waiting for
0032 relatives and friend and business acquaintances off the Milan
0033 plane, were impatient. They smoked, shifted their weight from
0034 one foot to the other, craned their necks and fidgeted. There was
0035 a middle-class family with four children, two men in the
0036 traditional striped cotton *galabiya* robes, a businessman in a dark
0037 suit, a young white woman, a chauffeur with a sign saying FORD
0038 MOTOR COMPANY, and—
0039 And a patient man.
0040 Like Towfik, he had dark skin and short hair and wore a
0041 European-style suit. At first glance he seemed to be with the
0042 middle-class family—just as Towfik would seem, to a casual
0043 observer, to be with the businessman in the dark suit. The other
0044 agent stood nonchalantly, with his hands behind his back, facing
0045 the exit from the baggage hall, looking unobtrusive. There was a
0046 streak of paler skin alongside his nose, like an old scar. He
0047 touched it, once, in what might have been a nervous gesture, then
0048 put his hand behind his back again.
0049 The question was, had he spotted Towfik?
0050 Towfik turned to the businessman beside him and said, "I
0051 never understand why this has to take so long." He smiled, and
0052 spoke quietly, so that the businessman leaned closer to hear him
0053 and smiled back; and the pair of them looked like acquaintances
0054 having a casual conversation.
0055 The businessman said, "The formalities take longer than the
0056 flight."
0057 Towfik stole another glance at the other agent. The man stood
0058 in the same position, watching the exit. He had not attempted any
0059 camouflage. Did that mean that he had not spotted Towfik? Or
0060 was it just that he had second-guessed Towfik, by deciding that a
0061 piece of camouflage would give him away?
0000

spotted

spotted

insert comma

insert a

delete

delete

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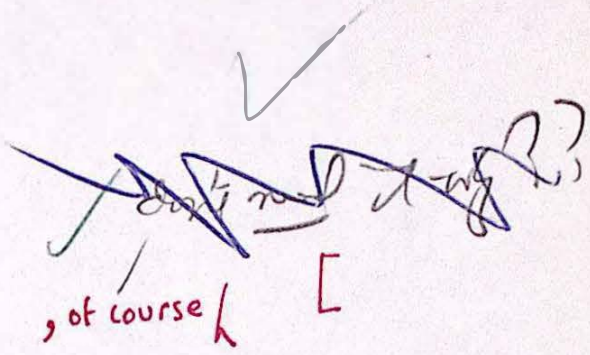
Galley 0012 Take 0001 Version code 02-08
Job 00005928 Oper 00 Key Bd. 80 Date 06/29/79
C.Scan., DN 119, SN 3243, Book Press: Triple, 11/14x26 T.R., 606

9999

0001 The passengers began to emerge, and Towfik realized there
0002 was nothing he could do, either way. He hoped the people the
0003 agent was meeting would come out before Professor Schulz.
0004 It was not to be. Schulz and his wife were among the first little
0005 knot of passengers to come through.
0006 The other agent approached them and shook hands.
0007 Of course. The agent was there to meet Schulz.
0008 Towfik watched while the agent summoned porters and
0009 ushered the Schulzes away; then he went out by a different exit to
0010 his car. Before getting in he took off his jacket and tie and put on
0011 sunglasses and a white cotton cap. Now he would not be easily
0012 recognizable as the man who had been waiting at the meeting
0013 point.
0014 He figured the agent would have parked in a no-waiting zone
0015 right outside the main entrance, so he drove that way. He was
0016 right. He saw the porters loading the Schulz baggage into the
0017 boot of a five-year-old gray Mercedes. He drove on.
0018 He steered his dirty Renault onto the main highway, which ran
0019 from Heliopolis, where the airport was, to Cairo. He drove at 60
0020 kph and kept to the slow lane. The gray Mercedes passed him two
0021 or three minutes later, and he accelerated to keep it within sight.
0022 He memorized its number, as it was always useful to be able to
0023 recognize the opposition's cars.
0024 The sky began to cloud over. As he sped down the straight,
0025 palm-lined highway, Towfik considered what he had found out so
0026 far. The cable had told him nothing about Schulz except what the
0027 man looked like and the fact that he was an Austrian professor.
0028 The meeting at the airport meant a great deal, though. It had
0029 been a kind of clandestine VIP treatment. Towfik had the agent
0030 figured for a local: everything pointed to that—his clothes, his
0031 car, his style of waiting. That meant Schulz was probably here by
0032 invitation of the government, but either he or the people he had
0033 come to see wanted the visit kept secret.
0034 It was not much. What was Schulz professor *of?* He could be a
0035 banker, arms manufacturer, rocketry expert or cotton buyer. He
0036 might even be with Al Fatah, but Towfik could not quite see the
0037 man as a resurrected Nazi. Still, anything was possible.
0038 Certainly Tel Aviv did not think Schulz was important: if they
0039 had, they would not have used Towfik, who was young and
0040 inexperienced, for this surveillance. It was even possible that the
0041 whole thing was yet another training exercise.
0042 They entered Cairo on the Shari Ramses, and Towfik closed
0043 the gap between his car and the Mercedes until there was only
0044 one vehicle between them. The gray car turned right on to the
0045 Corniche al-Nil then crossed the river by the 26 July Bridge and
0046 entered the Zamalek district of Gezira island.
0047 There was less traffic in the wealthy, dull suburb, and Towfik
0048 became edgy about being spotted by the agent at the wheel of the
0049 Mercedes. However, two minutes later the other car turned into a
0050 residential street near the Officers' Club and stopped outside an
0051 apartment block with a jacaranda tree in the garden. Towfik
0052 immediately took a right turn and was out of sight before the
0053 doors of the other car could open. He parked, jumped out, and
0054 walked back to the corner. He was in time to see the agent and
0055 the Schulzes disappear into the building followed by a caretaker
0056 in *galabiya* struggling with their luggage.
0057 Towfik looked up and down the street. There was nowhere a
0058 man could convincingly idle. He returned to his car, backed it
0059 around the corner and parked between two other cars on the
0060 same side of the road as the Mercedes.

0000



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of course

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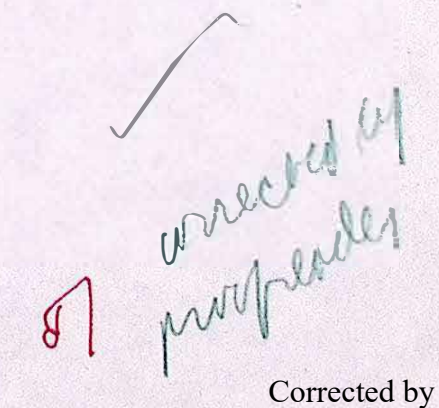
9999
0001 Half an hour later the agent came out alone, got into his car,
0002 and drove off.
0003 Towfik settled down to wait.
0004
0005
0006 It went on for two days, then it broke.
0007 Until then the Schulzes behaved like tourists, and seemed to
0008 enjoy it. On the first evening they had dinner in a nightclub and
0009 watched a troupe of belly-dancers. Next day they did the
0010 Pyramids and the Sphinx, with lunch at Groppi's and dinner at
0011 the Nile Hilton. In the morning on the third day they got up early
0012 and took a taxi to the mosque of Ibn Tulun.
0013 Towfik left his car near the Gayer-Anderson Museum and
0014 followed them. They took a perfunctory look around the mosque
0015 and headed east on the Shari al-Salibah. They were dawdling,
0016 looking at fountains and buildings, peering into dark tiny shops,
0017 watching *baladi* women buy onions and peppers and camel's feet
0018 at street stalls.
0019 They stopped at a crossroads and went into a tea-shop. Towfik
0020 crossed the street to the *sebeel,* a domed fountain behind
0021 windows of iron lace, and studied the baroque relief around its
0022 walls. He moved on up the street, still within sight of the
0023 tea-shop, and spent some time buying four misshapen giant
0024 tomatoes from a white-capped stallholder whose feet were bare.
0025 The Schulzes came out of the tea-shop and turned north,
0026 following Towfik, into the street market. Here it was easier for
0027 Towfik to idle, sometimes ahead of them and sometimes behind.
0028 Frau Schulz bought slippers and a gold bangle, and paid too much
0029 for a sprig of mint from a half-naked child. Towfik got far enough
0030 in front of them to drink a small cup of strong, unsweetened
0031 Turkish coffee under the awning of a café called Nasif's.
0032 They left the street market and entered a covered *souq*
0033 specializing in saddlery. Schulz glanced at his wristwatch and
0034 spoke to his wife—giving Towfik the first faint tremor of
0035 anxiety—and then they walked a little faster until they emerged
0036 at Bab Zuweyla, the gateway to the original walled city.
0037 For a few moments the Schulzes were obscured from Towfik's
0038 view by a donkey pulling a cart loaded with Ali-Baba jars, their
0039 mouths stoppered with crumpled paper. When the cart passed,
0040 Towfik saw that Schulz was saying goodbye to his wife and getting
0041 into an oldish gray Mercedes.
0042 Towfik cursed under his breath.
0043 The car door slammed and it pulled away. Frau Schulz waved.
0044 Towfik read the license plate—it was the car he had followed
0045 from Heliopolis—and saw it go west then turn left into the Shari
0046 Port Said.
0047 Forgetting Frau Schulz, he turned around and broke into a run.
0048 They had been walking for about an hour, but they had
0049 covered only a mile. Towfik sprinted through the saddlery *souq*
0050 and the street market, dodging around the stalls and bumping
0051 into robed men and women in black, dropping his bag of
0052 tomatoes in a collision with a Nubian sweeper, until he reached
0053 the museum and his car.
0054 He dropped into the driver's seat, breathing hard and grimac-
0055 ing at the pain in his side. He started the engine and pulled away
0056 on an interception course for the Shari Port Said.
0057 The traffic was light, so when he hit the main road he guessed
0058 he must be behind the Mercedes. He continued southwest, over
0059 the island of Roda and the Giza Bridge on to the Giza Road.
0000



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9999

0001 Schulz had not been deliberately trying to shake a tail, Towfik
0002 decided. Had the professor been a pro he would have lost Towfik
0003 decisively and finally. No, he had simply been taking a morning
0004 walk through the market before meeting someone at a landmark.
0005 But Towfik was sure that the meeting place, and the walk
0006 beforehand, had been suggested by the agent.

0007 They might have gone anywhere, but it seemed likely they
0008 were leaving the city—otherwise Schulz could simply have taken
0009 a taxi at Bab Zuweyla—and this was the major road westward.
0010 Towfik drove very fast. Soon there was nothing in front of him
0011 but the arrow-straight gray road, and nothing either side but
0012 yellow sand and blue sky.

0013 He reached the Pyramids without catching the Mercedes. Here
0014 the road forked, leading north to Alexandria or south to Faiyum.
0015 From where the Mercedes had picked up Schulz, this would have
0016 been an unlikely, roundabout route to Alexandria; so Towfik
0017 plumped for Faiyum.

0018 When at last he saw the other car it was behind him, coming up
0019 very fast. Before it reached him it turned right off the main road.
0020 Towfik braked to a halt and reversed the Renault to the turnoff.
0021 The other car was already a mile ahead on the side road. He
0022 followed.

0023 This was dangerous, now. The road probably went deep into
0024 the Western Desert, perhaps all the way to the oil field at
0025 Qattara. It seemed little used, and a strong wind might obscure it
0026 under a layer of sand. The agent in the Mercedes was sure to
0027 realize he was being followed. If he were a good agent, the sight
0028 of the Renault might even trigger memories of the journey from
0029 Heliopolis.

0030 This was where the training broke down, and all the careful
0031 camouflage and tricks of the trade became useless; and you had to
0032 simply get on someone's tail and stick with him whether he saw
0033 you or not, because the whole point was to find out where he was
0034 going, and if you could not manage that you were no use at all.

0035 So he threw caution to the desert wind and followed; and still
0036 he lost them.

0037 The Mercedes was a faster car, and better designed for the
0038 narrow, bumpy road, and within a few minutes it was out of sight.
0039 Towfik followed the road, hoping he might catch them when they
0040 stopped or at least come across something that might be their
0041 destination.

0042 Sixty kilometers on, deep in the desert and beginning to worry
0043 about getting gasoline, he reached a tiny oasis village at a
0044 crossroads. A few scrawny animals grazed in sparse vegetation
0045 around a muddy pool. A jar of fava beans and three Fanta cans
0046 on a makeshift table outside a hut signified the local café. Towfik
0047 got out of the car and spoke to an old man watering a bony
0048 buffalo.

0049 "Have you seen a gray Mercedes?"

0050 The peasant stared at him blankly, as if he were speaking a
0051 foreign language.

0052 "Have you seen a gray car?"

0053 The old man brushed a large black fly off his forehead and
0054 nodded, once.

0055 "When?"

0056 "Today."

0057 That was probably as precise an answer as he could hope for.
0058 "Which way did it go?"

0000

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The old man pointed west, into the desert.

Towfik said, "Where can I get petrol?"

The man pointed east, toward Cairo.

Towfik gave him a coin and returned to the car. He started the engine and looked again at the gasoline gauge. He had enough fuel to get back to Cairo, just; if he went farther west he would run out on the return journey.

He had done all he could, he decided. Wearily, he turned the Renault around and headed back toward the city.

Towfik did not like his work. When it was dull he was bored, and when it was exciting he was frightened. But they had told him that there was important, dangerous work to be done in Cairo, and that he had the qualities necessary to a good spy, and that there were not enough Egyptian Jews in Israel for them to be able just to go out and find another one with all the qualities if he said no; so, of course, he had agreed. It was not out of idealism that he risked his life for his country. It was more like self-interest: the destruction of Israel would mean his own destruction; in fighting for Israel he was fighting for himself; he risked his life to save his life. It was the logical thing to do. Still, he looked forward to the time—in five years? Ten? Twenty?—when he would be too old for field work, and they would bring him home and sit him behind a desk, and he could find a nice Jewish girl and marry her and settle down to enjoy the land he had fought for.

Meanwhile, having lost Professor Schulz, he was following the wife.

She continued to see the sights, escorted now by a young Arab who had presumably been laid on by the Egyptians to take care of her while her husband was away. In the evening the Arab took her to an Egyptian restaurant for dinner, brought her home, and kissed her cheek under the jacaranda tree in the garden.

The next morning Towfik went to the main post office and sent a coded cable to his uncle in Rome:

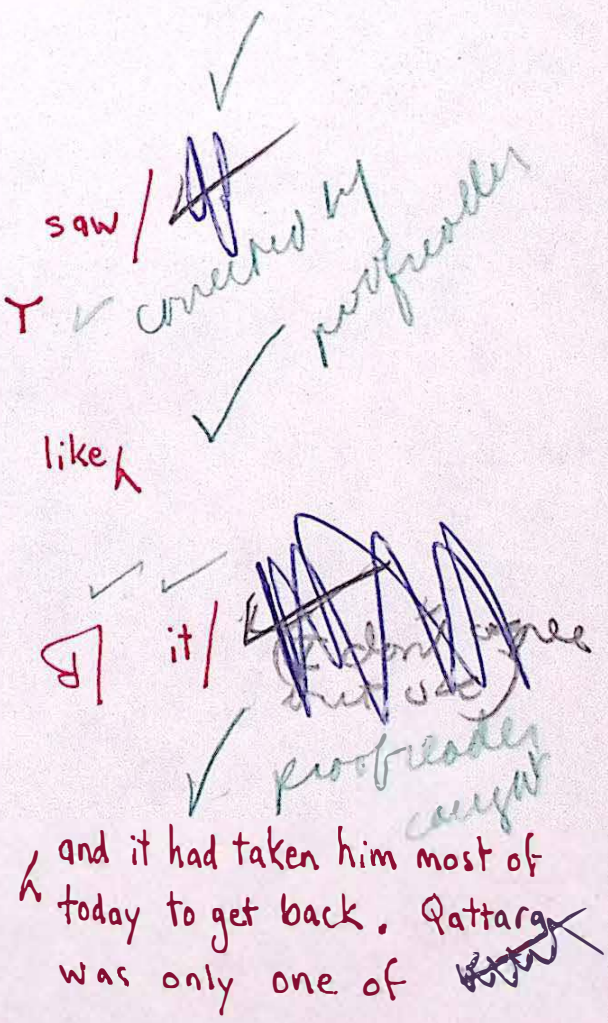
SCHULZ MET AT AIRPORT BY SUSPECTED LOCAL AGENT. SPENT TWO DAYS SIGHTSEEING. PICKED UP BY AFORESAID AGENT AND DRIVEN DIRECTION QATTARA. SURVEILLANCE ABORTED. NOW WATCHING WIFE.

He was back in Zamalek at nine A.M. At eleven-thirty he ~~observed~~ saw Frau Schulz on a balcony, drinking coffee, and was able to figure out which of the apartments was the Schulzes'.

By lunchtime the interior of the Renault had become very hot. Towfik ate an apple and drank tepid beer from a bottle.

Professor Schulz arrived late in the afternoon, in the same gray Mercedes. He looked tired and a little rumpled, a middle-aged man who has travelled too far. He left the car and went into the building without looking back. After dropping him, the agent drove past the Renault and looked straight at Towfik for an instant. There was nothing Towfik could do about ~~that, so he tried hard not to allow it to worry him, and asked himself the crucial question~~ it.

Where had Schulz been? It had taken him most of a day to get there, Towfik speculated; he had spent a night, a full day and a second night there; several possibilities: the desert road went all the way to Matruh on the Mediterranean coast; there was a turn-off to Karkur Tohl in the far south; with a change of car and a desert guide they could even have gone to a rendezvous on the border with Libya.



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Job 00005928 Oper 00 Key Bd. 80 Date 06/29/79
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At nine P.M. the Schulzes came out again. The Professor looked refreshed. They were dressed for dinner. They walked a short distance and hailed a taxi.

Towfik made a decision. He did not follow them.

He got out of the car and entered the garden of the building. He stepped onto the dusty lawn and found a vantage point behind a bush from where he could see into the hall through the open front door. The Nubian was sitting on a low wooden bench, picking his nose.

Towfik waited.

Twenty minutes later the man left his bench and disappeared into the back of the building.

Towfik hurried through the hall and ran, soft-footed, up the staircase.

He had three Yale-type skeleton keys, but none of them fitted the lock of apartment three. In the end he got the door open with a piece of bendy plastic broken off a college set-square.

He entered the apartment and closed the door behind him.

It was now quite dark outside. A little light from a streetlamp came through the unshaded windows. Towfik drew a small flashlight from his trousers pocket, but he did not yet switch it on.

The apartment was large and airy, with white-painted walls and English-colonial furniture. It had the sparse, chilly look of a place where nobody actually lived. There was a big drawing room, a dining room, three bedrooms and a kitchen. After a quick general survey Towfik started snooping in earnest.

The two smaller bedrooms were bare. In the larger one, Towfik went rapidly through all the drawers and cupboards. A wardrobe held the rather gaudy dresses of a woman past her prime: bright prints, sequined gowns, turquoise and orange and pink. The labels were American. Schulz was an Austrian national, the cable had said, but perhaps he lived in the USA. Towfik had never heard him speak.

On the bedside table were a guide to Cairo in English, a copy of *Vogue* and a reprinted lecture on isotopes.

So Schulz was a scientist.

Towfik glanced through the lecture. Most of it was over his head. Schulz must be a top chemist or physicist, he thought. If he was here to work on weaponry, Tel Aviv would want to know.

There were no personal papers—Schulz evidently had his passport and wallet in his pocket. The airline labels had been removed from the matching set of tan suitcases.

On a low table in the drawing room, two empty glasses smelled of gin: they had had a cocktail before going out.

In the bathroom Towfik found the clothes Schulz had worn into the desert. There was a lot of sand in the shoes, and on the trouser cuffs he found small dusty gray smears which might have been cement. In the breast pocket of the rumpled jacket was a blue plastic container, about one-and-a-half inches square, very slender. It contained a light-tight envelope of the kind used to protect photographic film.

Towfik pocketed the plastic box.

The airline labels from the luggage were in a waste basket in the little hall. The Schulzes' address was in Boston, Massachusetts, which probably meant that the Professor taught at Harvard, MIT or one of the many lesser universities in the area. Towfik did some rapid arithmetic. Schulz would have been in his twenties during World War Two: he could easily be one of the German rocketry experts who went to the USA after the war.

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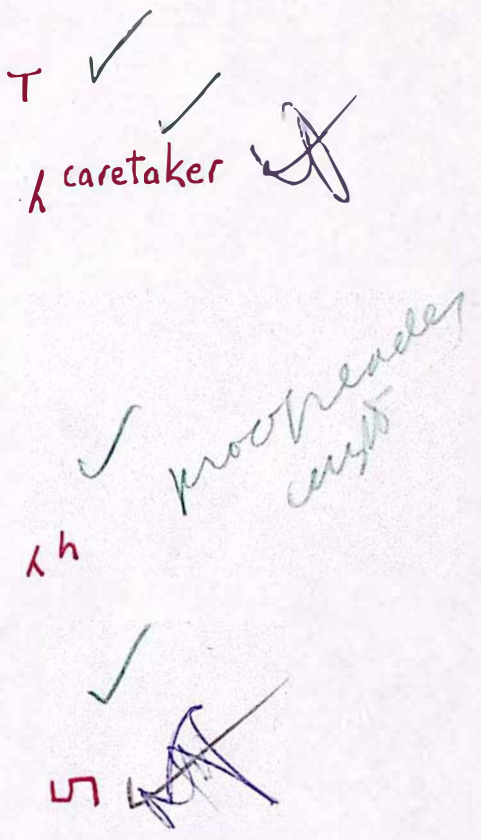

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9999

0001 Or not. You did not have to be a Nazi to work for the Arabs.

0002 Nazi or not, Schulz was a cheapskate: his soap, toothpaste and
0003 after-shave were all taken from airlines and hotels.

0004 On the floor beside a rattan chair, near the table with the
0005 empty cocktail glasses, lay a lined foolscap notepad, its top sheet
0006 blank. There was a pencil lying on the pad. Perhaps Schulz had
0007 been making notes on his trip while he sipped his gin sling.
0008 Towfik searched the apartment for sheets torn from the pad.

0009 He found them on the balcony, burned to cinders in a large
0010 glass ashtray.

0011 The night was cool. Later in the year the air would be warm
0012 and fragrant with the blossom of the jacaranda tree in the garden
0013 below. The city traffic snored in the distance. It reminded Towfik
0014 of his father's apartment in Jerusalem. He wondered how long it
0015 would be before he saw Jerusalem again.

0016 He had done all he could here. He would look again at that
0017 foolscap pad, to see whether Schulz's pencil had pressed hard
0018 enough to leave an impression on the next page. He turned away
0019 from the parapet and crossed the balcony to the French windows
0020 leading back into the drawing room.

0021 He had his hand on the door when he heard the voices.

0022 Towfik froze.

0023 "I'm sorry, honey, I just couldn't face another overdone
0024 steak."

0025 "We could have eaten something, for god's sake."

0026 The Schulzes were back.

0027 Towfik rapidly reviewed his progress through the rooms:
0028 bedrooms, bathroom, drawing room, kitchen . . . he had re-
0029 placed everything he had touched, except the little plastic box.
0030 He had to keep that anyway. Schulz would have to assume he had
0031 lost it.

0032 If Towfik could get away unseen now, they might never know
0033 he had been there.

0034 He bellied over the parapet and hung at full length by his
0035 fingertips. It was too dark for him to see the ground. He dropped,
0036 landed lightly and strolled away.

0037 It had been his first burglary, and he felt pleased. It had gone as
0038 smoothly as a training exercise, even to the early return of the
0039 occupant and sudden exit of spy by prearranged emergency
0040 route. He grinned in the dark. He might yet live to see that desk
0041 job.

0042 He got into his car, started the engine and switched on the
0043 lights.

0044 Two men emerged from the shadows and stood on either side
0045 of the Renault.

0046 He did not pause to figure out what was going on. He rammed
0047 the gearshift into first and pulled away. The two men hastily
0048 stepped aside.

0049 They had made no attempt to stop him. So why had they been
0050 there? To make sure he stayed in the car . . . ?

0051 He jammed on the brakes and looked into the back seat, and
0052 then he knew, with unbearable sadness, that he would never see
0053 Jerusalem again.

0054 A tall Arab in a dark suit was smiling at him over the snout of a
0055 small handgun.

0056 "Drive on," the man said in Arabic, "but not quite so fast,
0057 please."

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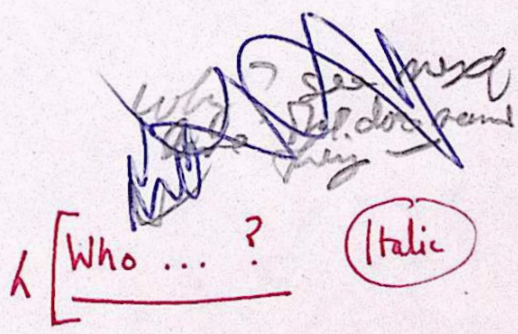

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Book Press
Galley 0018 Take 0001 Version code 02-08
Job 00005928 Oper 00 Key Bd. 80 Date 06/29/79
C.Scan., DN 119, SN 3243, Book Press: Triple, 11/14x26 T.R., 606

9999

0001

0002 Q: What is your name?

0003 A: Towfik el-Masiri.

0004 Q: Describe yourself.

0005 A: Age twenty-six, five-foot-nine, one hundred and eighty
0006 pounds, brown eyes, black hair, Semitic features, light brown
0007 skin.

0008 Q: Who do you work for?

0009 A: I am a student.

0010 Q: What day is today?

0011 A: Saturday.

0012 Q: What is your nationality?

0013 A: Egyptian.

0014 Q: What is twenty minus seven?

0015 A: Thirteen.

0016 *The above questions are designed to facilitate fine calibration of the*
0017 *lie detector.*

0018 Q: You work for the CIA.

0019 A: No. (TRUE)

0020 Q: The Germans?

0021 A: No. (TRUE)

0022 Q: Israel, then.

0023 A: No. (FALSE)

0024 Q: You really are a student?

0025 A: Yes. (FALSE)

0026 Q: Tell me about your studies.

0027 A: I'm doing chemistry at ~~Al-Azhar~~ Cairo University. (TRUE) I'm interested in
0028 polymers. (TRUE) I want to be a petrochemical engineer.
0029 (FALSE)

Cairo University

0030 Q: What are polymers?

0031 A: Complex organic compounds with long-chain molecules—the
0032 commonest is polythene. (TRUE)

0033 Q: What is your name?

0034 A: I told you, Towfik el-Masiri. (FALSE)

0035 Q: The pads attached to your head and chest measure your
0036 pulse, heartbeat, breathing and perspiration. When you tell
0037 untruths, your metabolism betrays you—you breathe faster,
0038 sweat more, and so on. This machine, which was given to us
0039 by our Russian friends, tells me when you are lying. Besides, I
0040 happen to know that Towfik el-Masiri is dead. Who are you?

0041 A: (no reply)

0042 Q: The wire taped to the tip of your penis is part of a different
0043 machine. It is connected to this button here. When I press the
0044 button—

0045 A: (scream)

0046 Q: —an electrical current passes through the wire and gives you
0047 a shock. We have put your feet in a bucket of water to
0048 improve the efficiency of the apparatus. What is your name?

0049 A: Avram Ambache.

0050 *The electrical apparatus interferes with the functioning of the lie*
0051 *detector.*

0052 Q: Have a cigarette.

0053 A: Thank you.

0054 Q: Believe it or not, I hate this work. The trouble is, people who
0055 like it are never any good at it—you need sensitivity, you
0056 know. I'm a sensitive person . . . I hate to see people suffer.
0057 Don't you?

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9999

0001 A: (no reply)
0002 Q: You're now trying to think of ways to resist me. Please don't
0003 bother. There is no defense against modern techniques
0004 of . . . interviewing. What is your name?
0005 A: Avram Ambache. (TRUE)
0006 A: Who is your control?
0007 A: I don't know what you mean. (FALSE)
0008 Q: Is it Bosch?
0009 A: No, Friedman. (READING INDETERMINATE)
0010 Q: It is Bosch.
0011 A: Yes. (FALSE)
0012 Q: No, it's not Bosch. It's Krantz.
0013 A: Okay, it's Krantz—whatever you say. (TRUE)
0014 Q: How do you make contact?
0015 A: I have a radio. (FALSE)
0016 Q: You're not telling me the truth.
0017 A: (scream)
0018 Q: How do you make contact?
0019 A: A dead-letter box in the *faubourg*.
0020 Q: You are thinking that when you are in pain, the lie detector
0021 will not function properly, and that there is therefore safety in
0022 torture. You are only partly right. This is a very sophisticated
0023 machine, and I spent many months learning to use it properly.
0024 After I have given you a shock, it takes only a few moments to
0025 readjust the machine to your faster metabolism; and then I
0026 can once more tell when you are lying. How do you make
0027 contact?
0028 A: A dead-letter—(scream)
0029 Q: Ali! He's kicked his feet free—these convulsions are very
0030 strong. Tie him again, before he comes round. Pick up that
0031 bucket and put more water in it.
0032 (pause)
0033 Right, he's waking, get out. Can you hear me, Towfik?
0034 A: (indistinct)
0035 Q: What is your name?
0036 A: (no reply)
0037 Q: A little jab to help you—
0038 A: (scream)
0039 Q: —to think.
0040 A: Avram Ambache.
0041 Q: What day is today?
0042 A: Saturday.
0043 Q: What did we give you for breakfast?
0044 A: Fava beans.
0045 Q: What is twenty minus seven?
0046 A: Thirteen.
0047 Q: What is your profession?
0048 A: I'm a student. No don't please and a spy yes I'm a spy don't
0049 touch the button please oh god oh god—
0050 Q: How do you make contact?
0051 A: Coded cables.
0052 Q: Have a cigarette. Here . . . oh, you don't seem to be able to
0053 hold it between your lips—let me help . . . there.
0054 A: Thank you.
0055 Q: Just try to be calm. Remember, as long as you're telling the
0056 truth, there will be no pain.
0057 (pause)
0058 Are you feeling better?
0059 A: Yes.
0060 Q: So am I. Now, then, tell me about Professor Schulz. Why
0061 were you following him?

0000

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9999

0001 A: I was ordered to. (TRUE)
0002 Q: By Tel Aviv?
0003 A: Yes. (TRUE)
0004 Q: Who in Tel Aviv?
0005 A: I don't know. (READING INDETERMINATEE)
0006 Q: But you can guess.
0007 A: Bosch. (READING INDETERMINATE)
0008 Q: Or Krantz?
0009 A: Perhaps. (TRUE)
0010 Q: Krantz is a good man. Dependable. How's his wife?
0011 A: Very well, I—(scream)
0012 Q: His wife died in 1958. Why do you make me hurt you? What
0013 did Schulz do?
0014 A: Went sightseeing for two days, then disappeared into the
0015 desert in a gray Mercedes.
0016 Q: And you burglarized his apartment.
0017 A: Yes. (TRUE)
0018 Q: What did you learn?
0019 A: He is a scientist. (TRUE)
0020 Q: Anything else?
0021 A: American. (TRUE) That's all. (TRUE)
0022 Q: Who was your instructor in training?
0023 A: Ertl. (READING INDETERMINATE)
0024 Q: That wasn't his real name, though.
0025 A: I don't know. (FALSE) No! Not the button let me think it was
0026 just a minute I think somebody said his real name was
0027 Manner. (TRUE)
0028 Q: Oh, Manner. Shame. He's the old-fashioned type. He still
0029 believes you can train agents to resist interrogation. It's his
0030 fault you're suffering so much, you know. What about your
0031 colleagues? Who trained with you?
0032 A: I never knew their real names. (FALSE)
0033 Q: Didn't you?
0034 A: (scream)
0035 Q: Real names.
0036 A: Not all of them—
0037 Q: Tell me the ones you did know.
0038 A: (no reply)
0039 (scream)
0040 *The prisoner fainted.*
0041 (pause)
0042 Q: What is your name?
0043 A: Uh . . . Towfik. (scream)
0044 Q: What did you have for breakfast?
0045 A: Don't know.
0046 Q: What is twenty minus seven?
0047 A: Twenty-seven.
0048 Q: What did you tell Krantz about Professor Schulz?
0049 A: Sightseeing . . . Western Desert . . . surveillance
0050 aborted . . .
0051 Q: Who did you train with?
0052 A: (no reply)
0053 Q: Who did you train with?
0054 A: (scream)
0055 Q: Who did you train with?
0056 A: Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of
0057 death—

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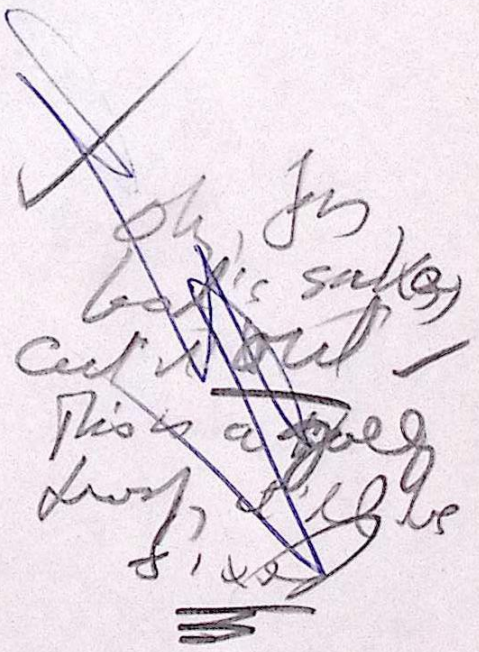

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C.Scan., DN 119, SN 3243, Book Press: Triple, 11/14x26 T.R., 606

9999

0001 Q: Who did you train with?

0002 A: (scream)

0003 *The prisoner died.*

0004

0005 When Kawash asked for a meeting, Pierre Borg went. There was
0006 no discussion about times and places: Kawash sent a message
0007 giving the rendezvous, and Borg made sure to be there. Kawash
0008 was the best double agent Borg had ever had, and that was that.

0009 The head of the Mossad~~, Israel's Intelligence organization,~~
0010 stood at one end of the northbound Bakerloo Line platform in
0011 Oxford Circus Subway station, reading an advertisement for a
0012 course of lectures in Theosophy, waiting for Kawash. He had no
0013 idea why the Arab had chosen London for this meeting; no idea
0014 what he told his masters he was doing in the city; no idea, even,
0015 why Kawash was a traitor. But this man had helped the Israelis
0016 win two wars and avoid a third, and Bord needed him.

0017 Borg glanced along the platform, looking for a high brown
0018 head with a large, thin nose. He had an idea he knew what
0019 Kawash wanted to talk about. He hoped his idea was right.

0020 Borg was very worried about the Schulz affair. It had started
0021 out as a piece of routine surveillance, just the right kind of
0022 assignment for his newest, rawest agent in Cairo: a high-powered
0023 American physicist on vacation in Europe decides to take a trip to
0024 Egypt. The first warning sign came when Towfik lost Schulz. At
0025 that point Borg had stepped up activity on the project. A
0026 freelance journalist in Milan who occasionally made inquiries for
0027 German Intelligence had established that Schulz's air ticket to
0028 Cairo had been paid for by the wife of an Egyptian diplomat in
0029 Rome. Then the CIA had routinely passed to the Mossad a set of
0030 satellite photographs of the area around Qattara which seemed to
0031 show signs of construction work—and Borg had remembered that
0032 Schulz had been heading in the direction of Qattara when Towfik
0033 lost him.

0034 Something was going on, and he did not know what, and that
0035 worried him.

0036 He was always worried. If it was not the Egyptians, it was the
0037 Syrians; if it was not the Syrians it was the Fedayeen; if it was not
0038 his enemies it was his friends and the question of how long they
0039 would continue to be his friends. He had a worrying job. His
0040 mother had once said, "Job, *nothing*—you were *born* worrying,
0041 like your poor father—if you were a *gardener* you would worry
0042 about your job." She might have been right, but all the same,
0043 paranoia was the only rational frame of mind for a spymaster.

0044 Now Towfik had broken contact, and that was the most
0045 worrying sign of all.

0046 Maybe Kawash would have some answers.

0047 A train thundered in. Borg was not waiting for a train. He
0048 began to read the credits on a movie poster. Half the names were
0049 Jewish. Maybe I should have been a movie producer, he thought.

0050 The train pulled out, and a shadow fell over Borg. He looked
0051 up into the calm face of Kawash.

0052 The Arab said, "Thank you for coming." He always said that.

0053 Borg ignored it, he never knew how to respond to thanks. He
0054 said, "What's new?"

0055 "I had to pick up one of your youngsters in Cairo on Friday."

0056 "You *had* to?"

0057 "Military Intelligence were bodyguarding a VIP, and they
0058 spotted the kid tailing them. Military don't have operational
0059 personnel in the city, so they asked my department to pick him
0060 up. It was an official request."

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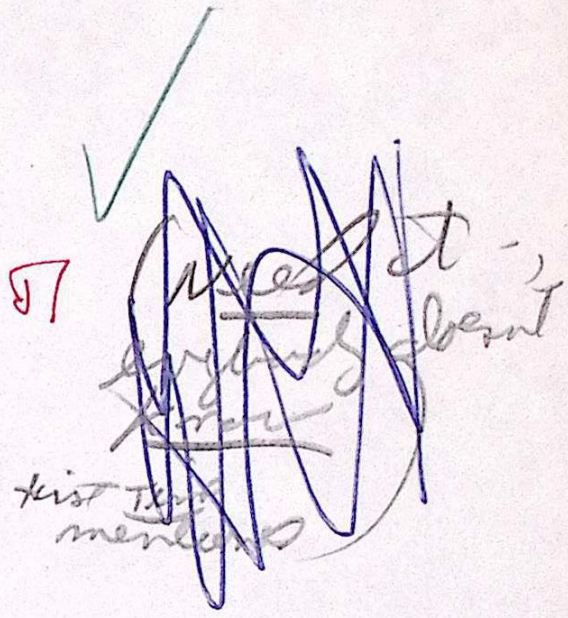

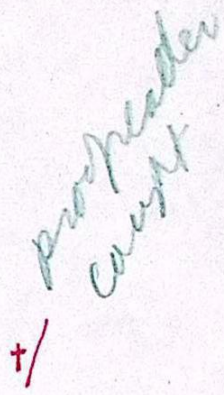

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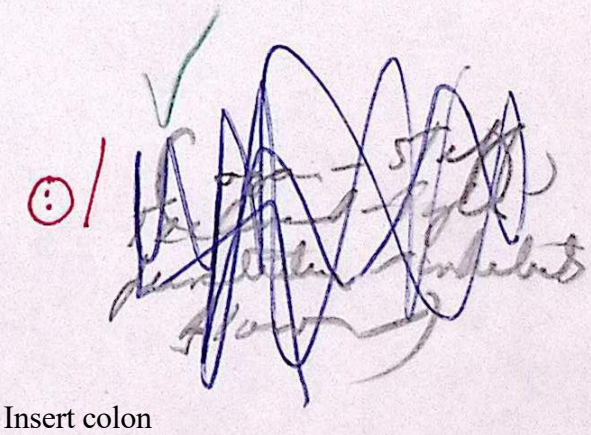

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9999

0001 "God *damn,*" Borg said feelingly. "What happened to him?"

0002 "I had to do it by the book," Kawash said. He looked very sad.
0003 "The boy was interrogated and killed. His name was Avram
0004 Ambache, but he worked as Towfik el-Masiri."

0005 Borg frowned. "He told you his real name?"

0006 "He's dead, Pierre."

0007 Borg shook his head irritably: Kawash always wanted to linger
0008 over personal aspects. "Why did he tell you his name?"

0009 "We're using the Russian equipment—the electric shock and
0010 the lie detector together. You're not training them to cope with
0011 it."

0012 Borg gave a short laugh. "If we told them about it, we'd never
0013 get any recruits. What else did he give away?"

0014 "Nothing we didn't know. He would have, but I killed him
0015 first."

0016 "*You* killed him?"

0017 "I conducted the interrogation, in order to make sure he did
0018 not say anything important these interviews are taped now, and
0019 the transcripts filed. We're learning from the Russians." The
0020 sadness deepened in the brown eyes. "Why—would you prefer
0021 that I should have someone else kill your boys?"

0022 Borg stared at him, then looked away. Once again he had to
0023 steer the conversation away from the sentimental. "What did the
0024 boy discover about Schulz?"

0025 "An agent took the Professor into the Western Desert."

0026 "Sure, but what for?"

0027 "I don't know."

0028 "You must know, you're in Egyptian Intelligence!" Borg
0029 ~~fought to~~ control his irritation. Let the man do things at his own
0030 pace, he told himself; whatever information he's got, he'll tell.

0031 "I don't know what they're doing out there, because they've set
0032 up a special group to handle it," Kawash said. "My department
0033 isn't informed."

0034 "Any idea why?"

0035 The Arab shrugged. "I'd say they don't want the Russians to
0036 know about it. These days Moscow gets everything that goes
0037 through us."

0038 Borg let his disappointment show. "Is that all Towfik could
0039 manage?"

0040 Suddenly there was anger in the soft voice of the Arab. "The
0041 kid died for you," he said.

0042 "I'll thank him in heaven. Did he die in vain?"

0043 "He took this from Schulz's apartment." Kawash drew a hand
0044 from inside his coat and showed Borg a small, square box of blue
0045 plastic.

0046 Borg took the box. "How do you know where he got it?"

0047 "It has Schulz's fingerprints on it. And we arrested Towfik right
0048 after he broke into the apartment."

0049 Borg opened the box and fingered the light-proof envelope. It
0050 was unsealed. He took out the photographic negative.

0051 The Arab said, "We opened the envelope and developed the
0052 film. It's blank."

0053 With a deep sense of satisfaction, Borg reassembled the box
0054 and put it into his pocket. Now it all made sense; now he
0055 understood; now he knew what he had to do. A train came in.
0056 "You want to catch this one?" he said.

0057 Kawash frowned slightly, nodded assent, and moved to the
0058 edge of the platform as the train stopped and the doors opened.
0059 He boarded, and stood just inside. He said, "I don't know what
0060 on earth the box is."

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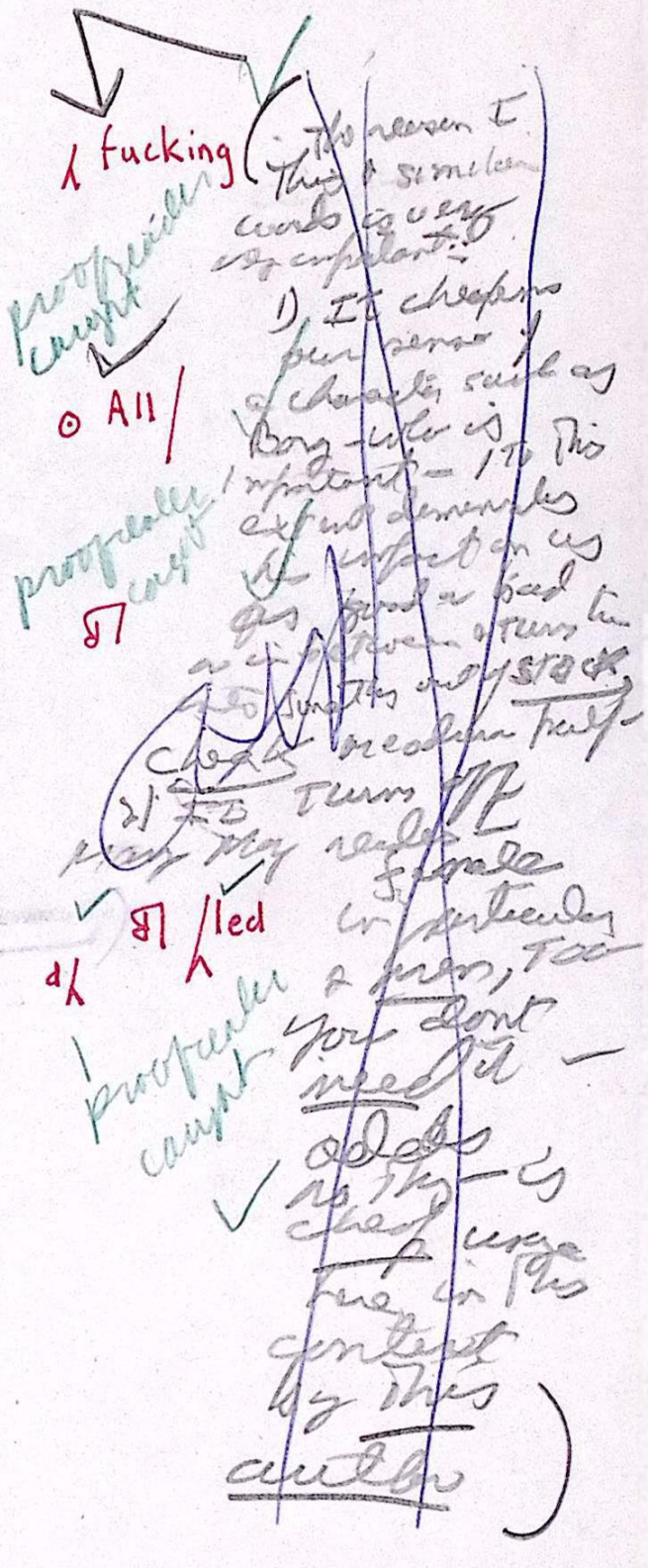

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great

Borg thought, You don't like me, but I think you're just ~~fine~~. He smiled thinly at the Arab as the doors of the subway train began to slide shut. "I do," he said.

Two

THE AMERICAN GIRL was quite taken with Nat Dickstein.

They worked side by side in a dusty vineyard, weeding and hoeing, with a light breeze blowing over them from the Sea of Galilee. Dickstein had taken off his shirt and worked in shorts and sandals, with the contempt for the sun which only the city-born possess.

He was a thin man, small-boned, with narrow shoulders, a shallow chest, and knobby elbows and knees. Karen would watch him when she stopped for a break—which she did often, although he never seemed to need a rest. Stringy muscles moved like knotted rope under his brown, scarred skin. She was a sensual woman, and she wanted to touch those scars with her fingers and ask him how he got them.

Sometimes he would look up and catch her staring, and he would grin, unembarrassed, and carry on working. His face was regular and anonymous in repose. He had dark eyes behind cheap round spectacles of the kind which Karen's generation liked because John Lennon wore them. His hair was dark, too, and short: Karen would have liked him to grow it. When he grinned that lopsided grin, he looked younger; though at any time it was hard to say just how old he might be. He had the strength and energy of a young man, but she had seen the concentration-camp tattoo under his wristwatch, so he could not be much less than forty, she thought.

He had arrived at the kibbutz shortly after Karen, in the summer of 1967. She had come, with her deodorants and her contraceptive pills, looking for a place where she could live out hippy ideals without getting stoned twenty-four hours a day. He had been brought here in an ambulance. She assumed he had been wounded in the Six Day War, and the other kibbutzniks agreed, vaguely, that it was something like that.

His welcome had been very different from hers. Karen's reception had been friendly but wary: in her philosophy they saw their own, with dangerous additions. Nat Dickstein returned like a long-lost son. They clustered around him, fed him soup and came away from his wounds with tears in their eyes.

If Dickstein was their son, Esther was their mother. She was the oldest member of the kibbutz. Karen had said, "She looks like Golda Meir's mother," and one of the others had said, "I think she's Golda's *father,*" and they all laughed affectionately. She used a walking-stick, and stomped about the village giving unsolicited advice, most of it very wise. She had stood guard outside Dickstein's sickroom chasing away noisy children, waving her stick and threatening beatings which even the children knew would never be administered.

Dickstein had recovered very quickly. Within a few days he was sitting out in the sun, peeling vegetables for the kitchen and telling ~~earthy~~ jokes to the older children. Two weeks later he was working in the fields, and soon he was laboring harder than all but the youngest men.

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His past was vague, but Esther had told Karen the story of his arrival in Israel in 1948, during the War of Independence.

Nineteen-forty-eight was part of the recent past for Esther. She had been a young woman in London in the first two decades of the century, and had been an activist in half a dozen radical left-wing causes from suffragism to pacifism before emigrating to Palestine; but her memory went back further, to pogroms in Russia which she recalled vaguely in monstrous nightmare images. She had set under a fig tree in the heat of the day, varnishing a chair she had made with her own gnarled hands, and talked about Dickstein like a clever but mischievous schoolboy.

"They were eight or nine of them, some from the university, some working men from the East End. If they ever had any money, they'd spent it before they got to France. They hitched a ride on a truck to Paris, then jumped a freight train to Marseilles. From there, it seems, they walked most of the way to Italy. Then they stole a huge car, a German army staff car, a Mercedes, and drove all the way to the toe of Italy." Esther's face was creased in smiles, and Karen thought, She would love to have been there with them.

"Dickstein had been to Sicily in the war, and it seems he knew the Mafia there. They had all the guns left over from the war. Dickstein wanted guns for Israel, but he had no money. He persuaded the Sicilians to sell a boatload of submachine guns to an Arab purchaser, and then to tell the Jews where the pickup would take place. They knew what he was up to, and they loved it. The deal was done, the Sicilians got their money, and then Dickstein and his friend stole the boat with its cargo and sailed to Israel!"

Karen had laughed aloud, there under the fig tree, and a grazing goat looked up at her balefully.

"Wait," said Esther, "you haven't heard the end of it. Some of the university boys had done a bit of rowing, and one of the other lot was a docker, but that was all the experience they had of the sea, and here they were sailing a five-thousand-ton cargo vessel on their own. They figured out a little navigation from first principles: the ship had charts and a compass. Dickstein had looked up in a book how to start the ship, but he says the book did not tell how to stop it. So they steamed into Haifa, yelling and waving and throwing their hats into the air, just like it was a varsity rag—and ploughed straight into the dock.

"They were forgiven instantly, of course—the guns were more precious than gold, literally. And that's when they started to call Dickstein 'The Pirate.'"

He did not look much like a pirate, working in the vineyard in his baggy shorts and his spectacles, Karen thought. All the same, he was attractive. She wanted to seduce him, but she could not figure out how. He obviously liked her, and she had taken care to let him know she was available. But he never made a move. Perhaps he felt she was too young and innocent. Or maybe he was not interested in women.

His voice broke into her thoughts. "I think we've finished."

She looked at the sun: it was time to go. "You've done twice as much as me."

"I'm used to the work. I've been here, on and off, for twenty years. The body gets into the habit."

They walked back toward the village as the sky turned purple and yellow. Karen said: "What else do you do—when you're not here?"

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9999
0001 "Oh . . . poison wells, kidnap Christian children."
0002 Karen ~~smiled~~.
0003 Dickstein said, "How does this life compare with California?"
0004 "This is a wonderful place," she told him. "I think there's a lot
0005 of work still to be done before the women are genuinely equal."
0006 "That seems to be the big topic at the moment."
0007 "You never have much to say about it."
0008 "Listen, I think you're right; but it's better for people to take
0009 their freedom rather than be given it."
0010 Karen said, "That sounds like a good excuse for doing
0011 nothing."
0012 Dickstein ~~smiled~~.
0013 As they entered the village they passed a young man on a pony,
0014 carrying a rifle, on his way to patrol the borders of the settlement.
0015 Dickstein called out, "Be careful, Yisrael." The shelling from the
0016 Golan Heights had stopped, of course, and the children no longer
0017 had to sleep underground; but the kibbutz kept up the patrols.
0018 Dickstein had been one of those in favor of maintaining vigilance.
0019 "I'm going to read to Mottie," Dickstein said.
0020 "Can I come?"
0021 "Why not?" Dickstein looked at his watch. "We've just got
0022 time to wash. Come to my room in five minutes."
0023 They parted, and Karen went into the showers. A kibbutz was
0024 the best place to be an orphan, she thought as she took off her
0025 clothes. Mottie's parents were both dead—the father blown up in
0026 the attack on the Golan Heights during the last war, the mother a
0027 year earlier in a shootout with Fedayeen. Both had been close
0028 friends of Dickstein. It was a tragedy for the child, of course; but
0029 he still slept in the same bed, ate in the same room, and had
0030 almost one hundred other adults to love and care for him—he was
0031 not foisted onto unwilling aunts or aging grandparents or, worst
0032 of all, an orphanage. And he had Dickstein.
0033 When she had washed off the dust Karen put on clean clothes
0034 and went to Dickstein's room. Mottie was already there, sitting
0035 on Dickstein's lap, sucking his thumb and listening to *Treasure*
0036 *Island* in Hebrew. Dickstein was the only person Karen had ever
0037 met who spoke Hebrew with a Cockney accent. His speech was
0038 even more strange now, because he was doing different voices for
0039 the characters in the story: a high-pitched boy's voice for Jim, a
0040 deep snarl for Long John Silver, and a half whisper for the mad
0041 Ben Gunn. Karen sat and watched the two of them in the yellow
0042 electric light, thinking how boyish Dickstein appeared, and how
0043 grown-up the child was.
0044 When the chapter was finished they took Mottie to his
0045 dormitory, kissed him goodnight, and went into the diningroom.
0046 Karen thought: If we continue to go about together like this,
0047 everyone will think we're lovers already.
0048 They sat with Esther. After dinner she told them a story, and
0049 there was a young woman's twinkle in her eye. "When I first went
0050 to Jerusalem, they used to say that if you owned a feather pillow,
0051 you could buy a house."
0052 Dickstein willingly took the bait. "How was that?"
0053 "You could sell a good feather pillow for a pound. With that
0054 pound you could join a loan society, which entitled you to borrow
0055 ten pounds. Then you found a plot of land. The owner of the land
0056 would take ten pounds deposit and the rest in promissory notes.
0057 Now you were a landowner. You went to a builder and said,
0058 "Build a house for yourself on this plot of land. All I want is a
0059 small flat for myself and my family."
0000

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C.Scan., DN 119, SN 3243, Book Press: Triple, 11/14x26 T.R., 606

They all laughed. Dickstein looked toward the door. Karen followed his glance and saw a stranger, a stocky man in his forties with a coarse, fleshy face. Dickstein got up and went to him.

Esther said to Karen, "Don't break your heart, child. That one is not made to be a husband."

Karen looked at Esther, then back at the doorway. Dickstein had gone. A few moments later she heard the sound of a car starting up and driving away.

Esther put her old hand on Karen's young one, and squeezed.

Karen ~~would~~ never ~~see~~ Dickstein again.

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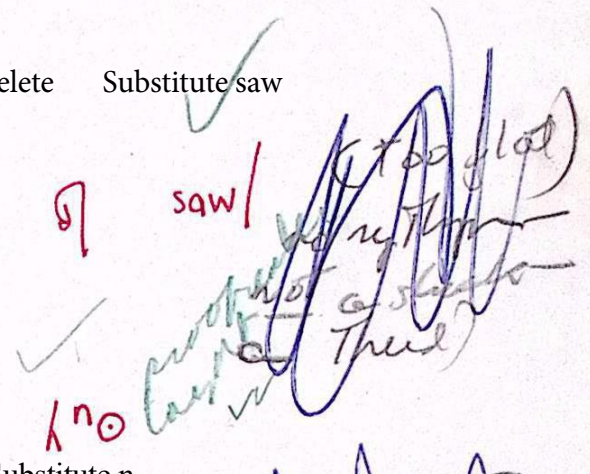

Nat Dickstein and Pierre Borg sat in the back seat of a big black Citroë. Borg's bodyguard was driving, with his machine-pistol lying on the front seat beside him. They traveled through the darkness with nothing ahead but the cone of light from the headlamps. Dickstein was afraid.

Substitute n.

Substitute Nat

He had never come to see himself the way others did, as a competent, indeed brilliant, agent who had proved his ability to survive just about anything. Later, when the game was on and he was living by his wits, grappling at close quarters with strategy and problems and personalities, there would be no room in his mind for fear; but now, when Borg was about to brief him, he had no plans to make, no forecasts to refine, no characters to assess. He knew only that he had to turn his back on peace and simple hard work, the land and the sunshine and caring for growing things; and that ahead of him there were ~~serious~~ risks, lies and pain and bloodshed and, perhaps, his death. So he sat in the corner of the seat, his arms and legs crossed tightly, watching Borg's dimly lit face, while fear of the unknown knotted and writhed in his stomach and made him nauseous.

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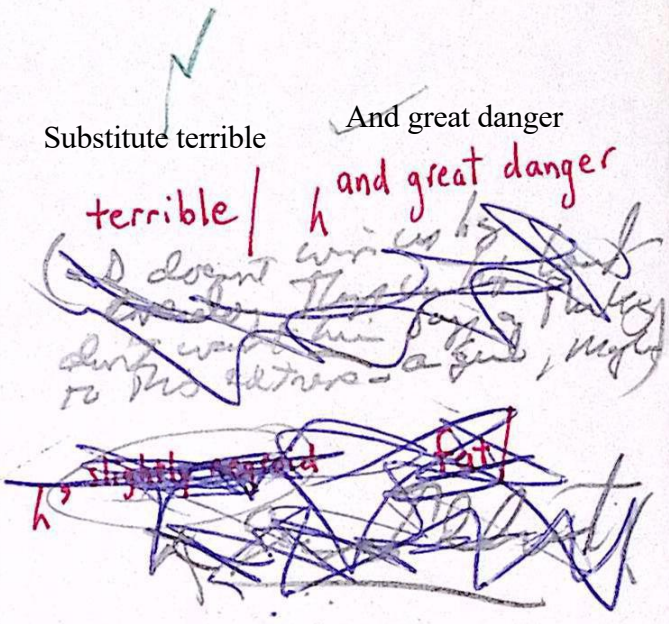

In the faint, shifting light, Borg looked like the giant in a fairy story. He had heavy features: ~~thick~~ lips, broad cheeks, and protruding eyes shadowed by thick brows. As a child he had been told he was ugly, and so he had grown into an ugly man. When he was uneasy—like now—his hands went continually to his face, covering his mouth, rubbing his nose, scratching his forehead in a subconscious attempt to hide his unsightliness. Once, in a relaxed moment, Dickstein had asked him, "Why do you yell at everybody?" and he had replied, "Because they're all so ~~god-damn~~ handsome."

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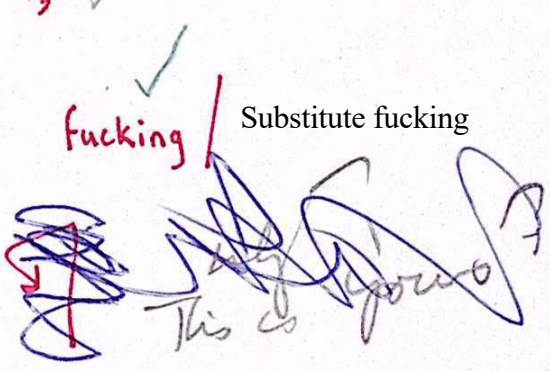

~~They never knew what language to use when they spoke. Borg~~ was French-Canadian originally, ~~and~~ found Hebrew a struggle. Dickstein's Hebrew was good and his French only passable. ~~Usually they settled for English~~.

Dickstein had worked under Borg for ten years, and still he did not ~~really~~ like the man. He felt he understood Borg's troubled, unhappy nature; and he respected his professionalism and his obsessional devotion to Israeli Intelligence; but in Dickstein's book this was not enough cause to like a person. When Borg lied to him, there were always good sound reasons, but Dickstein resented the lie no less.

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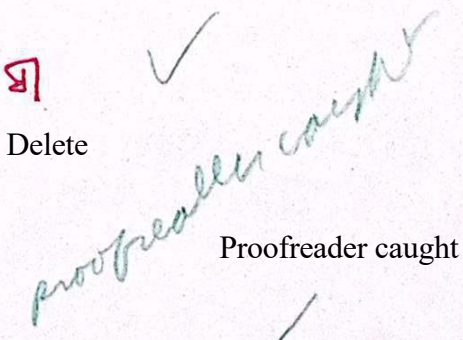

He retaliated by playing Borg's tactics back against him. He would refuse to say where he was going, or lie about it. He never checked in on schedule while he was in the field: he simply called or sent messages with peremptory demands. And he would sometimes conceal from Borg part or all of his game plan. This prevented Borg from interfering with schemes of his own, and it was also more secure—for what Borg knew, he might be obliged to tell to politicians, and what they knew might find its way to the opposition. Dickstein knew the strength of his position—he was responsible for many of the triumphs which had distinguished

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Borg's career—and he played it for all it was worth.

The Citroën roared through the Arab town of Nazareth—deserted now, presumably under curfew—and went on into the night, heading for Tel Aviv. Borg lit a thin cigar and began to speak.

"After the Six-Day War, one of the bright boys in the Ministry of Defense wrote a paper entitled "The Inevitable Destruction of Israel." The argument went like this. During the War of Independence, we bought arms from Czechoslovakia. When the Soviet bloc began to take the Arab side, we turned to France, and later West Germany. Germany called off all deals as soon as the Arabs found out. France imposed an embargo after the Six-Day War. Both Britain and the United States have consistently refused to supply us with arms. We are losing our sources one by one.

"Suppose we are able to make up those losses, by continually finding new suppliers and by building our own munitions industry: even then, the fact remains that Israel must be the loser in a Middle East arms race. The oil countries will be richer than us throughout the foreseeable future. Our defense budget is already a terrible burden on the national economy whereas our enemies have nothing better to spend their billions on. When they have ten thousand tanks, we'll need six thousand; when they have twenty thousand tanks, we'll need twelve thousand; and so on. Simply by doubling their arms expenditure every year, they will be able to cripple our national economy without firing a shot.

"Finally, the recent history of the Middle East shows a pattern of limited wars about once a decade. The logic of this pattern is against us. The Arabs can afford to lose a war from time to time. We can't: our first defeat will be our last war.

"Conclusion: the survival of Israel depends on our breaking out of the vicious spiral our enemies have prescribed for us."

Dickstein nodded. "It's not a novel line of thought. It's the usual argument for "peace at any price." I should think the bright boy got fired from the Ministry of Defense for that paper."

"Wrong both times. He went on to say, 'We must inflict, or have the power to inflict, permanent and crippling damage to the next Arab army that crosses our borders. We must have nuclear weapons.' "

Dickstein was very still for a moment; then he let out his breath in a long whistle. It was one of those ~~naked~~, devastating ideas that seems obvious ~~if frightening~~ as soon as it has been said. It *would* change everything. He was silent for a while, digesting the implications. His mind ~~turned~~ with questions. Was it technically feasible? Would the Americans help? Would the Israeli Cabinet approve it? Would the Arabs retaliate with their own bomb? What he said was, "Bright boy in the Ministry, hell. That was Moshe Dayan's paper."

"No comment," said Borg.

"Did the Cabinet adopt it?"

"There has been a long debate. Certain elder statesmen argued that they had not come this far to see the Middle East wiped out in a nuclear holocaust. But the opposition faction relied mainly on the argument that if we have a bomb, the Arabs will get one too, and we will be back at square one. As it turned out, that was their big mistake." Borg reached into his pocket and took out a small plastic box. He handed it to Dickstein.

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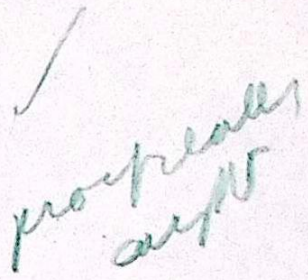

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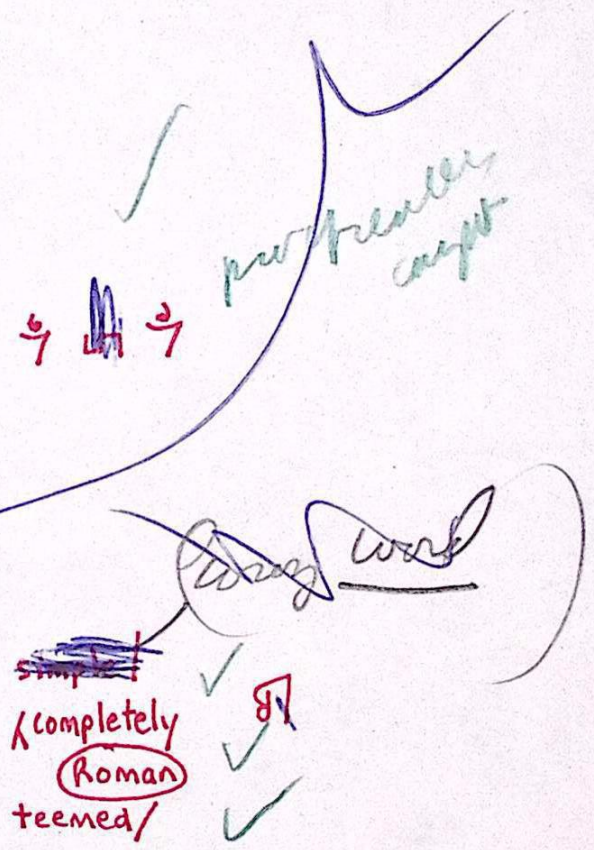

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Dickstein switched on the interior light and examined the box. It was about an inch and a half square, thin, and blue in color. It opened to reveal a small envelope made of heavy light-proof paper. "What's this?" he said.

Borg said, "A physicist named Friedrich Schulz visited Cairo in February. He is Austrian but he works in the United States. He was apparently on holiday in Europe, but his plane ticket to Egypt was paid for by the Egyptian government.

"I had him followed, but he gave our boy the slip and disappeared into the Western Desert for forty-eight hours. We know from CIA satellite pictures that there is a major construction project going on in that part of the desert. When Schulz came back, he had that in his pocket. It's a personnel dosimeter. The envelope, which is light-tight, contains a piece of ordinary photographic film. You carry the box in your pocket, or pinned to your trouser belt. If you're exposed to radiation, the film will show fogging when it's developed. Dosimeters are carried, as a matter of routine, by everyone who visits or works in a nuclear power station."

Dickstein switched off the light and gave the box back to Borg. "You're telling me the Arabs are already making atom bombs," he said softly.

"That's ~~the idea~~."

"So the Cabinet gave Dayan the go-ahead to make a bomb of his own."

"In principle, yes."

"How so?"

"There are some practical difficulties. The mechanics of the business are simple—the actual clockwork of the bomb, so to speak. Anyone who can make a conventional bomb can make a nuclear bomb. The problem is getting hold of the explosive material, plutonium. You get plutonium out of an atomic reactor. It's a by-product. Now, we have a reactor, at Dimona in the Negev Desert. Did you know that?"

"Yes."

"It's our worst-kept secret. However, we don't have the equipment for extracting the plutonium from the spent fuel. We could build a reprocessing plant, but the problem is that we have no uranium *of our own* to put through the reactor."

"Wait a minute." Dickstein frowned. "We must have uranium, to fuel the reactor for normal use."

"Correct. We get it from France, and it's supplied to us on condition we return the spent fuel to them for reprocessing, so they get the plutonium."

"Other suppliers?"

"Would impose the same condition—it's part of all the nuclear non-proliferation treaties."

Dickstein said, "But the people at Dimona could siphon off some of the spent fuel without anyone noticing."

"No. Given the quantity of uranium originally supplied, it's possible to calculate precisely how much plutonium comes out the other end. And they weigh it very carefully—it's expensive stuff."

"So the problem is to get hold of some uranium."

"Right."

"And the solution?"

"~~You'rd~~ going to steal it."

Dickstein looked out of the window. The moon came out, revealing a flock of sheep huddled in a corner of a field, watched by an Arab shepherd with a staff—a Biblical scene. So this was the game: stolen uranium for the land of milk and honey. Last time it had been the murder of a terrorist leader in Damascus; the time before, blackmailing a wealthy Arab in Monte Carlo to stop

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him funding the Fedayeen.

Dickstein's feelings had been pushed into the background while Borg talked about politics and Schulz and nuclear reactors. Now he was reminded that this involved *him;* and the fear came back, and with it a memory. After his father died the family had been desperately poor, and when creditors called, Nat had been sent to the door to say Mummy was out. At the age of thirteen, he had found it unbearably humiliating, because the creditors knew he was lying, and he knew they knew, and they would look at him with a mixture of contempt and pity which pierced him to the quick. He would never forget that feeling—and it came back, like a reminder from his unconscious, when somebody like Borg said something like, "Little Nathaniel, go steal some uranium for your motherland."

To his mother he had always said, "Do I have to?" And now he said to Pierre Borg, "If we're going to steal it anyway, why not buy it and simply refuse to send it back for reprocessing?"

"Because that way, everyone would know what we're up to."

"So?"

"Reprocessing takes time—many months. During that time two things could happen: one, the Egyptians would hurry their program; and two, the Americans would pressure us not to build the bomb."

"Oh!" It was worse. "So you want me to steal this stuff without anyone knowing that it's us."

"More than that." Borg's voice was harsh and throaty. "Nobody must even know it's been stolen. It must look at if the stuff has just been lost. I want the owners, and the international agencies, to be so embarrassed about the stuff disappearing that they will hush it up. Then, when they discover they've been robbed, they will be compromised by their own cover up."

"It's bound to come out eventually."

"Not, ~~one hopes,~~ before we've got our bomb."

They had reached the coast road from Haifa to Tel Aviv, and as the car butted through the night Dickstein could see, over to the right, occasional glimpses of the Mediterranean, glinting like jewelry in the moonlight. When he spoke he was surprised at the ~~tone~~ of weary resignation in his voice. "How much uranium do we need?"

"They want twelve bombs. In the yellowcake form—that's the uranium ore—it would mean about a hundred tons."

"I won't be able to slip it into my pocket." Dickstein frowned. "What would all that cost if we bought it?"

"Something over one million U.S. dollars."

"And you think the losers will just hush it up?"

"If it's done right."

"How?"

"That's your job, Pirate."

"I'm not so sure it's possible," Dickstein said.

"It's got to be. I told the Prime Minister we could pull it off. I laid my career on the line, Nat."

"Don't talk to me about your bleeding career."

Borg lit another cigar—a nervous reaction to Dickstein's ~~tone~~. Dickstein opened his window an inch to let the smoke out. His sudden hostility had nothing to do with Borg's clumsy personal appeal: that was typical of the man's inability to understand how people felt toward him. What had unnerved Dickstein was a sudden vision of mushroom clouds over Jerusalem and Cairo, of cotton fields by the Nile and vineyards beside the Sea of Galilee blighted by fallout, the Middle East wasted by fire, its children deformed for generations.

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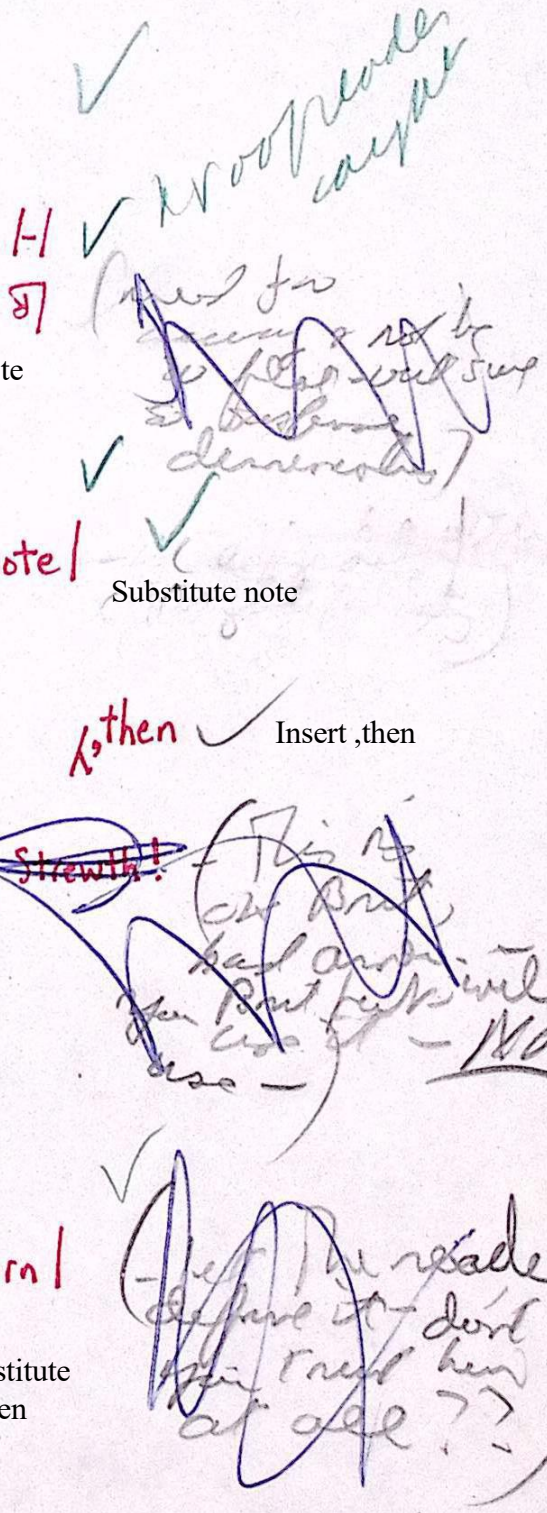

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He said, "I still think peace is an alternative."

Borg shrugged. "I wouldn't know. I don't get involved in politics."

"Bullshit."

Borg sighed. "Look, if they have a bomb, we have to have one too, don't we?"

"If that was all there was to it, we could just hold a press conference, announce that the Egyptians are making a bomb, and let the rest of the world stop them. I think our people want the bomb anyway. I think they're glad ~~for~~ the excuse."

"And maybe they're *right*," Borg said. "We can't go on fighting a war every few years—one of these days we might lose one."

"We could make peace."

Borg snorted. "You're so ~~damned~~ naive."

"If we gave way on a few things—the Occupied Territories, the Law of Return, equal rights for Arabs in Israel—"

"The Arabs have equal rights."

Dickstein smiled mirthlessly. "*You're* so ~~damned~~ naive."

"Listen!" Borg made an effort at self-control. Dickstein understood his anger: it was a reaction he had in common with many Israelis. They thought that if these liberal ideas should ever take hold, they would be the thin edge of the wedge, and concession would follow concession until the land was handed back to the Arabs on a plate. "Listen," Borg said again. "Maybe we *should* sell our birthright for a mess of pottage. But this is the real world, and the people of this country won't vote for peace-at-any-price; and in your heart you know that the Arabs aren't in any great hurry for peace either. So, in the real world, we still have to fight them; and if we're going to fight them ~~in diplomacy or in battle~~, we'd better win; and if we're to be sure of winning, you'd better steal us some uranium."

Dickstein said, "The thing I dislike most about you is, you're usually right."

Borg wound down his window and threw away the stub of his cigar. It made a trail of sparks on the road, like a firework. The lights of Tel Aviv became visible ahead: they were almost there.

Borg said, "You know, with most of my people I don't feel obliged to argue politics every time I give them an assignment. They just take orders, like operatives are supposed to."

"I don't believe you," Dickstein said. "This is a nation of idealists, or it's nothing."

"Maybe."

"I once knew a man called Wolfgang. He used to say, ~~"~~I just take orders.~~"~~ Then he used to break my leg."

"Yeah," Borg said. "You told me."

When a company hires an accountant to keep the books, the first thing he does is announce that he has so much work to do on the overall direction of the company's financial policy that he needs to hire a junior accountant to keep the books. Something similar happens with spies. A country sets up an intelligence service to find out how many tanks its neighbor has and where they are kept, and before you can say MI5 the intelligence service announces that it is so busy spying on subversive elements at home that a separate service is needed to deal with military intelligence.

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So it was in Egypt in 1955. The country's fledgling intelligence service was divided into two directorates. Military Intelligence had the job of counting Israel's tanks; General Investigations had all the glamor.

The man in charge of both these directorates was called the Director of General Intelligence, just to be confusing; and he was supposed—in theory—to report to the Minister of the Interior. But another thing that always happens to spy departments is that the Head of State tries to take them over. There are two reasons for this. One is that the spies are continually hatching lunatic schemes of murder, blackmail and invasion which can be terribly embarrassing if they ever get off the ground, so Presidents and Prime Ministers like to keep a personal eye on such departments. The other reason is that intelligence services are a source of power, especially in unstable countries, and the Head of State wants that power for himself.

So the Director of General Intelligence in Cairo always, in practice, reported either to the President or to the Minister of State at the Presidency.

Kawash, the tall Arab who interrogated and killed Towfik, and subsequently gave the personnel dosimeter to Pierre Borg, worked in the Directorate of General Investigations, the glamorous civilian half of the service. He was an intelligent and dignified man of great integrity, but he was also deeply religious—to the point of mysticism. His was the solid, powerful kind of mysticism which could support the most unlikely—not to say bizarre—beliefs about the real world. He adhered to a brand of Christianity which held that the return of the Jews to the Promised Land was ordained in the Bible, and was a portent of the end of the world. To work against the return was therefore a sin; to work for it, a holy task. ~~Which~~ was why Kawash was a double agent.

The work was all he had. His faith had led him into the secret life, and there he had gradually cut himself off from friends, neighbors, and—with exceptions—family. He had no personal ambitions except to go to Heaven. He lived ascetically, his only earthly pleasure being to score points in the espionage game. He was a ~~good deal~~ like Pierre Borg, with ~~one~~ difference: Kawash was happy.

At present, though, he was troubled. So far he was losing points in the affair which had begun with Professor Schulz, and this depressed him. The problem was that the Qattara project was being run not by General Investigations but by the other half of the intelligence effort—Military Intelligence. However, Kawash had fasted and meditated, and in the long watches of the night he had developed a scheme for penetrating the secret project.

He had a second cousin, Assam, who worked in the office of the Director of General Intelligence—the body which coordinated Military Intelligence and General Investigations. Assam was more senior than Kawash, but Kawash was smarter.

The two cousins ~~now~~ sat in the back room of a small, dirty coffee house near the Sherif Pasha in the heat of the day, drinking lukewarm lime cordial and blowing tobacco smoke at the flies. They looked alike in their lightweight suits and Nasser mustaches. Kawash wanted to use Assam to find out about Qattara. He had devised a plausible line of approach which he thought Assam would go for, but he knew he had to put the matter very delicately in order to win Assam's support. He appeared his usual imperturbable self, despite the anxiety he felt inside.

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He began by seeming to be very direct. "My cousin, do you know what is happening at Qattara?"

A rather furtive look came over Assam's handsome face. "If you don't know, I can't tell you."

Kawash shook his head, as if Assam had misunderstood him. "I don't want you to reveal secrets. Besides, I can guess what the project is." ~~Which, of course,~~ was a lie. "What bothers me is that Maraji has control of it."

"Why?"

"For your sake. I'm thinking of your career."

"I'm not worried—"

"Then you should be. Maraji wants your job, you must know that."

The café proprietor brought a dish of olives and two flat loaves of pita bread. Kawash was silent until he went out. He watched Assam as the man's natural insecurity fed on the lie about Maraji.

Kawash continued, "Maraji is reporting directly to the Minister, I gather."

"I see all the documents, though," Assam said defensively.

"You don't know what he is saying privately to the Minister. He is in a very strong position."

Assam frowned. "How did you find out about the project, anyway?"

Kawash leaned back against the cool concrete wall. "One of Maraji's men was doing a bodyguarding job in Cairo and realized he was being followed. The tail was an Israeli agent called Towfik. Maraji doesn't have any field men in the city, so the bodyguard's request for action was passed to me. I picked Towfik up."

Assam snorted with disgust. "Bad enough to let himself be followed. Worse to call the wrong department for help. This is terrible."

"Perhaps we can do something about it, my cousin."

Assam scratched his nose with a hand heavy with rings. "Go on."

"Tell the Director about Towfik. Say that Maraji, for all his considerable talents, makes mistakes in picking his men, because he is young and inexperienced by comparison with someone such as yourself. Insist that you should have charge of personnel for the Qattara project. Then put a man loyal to us into a job there."

Assam nodded slowly. "I see."

The taste of success was in Kawash's mouth. He leaned forward. "The Director will be grateful to you for having discovered this area of slackness in a top-security matter. And you will be able to keep track of everything Maraji does."

"This is a very good plan," Assam said. 'I will speak to the Director today. I'm grateful to you, cousin."

Kawash had one more thing to say—the most important thing—and he wanted to say it at the best possible moment. It would wait a few minutes, he decided. He stood up, ~~then~~ said, "Haven't you always been *my* patron?"

They went arm-in-arm out into the heat of the city. Assam said, "And I will find a suitable man immediately."

"Ah, yes," Kawash said, as if that reminded him of another small detail. "I have a man who would be ideal. He is intelligent, resourceful, and very discreet—and the son of my late wife's brother."

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Job 00005928 Oper 00 Key Bd. 80 Date 06/29/79
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Assam's eyes narrowed. "So he would report to you, too."

Kawash looked hurt. "If this is too much for me to ask . . ." He spread his hands in a gesture of resignation.

"No," Assam said. "We have always, ~~as you say,~~ helped one another."

They reached the corner where they parted company. Kawash struggled to keep his feeling of triumph from showing in his face. "I will send the man to see you. You will find him completely reliable."

"So be it," said Assam.

Pierre Borg had known Nat Dickstein for twenty years. Back in 1948 Borg had been sure the boy was not agent material, despite that stroke with the boatload of rifles. He had been thin, pale, awkward, unprepossessing. But it had not been Borg's decision, and they had given Dickstein a trial. Borg had rapidly come to acknowledge that the kid might not look much but he was smart as ~~hell~~. He also had an odd charm ~~that~~ Borg never understood. Some of the women in the Mossad were ~~crazy~~ about him—while others, like Borg, failed to see the attraction. Dickstein showed no interest either way—his dossier said, "Sex life: none."

Over the years Dickstein had grown in skill and confidence, and now Borg would rely on him more than any other agent. Indeed, if Dickstein had been more personally ambitious he could have had the job Borg now held.

Nevertheless, Borg did not see how Dickstein could fulfill his brief. The result of the policy debate over nuclear weapons had been one of those asinine political compromises which bedeviled the work of all civil servants; they had agreed to steal the uranium only if it could be done in such a way that nobody would know, at least for many years, that Israel had been thief. Borg had fought the decision—he had been all for a sudden, swift piece of buccaneering and to hell with the consequences. A more judicious view had prevailed in the Cabinet; but it was Borg and his team ~~that~~ had to put the decision into effect.

There were other men in the Mossad who could carry out a prescribed scheme as well as Dickstein—Mike, the head of Special Operations, was one, and Borg himself was another. But there was nobody else to whom Borg could say, as he had said to Dickstein: This is the problem—go solve it.

The two men spent a day in a Mossad safe house in the town of Ramat Gan, just outside Tel Aviv. Security-vetted Mossad employees made coffee, served meals, and patrolled the garden with revolvers under their jackets. In the morning Dickstein saw a young physics teacher from the Weizmann Institute at Rehovot. The scientist had long hair and a flowered tie, and he explained the chemistry of uranium, the nature of radioactivity and the working of an atomic pile with limpid clarity and endless patience. After lunch Dickstein talked to an administrator from Dimona about uranium mines, enrichment plants, fuel fabrication works, storage and transport; about safety rules and international regulations; and about the International Atomic Energy Agency, the U.S. Atomic Energy Commission, the United Kingdom Atomic Energy Authority, and Euratom.

In the evening Borg and Dickstein had dinner together. Borg was on a halfhearted diet, as usual: he ate no bread with his skewered lamb and salad, but he drank most of the bottle of red Israeli wine. His excuse was that he was calming his nerves so that he would not reveal his anxiety to Dickstein.

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Book Press
Galley 0034 Take 0001 Version code 02-08
Job 00005928 Oper 00 Key Bd. 80 Date 06/29/79
C.Scan., DN 119, SN 3243, Book Press: Triple, 11/14x26 T.R., 606

After dinner he gave Dickstein three keys. "There are spare identities for you in safety-deposit boxes in London, Brussels and Zurich," he said. "Passports, driving licenses, cash and a weapon in each. If you have to switch, leave the old documents in the box."

Dickstein nodded. "Do I report to you or Mike?"

Borg thought; You never report anyway, you bastard. He said, "To me, please. Whenever possible, call me direct and use the jargon. If you can't reach me, contact any embassy and use the code for a meeting—I'll try to get to you, wherever you are. As a last resort, send coded letters via the diplomatic bags."

Dickstein nodded expressionlessly: all this was routine. Borg stared at him, trying to read his mind. How did *he* feel? Did he think he could do it? Did he have any ideas? Did he plan to go through the motions of trying it and then report that it was impossible? Was he really convinced the bomb was the right thing for Israel?

Borg could have asked, but he would have got no answers.

Dickstein said, "Presumably there's a deadline."

"Yes, but we don't know what it is." Borg began to pick onions out of the remains of the salad. "We must have our bomb before the Egyptians get theirs. That means your uranium has to go on stream in the reactor before the Egyptian reactor goes operational. After that point, everything is chemistry—there's nothing either side can do to hurry subatomic particles. The first to start will be the first to finish."

"We need an agent in Qattara," Dickstein said.

"I'm working on it."

Dickstein nodded. "We must have ~~quite a~~ man in Cairo."

This was not what Borg wanted to talk about. "What are you trying to do, pump me for information?" he said crossly.

"Thinking aloud."

There was silence for a few moments. Borg crunched some more onions. At last he said, "I've told you what I want, but I've left all the decisions about how to get it ~~up~~ to you."

"Yes, you have, haven't you." Dickstein stood up. "I think I'll go to bed."

"Have you got any idea where you're going to start?"

Dickstein said, "Yes, I have. Goodnight."

Three

NAT DICKSTEIN never got used to being a secret agent. It was the continual deceit that bothered him. He was always lying to people, hiding, pretending to be someone he was not, surreptitiously following people and showing false documents to officials at airports. He never ceased to worry about being found out. He had a daytime nightmare in which he was surrounded suddenly by policemen who shouted, "You're a spy! You're a spy!" and took him off to prison where they broke his leg.

He was uneasy now. He was at the Jean-Monnet building in Luxembourg, on the Kirchberg Plateau across a narrow river valley from the hilltop city. He sat in the entrance to the offices of the Euratom Safeguards Directorate, memorizing the faces of the employees as they arrived at work. He was waiting to see a press officer called Pfaffer but he had intentionally come much too early. He was looking for weakness. The disadvantage of this ploy was that all the staff got to see his face too; but he had no time for subtle precautions.

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Book Press
Galley 0035 Take 0001 Version code 02-08
Job 00005928 Oper 00 Key Bd. 80 Date 06/29/79
C.Scan., DN 119, SN 3243, Book Press: Triple, 11/14x26 T.R., 606

Pfaffer turned out to be an untidy young man with an expression of disapproval and a battered brown briefcase. Dickstein followed him into an equally untidy office and accepted his offer of coffee. They spoke French. Dickstein was accredited to the Paris office of an obscure journal called *Science International*. He told Pfaffer that it was his ambition to get a job on *Scientific American*.

Pfaffer asked him, "Exactly what are you writing about at the moment?"

"The article is called 'MUF.'" Dickstein explained in English. "Material Unaccounted For." He went on, "In the United States radioactive fuel is continually getting lost. Here in Europe, I'm told, there's an international system for keeping track of all such material."

"~~True~~," Pfaffer said. "The member countries hand over control of fissile substances to Euratom. We have, first of all, a complete list of civilian establishments where stocks are held—from mines through preparation and fabrication plants, stores, and reactors, to reprocessing plants."

"You said 'civilian' establishments."

"Yes. The military are outside our scope."

"Go on." Dickstein was relieved to get Pfaffer talking before the press officer had a chance to realize how limited Dickstein's knowledge ~~was on~~ these subjects.

"As an example," Pfaffer continued, "take a factory making fuel elements from ordinary yellowcake. The raw material coming into the factory is weighed and analyzed by Euratom inspectors. Their findings are programmed into the Euratom computer and checked against the information from the inspectors at the dispatching installation—in this case, probably a uranium mine. If there is a discrepancy between the quantity that left the dispatching installation and the quantity that arrived at the factory, the computer will say so. Similar measurements are made of the material leaving the factory—quantity and quality. These figures will in turn be checked against information supplied by inspectors at the premises where the fuel is to be used—a nuclear power station, probably. In addition, all waste at the factory is weighed and analyzed.

"This process of inspection and double-checking is carried on up to and including the final disposal of radioactive wastes. Finally, stocktaking is done at least twice a year at the factory."

"I see." Dickstein looked impressed and felt desperately discouraged. No doubt Pfaffer was exaggerating the efficiency of the system—but even if they made half the checks they were supposed to, how could anyone spirit away one hundred tons of yellowcake without their computer noticing? To keep Pfaffer talking, he said, "So, at any given moment, your computer knows the location of every scrap of uranium in Europe."

"Within the member countries—France, Germany, Italy, Belgium, the Netherlands and Luxembourg. And it's not just uranium, it's all radioactive material."

"What about details of transportation?"

"All have to be approved by us."

Dickstein closed his notebook. "It sounds like a good system. Can I see it in operation?"

"That wouldn't be up to us. You'd have to contact the atomic energy authority in the member country and ask permission to visit an installation. Some of them do guided tours."

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Galley 0036 Take 0001 Version code 02-08
Job 00005928 Oper 00 Key Bd. 80 Date 06/29/79
C.Scan., DN 119, SN 3243, Book Press: Triple, 11/14x26 T.R., 606

9999

"Can you let me have a list of phone numbers?"

"Certainly." Pfaffer stood up and opened a filing cabinet.

Dickstein had solved one problem only to be confronted with another. He had wanted to know where he could go to find out the location of stockpiles of radioactive material, and he now had the answer: Euratom's computer. But all the uranium the computer knew about was subject to the rigorous monitoring system, and therefore extremely difficult to steal. Sitting in the untidy little office, watching the smug Herr Pfaffer rummage through his old press releases, Dickstein thought: If only you knew what's in my mind, little bureaucrat, you'd have a blue fit; and he suppressed a grin and felt a little more cheerful.

substitute comma

Pfaffer handed him a cyclostyled leaflet. Dickstein folded it and put it in his pocket ~~saying~~, "Thank you for your help."

He said

Pfaffer said, "Where are you staying?"

substitute . He said

"The Alfa, opposite the railway station."

Pfaffer saw him to the door. "Enjoy Luxembourg."

"I'll do my best," Dickstein said, and shook his hand.

The memory thing was a trick. Dickstein had picked it up as a small child, sitting with his grandfather in a smelly room over a pie shop in the Mile End Road, struggling to recognize the strange characters of the Hebrew alphabet. The idea was to isolate one unique feature of the shape to be remembered and ignore everything else. Dickstein had done that with the faces of the Euratom staff.

He waited outside the Jean-Monnet building in the late afternoon, watching people leave for home. Some of them interested him more than others. Secretaries, messengers and coffee-makers were no use to him, nor were senior administrators. He wanted the people in between: computer programmers, office managers, heads of small departments, personal assistants and assistant chiefs. He had given names to the likeliest ones, names which reminded him of their memorable feature: Diamante, Stiffcollar, Tony Curtis, No-nose, Snowhead, Zapata, Fatbum.

Diamante was a plump woman in her late thirties without a wedding ring. Her name came from the crystal glitter on the rims of her spectacles. Dickstein followed her to the car park, where she squeezed herself into the driving seat of a white Fiat 500. Dickstein's rented Peugeot was parked nearby.

She crossed the Pont-Adolphe, driving badly but slowly, and went about fifteen kilometers southeast, finishing up at a small village called Mondorf-les-Bains. She parked in the cobbled yard of a square Luxembourgeois house with a nail-studded door. She let herself in with a key.

The village was a tourist attraction with ~~its~~ thermal springs. Dickstein slung a camera around his neck and wandered about, passing Diamante's house several times. On one pass he saw, through a window, Diamante serving a meal to an old woman.

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The baby Fiat stayed outside the house until after midnight, when Dickstein left.

She had been a poor choice. She was a spinster living with her elderly mother, neither rich nor poor—the house was probably the mother's—and apparently without vices. If Dickstein had been a different kind of man he might have seduced her, but otherwise there was no way to get at her.

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Galley 0037 Take 0001 Version code 02-08
Job 00005928 Oper 00 Key Bd. 80 Date 06/29/79
C.Scan., DN 119, SN 3243, Book Press: Triple, 11/14x26 T.R., 606

He went back to his hotel disappointed and frustrated—unreasonably so he had made the best guess he could on the information he had. Nevertheless he felt he had spent a day skirting the problem and was impatient to get to grips with it so he could stop worrying vaguely and start worrying specifically.

He spent three more days getting nowhere. He drew blanks with Zapata, Fatbum and Tony Curtis.

But Stiffcollar was perfect.

He was about Dickstein's age, a slim, elegant man in a dark blue suit, plain blue tie and white shirt with starched collar. His dark hair, a little longer than was usual for a man of his age, was graying over the ears. He wore handmade shoes.

He walked from the office across the Alzette river and uphill into the old town. He went down a narrow cobbled street and entered an old terraced house. Two minutes later a light went on in an attic window.

Dickstein hung around for two hours.

When Stiffcollar came out he was wearing close-fitting light trousers and an orange scarf around his neck. His hair was combed forward, making him look younger, and his walk was jaunty.

Dickstein followed him to the Rue Dicks, where he ducked into an unlit doorway and disappeared. Dickstein stopped outside. The door was open but there was nothing to indicate what might be inside. A bare flight of stairs went down. After a moment, Dickstein heard faint music.

Two young men in matching yellow jeans passed him and went in. One of them grinned back at him and said, "Yes, this is the place." Dickstein followed them down the stairs.

It was an ordinary-looking nightclub with tables and chairs, a few booths, a small dance floor and a jazz trio in a corner. Dickstein paid an entrance fee and sat at a booth, within sight of Stiffcollar. He ordered beer.

He had already guessed why the place had such a discreet air, and now, as he looked around, his theory was confirmed: it was a homosexual club. It was the first club of this kind he had been to, and he was mildly surprised to find it so unexceptional. A few of the men wore light make-up, there were a couple of outrageous queens camping it up by the bar, and a very pretty girl was holding hands with an older woman in trousers; but most of the customers were dressed normally by the standards of peacock Europe, and there was no one in drag.

Stiffcollar was sitting close to a fair-haired man in a maroon double-breasted jacket. Dickstein had no feelings about homosexuals as such; he ~~sympathized with the secretive ones, and in a way those who called themselves "gay" and were cheerfully promiscuous.~~ He was not offended when people supposed wrongly that he might be homosexual because he was a bachelor in his early forties. To him, Stiffcollar was just a man who worked at Euratom and had a guilty secret.

He listened to the music and drank his beer. A waiter came across and said, "Are you on your own, dear?"

Dickstein shook his head. "I'm waiting for my friend."

A guitarist replaced the trio and began to sing vulgar folk songs in German. Dickstein missed most of the jokes, but the rest of the audience roared with laughter. After that several couples danced.

Dickstein saw Stiffcollar put his hand on his companion's knee.

Book Press
Galley 0038 Take 0001 Version code 02-08
Job 00005928 Oper 00 Key Bd. 80 Date 06/29/79
C.Scan., DN 119, SN 3243, Book Press: Triple, 11/14x26 T.R., 606

This was the time to strike ☺

He got up and walked across to their booth.

"Hello," he said cheerfully, "didn't I see you at the Euratom office the other day?"

Stiffcollar went white. "I don't know . . ."

Dickstein stuck out his hand. "Ed Rodgers," he said, giving the name he had used with Pfaffer. "I'm a journalist."

Stiffcollar muttered, "How do you do." He was shaken, but he had the presence of mind not to give his name.

"I've got to rush away," Dickstein said. "It was nice to see you."

"Goodbye, then."

Dickstein turned away and went out of the club. He had done all that was necessary, for now: Stiffcollar knew that his secret was out, and he was frightened.

Dickstein walked toward his hotel, feeling grubby and ashamed.

He was followed from the Rue Dicks.

The tail was not a professional, and made no attempt at camouflage. He stayed fifteen or twenty steps behind, his leather shoes making a regular slap-slap on the pavement. Dickstein pretended not to notice. Crossing the road, he got a look at the tail: a large youth, long hair, worn brown leather jacket.

Moments later another youth stepped out of the shadows and stood squarely in front of Dickstein, blocking the pavement. Dickstein stood still and waited, thinking. What the hell is this? He could not imagine who could be tailing him already, nor why anyone who wanted him tailed would use clumsy amateurs from off the streets.

substitute a colon

The blade of a knife glinted in the street light. The tail came up behind.

The youth in front said, "All right, nancy-boy, give us your wallet."

Dickstein was deeply relieved. They were just thieves who assumed that anyone coming out of that nightclub would be easy game.

"Don't hit me," Dickstein said. "I'll give you my money." He took out his wallet.

"The wallet," the youth said.

Dickstein did not want to fight them; but, while he could get more cash easily, he would be greatly inconvenienced if he lost all his papers and credit cards. He removed the notes from the wallet and offered them. "I need my papers. Just take the money, and I won't report this."

The boy in front snatched the notes.

The one behind said, "Get the credit cards."

The one in front was the weaker. Dickstein looked squarely at him. "Why don't you quit while you're ahead, sonny?" Then he walked forward, passing the youth on the outside of the pavement.

and said,
substitute and said,

Leather shoes beat a brief tattoo as the other rushed Dickstein, and then there was only one way for the encounter to end.

Dickstein spun ~~about~~, grabbed the boy's foot as he aimed a kick, pulled and twisted and broke the boy's ankle.

The kid shouted with pain and fell down.
Insert the kid shouted with pain and fell down.

The one with the knife came at Dickstein ~~then~~. He danced back, kicked the boy's shin, danced back, and kicked again. The boy lunged with the knife. Dickstein dodged and kicked him a third time in exactly the same place. There was a noise like a bone snapping, and the boy ~~was down to join the other~~.

fell down
Substitute fell down

Book Press
Galley 0039 Take 0001 Version code 02-08
Job 00005928 Oper 00 Key Bd. 80 Date 06/29/79
C.Scan., DN 119, SN 3243, Book Press: Triple, 11/14x26 T.R., 606

Dickstein stood for a moment looking at the two muggers. He felt like a parent whose children had pushed him until he was obliged to strike them. Why did you make me do it? They *were* children: about seventeen, he guessed. They were ~~also~~ vicious—they preyed on homosexuals; but that was exactly what Dickstein had been doing this night.

He walked away. It was an evening to forget. He decided to leave town in the morning.

When Dickstein was working he stayed in his hotel room as much as possible to avoid being seen. He might have ~~become~~ a heavy drinker, except it was unwise to drink during an operation—alcohol blunted the sharp edge of his vigilance—and at other times he felt no ~~real~~ need of it. He spent a ~~good deal~~ of time looking out of windows or sitting in front of a flickering television screen. He did not walk around the streets, did not sit in hotel bars, did not even eat in hotel restaurants—he always used room service. But there ~~were~~ limits to the precautions ~~even he could~~ take. He ~~could not~~ be invisible. ~~And so~~ in the lobby of the Alfa Hotel in Luxembourg he bumped into someone who knew him.

He was standing at the desk, checking out. He had looked over the bill and presented a credit card in the name of Ed Rogers, and he was waiting to sign the American Express slip when a voice behind him said in English, "My God! It's Nat Dickstein, isn't it?" ~~Dickstein's heart missed a beat.~~

It was the moment he dreaded. Like every agent who used cover identities, he lived in constant fear of accidentally coming up against someone from his distant past who could unmask him. It was ~~his~~ nightmare of the policemen who shouted, "You're a spy!" and it was the debt-collector saying, "But your mother *is* in, I just saw her, through the window, hiding under the kitchen table."

Like every agent he had been trained for this moment. The rule was simple: *Whoever it is, you don't know him.* They made you practice in the school. They would say, "Today you are Chaim Meyerson, engineering student," and so on; and you would have to walk around and do your work and be Chaim Meyerson; and then, late in the afternoon, they would arrange for you to bump into your cousin, or your old college professor, or a rabbi who knew your whole family. The first time, you always smiled and said "hello," and talked about old times for a while, and then that evening your tutor told you that you were dead. Eventually you learned to look old friends straight in the eye and say, "Who the hell are you?"

Dickstein's training came into play now. He looked first at the desk clerk, who was at that moment checking him out in the name of Ed Rodgers. The clerk did not react: presumably either he did not understand, or he had not heard, or he did not care.

A hand tapped Dickstein's shoulder. He started an apologetic smile and turned around, saying in French, "I'm afraid you've got the wrong—"

The skirt of her dress was around her waist, her face was flushed with pleasure, and she was kissing Yasif Hassan.

"It *is* you!" said Yasif Hassan.

And then, because of the dreadful impact of the memory of that morning in Oxford twenty years ago, Dickstein lost control for an instant, and his training deserted him, and he made the biggest mistake of his career. ~~He stared in shock, and he actually said, "God, Hassan."~~

~~His mouth dropped open.~~ He stared in shock, and he said: "Christ. Hassan."

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He stared in shock, and he said: "Christ. Hassan."

Book Press
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Job 00005928 Oper 00 Key Bd. 80 Date 06/29/79
C.Scan., DN 119, SN 3243, Book Press: Triple, 11/14x26 T.R., 606

9999

0001 Hassan smiled, and stuck out his hand, and said, "How
0002 long . . . it must be . . . more than twenty years!"
0003 Dickstein shook the proffered hand mechanically, ~~instantly~~
0004 conscious ~~of his blunder~~, and tried to pull himself together. "It
0005 must be," he muttered. "What are you doing here?"
0006 "I live here. You?"
0007 "I'm just leaving." Dickstein decided the only thing to do was
0008 get out, fast, before he did himself any more harm. The clerk
0009 handed him the credit-card form and he scribbled "Ed Rodgers"
0010 on it. He looked at his wristwatch. "Damn, I've got to catch this
0011 plane—"
0012 "My car's outside," Hassan said. "I'll take you to the airport.
0013 We *must* talk."
0014 "I've ordered a taxi . . ."
0015 Hassan spoke to the desk clerk. "Cancel that cab—give this to
0016 the driver for his trouble." He handed over some coins.
0017 Dickstein said, "I really am in a rush—"
0018 "~~Well,~~ come on, then!" ~~and~~ Hassan picked up Dickstein's case
0019 and went outside.
0020 Feeling helpless, ~~indeed~~ foolish and incompetent, Dickstein
0021 followed.
0022 They got into a battered two-seater English sports car.
0023 Dickstein studied Hassan as he steered the car out of a no-waiting
0024 zone and into the traffic. The Arab had changed, and it was not
0025 just age. The gray streaks in his mustache, the thickening of his
0026 waist, his deeper voice—these were to be expected. But some-
0027 thing else was different. Hassan had always seemed to Dickstein
0028 to be the archetypal aristocrat. He had been slow-moving,
0029 dispassionate and faintly bored when everyone else was young
0030 and excitable. Now his hauteur seemed to have gone. He was like
0031 his car: somewhat the worse for wear, with a rather hurried air.
0032 Still, Dickstein had sometimes wondered how much of his
0033 upper-class appearance was cultivated.
0034 Resigning himself to the consequences of his ~~too-human~~
0035 ~~mistake~~, Dickstein tried to find out the extent of the damage. He
0036 asked Hassan, "You live here now?"
0037 "My bank has its European headquarters here."
0038 So, maybe he's still rich, Dickstein thought. "Which bank is
0039 that?"
0040 "The Cedar Bank of Lebanon."
0041 "Why Luxembourg?"
0042 "It's a considerable financial center," Hassan replied. "The
0043 European Investment Bank is here, and they have an internation-
0044 al stock exchange. But what about you?"
0045 "I live in Israel. My kibbutz makes wine—I'm sniffing at the
0046 possibilities of European distribution."
0047 "Taking coals to Newcastle."
0048 "I'm beginning to think so."
0049 "Perhaps I can help you, if you're coming back. I have a lot of
0050 contacts here. I could set up some appointments for you."
0051 "Thank you. I'm going to take you up on that offer." If the
0052 worst came to the worst, Dickstein thought, he could always keep
0053 the appointments and sell some wine.
0054 Hassan said, "So, now your home is in Palestine and my home
0055 is in Europe." His smile was forced, Dickstein thought.
0056 "How is the bank doing?" Dickstein asked, wondering whether
0057 "my bank" had meant "the bank I own" or "the bank I manage"
0058 or "the bank I work for."

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Book Press
Galley 0041 Take 0001 Version code 02-08
Job 00005928 Oper 00 Key Bd. 80 Date 06/29/79
C.Scan., DN 119, SN 3243, Book Press: Triple, 11/14x26 T.R., 606

"Oh, remarkably well."

They seemed not to have much more to say to each other. Dickstein would have liked to ask what had happened to Hassan's family in Palestine, how his affair with Eila Ashford had ended, and why he was driving a sports car; but he was afraid the answers might be painful, either for Hassan or for himself.

Hassan asked, "Are you married?"

"No. You?"

"No."

"How odd," Dickstein said.

Hassan smiled. "We're not the type to take on responsibilities, you and I."

"Oh, I've got responsibilities," Dickstein said, thinking of the orphan Mottie who had not yet finished *Treasure Island.*

"But you have a roving eye, eh?" Hassan said with a wink.

"As I recall, you were the ladies' man," Dickstein said uncomfortably.

"Ah, those were the days."

Dickstein tried not to think about Eila. They reached the airport, and Hassan stopped the car.

Dickstein said, "Thank you for the lift."

Hassan swiveled around in the bucket seat. He stared at Dickstein. "I can't get over this," he said. "You actually look younger than you did in 1947."

Dickstein shook his hand. "I'm sorry to be in such a rush." He got out of the car.

"Don't forget—call me next time you're here," Hassan said.

"Goodbye." Dickstein closed the car door and walked into the airport.

Then, at last, he allowed himself to remember.

The four people in the chilly garden were still for one long heartbeat. Then Hassan's hands moved on Eila's body. Instantly Dickstein and Cortone moved away, through the gap in the hedge and out of sight. The lovers never saw them.

They walked toward the house. When they were well out of earshot Cortone said, "Jesus, that was hot stuff."

"Let's not talk about it," Dickstein said. He felt like a man who, looking backward over his shoulder, had walked into a lamppost: there was pain and rage, and nobody to blame but himself.

Fortunately the party was breaking up. They left without speaking to the cuckold, Professor Ashford, who was in a corner deep in conversation with a graduate student. They went to the George for lunch. Dickstein ate very little but drank some beer.

Cortone said, "Listen, Nat, I don't know why you're getting so down in the mouth about it. I mean, it just goes to show she's available, right?"

"~~Sure~~," Dickstein said, but ~~of course~~ did not mean it.

The bill came to more than ten shillings. Cortone paid it. Dickstein walked him to the railway station. They shook hands solemnly, and Cortone got on the train.

Dickstein walked in the park for several hours, hardly noticing the cold, trying to sort out his feelings ~~and failing~~. He ~~told himself~~ he was not envious of Hassan, nor disillusioned with Eila, nor disappointed in his hopes, ~~because~~ he had never been hopeful. He was shattered, ~~though~~ and had no words to say why. He wished ~~very much~~ he had somebody he could talk ~~to~~ about it.

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Job 00005928 Oper 00 Key Bd. 80 Date 06/29/79
C.Scan., DN 119, SN 3243, Book Press: Triple, 11/14x26 T.R., 606

Soon after this he went to Palestine, although not just because of Eila.

In the next twenty-one years he never had a woman, but that, too, was not entirely because of Eila.

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Yasif Hassan drove away from Luxembourg airport in a black rage. He could picture, as clearly as if it were yesterday, the young Dickstein: a pale Jew in a cheap suit, thin as a girl, always standing slightly hunched as if he expected to be flogged, staring with adolescent longing at the ripe body of Eila Ashford, arguing doggedly that his people would have Palestine whether the Arabs consented or not. Hassan had thought him ridiculous, a child. Now Dickstein lived in Israel, and grew grapes to make wine: he had found a home, and Hassan had lost one.

Hassan was no longer rich. He had never been fabulously wealthy, even by Levantine standards, but he had always had fine food, expensive clothes and the best education, and he had consciously adopted the manners of Arab aristocracy. His grandfather had been a successful doctor who set up his elder son in medicine and his younger son in business. The younger, Hassan's father, bought and sold textiles in Palestine, Lebanon and Transjordan. The business prospered under British rule, and Zionist immigration swelled the market. By 1947 the family had shops all over the Levant and owned their native village near Nazareth.

The 1948 war ruined them.

When the state of Israel was declared and the Arab armies attacked, the Hassan family made the fatal mistake of packing their bags and fleeing to Syria. They never came back. The warehouse in Jerusalem burned down; the shops were destroyed or taken over by Jews; and the family lands became "administered" by the Israeli government. Hassan had heard that the village was now a kibbutz.

Hassan's father had lived ever since in a United Nations refugee camp. The last positive thing he had done was to write a letter of introduction for Yasif to his Lebanese bankers. Yasif had a university degree and spoke excellent English: the bank gave him a job.

He applied to the Israeli government for compensation under the 1953 Land Acquisition Act, and was refused.

He visited his family in the camp only once, but what he saw there stayed with him for the rest of his life. They lived in a hut made of boards and shared the communal toilets. They got no special treatment: they were just one among thousands of families without a home, a purpose or a hope. To see his father, who had been a clever, decisive man ruling a large business with a firm hand, reduced now to queuing for food and wasting his life playing backgammon, made Yasif want to throw bombs at ~~anything Israeli, including~~ school buses.

The women fetched water and cleaned house much as always, but the men shuffled around in secondhand clothes, waiting for nothing, their bodies getting flabby while their minds grew dull. Teenagers strutted and squabbled and fought with knives — there was nothing ahead of them but the prospect of their lives shriveling to nothing in the baking heat of the sun.

The camp smelled of sewage and despair. Hassan never returned to visit, although he continued to write to his mother. He had escaped the trap, and if he was deserting his father, well, his father had helped him do it, so it must ~~have been~~ what he wanted. ~~Or so he tried to convince himself.~~

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Book Press
Galley 0043 Take 0001 Version code 02-08
Job 00005928 Oper 00 Key Bd. 80 Date 06/29/79
C.Scan., DN 119, SN 3243, Book Press: Triple, 11/14x26 T.R., 606

He ~~managed to become~~ a modest success as a bank clerk. He had intelligence and integrity, but his upbringing did not fit him for careful, calculating work involving shuffling of memoranda and keeping of records in triplicate. Besides, his heart was ~~decisively~~ elsewhere.

He never ceased to resent bitterly what had been taken from him ~~and his family, and~~ carried his hatred through life like a secret burden. Whatever his logical mind might tell him, his soul said he abandoned his father in time of need, and the guilt fed his hatred of Israel. Each year he expected the Arab armies to destroy the Zionist invaders, and each time they failed he grew more wretched and more angry.

In 1957 he began to work for Egyptian Intelligence.

He was not a very important agent, but as the bank expanded its European business he began to pick up the occasional tidbit, both in the office and from general banking gossip. Sometimes Cairo would ask him for specific information about the finances of an arms manufacturer, a Jewish philanthropist, or an Arab millionaire; and if Hassan did not have the details in his bank's files he could often get them from friends and business contacts. He also had a general brief to keep an eye on Israeli businessmen in Europe, in case they were agents~~. Which~~ was why he had approached Nat Dickstein and pretended to be friendly.

Hassan thought Dickstein's story was probably true. In his shabby suit, with the same round spectacles and the same inconspicuous air, he looked exactly like an underpaid salesman with a product he could not promote. However, there was that odd business in the Rue Dicks the previous night: two youths, known to the police as petty thieves, had been found in the gutter savagely disabled. Hassan had got all the details from a contact on the city police force. Clearly they had picked on the wrong sort of victim. Their injuries were professional: the man who had inflicted them had to be a soldier, a policeman, a bodyguard . . . or an agent. After an incident like that, any Israeli who flew out in a hurry the next morning was ~~surely~~ worth checking up on.

Hassan drove back to the Alfa Hotel and spoke to the desk clerk. "I was here an hour ago when one of your guests was checking out," he said. "Do you remember?"

"I think so, sir."

Hassan gave him two hundred Luxembourg francs. "Would you tell me what name he was registered under?"

"Certainly, sir." The clerk consulted a file. "Edward Rodgers, from *Science International* magazine."

"Not Nathaniel Dickstein?"

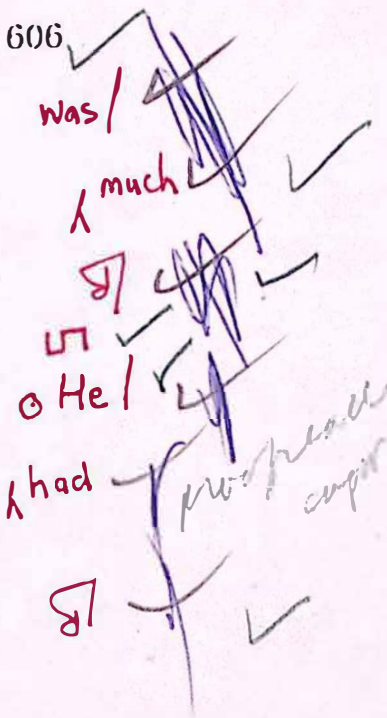
The clerk shook his head patiently.

"Would you just see whether you had a Nathaniel Dickstein, from Israel, registered at all?"

"Certainly." The clerk took several minutes to look through a wad of papers. Hassan's excitement rose. If Dickstein had registered under a false name, then he was not a wine salesman—so what else could he be but an Israeli agent? Finally the clerk closed his file looked up. "Definitely not, sir."

"Thank you." Hassan left. He was jubilant as he drove back to his office: he had used his wits and discovered something important. As soon as he got to his desk he composed a message.

SUSPECTED ISRAELI AGENT SEEN HERE. NAT DICKSTEIN ALIAS ED RODGERS. FIVE FOOT SIX, SMALL BUILD, DARK HAIR, BROWN EYES, AGE ABOUT 40.



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Book Press
Galley 0044 Take 0001 Version code 02-08
Job 00005928 Oper 00 Key Bd. 80 Date 07/02/79
C.Scan., DN 119, SN 3243, Book Press: Triple, 11/14x26 T.R., 606

He encoded the message, added an extra code word at its top and sent it by telex to the bank's Egyptian headquarters. It would never get there: the extra code word instructed the Cairo post office to reroute the telex to the Directorate of General Investigations.

Sending the message was an anticlimax, of course. There would be no reaction, no thanks from the other end. Hassan had nothing to do but get on with his bank work, and try not to daydream.

~~But~~ Cairo called him on the phone.

It had never happened before. Sometimes they sent him cables, telexes, and even letters, all in code, of course. Once or twice he had met with people from Arab embassies and been given verbal instructions. But they ~~had~~ never phoned. His report must have caused more of a stir then he~~d~~ anticipated.

The caller wanted to know more about Dickstein. "I want to confirm the identity of the customer referred to in your message," he said. "Did he wear round spectacles?"

"Yes."

"Did he speak English with a Cockney accent? Would you recognize such an accent?"

"Yes, and yes."

"Did he have a number tattooed on his forearm?"

"I didn't see it today, but I know he has it . . . I was at Oxford University with him, years ago. I'm quite sure it~~s~~ him."

"You *know* him?" There was astonishment in the voice from Cairo. "Is this information on your file?"

"No, I've never—"

"Then it should be," the man said angrily. "How long have you been with us?"

"Since 1957."

"That explains it . . . those were the old days. Okay, now listen. This man is a very important . . . client. We want you to stay with him twenty-four hours a day, do you understand?"

"I can't," Hassan said miserably. "He left town."

"Where did he go?"

"I dropped him at the airport. I don't know where he went."

"Then find out. Phone the airlines, ask which flight he was on, and call me back in fifteen minutes."

"I'll do my best—"

"I'm not interested in your best," the voice from Cairo said. "I want his destination, and I want it before he gets there. Just be sure you call me in fifteen minutes. Now that we've contacted him, *we must not lose him again.*"

"I'll get on to it right away~~+~~" said Hassan, but the line was dead before he could finish the sentence.

He cradled the phone. True, he had got no thanks from Cairo; but this was better. Suddenly he was important, his work was urgent, they were depending on him. He had a chance to do something for the Arab cause, a chance to strike back at last.

He picked up the phone again and ~~began~~ calling the airlines.

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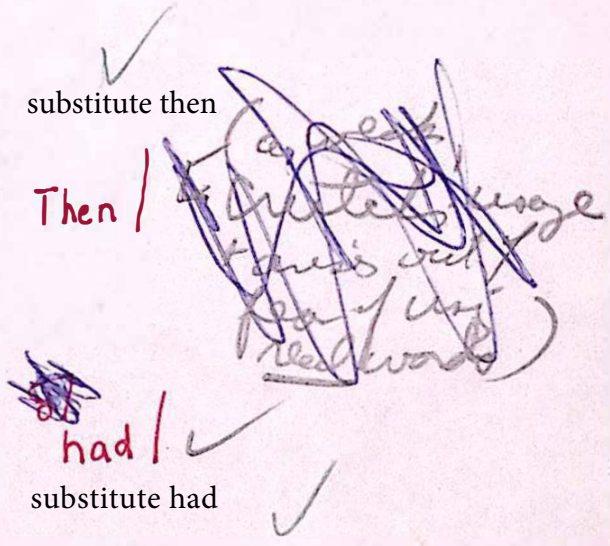

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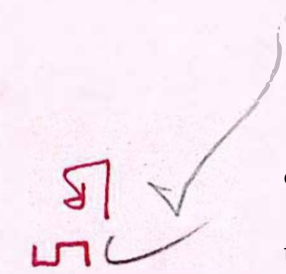

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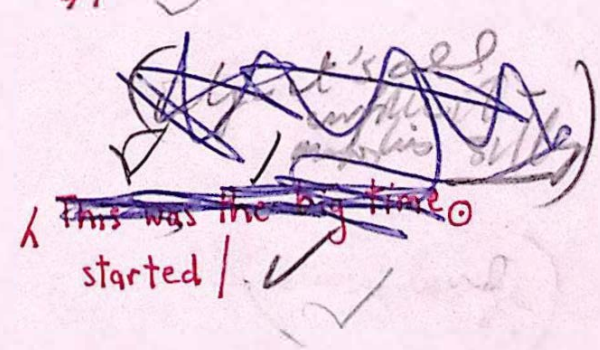

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Job 00005928 Oper 00 Key Bd. 80 Date 07/02/79
C.Scan., DN 119, SN 3243, Book Press: Triple, 11/14x26 T.R., 606

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0001 NAT DICKSTEIN chose to visit a nuclear power station in France
0002 simply because French was the only European language he spoke
0003 passably well, except for English, but England was not part of
0004 Euratom. He traveled to the power station in a bus with an
0005 assorted party of students and tourists. The countryside slipping
0006 past the windows was a dusty southern green, more like Galilee
0007 than Essex, which had been "the country" to Dickstein as a boy.
0008 He had traveled the world since, getting on planes as casually as
0009 any jet-setter, but he could remember the time when his horizons
0010 had been Park Lane in the west and Southend-on-Sea in the east.

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Book Press
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Job 00005928 Oper 00 Key Bd. 80 Date 07/02/79
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0001 He could also remember how suddenly those horizons had
0002 receded, when he began to try to think of himself as a man, after
0003 his bar mitzvah and the death of his father. Other boys of his age
0004 saw themselves getting jobs on the docks or in the brick, marrying
0005 local girls, finding houses within a quarter of a mile of their
0006 parents' homes and settling down; their ambitions were to breed
0007 a champion greyhound, to see West Ham win the Cup Final, to
0008 buy a motor car. Young Nat thought he might go to California or
0009 Rhodesia or Hong Kong and become a brain surgeon or an
0010 archaeologist or a millionaire. It was partly that he was cleverer

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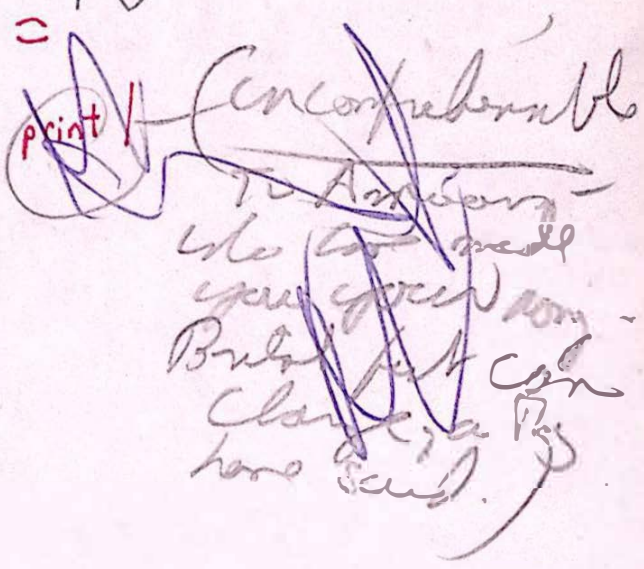

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Job 00005928 Oper 00 Key Bd. 80 Date 07/02/79
C.Scan., DN 119, SN 3243, Book Press: Triple, 11/14x26 T.R., 606

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0001 than most of his contemporaries; partly that to them foreign
0002 languages were alien, mysterious, a school subject like algebra
0003 rather than a way of talking; but mainly the difference had to do
0004 with being Jewish. Dickstein's boyhood chess partner, Harry
0005 Chieseman, was brainy and forceful and quick-witted, but he saw
0006 himself as a working-class Londoner and believed he would
0007 always be one. Dickstein knew—although he could not remem-
0008 ber anyone actually telling him this—that wherever they were
0009 born, Jews were able to find their way into the greatest
0010 universities, to start new industries like motion pictures, to

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Book Press
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become successful bankers and lawyers and manufacturers; and if they could not do it in the country where they were born, they would move somewhere else and try again. It was curious, Dickstein thought as he recollected his boyhood, that a people who had been persecuted for centuries should be so convinced of their ability to achieve anything they set their minds to — like, when they needed nuclear bombs, they went out ~~to get~~ them. The tradition was a comfort, but it gave him no help with the ways and means. —

The power station loomed in the distance. As the bus got closer, Dickstein realized that the reactor was going to be bigger

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Book Press
Galley 0049 Take 0001 Version code 02-08
Job 00005928 Oper 00 Key Bd. 80 Date 07/02/79
C.Scan., DN 119, SN 3243, Book Press: Triple, 11/14x26 T.R., 606

than he had imagined. It occupied a ten-story building. Somehow he had imagined the thing fitting into a small room.

The external security was on an industrial, rather than military, level. The premises were surrounded by one high fence, not electrified. Dickstein looked into the gatehouse while the tour guide went through the formalities: the guards had only two closed-circuit television screens. I could get fifty men inside the compound in broad daylight without the guards noticing anything amiss ~~he thought~~. It was a bad sign—it meant they had other reasons to be confident.

He left the bus with the rest of the party and walked across the

insert Dickstein thought:

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Job 00005928 Oper 00 Key Bd. 80 Date 07/02/79
C.Scan., DN 119, SN 3243, Book Press: Triple, 11/14x26 T.R., 606

tar-macadamed parking lot to the reception building. The place had been laid out with a view to the public image of nuclear energy: there were well-kept lawns and flower-beds and lots of newly planted trees; everything was clean and natural, white-painted and smokeless. Looking back toward the gatehouse, Dickstein saw a gray Opel pull up on the road. One of the two men in it got out and spoke to the security guards, who appeared to give directions. Inside the car, something glinted briefly in the sun.

Dickstein followed the tour party into the lounge. There in a

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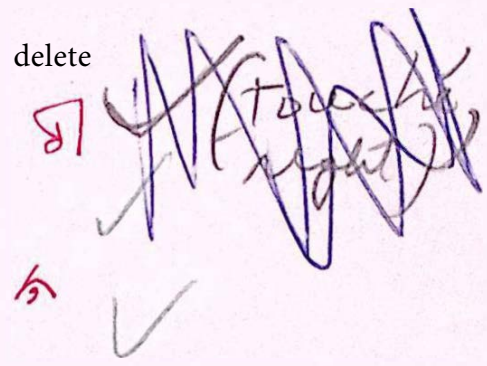
glass case was a rugby football trophy won by the power station's team. An aerial photograph of the establishment hung on the wall. Dickstein stood in front of it, imprinting its details on his mind, idly figuring out how he would raid the place while the back of his mind worried about the gray Opel.

They were ~~then~~ led around the power station by four hostesses in smart uniforms. Dickstein was not interested in the massive turbines, the space-age control room with its banks of dials and switches or the water-intake system designed to save the fish and return them to the river. He wondered if the men in the Opel had been following him, and if so, why.



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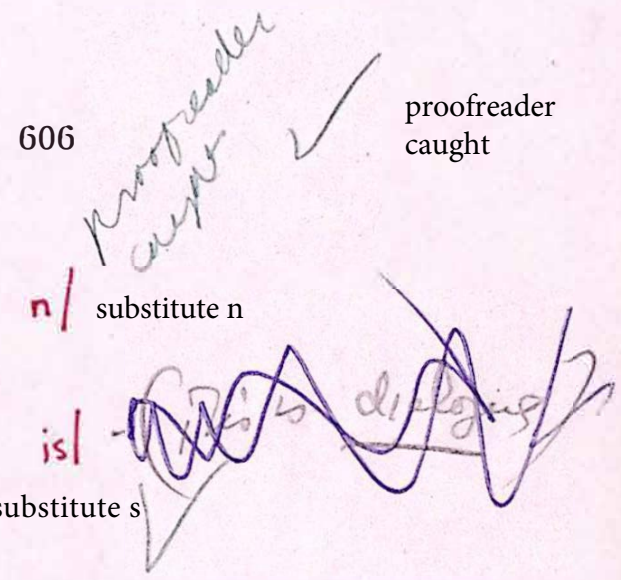
He was enormously interested in the delivery bay. He asked the hostess, "How does the fuel arrive?"

"On trucks," she said archly. Some of the party giggled nervously at the thought of uranium running around the countryside on trucks. "It's not dangerous," she went on as soon as she had got the expected laugh. "It isn't even radioactive until it ~~is~~ is fed into the atomic pile. It is taken off the truck straight into the elevator and up to the fuel store on the seventh floor. From there, everything is automatic."

"What about checking the quantity and quality of the consignment?" Dickstein said.



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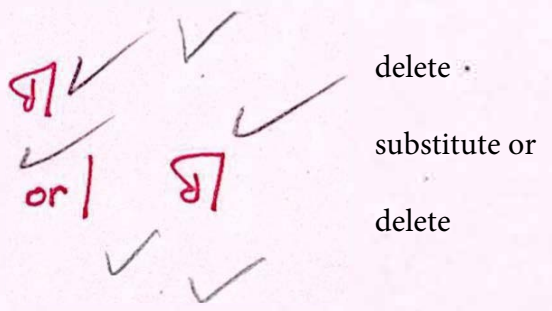
"This is done at the fuel fabrication plant. The consignment is sealed there, and only the seals are checked here."

"Thank you." Dickstein nodded, ~~feeling~~ pleased. The system was not quite as rigorous as Mr. Pfaffer of Euratom had claimed. One two schemes ~~now~~ began to take vague shape in Dickstein's mind.

They saw the reactor loading machine in operation. Worked entirely by remote control, it took the fuel element from the store to the reactor, lifted the concrete lid of a fuel channel, removed the spent element, inserted the new one, closed the lid and



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Job 00005928 Oper 00 Key Bd. 80 Date 07/02/79
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dumped the used element into a water-filled shaft which led to the cooling ponds.

The hostess, speaking perfect Parisian French in an oddly seductive voice, said, "The reactor has three thousand fuel channels, each channel containing eight fuel rods. The rods last four to seven years. The loading machine renews five channels in each operation."

They went on to see the cooling ponds. Under twenty feet of water the spent fuel elements were loaded into pannets, then—cool, but still highly radioactive—they were locked into fifty-ton lead flasks, two hundred elements to a flask, for transport by road and rail to a reprocessing plant.

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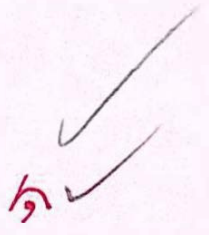
0001 As the hostesses served coffee and pastries in the lounge
0002 Dickstein considered what he had learned. It had occurred to him
0003 that since plutonium was ultimately what was wanted, he might
0004 steal used fuel. Now he knew why nobody had suggested it. It
0005 would be easy enough to hijack the truck—he could do it
0006 singlehanded—but how would he sneak a fifty-ton lead flask out
0007 of the country and take it to Israel without anyone noticing?
0008 Stealing uranium from inside the power station was no more
0009 promising an idea. Sure, the security was flimsy—the very fact
0010 that he had been permitted to make this reconnaissance, and had



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Job 00005928 Oper 00 Key Bd. 80 Date 07/02/79
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0001 even been given a guided tour, showed that. But fuel inside the
0002 station was locked into an automatic, remote-controlled system.
0003 The only way it could come out was by going right through the
0004 nuclear process and emerging in the cooling ponds; and then he
0005 was back with the problem of sneaking a huge flask of radioactive
0006 material through some European port.
0007 There had to be a way of breaking into the fuel store, Dickstein
0008 supposed; then ~~one~~ could manhandle the stuff into the elevator,
0009 take it down, put it on a truck and drive away; but that would
0010 involve holding some or all of the station personnel at gunpoint
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Galley 0057 Take 0001 Version code 02-08
Job 00005928 Oper 00 Key Bd. 80 Date 07/02/79
C.Scan., DN 119, SN 3243, Book Press: Triple, 11/14x26 T.R., 606

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0001 for some time, and his brief was to do this thing surreptitiously.
0002 A hostess offered to refill his cup, and he accepted. Trust the
0003 French to give you good coffee. A young engineer began a talk on
0004 nuclear safety. He wore unpressed trousers and a baggy sweater.
0005 Scientists and technicians all had a look about them, Dickstein
0006 had observed: their clothes were old, mismatched and comfort-
0007 able, and if many of them wore beards, it was usually a sign of
0008 indifference rather than vanity. He thought it was because in their
0009 work, force of personality generally counted for nothing, brains
0010 for everything, so there was no point in trying to make a good
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Galley 0058 Take 0001 Version code 02-08
Job 00005928 Oper 00 Key Bd. 80 Date 07/02/79
C.Scan., DN 119, SN 3243, Book Press: Triple, 11/14x26 T.R., 606

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0001 visual impression. But perhaps that was a romantic view of
0002 science —
0003 He did not pay attention to the lecture. The physicist from the
0004 Weizmann Institute had been much more concise. "There is no
0005 such thing as a safe level of radiation," he had said. "Such talk
0006 makes you think of radiation like water in a pool: if it's four feet
0007 high you're safe, if it's eight feet high you drown. But in fact
0008 radiation levels are much more like speed limits on the
0009 highway—thirty miles per hour is safer than eighty, but not as
0010 safe as twenty, and the only way to be completely safe is not to
0011 get in the car." —
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Book Press
Galley 0059 Take 0001 Version code 02-08
Job 00005928 Oper 00 Key Bd. 80 Date 07/02/79
C.Scan., DN 119, SN 3243, Book Press: Triple, 11/14x26 T.R., 606

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0001 Dickstein turned his mind back to the problem+stealing
0002 uranium. It was the requirement of *secrecy* that defeated every
0003 plan he ~~could dream~~ up. Maybe the whole thing was doomed to
0004 ~~fail~~. After all, impossible is impossible, he thought — No, it
0005 was too soon to say that. He went back to first principles.
0006 He would have to take a consignment in transit: that much was
0007 clear from what he had seen today. Now, the fuel elements were
0008 not checked at this end, they were fed straight into the system.
0009 He could hijack a truck, take the uranium out of the fuel
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Galley 0060 Take 0001 Version code 02-08
Job 00005928 Oper 00 Key Bd. 80 Date 07/02/79
C.Scan., DN 119, SN 3243, Book Press: Triple, 11/14x26 T.R., 606

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0001 elements, close them up again, reseal the consignment and bribe
0002 or frighten the truck driver to deliver the empty shells. The dud
0003 elements would gradually find their way into the reactor, five at a
0004 time, over a period of months. Eventually the reactor's output
0005 would fall marginally, there would be an investigation, tests
0006 would be done — perhaps no conclusions would be reached
0007 before the empty elements ran out and new, genuine fuel
0008 elements went in, causing output to rise again. Maybe no one
0009 would understand what had happened until the duds were
0010 reprocessed and the plutonium recovered was too little, by which
0011 time—four to seven years later—the trail to Tel Aviv would have

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Book Press
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Job 00005928 Oper 00 Key Bd. 80 Date 07/02/79
C.Scan., DN 119, SN 3243, Book Press: Triple, 11/14x26 T.R., 606

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0001 gone cold — But they might find out sooner / and there was still
0002 the problem of getting the stuff out of the country — Still, he
0003 had the outline of one possible scheme, and ~~it made him feel~~ a bit
0004 more cheerful.

0005 The lecture ended. There were a few desultory questions, then
0006 the party trooped back to the bus. Dickstein sat at the back. A
0007 middle-aged woman said to him, "That was my seat," and he
0008 stared at her stonily until she went away.

0009 Driving back from the power station, Dickstein kept looking
0010 out of the rear window. After about a mile the gray Opel pulled
0011 out of a turn-off and followed the bus / ~~and~~ Dickstein's cheerful-
0012 ness vanished.

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Book Press
Galley 0062 Take 0001 Version code 02-08
Job 00005928 Oper 00 Key Bd. 80 Date 07/02/79
C.Scan., DN 119, SN 3243, Book Press: Triple, 11/14x26 T.R., 606

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0003 He had been spotted. It had happened either here or in
0004 Luxembourg, probably Luxembourg. The spotter might have
0005 been Yasif Hassan—no reason why he should not be an agent—
0006 or someone else. They must be following him out of general
0007 curiosity because there was no way—was there?—that they could
0008 know what he was up to. All he had to do was lose them.

0009 He spent a day in and around the town near the nuclear power
0010 station, traveling by bus and taxi, driving a rented car, and
0011 walking. By the end of the day he had identified the three

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Book Press
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Job 00005928 Oper 00 Key Bd. 80 Date 07/02/79
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0001 vehicles—the gray Opel, a dirty little flatbed truck, and a German
0002 Ford—and five of the men in the surveillance team. The men
0003 looked vaguely Arabic, but in this part of France many of the
0001 criminals were North African: somebody might have hired local
0005 help. The size of the team explained why he had not ~~noticed~~ the
0006 surveillance earlier. They had been continually able to switch cars
0007 and personnel. The trip to the power station, a long there-and-
0008 back journey on a country road with very little traffic, explained
0009 why the team had finally blown themselves.

0010 The next day he drove out of town and onto the ~~highway~~. The
0011 Ford followed him for a few miles, then the gray Opel took over.

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Job 00005928 Oper 00 Key Bd. 80 Date 07/02/79
C.Scan., DN 119, SN 3243, Book Press: Triple, 11/14x26 T.R., 606

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0001 There were two men in each car. There would be two more in the
0002 flatbed truck, plus one at his hotel.
0003 The Opel was still with him when he found ~~the right spot for his~~
0004 ~~evasion. There was~~ a pedestrian bridge over the road in a place
0005 where there were no turnoffs from the highway for four or five
0006 miles in either direction. Dickstein pulled over to the shoulder,
0007 stopped the car, got out and lifted the hood. He looked inside for
0008 a few minutes. The gray Opel disappeared up ahead, and the
0009 Ford went by a ~~moment~~ later. The Ford would wait at the next
0010 turnoff, and the Opel would come back on the opposite side of
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C.Scan., DN 119, SN 3243, Book Press: Triple, 11/14x26 T.R., 606

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0001 the road to see what he was doing. That was what the textbook
0002 prescribed for this situation. Dickstein hoped these people would
0003 follow the book, otherwise his scheme would not work.
0004 He took a collapsible warning triangle from the trunk of the car
0005 and stood it behind the offside rear wheel.
0006 The Opel went by on the opposite side of the highway.
0007 They were following the book.
0008 Dickstein began to walk.
0009 When he got off the highway he caught the first bus he saw and
0010 rode it until it came to a town. On the journey he spotted each of
0011 the three surveillance vehicles at different times. He allowed
0000

new paragraph

Book Press
Galley 0066 Take 0001 Version code 02-08
Job 00005928 Oper 00 Key Bd. 80 Date 07/02/79
C.Scan., DN 119, SN 3243, Book Press: Triple, 11/14x26 T.R., 606

9999
0001 himself to feel a little premature triumph: they were going for it.
0002 He took a taxi from the town and got out close to his car but on
0003 the wrong side of the highway. The Opel went by, then the Ford
0004 pulled off the road a couple of hundred yards behind him.
0005 Dickstein began to run.
0006 In good condition after his months of outdoor work in the
0007 kibbutz, he sprinted to the pedestrian bridge, ran across it and
0008 raced along the shoulder on the other side of the road. Breathing
0009 hard and sweating, he reached his abandoned car in under three
0010 minutes.
0000

He was i

insert He was
substitute i

substitute a
period
capitalize H

Book Press
Galley 0067 Take 0001 Version code 02-08
Job 00005928 Oper 00 Key Bd. 80 Date 07/02/79
C.Scan., DN 119, SN 3243, Book Press: Triple, 11/14x26 T.R., 606

9999
0001 One of the men from the Ford had got out and started to follow
0002 him. Now he realized he had been taken in. The Ford moved off.
0003 The man ran back and jumped into it as it gathered speed and
0004 swung into the slow lane.
0005 Dickstein got into his car. The surveillance vehicles were now
0006 on the wrong side of the highway and would have to go all the
0007 way to the next junction before they could cross over and come
0008 after him. At sixty miles per hour the round trip would take them
0009 ten minutes, which meant he had at least five minutes start on
0010 them. They would not catch him.
0000

Insert the man substitute n

substitute a comma humming a musical chant that came from the football terraces of West Ham: "Easy, easy, eeee-zeee."

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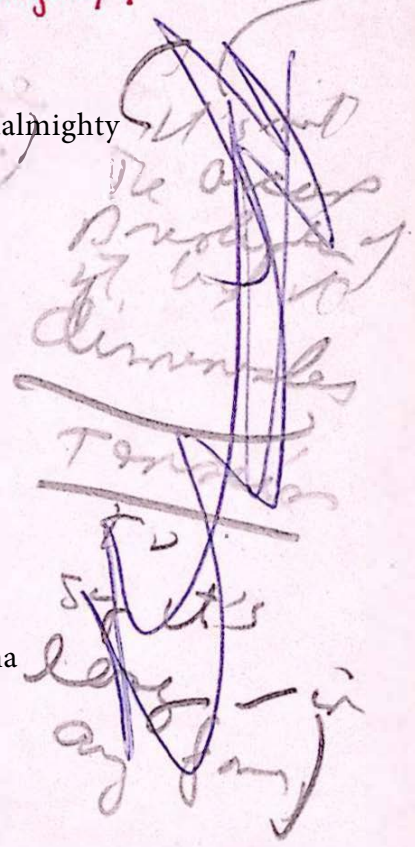
9999
0001 He pulled away, heading for Paris, ~~pleased with his small~~
0002 ~~victory. Considering the magnitude of his mission, he would take~~
0003 ~~whatever he could get—never mind the size, or permanence, of~~
0004 ~~it.~~
0005
0006
0007 There was ~~something close to genuine~~ panic in Moscow when
0008 they heard about the ~~so-called~~ Arab atom bomb.
0009 The Foreign Ministry panicked because they had not heard of it
0010 earlier, the KGB panicked because they had not heard about it
0011 first, and the Party Secretary's office panicked because the last
0000

substitute a godalmighty
delete



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Galley 0069 Take 0001 Version code 02-08
Job 00005928 Oper 00 Key Bd. 80 Date 07/02/79
C.Scan., DN 119, SN 3243, Book Press: Triple, 11/14x26 T.R., 606

9999
0001 thing they wanted was another who's-to-blame row between the
0002 Foreign Ministry and the KGB—the previous one had made life
0003 hell in the Kremlin for eleven months.
0004 Fortunately, the way the Egyptians chose to make their
0005 revelation allowed for a certain amount of covering of rears. The
0006 Egyptians wanted to make the point that they were not diplomati-
0007 cally obliged to tell their allies about this secret project, and the
0008 technical help they were asking for was not crucial to its success.
0009 Their attitude was "Oh, by the way, we're building this nuclear
0010 reactor in order to get some plutonium to make atom bombs to
0011 blow Israel off the face of the earth, so would you like to give us a
0000

substitute a comma

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Galley 0070 Take 0001 Version code 02-08
Job 00005928 Oper 00 Key Bd. 80 Date 07/02/79
C.Scan., DN 119, SN 3243, Book Press: Triple, 11/14x26 T.R., 606

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hand, or not?" The message, trimmed and decorated with ambassadorial niceties, was delivered in the manner of an afterthought at the end of a routine meeting between the Egyptian Ambassador in Moscow and the deputy chief of the Middle East desk at the Foreign Ministry.

The deputy chief who received the message considered very carefully what he should do with the information. His first duty, naturally, was to pass the news to his chief, who would then tell the Secretary. However, the credit for the news would go to his chief, who would also not miss the opportunity for scoring points off the KGB. Was there a way for the deputy chief to gain some

Insert a comma
Insert a comma

substitute your
substitute a period
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capitalize H
substitute boys
substitute little

Book Press
Galley 0071 Take 0001 Version code 02-08
Job 00005928 Oper 00 Key Bd. 80 Date 07/02/79
C.Scan., DN 119, SN 3243, Book Press: Triple, 11/14x26 T.R., 606

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advantage to himself out of the affair?

He knew that the best way to get on in the Kremlin was to put the KGB under some obligation to ~~bnq~~self ~~and~~ he was now in a position to do the ~~KGB~~ a big favor. If he warned them of the Egyptian Ambassador's message, they would have a ~~bit of~~ time to get ready to pretend they knew all about the Arab atom bomb and were about to reveal the news themselves.

He put on his coat, thinking to go out and phone his acquaintance in the KGB from a call box in ~~the event~~ his own phone ~~was~~ tapped then realized how silly that would be ~~After all~~ he was going to call the KGB, and it was they who tapped

See reverse side

substitute case
add space
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substitute comma
substitute for
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Roman

See revere side

Book Press
Galley 0072 Take 0001 Version code 02-08
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C.Scan., DN 119, SN 3243, Book Press: Triple, 11/14x26 T.R., 606

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people's phones; he took off his coat and used his office phone.

The KGB desk man he talked to was equally expert at working the ~~bureaucratic~~ system. In the new KGB building on the Moscow ring road, he kicked up a huge fuss. First he called his boss's secretary and asked for an urgent meeting in fifteen minutes. He carefully avoided speaking to the boss himself. He fired off half a dozen more noisy phone calls, and sent secretaries and messengers scurrying about the building to take memos and collect files. But his master stroke was the agenda. It so happened that the agenda for the next meeting of the Middle East political

insert anyway insert so
Soviet

He put on his coat, thinking to go out and phone his acquaintance in the KGB from a call box in case his own phone were tapped – then he realised how silly that would be, for he was going to call the KGB, and it was they who tapped people's phones anyway; so he took off his coat and used his office phone.

He put on his coat, thinking to go out and phone his acquaintance in the KGB from a call box in case his own phone were tapped - then he realised how silly that would be, for he was going to call the KGB, and it was they who tapped people's phones anyway; so he took off his coat and used his office phone.

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committee had been typed the previous day and was at this moment being run off on a duplicating machine. He got the agenda back and at the top of the list added a new item: "Recent Developments in Egyptian Armaments—Special Report," followed by his own name in brackets. Next he ordered the new agenda to be duplicated, still bearing the previous day's date, and sent around to the interested departments that afternoon by hand.

~~Only~~ when he had made certain that half Moscow would associate his name and no one else's with the news, he went to see his boss.

substitute then,

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The same day a much less striking piece of news came in. As

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Galley 0074 Take 0001 Version code 02-08
Job 00005928 Oper 00 Key Bd. 80 Date 07/02/79
C.Scan., DN 119, SN 3243, Book Press: Triple, 11/14x26 T.R., 606

part of the routine exchange of information between Egyptian Intelligence and the KGB, Cairo sent notice that an Israeli agent named Nat Dickstein had been ~~identified~~ in Luxembourg and was now under surveillance. Because of the circumstances, the report ~~received~~ less attention than it deserved. There was only one man in the KGB who entertained the mildest suspicion that the two items might be connected.

His name was David Rostov.

substitute spotted

substitute got

David Rostov's father had been a minor diplomat whose career was stunted by a lack of connections, particularly secret service

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connections. Knowing this, the son, with the remorseless logic which was to characterize his decisions all his life, joined what was then called the NKVD, later to become the KGB.

He had already been an agent when he went to Oxford. In those idealistic times, when Russia had just won the war and the extent of the Stalin purge was not comprehended, the great English universities had been ripe recruiting-grounds for Soviet Intelligence. Rostov had picked a couple of winners, one of whom was still sending secrets from London in 1968. Nat Dickstein had been one of his failures.

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9999
0001 Young Dickstein had been some kind of socialist, Rostov
0002 remembered, and his personality was suited to espionage: he was
0003 withdrawn, intense and mistrustful. He had brains, too. Rostov
0004 recalled debating the Middle East with him, and with Professor
0005 Ashford and Yasif Hassan, in the green-and-white house by the
0006 river. And the Rostov-Dickstein chess match had been a hard-
0007 fought affair.
0008 But Dickstein did not have the light of idealism in his eyes. He
0009 had no evangelical spirit. He was secure in his convictions, but he
0010 had no wish to convert the rest of the world. Most of the war
0011 veterans had been like that. Rostov would lay the bait—"Of
0000

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Galley 0077 Take 0001 Version code 02-08
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9999
0001 course, if you *really* want to join the struggle for world socialism,
0002 you have to work for the Soviet Union"—and the veterans would
0003 say "Bullshit."
0004 After Oxford Rostov had worked in Russian embassies in a
0005 series of European capitals—Rome, Amsterdam, Paris. He never
0006 got out of the KGB and into the diplomatic service. Over the
0007 years he came to realize that he did not have the breadth of
0008 political vision to become the great statesman his father wanted
0009 him to be. The earnestness of his youth disappeared. He still
0010 thought, on balance, that socialism was probably the political
0000

Book Press
Galley 0078 Take 0001 Version code 02-08
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9999
0001 system of the future; but this credo no longer burned inside him.
0002 He believed in communism the way most people believed in God:
0003 he would not be greatly surprised or disappointed if he turned out
0004 to be wrong, and meanwhile it made little difference to the way
0005 he lived.
0006 In his maturity he pursued narrower ambitions with, if
0007 anything, greater energy. He became a superb technician, a
0008 master of the devious and cruel skills of the intelligence game;
0009 and—equally important in the USSR as well as the West—he
0010 learned how to manipulate the bureaucracy so as to gain
0011 maximum ~~recognition~~ for his triumphs.
0012 The First Chief Directorate of the KGB was a kind of Head
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insert like a passion

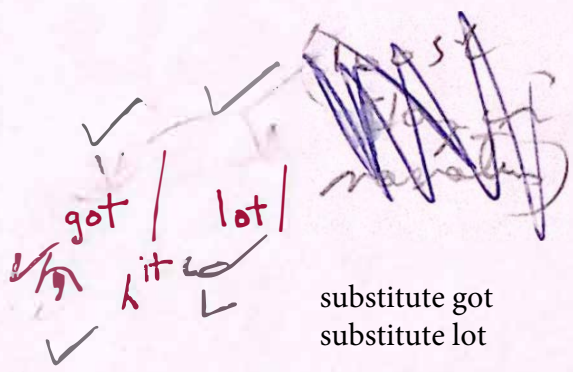
proofreader caught

substitute lly

substitute kudos

Book Press
Galley 0079 Take 0001 Version code 02-08
Job 00005928 Oper 00 Key Bd. 80 Date 07/02/79
C.Scan., DN 119, SN 3243, Book Press: Triple, 11/14x26 T.R., 606

9999
0001 Office, responsible for collection and analysis of information.
0002 Most of the field agents were attached to the Second Chief
0003 Directorate, the largest department of the KGB, which was
0004 involved in subversion, sabotage, treason, economic espionage
0005 and any internal police work considered politically sensitive. The
0006 Third Chief Directorate, which had been called Smersh until that
0007 name ~~generated~~ a ~~good deal~~ of embarrassing publicity in the
0008 West, did counter-espionage and special operations, and em-
0009 ployed some of the bravest, cleverest, nastiest agents in the
0010 world.
0011 Rostov worked in the Third, and he was one of its stars.
0000



substitute got
substitute lot

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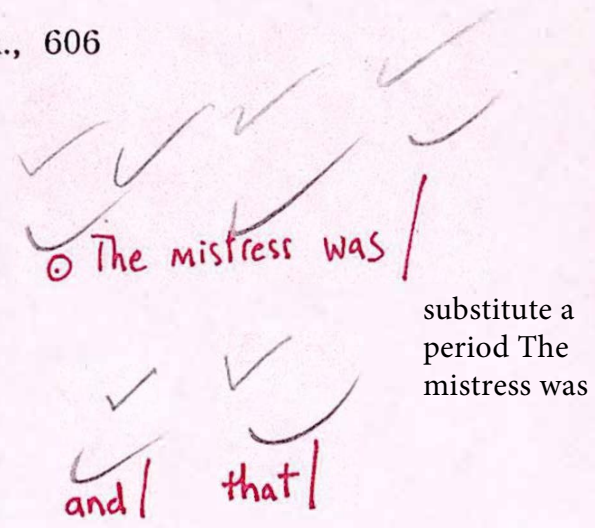
insert it

Book Press
Galley 0080 Take 0001 Version code 02-08
Job 00005928 Oper 00 Key Bd. 80 Date 07/02/79
C.Scan., DN 119, SN 3243, Book Press: Triple, 11/14x26 T.R., 606

9999
0001 He held the rank of colonel. He had gained a medal for
0002 liberating a convicted agent from a British jail called Wormwood
0003 Scrubs. Over the years he had also acquired a wife, two children
0004 and a mistress ~~named~~ Olga, twenty years his junior, a blonde
0005 Viking goddess from Murmansk and the most exciting woman he
0006 had ever met. He knew she would not have been his lover without
0007 the KGB privileges that came with him; all the same he thought
0008 she loved him. They were alike, and each knew the other to be
0009 coldly ambitious, ~~which~~ somehow ~~had~~ made their passion all the
0000



substitute a period The mistress was

substitute and substitute that

Book Press
Galley 0081 Take 0001 Version code 02-08
Job 00005928 Oper 00 Key Bd. 80 Date 07/02/79
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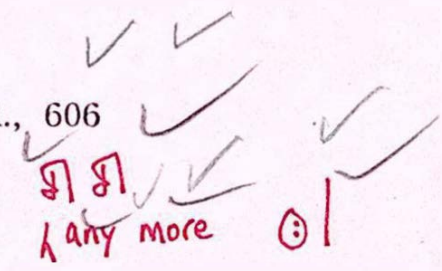
9999
0001 more frantic. There was ~~certainly~~ no ~~longer any~~ passion in his
0002 marriage, but there were other things—affection, companion-
0003 ship, stability and the fact that Mariya was still the only person in
0004 the world who could make him laugh helplessly, convulsively,
0005 until he fell down. And the boys: Yuri Davidovitch, studying at
0006 Moscow State University and listening to smuggled Beatles
0007 records; and Vladimir Davidovitch, the young genius, already
0008 considered a potential world champion chess player. Vladimir
0009 had applied for a place at the prestigious Phys-Mat School No. 2,
0010 and Rostov was sure he would succeed: he deserved the place on
0011 merit, and a colonel in the KGB had a little influence too.
0000



delete delete
insert any more
substitute a colon

Book Press
Galley 0082 Take 0001 Version code 02-08
Job 00005928 Oper 00 Key Bd. 80 Date 07/02/79
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9999
0001 Rostov had risen high in the Soviet meritocracy, but he
0002 reckoned he could go a little higher. His wife no longer had to
0003 queue up in markets with the hoi polloi—she shopped at the
0004 Beryozka stores with the elite—and they had a big apartment in
0005 Moscow and a little dacha on the Baltic; but Rostov wanted a
0006 chauffeur-driven Volga limousine, a second dacha at a Black Sea
0007 resort where he could keep Olga, invitations to private showings
0008 of decadent western movies, and treatment in the Kremlin Clinic
0009 when old age began to creep up on him.
0010 His career was at a crossroads. He was fifty this year. He spent
0000

Book Press
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9999
0001 about half his time behind a desk in Moscow, the other half in the
0002 field with his own small team of operatives. He was already older
0003 than any other agent still working abroad. From here he would go
0004 in one of two directions. If he slowed up, and allowed his past
0005 victories to be forgotten, he would end his career lecturing to
0006 would-be agents at KGB school No. 311 in Novosibirsk, Siberia.
0007 If he continued to score ~~notable~~ points in the intelligence game,
0008 he would ~~get~~ promoted to a totally administrative job, ~~become~~
0009 appointed to one or two committees, and begin a challenging—
0010 but safe—career in the organization of the Soviet Union's
0000

substitute spectacular
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Book Press
Galley 0084 Take 0001 Version code 02-08
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9999
0001 intelligence effort—and *then* he would get the Volga limousine
0002 and the Black Sea dacha.
0003 Sometime in the next two or three years he would need to pull
0004 off another coup. When the news about Nat Dickstein came in,
0005 he ~~allowed himself to wonder~~ whether this might ~~not~~ be his
0006 ~~opportunity~~.
0007 He had watched Dickstein's career with the nostalgic fascina-
0008 tion of a mathematics teacher whose brightest pupil has decided
0009 to go to art school. While still at Oxford he had heard stories
0010 about the stolen boatload of guns, and as a result had himself
0011 initiated Dickstein's KGB file. Over the years additions had been
0012 made to the file by himself and others, based on occasional
0000

insert great
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sightings, rumors, guesswork and good old-fashioned espionage. The file made it clear that Dickstein was now one of the most formidable agents in the Mossad. If Rostov could bring his head home on a platter, the future would be assured.

But Rostov was a careful operator. When he was able to pick his targets, he picked easy ones. He was no death-or-glory man: quite the reverse. One of his more important talents was the ability to become invisible when chancy assignments were being handed out. A contest between himself and Dickstein would be uncomfortably even.

He would read with interest any further reports from Cairo on what Nat Dickstein was doing in Luxembourg; but he would take care not to get involved.

He had not ~~got~~ this far by sticking his neck out.

come

substitute come

The forum for discussion of the Arab bomb was the Middle East political committee. It could have been any one of eleven or twelve Kremlin committees; the same factions were represented on all the interested committees, and would have said the same things; and the result would have been the same, because this issue was big enough to override factional considerations.

for ; they

substitute a comma for
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The committee had nineteen members, but two were abroad, one was ill and one had been run over by a truck on the day of the meeting. It made no difference. Only three people counted: one from the Foreign Ministry, one KGB man and one man who represented the Party Secretary. Among the supernumeraries were David Rostov's boss, who collected all the committee memberships he could just on general principle, and Rostov himself, acting as aide. (It was by signs such as this that Rostov knew he was being considered for the next promotion.)

s

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The KGB was against the Arab bomb, because the KGB's power was clandestine and the bomb would shift decisions into the overt sphere and out of the range of KGB activity. For that very reason the Foreign Ministry was in favor—the bomb would give them more work and more influence. The Party Secretary was against, because if the Arabs were to win decisively in the Middle East, how then would the USSR retain a foothold there?

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9999
0001 The discussion opened with the reading of the KGB report,
0002 "Recent Developments in Egyptian Armaments." Rostov could
0003 imagine exactly how the one fact in the report had been spun out
0004 with a little background gleaned from a phone call to Cairo, a
0005 good deal of guesswork and much bullshit into a screed which
0006 took twenty minutes to read. He had done that kind of thing
0007 himself more than once.
0008 A Foreign Ministry underling then stated, at some length, his
0009 interpretation of Sovieet policy in the Middle East. Whatever the
0010 motives of the Zionist settlers, he said, it was clear that Israel had
0011 survived only because of the support it had received from
0012 Western capitalism; and capitalism's purpose had been to build a
0013 Middle East outpost from which to keep an eye on its oil
0014 interests. Any doubts about this analysis had been swept away by
0015 the Anglo-Franco-Israeli attack on Egypt in 1956. Soviet policy
0016 was to support the Arabs in their natural hostility to this rump of
0017 colonialism. Now, he said, although it might have been
0018 imprudent—in terms of global politics—for the USSR to *initiate*
0019 Arab nuclear armament, nevertheless once such armament had
0020 commenced it was a straightforward extension of Soviet policy to
0021 *support* it. The man talked forever.
0022 Everyone was so bored by this interminable statement of the
0023 obvious that the discussion thereafter became quite informal: so
0024 much so, in fact, that Rostov's boss said, "Yes, but, ~~damn it~~, we
0025 can't give atom bombs to those lunatics."
0026 "I agree," said the Party Secretary's man, who was also
0027 chairman of the committee. "If they have the bomb, they'll
0028 ~~probably~~ use it. ~~And~~ that will force the Americans to attack the
0029 Arabs, with or without nukes—I'd say with. Then the Soviet
0030 Union has only two options: let down its allies, or start World
0031 War Three."
0032 "Another Cuba," someone muttered.
0033 The man from the Foreign Ministry said, "The answer to that
0034 might be a treaty with the Americans under which both sides
0035 agree that in no circumstances will they use nuclear weapons in
0036 the Middle East." If he could get started on a project like that, his
0037 job would be safe for twenty-five years.
0038 The KGB man said, "Then if the Arabs dropped the bomb,
0039 would that count as our breaking the treaty?"
0040 A woman in a white apron entered, pulling a trolley of tea, and
0041 the committee took a break. In the interval the Party Secretary's
0042 man stood by the trolley with a cup in his hand and a mouth full of
0043 fruitcake and told a joke. "It seems there was a captain in the
0044 KGB whose stupid son had great difficulty understanding the
0045 concepts of the Party, the Motherland, the Unions and the
0046 People. The captain told the boy to think of his father as the
0047 Party, his mother as the Motherland, his grandmother as the
0048 Unions and himself as the People. Still the boy did not under-
0049 stand. In a rage the father locked the boy in a wardrobe in the
0050 parental bedroom. That night the boy was still in the wardrobe
0051 when the father began to make love to the mother. The boy,
0052 watching through the wardrobe keyhole, said, "Now I under-
0053 stand! The Party rapes the Motherland while the Unions sleep
0054 and the People have to stand and suffer!"
0055 Everybody roared with laughter. The tea-lady shook her head
0056 in mock disgust. Rostov had heard the joke before.
0057 When the committee went reluctantly back to work, it was the
0058 Party Secretary's man who asked the crucial question. "If we
0059 refuse to give the Egyptians the technical help they're asking for,
0060 will they still be able to build the bomb?"
0000

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Book Press
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Job 00005928 Oper 00 Key Bd. 80 Date 06/29/79
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The KGB man who had presented the report said, "There is not enough information to give a definite answer, sir. However, I have taken background briefing from one of our scientists on this point, and it seems that to build a crude nuclear bomb is actually no more difficult, technically, than to build a conventional bomb."

The Foreign Ministry man ~~then~~ said, "I think we must assume that they will be able to build it without our help, if perhaps more slowly."

"I can do my own guessing," the chairman said sharply.

"~~Of course~~," said the Foreign Ministry man, chastened.

The KGB man continued, "Their only serious problem would be to obtain a supply of plutonium. Whether they have one or not, we simply do not know."

David Rostov took all this in with great interest. In his opinion there was only one decision the committee could possibly take. The chairman now confirmed his view.

"My reading of the situation is as follows," he began. "If we help the Egyptians build their bomb, we continue and strengthen our existing Middle East policy, we improve our influence in Cairo, and we are in a position to exert some ~~important~~ control over the bomb. If we refuse to help, we estrange ourselves from the Arabs, and we leave a ~~potential~~ situation in which they still have a bomb but we have no control over it."

The Foreign Ministry man said, "In other words, if they're going to have a bomb anyway, there had better be a Russian finger on the trigger."

The chairman threw him a look of irritation, and continued, "We might, then, recommend to the Secretariat as follows: the Egyptians should be given technical help with their nuclear reactor project, such help always to be structured with a view to Soviet personnel gaining ultimate control of the weaponry."

Rostov permitted himself the ~~hint~~ of a satisfied smile: it was the conclusion he had expected.

The Foreign Ministry man said, "So move."

The KGB man said, "Seconded."

"All in favor?"

They were all in favor.

The committee proceded to the next item on the agenda.

It was not until after the meeting that Rostov was struck by this thought: if the Egyptians were in fact *not* able to build their bomb unaided—for lack of uranium, for instance—then they had done a very expert job of bluffing the Russians into giving them the help they needed.

Rostov ~~appreciated~~ his family, in small doses. The advantage of his kind of job was that by the time he got bored with them—and it *was* ~~rather~~ boring, living with children—he was off on another trip abroad, and by the time he came back he was missing them enough to put up with them for a few more months. He was fond of Yuri, the elder boy, despite his cheap music and contentious views about dissident poets; but Vladimir, the younger, was the apple of his eye. As a baby Vladimir had been so pretty that people thought he was a girl. From the start Rostov had taught the boy games of logic, spoken to him in complex sentences, discussed with him the geography of distant countries, the mechanics of engines and the workings of radios, flowers, water taps and political parties. He had come to the top of every class he was put into—although now, Rostov thought, he might find his equals at Phys-Mat No. 2.

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Book Press
Galley 0088 Take 0001 Version code 02-08
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Rostov knew he was trying to instill in his son some of the ambitions he himself had failed to fulfill. Fortunately this meshed with the boy's own inclinations: he knew he was clever, he liked being clever, and he wanted to be a ~~superior man~~. The only thing he balked at was the work he had to do for the Young Communist League: he thought this was a waste of time. Rostov had often said, "Perhaps it is a waste of time, but you will never get anywhere in any field of endeavor unless you also make progress in the Party. If you want to change the system, you'll have to get to the top and change it from within." Vladimir accepted this and went to the Young Communist League meetings: he had inherited his father's ~~ineluctable~~ logic.

Driving home through the rush-hour traffic, Rostov looked forward to a dull if pleasant evening at home. The four of them would have dinner together, then watch a television serial about heroic Russian spies outwitting the CIA. He would have a glass of vodka before bed.

Rostov parked in the road outside his home. His building was occupied by senior bureaucrats, about half of whom had small Russian-built cars like his, but there were no garages. The apartments were spacious by Moscow standards. Yuri and Vladimir had a bedroom each, and nobody had to sleep in the living room.

There was a row going on when he entered his home. He heard Mariya's voice raised in anger, the sound of something breaking and a shout; then he heard Yuri call his mother a ~~bad~~ name. Rostov flung open the kitchen door and stood there, briefcase still in hand, face black as thunder.

Mariya and Yuri confronted one another across the kitchen table. She was in an ~~unaccustomed~~ rage and close to hysterical tears, he was full of ~~righteous~~ adolescent resentment. Between them was Yuri's guitar, broken at the neck. Mariya has smashed it, Rostov thought instantly; then, a moment later: but this is not what the row is about.

They both immediately appealed to him.

"She broke my guitar!" "He has brought disgrace on the family with this decadent music."

~~At which point~~ Yuri again called his mother the same ~~bad~~ name.

Rostov dropped his briefcase, stepped forward and slapped the boy's face.

Yuri rocked backward with the force of the blow, his cheeks reddened with pain and humiliation. The son was as tall as his father, and broader: Rostov had not struck him like this since the boy became a man. Yuri struck back immediately, his fist shooting out: if the blow had connected it would have knocked Rostov cold. Rostov moved quickly aside with the instincts of many years' training and, as gently as possible, threw Yuri to the floor.

"Leave the house," he said quietly. "Come back when you're ready to apologize to your mother."

Yuri scrambled to his feet. "Never!" he shouted ~~and~~ went out, slamming the door.

Rostov took off his hat and coat and sat down at the kitchen table. He removed the broken guitar and set it carefully on the floor. Mariya poured tea and gave it to him: his hand was shaking as he took the cup. Finally he said, "What was that all about?"

proofreader caught

delete
capitalize Great Man

substitute unbending

substitute a comma

substitute a colon

insert a comma
insert as
substitute a colon
substitute an s
delete
substitute rare
substitute ugly

spelled Mariya elsewhere

American usage commas - consistency with rest of book

transpose
substitute a colon

insert Yuri said. New paragraph Mary said:

substitute exclamation point
substitute a period He

substitute then
substitute foul
insert again
insert and

see reverse side

They both appealed to him immediately.
"She broke my guitar!" Yuri said.
Mariya said: "He has brought disgrace upon the family with this decadent music."
Then Yuri called his mother the same foul name again.

Book Press
Galley 0089 Take 0001 Version code 02-08
Job 00005928 Oper 00 Key Bd. 80 Date 06/29/79
C.Scan., DN 119, SN 3243, Book Press: Triple, 11/14x26 T.R., 606

"Vladimir failed the exam."

"Vladimir? What has that to do with Yuri's guitar? What exam did he fail?"

"For the Phys-Mat. He was rejected."

Rostov stared at her dumbly.

"I was so upset, and Yuri laughed—he's a little jealous, you know, of his younger brother—and then he started playing this western music, and I thought it could not be that Vladimir isn't clever enough, it must be that his family hasn't enough influence, perhaps we're considered unreliable because of Yuri and his opinions and his music — I know this is foolish, but I broke his guitar in ~~my momentary upset and . . .~~"

Rostov was no longer listening. Vladimir rejected? Impossible. The boy was smarter than his teachers, much too smart for ordinary schools, they couldn't handle him. The school for exceptionally gifted children was the Phys-Mat. Besides, the boy had said the examination was not difficult, he thought he had scored one hundred percent, and he *always* knew how he had done in examinations.

"Where's Vladimir?" Rostov asked his wife.

"In his room."

Rostov went along the corridor and knocked at the bedroom door. There was no answer. He went in. Vladimir was sitting on the bed, staring at the wall, his face red and streaked with tears.

"What did you score in that exam?"

Vladimir looked up at his father. "One hundred percent," he said. He handed over a sheaf of papers. "I remember the questions. I remember my answers. I've checked them all twice—no mistakes. And I left the examination room five minutes before the time was up."

Rostov turned to leave.

"Don't you *believe* me?"

"Yes, of course I do," Rostov told him and went into the living room, where the phone was.

He called the school. The head teacher was still at work.

"Vladimir got full marks in that test," Rostov said.

The head teacher spoke soothingly. "I'm sorry, Comrade Colonel. Many very talented youngsters apply for places here—"

"Did they all get one hundred percent in the exam?"

"I'm afraid I can't divulge—"

"You know who I am," Rostov said. "You know I can find out."

"Comrade Colonel, I like you and I want to have your son in my school. Please don't make trouble for yourself by creating a storm about this. If your son would apply again in one year's time, he would have an excellent chance of gaining a place."

People did not warn KGB officers against making trouble for themselves. Rostov began to understand. "But he *did* score full marks."

"Several applicants scored full marks in the written paper—"

"Thank you," Rostov said and hung up.

The living room was dark, but he did not put the lights on. He sat in his armchair, thinking that the head teacher could easily have told him that all the applicants had scored full marks; but lies did not come easily to people on the spur of the moment, evasions were easier. ~~But he knew~~ to question the results would create trouble —

proofreader corrected
new paragraph
insert Mariya said: for consistency
substitute is
substitute Yuri
substitute not
substitute not
substitute are
substitute a coma
substitute the heat of the moment
substitute not

insert Rostov said: consistency
insert a comma his face a mask of childish incomprehension
substitute a colon
join paragraphs
insert a period
new paragraph
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insert He
new paragraph

substitute a comma
substitute He
insert a period
delete
capitalize T

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substitute However,
substitute for Rostov.

Book Press
Galley 0090 Take 0001 Version code 02-08
Job 00005928 Oper 00 Key Bd. 80 Date 06/29/79
C.Scan., DN 119, SN 3243, Book Press: Triple, 11/14x26 T.R., 606

So. Strings had been pulled. Less talented youngsters had gained places because their fathers had used more influence. Rostov refused to be angry. Don't get ~~angry~~ at the system, he told himself, use it.

He had some strings of his own to pull.

He picked up the phone and called his boss, Feliks Vorontsov, at ~~his~~ home. Feliks sounded a little odd, but Rostov ignored it ~~as he told Feliks that his son had been turned down for the Phys-Mat.~~

"I'm sorry to hear that," Vorontsov said. "Still, not everybody can get in."

It was not the expected response. Now Rostov paid attention to Vorontsov's tone of voice. "What makes you say that?"

"My son was accepted."

Rostov was silent for a moment. He had not known that Feliks's son had even applied. The boy was smart, but not half as clever as Vladimir. Rostov pulled himself together. "Then let me be the first to congratulate you."

"Thank you," Feliks said awkwardly. "What did you call about, though?"

"Oh . . . look, I won't interrupt your celebration. It will keep until morning."

"All right. Goodbye."

Rostov hung up and put the phone gently down on the floor. If the son of some bureaucrat or politico had got into the school because of string-pulling, Rostov could have fought it. Everyone's file had something nasty in it. The only kind of person he could not fight was a more senior KGB man. There was no way he could overturn this year's awards of places.

So, Vladimir would apply again next year. But the same thing could happen again. Somehow, by this time next year, he had to get into a position where the Vorontsovs of this world could not nudge him aside. ~~And~~ next year he would handle the whole thing differently. He would call on the head teacher's KGB file, for a start. He would get the complete list of applicants and work on any who might be a threat. He would have phones tapped and mail opened to find out who was putting on the pressure.

But first he had to get into a position of strength. And now he realized that his ~~certainty~~ about his career so far had been ~~mistaken~~. If they could do this to him, his star must ~~not~~ be ~~in the ascendancy but~~ fading ~~and~~ fast.

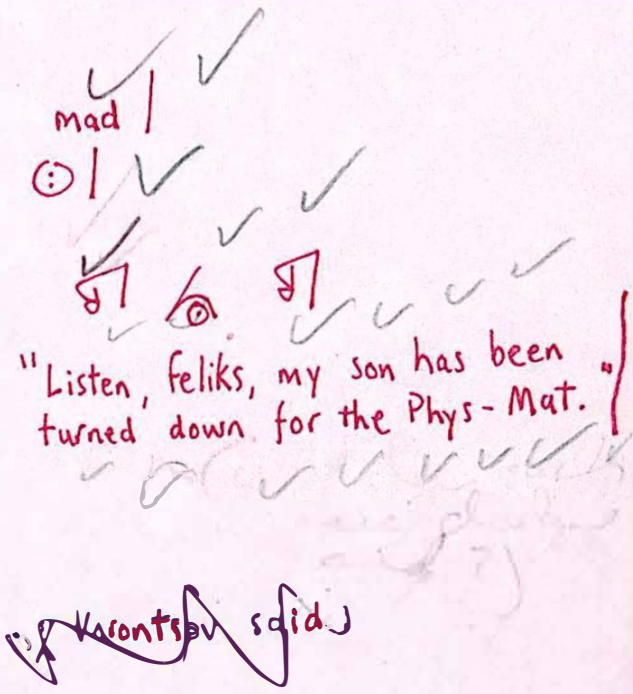
That coup which he was so casually scheduling for some time in the next two or three years had to be brought forward.

He ~~was sitting~~ in the dark living room, planning his first moves, ~~when~~ Mariya came in and sat beside him, not speaking. She brought him food on a tray and asked him if he wanted to watch TV. He shook his head and put ~~the food aside. A little later,~~ she went ~~wordlessly~~ to bed.

Yuri came in at ~~midnight~~, a little drunk. He entered the living room and switched on the light, surprised to see his father sitting there. He took a frightened step back.

Rostov stood up and looked at his elder son, remembering the growing pains of his own teenage years, the misdirected anger, the clear, narrow vision of right and wrong, the quick humiliations and the slow acquisition of knowledge. "Yuri," he said, "I want to apologize for hitting you."

Yuri burst into tears.



substitute mad
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insert a period
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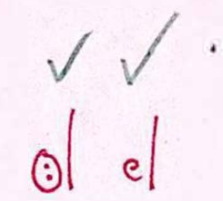
substitute "Listen, Feliks, my son has been turned down for the Phys-Mat."



substitute a colon
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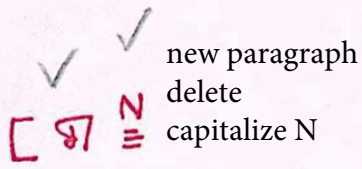

new paragraph
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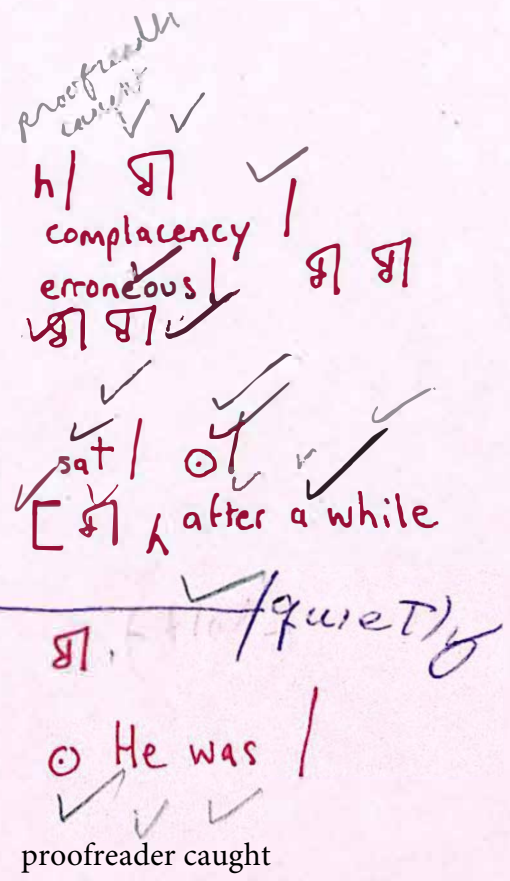

proofreader caught
substitute h
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substitute complacency
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substitute sat
substitute a period
new paragraph
delete
insert after a while
delete substitute quietly
substitute a period He was

Book Press
Galley 0091 Take 0001 Version code 02-08
Job 00005928 Oper 00 Key Bd. 80 Date 06/29/79
C.Scan., DN 119, SN 3243, Book Press: Triple, 11/14x26 T.R., 606

Rostov put an arm around his broad shoulders and led him toward his room. "We were both wrong, you and I," he continued. "Your mother, too. I'm going away again soon/ I'll try to bring back a new guitar."

He wanted to kiss his son, but they had gotten like Westerners, afraid to kiss. Gently, he pushed him into the bedroom and closed the door on him.

Going back to the livingroom/ he realized/that his plans had ~~somehow~~ (in the last few minutes/ hardened into shape in his mind. He sat in the arm chair again, this time with a soft pencil and a sheet of paper, and began to draft a memorandum.

TO: Chairman, Committee for State Security
FROM: Acting Chief, European Desk
COPY: Chief, European Desk
DATE: 24 May 1968
Comrade Andropov:

My department chief, Feliks Vorontsov, is absent today and I feel that the following matters are too urgent to await his return.

An agent in Luxembourg has reported the sighting there of the Israeli operative Nathaniel ("Nat") David Jonathan Dickstein, alias Edward ("Ed") Rodgers, known as The Pirate.

Dickstein was born in Stepney, East London, in 1925, the son of a shopkeeper. The father died in 1938, the mother in 1951. Dickstein joined the British Army in 1943, fought in Italy, was promoted sergeant and taken prisoner at La Molina. After the war he went to Oxford University to read Semitic Languages. In 1948 he left Oxford without graduating and emigrated to Palestine, where he began almost immediately to work for the Mossad.

At first he was involved in stealing and secretly buying arms for the Zionist state. In the Fifties he mounted an operation against an Egyptian-supported group of Palestinian freedom fighters based in the Gaza Strip, and was personally responsible for the booby-trap bomb which killed Commander Aly. In the late Fifties and early Sixties he was a leading member of the assassination team which hunted escaped Nazis. He directed the terrorist effort against German rocket scientists working for Egypt in 1963–4.

On his file the entry under "Weaknesses" reads: "None known." He appears to have no family, either in Palestine or elsewhere. He is not interested in alcohol, narcotics or gambling. He has no known romantic liaisons, and there is on his file a speculation that he may be sexually frozen as a result of being the subject of medical experiments conducted by Nazi scientists.

I, personally, knew Dickstein intimately in the formative years 1947–8, when we were both at Oxford University. I played chess with him. I initiated his file. I have followed his subsequent career with special interest. He now appears to be operating in the territory which has been my specialty for twenty years. I doubt if there is anyone among/your committee who is as well qualified as I am to oppose this formidable Zionist operative.

I therefore recommend that you assign me to discover what Dickstein is ~~missions~~ and, if appropriate, to stop him.

(signed)
David Rostov.

TO: Acting Chief, European Desk
FROM: Chairman, Committee for State Security
COPY: Chief, European Desk
DATE: 24 May 1968
Comrade Rostov:

substitute a comma

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the 110,000 employees of

the 110,000 employees of

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Galley 0092 Take 0001 Version code 02-08
Job 00005928 Oper 00 Key Bd. 80 Date 06/29/79
C.Scan., DN 119, SN 3243, Book Press: Triple, 11/14x26 T.R., 606

Your recommendation is approved.
(signed)
Yuri Andropov.

TO: Chairman, Committee for State Security
FROM: Chief, European Desk
COPY: Deputy Chief, European Desk
DATE: 26 May 1968
Comrade Andropov:

I refer to the exchange of memoranda which took place between yourself and my deputy, David Rostov, during my recent short absence on State business in Novosibirsk.

Naturally I agree wholeheartedly with Comrade Rostov's concern and your approval thereof, although I feel there was no ~~demonstrated~~ reason for his haste.

As a field agent Rostov does not, of course, ~~perceive matters~~ in quite the same broad perspective as his superiors, and ~~so not~~ ~~surprisingly~~ there is one aspect of the situation which he failed to bring to your attention.

The current investigation of Dickstein was initiated by our Egyptian allies, and indeed at this moment remains exclusively their undertaking. For political reasons I would not recommend that we brush them aside without ~~due consideration~~, as ~~my deputy~~ Rostov seems to ~~recommend~~. At most, ~~I feel~~ we should offer them our cooperation.

Needless to say, this latter undertaking, involving as it would international liaison between intelligence services, ~~would appropriately~~ be handled at chief-of-desk level rather than deputy-chief level.

(Signed)
Feliks Vorontsov.

TO: Chief, European Desk
FROM: Office of the Chairman, Committee for State Security
COPY: Deputy Chief, European Desk
DATE: 28 May 1968
Comrade Vorontsov:

Comrade Andropov has asked me to deal with your memorandum of 26 May.

He agrees that the political implications of Rostov's scheme must be taken into account, but he is unwilling to leave the initiative in Egyptian hands while we ~~only~~ "cooperate." I have now spoken with our allies in Cairo, and they have agreed that Rostov should command the team investigating Dickstein on condition that one of their agents serves as a full member of the team.

(Signed)
Maksim Bykov, personal assistant to the Chairman.

(penciled addendum)
Feliks: Don't bother me with this again until you've got a result. ~~I understand your concern that Rostov~~ wants your job, and unless you shape up I'm going to give it to him. Yuri.

TO: Deputy Chief, European Desk
FROM: Office of the Chairman, Committee for State Security
COPY: Chief, European Desk
DATE: 29 May 1968
Comrade Rostov:

Cairo has now nominated the agent to serve with your team in the Dickstein investigation. He is in fact the agent who first spotted Dickstein in Luxembourg. His name is Yasif Hassan.

substitute good
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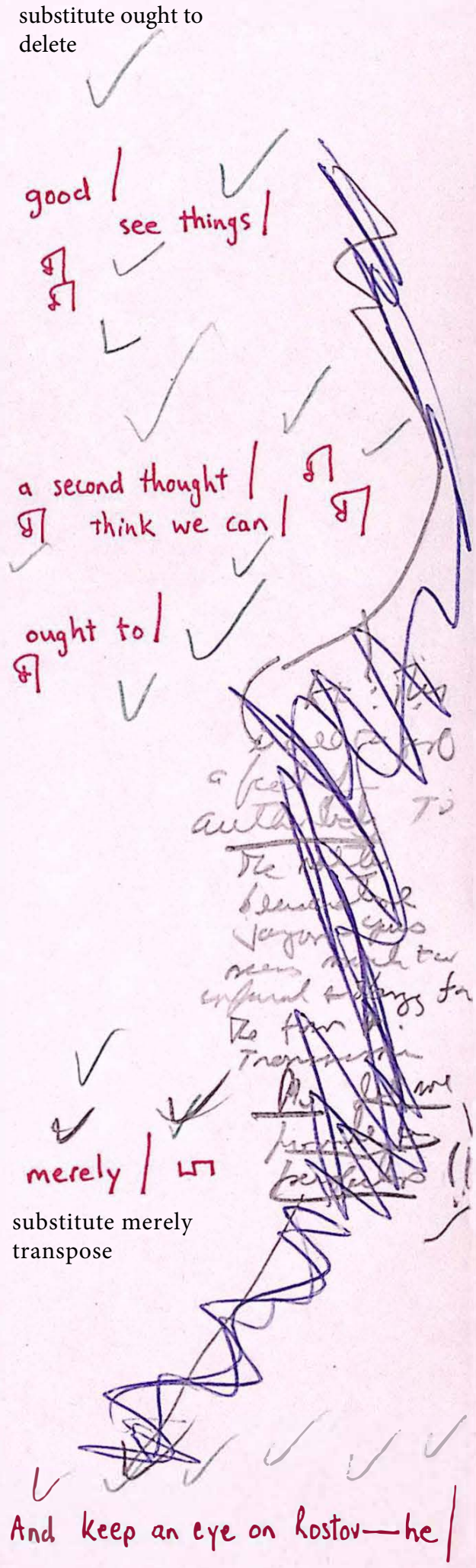

substitute merely
transpose

substitute And keep an eye on Rostov -- he

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Job 00005928 Oper 00 Key Bd. 80 Date 06/29/79
C.Scan., DN 119, SN 3243, Book Press: Triple, 11/14x26 T.R., 606

9999

(Signed)
Maksim Bykov, personal assistant to the Chairman.

When he gave lectures at the training school, Pierre Borg would say, "Call in. Always call in. Not just when you need something, but every day if possible. We need to know what you're doing—and we may have vital information for you." Then the trainees went into the bar and heard that Nat Dickstein's motto was: "Never call in for less than $100,000."

Borg was angry with Dickstein. Anger came easily to him, especially when he did not know what was happening. Fortunately, anger rarely interfered with his judgment. He was angry with Kawash, too. He could understand why Kawash had wanted to meet in Rome—the Egyptians had a big team here, so it was easy for Kawash to find an excuse to visit—but there was no reason why they should meet in a damn bathhouse.

Borg ~~became~~ angry by sitting in his office in Tel Aviv, wondering and worrying about Dickstein and Kawash and the others, waiting for messages, until he began to think they would not call because they did not like him; and so he ~~became angry~~ and broke pencils and fired his secretary — A bathhouse in Rome, for god's sake—the place was bound to be full of queers. Also, Borg did not like his body. He slept in pajamas, never went swimming, never tried on clothes in shops, never went naked except to take a quick shower in the morning. Now he stood in the steamroom wearing around his waist the largest towel he could find, conscious that he was white except for his face and hands, his flesh softly plump with a pelt of graying hair across his shoulders.

~~Now~~ he ~~made out~~t Kawash. The Arab's body was lean and dark brown, with very little hair. Their eyes met across the steamroom and, like secret lovers, they went side by side, not looking at one another, into a private room with a bed.

Borg was relieved to get out of public view, impatient to hear Kawash's news. The Arab switched on the device that made the bed vibrate. Its hum would swamp a listening device, if there ~~was~~ one. The two men stood close together and spoke in low voices. Embarrassed, Borg turned his body so that he was facing away from Kawash and had to speak over his shoulder.

"I've got a man into Qattara," Kawash said.

"*Formidable,*" Borg said, pronouncing it the French way in his great relief. "Your department isn't even involved in the project."

"I have a cousin in Military Intelligence."

"Well done. Who is the man in Qattara?"

"Saman Hussein, one of yours."

"Good, *good.* What did he find?"

"The construction work is finished. They've built the reactor housing, plus an administration block, staff quarters, and an airstrip. They're much further ahead than anyone imagined."

"What about the reactor itself? That's what counts."

"They're working on it now. It's hard to say how long it will take—there's a certain amount of precision work."

"Are they going to be able to manage that? I mean, all those complex control systems . . ."

"The controls don't need to be sophisticated, I understand. You slow the speed of the nuclear reaction simply by pushing metal rods into the atomic pile. Anyway, there's been another development. Saman found the place crawling with Russians. So now I guess they'll have all the fancy electronics they need."

0000

delete

insert god
substitute got

substitute got mad
new paragraph
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insert a comma

insert a comma

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capitalize H
substitute saw

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proofreader caught
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insert good,

substitute a

insert "Borg wondered."

insert "Borg said: "Oh, fuck."
new paragraph "

Book Press
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Job 00005928 Oper 00 Key Bd. 80 Date 06/29/79
C.Scan., DN 119, SN 3243, Book Press: Triple, 11/14x26 T.R., 606

Borg sat on the chair, forgetting the bathhouse and the vibrating bed and his soft white body. "This is ~~very~~ bad news+"

"There's worse. Dickstein is blown."

Borg stared at Kawash. "Blown?" he said as if he did not know what the word meant. "Blown?"

"Yes."

Borg felt furious and despairing by turns. After a moment he said, "How did he manage that . . .?"

"He was recognized by an agent of ours in Luxembourg."

"What was he doing there?"

"*You* should know."

"Skip it."

"Apparently it was just a chance meeting. The agent is called Yasif Hassan. He's small fry—works for a Lebanese bank and keeps an eye on visiting Israelis. Of course, our people recognized the name Dickstein—"

"He's using his real name?" Borg said incredulously. It got worse and worse.

"I don't think so," Kawash said. "This Hassan knew him from way back."

Borg shook his head ~~softly~~. "You wouldn't think we were the Chosen People, with our luck."

"We put Dickstein under surveillance and informed Moscow," Kawash continued. "He lost the surveillance team quickly, of course, but Moscow is putting together a big effort to find him again."

Borg put his chin in his hand and stared without seeing at the erotic frieze on the tiled wall. It was as if there were a world-wide conspiracy to frustrate Israeli policy in general and his plans in particular. He wanted to give it all up and go back to Quebec; he wanted to hit Dickstein over the head with a blunt instrument; he wanted to wipe that imperturbable look off Kawash's handsome face.

He made a gesture of throwing something away. "~~So~~ the Egyptians are well ahead with their reactor; the Russians are helping them; Dickstein is blown; and the KGB has put a team on him. We could lose this race, do you realize that? ~~And if we do~~ they'll have a nuclear bomb and we won't. And do you think they'll use it?" He had Kawash by the shoulders now, shaking him. "They're your people, you tell me, will they drop the bomb on Israel? You bet your ass they will+"

"Stop shouting," Kawash said calmly. He detached Borg's hands from his shoulders. "There's a long road ahead before one side or the other has ~~come out on top~~."

Borg turned away.

"You'll have to contact Dickstein and warn him," Kawash said. "Where is he now?"

~~"I don't know," said his chief, the head of Israeli intelligence.~~

Five

THE ONLY completely innocent person whose life was ruined by the spies during the affair of the yellowcake was the Euratom official whom Dickstein named Stiffcollar.

AFTER LOSING the surveillance team in France Dickstein returned to Luxembourg by road, guessing they would have set a twenty-four-hour a-day watch for him at Luxembourg airport. And, since they had the number of his rented car, he stopped off in Paris to turn it in and hire another from a different company.

insert
delete
substitute a comma
insert he said.
insert a comma thunderstruck
insert the prick

substitute slowly

insert quite

insert "Great," he said. delete capitalize T
substitute Then
substitute will
substitute exclamation point
substitute won
insert "Yeah..."
"Fucked if I know," said Pierre Borg.

restyle

The ONLY completely innocent person whose life was ruined by the spies during the affair of the yellowcake was the Euratom official whom Dickstein named Stiffcollar.
new paragraph
lowercase
delete insert s

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Job 00005928 Oper 00 Key Bd. 80 Date 06/29/79
C.Scan., DN 119, SN 3243, Book Press: Triple, 11/14x26 T.R., 606

So the only consequence of Rostov's error was that he would be forced to work with the wretched Arabs.

~~But~~ that was bad enough. Rostov had his own little team, Nik Bunin and Pyotr Tyrin, and they worked well together. And Cairo was as leaky as a sieve — half the stuff that went through them got back to Tel Aviv.

The fact that the Arab in question was Yasif Hassan might or might not help — Rostov remembered Hassan very ~~well~~: a rich kid, indolent and haughty, smart enough but with no drive, shallow politics, and too many clothes. His wealthy father had got him into Oxford, not his brains; and Rostov resented that more now than he had then. Still, knowing the man should make it easier to control him. Rostov planned to start by making it clear Hassan was essentially superfluous, and was on the team for purely political reasons. He would need to be very clever about what he told Hassan and what he kept secret — say too little, and Cairo would bitch to Moscow; too much, and Tel Aviv would be able to frustrate his every move. ~~No question~~ it was damned awkward, ~~but~~ he had only himself to blame for it.

~~Understandably~~, he was uneasy about the whole affair by the time he reached Luxembourg. He ~~had flown~~ in from Athens, having changed identities twice and planes three times since Moscow. ~~Amazing, but~~ if you came direct from Russia, the local intelligence people ~~tended to make~~ a note of your arrival and ~~keep~~ an eye on you, ~~which~~ could be a nuisance.

There was nobody to meet him at the airport, of course. He took a taxi to his hotel. He had told Cairo he would be using the name David Roberts. When he checked into the hotel under that name, the desk clerk gave him a message. He opened the envelope as he went up in the lift with the porter. It said simply "Room 179."

He tipped the porter, picked up the room phone and dialed 179. A voice said, "Hello?"

"I'm in 142. Give me ten minutes, then come here."

"Fine. Listen, is that—"

"Shut up. No names. Ten minutes."

"Of course, I'm sorry, I—"

Rostov hung up. What kind of idiots was Cairo hiring now? The kind that used your real name over the hotel phone system, obviously. It was going to be even worse than he ~~had~~ feared.

There was a time when he would have been over-professional, turned out the lights and sat watching the doorway with a gun in his hand until the other man arrived. Nowadays he considered that sort of behavior to be obsessive and left it to the actors in the television shows. Elaborate personal precautions were not his style, not anymore. He did not even carry a gun, in case customs officials searched his luggage at airports. But there were precautions and precautions, weapons and weapons: he did have one or two KGB gadgets subtly concealed—~~including~~ an electric toothbrush that gave out a hum calculated to ~~jam~~ listening devices, a miniature Polaroid camera and a bootlace garrote.

He unpacked his small case quickly. There was very little in it — a safety razor, the toothbrush, two American-made wash-and-wear shirts and a change of underwear. He made himself a drink from the room bar — scotch whiskey was one of the perks of working abroad. After exactly ten minutes there was a knock on the door. Rostov opened it, and Yasif Hassan came in.

delete
capitalize T
substitute colon

substitute a period
new paragraph
substitute clearly

substitute a colon

new paragraph delete capitalize I
substitute and
delete capitalize H
substitute He had
substitute He took this little precaution because,
substitute sometimes made substitute kept
substitute and that
new paragraph

insert for a conference
substitute an exclamation point
insert "Rostov snapped."

insert d
substitute had
insert and

insert a comma in case of a trap

Make space

insert a comma
substitute a colon
substitute double hyphen

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Job 00005928 Oper 00 Key Bd. 80 Date 06/29/79
C.Scan., DN 119, SN 3243, Book Press: Triple, 11/14x26 T.R., 606

Hassan smiled broadly. "How are you?"

"How do you do," said Rostov, and shook his hand.

"It's twenty years . . . how have you been?"

"Busy."

"That we should meet again, after so long, and because of Dickstein~~.~~!"

"Yes. Sit down. Let's talk about Dickstein." Rostov sat, Hassan followed. "Bring me up to date," Rostov ~~told him~~. "You spotted Dickstein, then your people picked him up again at Nice airport. What happened next?"

"He went on a guided tour of a nuclear power station, then shook off the tail," Hassan said. "So we've lost him again."

Rostov ~~shook his head~~. "We'll have to do better than that."

Hassan smiled—a salesman's smile, Rostov thought—and said, "If he wasn't the ~~caliber~~ of agent who is bound to spot a tail and lose it, we wouldn't be so concerned about him, would we?"

Rostov ignored that. "Was he using a car?"

"Yes. He hired a Peugeot."

"Okay. What do you know about his movements before that, when he was here in Luxembourg?"

Hassan spoke briskly, ~~trying to take on~~ Rostov's businesslike air. "He stayed at the Alfa Hotel for a week under the name Ed Rodgers. He gave as his address the Paris bureau of a magazine called *Science International*. There is such a magazine, they do have a Paris address, but it's only a forwarding address for mail; they do use a freelance called Ed Rodgers, but they haven't heard from him for over a year."

Rostov nodded. "A typical Mossad cover story. Nice and tight. Anything else?"

"Yes. The night before he left there was an incident in the Rue Dicks. Two men were found savagely beaten. It had the look of a professional job—neatly broken bones, you know the kind of thing. The police aren't doing anything about it. The men were known thieves, thought to have been lying in wait close to a homosexual nightclub."

"Robbing the queers as they come out?"

"That's the general idea. Anyway, there's nothing to connect Dickstein with the incident, except that he is capable of it and was here at the time."

"Enough for a strong presumption — Do you think Dickstein is a homosexual?"

"It's possible, but Cairo says there's nothing like that in his file, so he must have been very discreet about it all these years~~.~~!"

"And therefore too discreet to go to queer clubs while he's on assignment. Your argument is ~~rather~~ self-defeating, isn't it?"

A trace of anger showed in Hassan's face. "So what do *you* think?"

"My guess is that he had an informant who ~~is a~~ queer." He stood up and began to pace the room. He felt he had made the right start with Hassan, but enough was enough — no point in making the man surly. It was time to ease up a little. "Let's speculate for a moment. Why would he want to look around a nuclear power station?"

"~~Well,~~ the Israelis have been on bad terms with the French since the six-Day War. De Gaulle cut off the supply of arms. Maybe the Mossad plans some retaliation . . . like blowing up the reactor?"

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gave a grunt of disgust
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That's e ," Rostov said."

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is

~~Hassan said,~~ T

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insert Hassan said, delete capitalize T

Book Press
Galley 0101 Take 0001 Version code 02-08
Job 00005928 Oper 00 Key Bd. 80 Date 06/29/79
C.Scan., DN 119, SN 3243, Book Press: Triple, 11/14x26 T.R., 606

Rostov shook his head. "Even the Israelis aren't that irresponsible. Besides why then would Dickstein be in Luxembourg?"

~~Hassan had no idea~~.

Rostov sat down again. "What is there, here in Luxembourg? What makes it an important place? Why is your bank here, for example?"

"It's an important European capital. My bank is here because the European Investment Bank is here. But there are also several Common Market institutions—in fact, there's a European Center over on the Kitchberg."

"Which institutions?"

"The Secretariat of the European Parliament, the Council of Ministers and the Court of Justice. Oh, and Euratom."

Rostov stared at Hassan. "Euratom?"

"It's short for the European Atomic Energy Community, but everybody—"

"I know what it *is*," Rostov said. "Don't you see the connection? He comes to Luxembourg, where Euratom has its headquarters, then he goes to visit a nuclear reactor."

Hassan shrugged. "An interesting hypothesis — What's that you're drinking?"

"Whiskey. Help yourself. As I recall, the French helped the Israelis build their nuclear reactor. Now they've probably cut off their aid. Dickstein may be after ~~some crucial~~ scientific secrets."

Hassan poured himself a drink and sat down again. "How shall we operate, you and I? My orders are to cooperate with you."

"My team is arriving this evening," Rostov said ~~and~~ was thinking: Cooperate, hell—you'll follow my orders. He said, "I always use the same two men—Nik Bunin and Pyotr Tyrin. We operate very well together. They know how I like things done. I want you to work with them, do what they say—you'll learn a ~~good deal,~~ they're very good agents."

"And my people."

"We won't need them much longer," Rostov said briskly. "A small team is best. Now, our first job is to make sure we see Dickstein if and when he comes back to Luxembourg."

"I've got a man at the airport twenty-four hours a day."

"He'll have thought of that, he won't fly in. We must cover ~~any likely~~ spots. He might go to Euratom . . ."

"The Jean-Monnet building, yes."

"We can cover the Alfa Hotel by bribing the desk clerk, but he won't go back there. And the nightclub in the Rue Dicks. Now, then, you said he hired a car."

"Yes, in France."

"He'll have dumped it by now—he knows that you know the number. I want you to call the rental company and find out where it was left—~~which~~ may tell us what direction he's traveling in — Moscow has put his photograph on the wire, so our people will be looking out for him in every capital city in the world." Rostov finished his drink. "We'll catch him one way or another." ~~He'd better~~

"Do you really think so?"

"I've played chess with him, I know how his mind works. His opening moves are routine, predictable; then suddenly he does something completely unexpected, usually something highly risky. You just have to wait for him to stick out his neck—then you chop his head off."

proofreader caught
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new paragraph insert quotation marks
substitute a comma substitute an o
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insert Hassan asked

Rostov gave a wolfish grin. "Yes, but this is real life," he said.

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Book Press
Galley 0102 Take 0001 Version code 02-08
Job 00005928 Oper 00 Key Bd. 80 Date 06/29/79
C.Scan., DN 119, SN 3243, Book Press: Triple, 11/14x26 T.R., 606

Hassan said, "As I recall, you lost that chess match."

~~Rostov restrained his annoyance. "That was a game, this is real life."~~

~~He didn't add that the stakes included his own life.~~

There are two kinds of shadows ~~s~~ pavement artists and bulldogs. Pavement artists regard the business of shadowing people as a skill of the highest order, comparable with acting or cellular biophysics or poetry. They are perfectionists, capable of being almost invisible. They have wardrobes of unobtrusive clothes, they practice blank expressions in front of their mirrors, they know ~~scores~~ of tricks with shop doorways and bus queues, policemen and children, spectacles and shopping bags and hedges. They despise the bulldogs, who think that shadowing is the same as following, and trail the mark the way a dog follows its master.

Nik Bunin was a bulldog. He was ~~young and thuggish~~, the ~~sort~~ who becomes either a policeman or a criminal, depending on his luck. Luck had brought Nik into the KGB: his brother, back in Georgia, was a dope dealer, running hashish from Tbilisi to Moscow University (where it was consumed by—among others—Rostov's son Yuri). Nik was officially a chauffeur, unofficially a bodyguard, and even more unofficially a full-time professional ruffian.

It was Nik who spotted The Pirate.

Nik was ~~just~~ under six feet tall, and very broad. He wore a leather jacket across his wide shoulders. He had short blond hair and watery green eyes, and he was embarrassed about the fact that at the age of twenty-five he still did not need to shave every day.

At the nightclub in the Rue Dicks they thought he was cute as hell.

He came in at seven-thirty, soon after the club opened, and sat in the same corner all night, drinking iced vodka with lugubrious relish, watching. Somebody asked him to dance, and he told the man in bad French to piss off. When he turned up the second night they wondered if he was a jilted lover lying in wait for a showdown with his ex. He had about him the air of what the gays called rough trade, what with those shoulders and the leather jacket and his dour expression.

Nik knew nothing of these undercurrents. He had been shown a photograph of a man and told to go to a club and look out for the man; so he memorized the face, then went to the club and looked. It made little difference to him whether the place was a whorehouse or a cathedral. He liked occasionally to get the chance to beat people up, but otherwise all he asked was regular pay and two days off every week to devote to his enthusiasms, which were vodka and coloring books.

When Nat Dickstein came into the nightclub, Nik felt no sense of excitement. When he did well, Rostov always assumed it was because he had scrupulously obeyed precise orders, and he was generally right. Nik watched the mark sit down alone, order a drink, ~~be~~ served and sip his beer. It looked like he, too, was waiting.

Nik went to the phone in the lobby and called the hotel. Rostov answered.

Rostov gave a wolfish ~~[illegible]~~ grin. "Yes, but this is real life," he said.

dozens

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a young thug

type of man

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Book Press
Galley 0103 Take 0001 Version code 02-08
Job 00005928 Oper 00 Key Bd. 80 Date 06/29/79
C.Scan., DN 119, SN 3243, Book Press: Triple, 11/14x26 T.R., 606

"This is Nik. The mark just came in."

"Good. What's he doing?"

"Waiting."

"Good. Alone?"

"Yes."

"Stay with him and call me if he does anything, anybody."

"Sure."

"I'm sending Pyotr down. He'll wait outside. If the mark leaves the club you follow him, doubling with Pyotr. The Arab will be with you in a car, well back, in case you need it. It's a . . . wait a moment . . . it's a green Volkswagen hatchback. All right, get back to him now."

Nik hung up and returned to his table, not looking at Dickstein as he crossed the club floor.

A few minutes later a well-dressed, good-looking man of about forty came into the club. He looked around, then walked past Dickstein's table and went to the bar. Nik saw Dickstein pick up a piece of paper from the table and put it in his pocket. It was all very discreet: only someone carefully observing Dickstein would know something had happened.

Nik went to the phone again.

"A queer came in and gave him something—it looked like a ticket," he told Rostov.

"A theater ticket?"

"Don't know."

"Did they speak?"

"No, the queer just dropped the ticket on the table as he went by. They didn't even look at each other."

"All right. Stay with it. Pyotr should be outside by now."

"Wait," Nik said. "The mark just came into the lobby. He's going to the desk . . . he's handed over the ticket, it was a cloakroom ticket."

"Stay on the line, tell me what happens." Rostov's voice was flat calm.

"The guy behind the counter is giving him a briefcase, he leaves a tip—"

"It's a delivery. Good."

"The mark is leaving the club."

"Follow him."

"Shall I get the briefcase?"

"No, I don't want to show ourselves until we know what he's doing, just find out where he goes and stay low."

Nik hung up, gave the cloakroom attendant some notes. "I have to rush, this will cover my bill," and then he went up the staircase after Nat Dickstein.

Out on the street it was a bright summer evening. People making their way to restaurants and cinemas or just strolling. Nik looked left and right, then saw the mark on the opposite side of the road, some fifty yards away. He crossed over and followed.

Dickstein was walking quickly, looking straight ahead, carrying the briefcase under his arm. Nik plodded after him for a couple of blocks. If Dickstein looked back he would see some distance behind him a man who had also been in the nightclub, and he would begin to wonder if he were being shadowed. Then Pyotr came alongside Nik, touched his arm and went on ahead. Nik dropped back to a position from which he could see Pyotr but not Dickstein. If Dickstein now looked again, he would not see Nik and he would not recognize Pyotr. It was very difficult for a mark to sniff out this kind of surveillance, but of course the longer the distance the mark was shadowed, the more men were needed to keep up the regular switches.

Book Press
Galley 0104 Take 0001 Version code 02-08
Job 00005928 Oper 00 Ky Bd. 80 Date 06/29/79
C.Scan., DN 119, SN 3243, Book Press: Triple, 11/14x26 T.R., 606

After another half mile the green Volkswagen pulled to the curb beside Nik and Yasif Hassan leaned across from the driving seat and opened the door. "New orders," he said. "Get in."

Nik did and Hassan steered back toward the nightclub in the Rue Dicks.

"You did very well," Hassan said.

Nik ignored this.

"We want you to go back to the club, pick out the delivery man and follow him home."

"Colonel Rostov said this?"

"Yes."

"Okay."

Hassan stopped the car close to the club. Nik went in. He stood in the doorway, looking carefully all about the club.

The delivery man had gone.

The computer printout ran to more than one hundred pages. Dickstein's heart sank as he flicked through the prized sheets of paper he had worked so hard to get. None of it made sense.

He returned to the first page and looked again. There were a profusion of jumbled numbers and letters. Could it be in code? No—this printout was used every day by the ordinary office-workers of Euratom. Don't make it worse than it was, he told himself.

All right. He saw "U235." He knew that to be an isotope of uranium. Another group of letters and numbers was "180KG"—one hundred and eighty kilograms. "17F68" would be a date, the seventeenth of February this year. Gradually the lines of computer-alphabet letters and numbers began to yield up their meanings: he found place-names from various European countries, words such as "TRAIN" and "TRUCK" with distances affixed next to them, and names with suffixes "SA" or "INC," indicating companies. Eventually the layout of the entries became clear: the first line gave the quantity and type of material, the second line the name and address of the sender, and so on.

He was feeling better, and read on with growing comprehension and a sense of achievement. About sixty consignments were listed in the printout. There seemed to be three main types: large quantities of crude uranium ore coming from mines in South Africa, Canada and France to European refineries; fuel elements—oxides, uranium metal or enriched mixtures—moving from fabrication plants to reactors; and spent fuel from reactors going for reprocessing and disposal. There were a few non-standard shipments, mostly of plutonium and transuranium elements extracted from spent fuel and sent to laboratories in universities and research institutes.

Dickstein's head ached and his eyes were bleary by the time he found what he was looking for. On the very last page, naturally, there was one shipment headed "NON-NUCLEAR."

He had been briefly told, by the Rehovot physicist with the flowered tie, about the non-nuclear uses of uranium and its compounds in photography, in dyeing, as coloring agents for glass and ceramics and as industrial catalysts. Of course the stuff always had the potential for fission no matter how mundane and innocent its use, so the Euratom regulations still applied. However, Dickstein thought it likely that in ordinary industrial chemistry the security would be less strict.

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insert , Hassan said.

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, so it had to be fairly easily comprehensible Dickstein concentrated.

substitute His spirits lifted. He

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proofreader caught

Book Press
Galley 0105 Take 0001 Version code 02-08
Job 00005928 Oper 00 Key Bd. 80 Date 06/29/79
C.Scan., DN 119, SN 3243, Book Press: Triple, 11/14x26 T.R., 606

The entry on the last page referred to two hundred tons of yellowcake, or crude uranium oxide. It was in Belgium, at a metal refinery in the countryside near the Dutch border, a site licensed for storage of fissionable material. The refinery was owned by the Société Generale de la Chimie, a mining conglomerate with headquarters in Brussels. SGC had sold the yellowcake to a German concern called F.A. Pedler of Wiesbaden. Pedler planned to use it for "manufacture of uranium compounds, especially uranium carbide, in commercial quantities." Dickstein ~~remembered~~ that the carbide was a catalyst for the production of synthetic ammonia.

It seemed ~~though~~ that Pedler ~~was~~ not going to work the uranium themselves, at least not initially. Dickstein's interest sharpened as he read that they had not applied for their own works in Wiesbaden to be licensed, but instead for permission to ship the yellowcake to Genoa by sea. There it was to undergo "non-nuclear processing" by a company called Angeluzzi e Bianco.

By sea. The implications struck Dickstein instantly: the load would be passed through a European port by someone else. He read on — Transport would be by railway from SGC's refinery to the docks at Antwerp. There the yellowcake would be loaded onto the motor vessel *Coparelli* for shipment to Genoa. The short journey from the Italian port to the Angeluzzi e Bianco works would be made by road.

For the trip the yellowcake—looking like sand but yellower—would be packed into five hundred and sixty 200-liter oil drums with heavily sealed lids. The train would require eleven cars, the ship would carry no other cargo for this voyage, and the Italians would use six trucks for the last leg of the journey.

It was the sea journey that excited Dickstein through the English Channel, across the Bay of Biscay, down the Atlantic coast of Spain, through the Strait of Gibraltar and across one thousand miles of the Mediterranean.

A ~~good deal~~ could go wrong ~~over~~ that distance.

Journeys on land were straightforward, controlled. A train left at noon one day and arrived at eight-thirty the following morning; a truck traveled on roads that always carried other traffic, including police cars; a plane was continually in contact with someone or other on the ground. But the sea ~~the sea~~ was unpredictable, with its own laws—a trip could take ten days or twenty, there might be storms and collisions and engine trouble, unscheduled ports of call and sudden changes of direction. Hijack a plane and the whole world ~~saw~~ it on television an hour later; hijack a ship, and no one would know about it for days, weeks, ~~maybe~~ forever.

The sea was the inevitable choice. Hijack the *Coparelli* . . . then what? The *Coparelli* would probably have its own derricks. But transferring a cargo at sea could be chancy. Dickstein looked on the printout for the proposed date of the voyage: November. That was bad. There might be storms—even the Mediterranean could blow up a gale in November. What, then? Take over the *Coparelli* and sail her to Haifa? It would be hard to dock a stolen ship secretly, even in top-security Israel.

Dickstein glanced at his wristwatch. It was past midnight. He began to undress for bed. He needed to know more about the *Coparelli*: Her tonnage, how many ~~in the~~ crew, present whereabouts, who owned her, and if possible her layout. Tomorrow he would go to London. You could find out ~~almost~~ anything about ships at Lloyd's of London.

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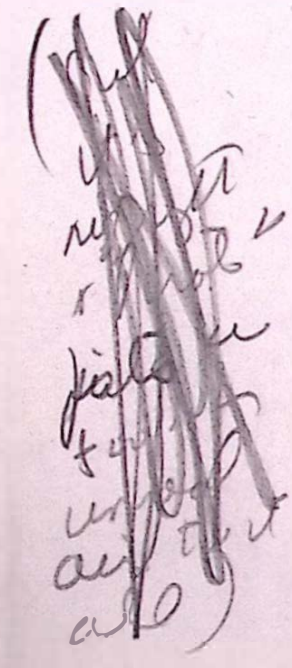
Insert for The Pirate.
Insert new paragraph
Dickstein thought on, with growing enthusiasm and a sense that the solution to his problem was within his reach. Insert Transfer the cargo to the hold of the pirate ship?

substitute h delete
delete

see reverse side

The sea was the inevitable choice for The Pirate.
Dickstein thought on, with growing enthusiasm and a sense that the solution to his problem was within his reach. Hijack the Coparelli ... then what? Transfer the cargo to the hold of the pirate ship? The Coparelli would probably have its own derricks.



The seas was the inevitable choice for the Pirate.
Dickstein thought on, with growing enthusiasm and a sense that the solution to his problem was within his reach. Hijack the Coparelli... then what? Transfer the cargo to the hold of the private ship? The Coparelli would probably have it's own derricks.

Book Press
Galley 0106 Take 0001 Version code 02-08
Job 00005928 Oper 00 Key Bd. 80 Date 06/29/79
C.Scan., DN 119, SN 3243, Book Press: Triple, 11/14x26 T.R., 606

There was something else he needed to know: who was following him around Europe? There had been a ~~large~~ team in France. Tonight as he left the nightclub in the Rue Dicks a thuggish ~~type~~ face had been behind him. He had suspected a tail, but the face had disappeared—coincidence, or another ~~large~~ team? It depended on whether Hassan was in the game. He could make inquiries about that too, in England.

He wondered ~~about~~ how to travel. If somebody had picked up his scent tonight he ought to take some precautions tomorrow. Even if the thuggish face were nobody, Dickstein had to make sure he was not ~~detected~~ at Luxembourg airport.

He picked up the phone and dialed the desk. When the clerk answered, he said, "Wake me at six-thirty, please."

"Very good, sir."

He hung up and got into bed. At last he had a definite target—the *Coparelli*. He did not yet have a plan, but he knew ~~at least~~ in outline what had to be done. Whatever other difficulties ~~came up~~, the combination of a non-nuclear consignment and a sea journey was irresistible.

He turned out the light and closed his eyes ~~It had been~~ a good day.

David Rostov had always been a condescending bastard, and he had not improved with age, Yasif Hassan thought. "What you probably don't realize . . ." he would say with a patronizing smile. And, "We won't need your people much longer—a small team is better ___" And, "You can tag along in the car and keep out of sight ___" And now, "Man the phone while I go to the Embassy." ___ Hassan had been prepared to work under Rostov's orders as one of the team, but it seemed his status was ~~far~~ lower than that. It was, to say the least, insulting to be considered inferior to ~~the likes of~~ Nik Bunin.

~~Worse, he knew~~ Rostov had some justification. It was not that the Russians were smarter than the Arabs; but the KGB was undoubtedly a larger, richer, more powerful and more professional organization than Egyptian Intelligence. ~~So, justified or not,~~ Hassan ~~decided he~~ had no choice but to suffer Rostov's ~~patronizing behavior~~. Cairo was delighted to have the KGB hunting one of the Arab world's greatest enemies. If Hassan were to complain, ~~it would be~~ he rather than Rostov ~~who~~ would be taken off the case ___ ~~Still~~ Rostov ~~ought to~~ remember, thought Hassan, that it was the Arabs who had first spotted Dickstein, ~~that~~ there would be no investigation at all had it not been for ~~his~~ original discovery ___ ~~And at the same time~~ he wanted to win Rostov's respect, to have the Russian confide in him, discuss developments, ~~solicit~~ his opinion. He would ~~face it,~~ have to prove to Rostov that he was a competent and professional agent, ~~at least~~ the equal of Nik Bunin and Pyotr Tyrin.

The phone rang. Hassan picked it up hastily. "Hello?"

"Is the other one there?" It was Tyrin's voice.

"He's out. What's happening?"

Tyrin hesitated. "When will he be back?"

"I don't know," Hassan lied. "Give me your report."

"Okay. The client got off the train at Zurich."

"Zurich? Go on."

"He took a taxi to a bank, entered and went down into the vault. This particular bank has safe-deposit boxes. He came out carrying a briefcase."

Book Press
Galley 0095 Take 0001 Version code 02-08
Job 00005928 Oper 00 Key Bd. 80 Date 06/29/79
C.Scan., DN 119, SN 3243, Book Press: Triple, 11/14x26 T.R., 606

On his first evening in Luxembourg he went to the discreet nightclub in the Rue Dicks and sat alone, sipping beer, waiting for Stiffcollar to come in. But it was the fair-haired friend who arrived first. He was a younger man, perhaps twenty-five or thirty, broad-shouldered and in good shape underneath his maroon double-breasted jacket. He walked across to the booth they had occupied last time. He was graceful, like a dancer: Dickstein thought he might be the goalkeeper in a soccer team. The booth was vacant. If the couple met here every night it was probably kept for them.

The fair-haired man ordered a drink and looked at his watch. He did not see Dickstein observing him. Stiffcollar entered a few minutes later. He wore a red V-necked sweater and a white shirt with a button-down collar. As before, he went straight to the table where his friend sat waiting. They greeted each other with a double handshake. They seemed happy. Dickstein prepared to ~~change that~~.

He called a waiter. "Please take a bottle of champagne to that table, for the man in the red sweater. And bring me another beer."

The waiter brought his beer first, then took the champagne in a bucket of ice to Stiffcollar's table. Dickstein saw the waiter point him out to the couple as the donor of the champagne. When they looked at him, he raised his beer glass in a toast, and smiled. Stiffcollar recognized him and looked ~~miserable~~.

Dickstein left his table, went to the cloakroom, ~~and~~ washed his face. After a couple of minutes Stiffcollar's friend came in. The young man combed his hair, waiting for a third man to leave the room, then spoke to Dickstein.

"My friend wants you to leave him alone."

"Let him tell me so himself."

"You're a journalist, aren't you? What if your editor ~~was~~ to hear that you come to places like this?"

"I'm freelance."

The young man came closer. He was five inches taller than Dickstein and at least thirty pounds heavier. "You're to leave us alone."

"~~Sorry~~."

"Why are you doing this? What do you want?"

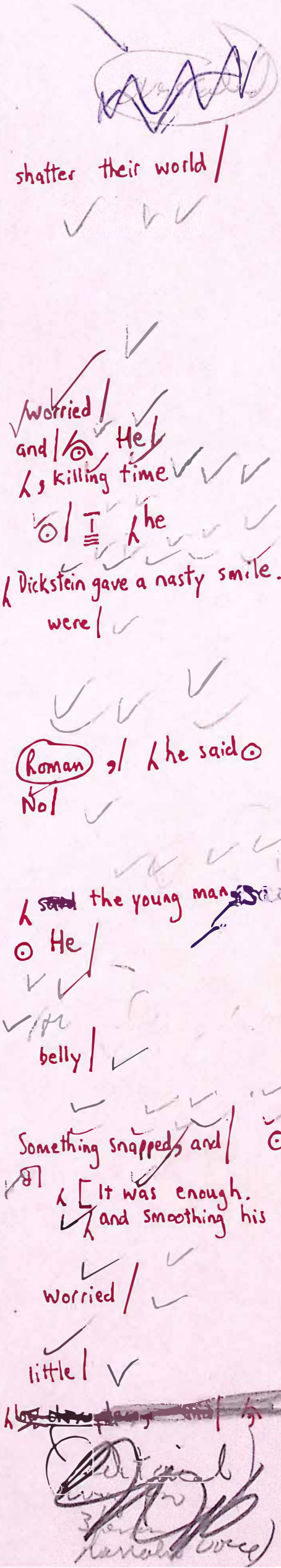
"I'm not interested in you, pretty boy. You'd better go home while I talk to your friend."

"Damn you," and he grabbed the lapels of Dickstein's jacket in one large hand, drew back his other arm and made a fist. He never landed the punch.

With his fingers Dickstein poked the young man in the eyes. The blond head reflexively jerked back and to the side. Dickstein stepped inside the swinging arm and hit him in the ~~stomach~~, very hard. The breath rattled out of him and he doubled over, turning away. Dickstein punched him once again, very precisely, on the bridge of the nose. ~~A snapping sound~~ blood spurted, the young man collapsed on the tiled floor.

Dickstein went out quickly, straightening his tie on the way. In the club the cabaret had begun and the German guitarist was singing a song about a gay policeman. Dickstein paid his bill and left. As he went he saw Stiffcollar, ~~looking very upset~~, making his way to the cloakroom.

On the street it was a mild summer night, but Dickstein was shivering. He walked a ~~short~~ way, then went into a bar and ordered brandy. It was a noisy, smoky ~~place~~ with a television set on the counter. Dickstein carried his drink to a corner table and sat facing the wall.



Book Press
Galley 0096 Take 0001 Version code 02-08
Job 00005928 Oper 00 Key Bd. 80 Date 06/29/79
C.Scan., DN 119, SN 3243, Book Press: Triple, 11/14x26 T.R., 606

9999

The fight in the cloakroom would not be reported to the police. It would look like a quarrel over a lover, and neither Stiffcollar nor the club management would want to bring that sort of thing to official notice. Stiffcollar would take his friend to a doctor, saying he had walked into a door ~~or taken an accidental fall~~.

Dickstein drank the brandy ~~and managed to stop~~ shivering. There was, he thought, no way to be a spy without doing things like this — and there was no way to be a nation, in this world, without having spies. And without a nation Nat Dickstein could not ~~ever~~ feel safe.

It ~~just~~ did not seem possible to live honorably. Even if he gave up this profession, others would become spies and do ~~this same rotten work~~ on his behalf, ~~which~~ was almost as bad. ~~No help for it~~ you had to be ~~immoral to survive in this life . . . and then he~~ recalled that a Nazi camp doctor called Wolfgang had said much the same ~~and shut out the memory. There was, after all, a difference. . . .~~ He left the bar and went into the street, heading for Stiffcollar's home. He had to press his advantage while the man ~~felt most vulnerable~~. He reached the narrow cobbled street within a few minutes and stood guard opposite the old terraced house. There was no light in the attic window.

The night became cooler as he waited. He began to pace up and down. European weather was dismal. At this time of year Israel would be glorious, long sunny days and warm nights, hard physical work by day, companionship and laughter in the evenings. Dickstein wished he could go home.

At last Stiffcollar and his friend returned. The friend's head was wrapped in bandages, and he was obviously having trouble seeing: he walked with one hand on Stiffcollar's arm, like a blind man. They stopped outside the house while Stiffcollar fumbled for a key. Dickstein crossed the road and approached them. They had their backs to him, and his shoes made no noise.

Stiffcollar opened the door, turned to help his friend and saw Dickstein. He jumped with shock. "Oh, god."

The friend said, "What is it? What is it?"

"It's him."

"I have to talk to you," Dickstein said.

"Call the police," said the friend.

Stiffcollar took his friend's arm and began to lead him through the door. Dickstein put out a hand and stopped them. "~~If you don't~~ let me in, I'll create a scene in the street." He walked into the house ahead of them and started up the stairs.

After a moment's hesitation, they followed, ~~and~~ the three ~~of them~~ men climbed the stairs to the top. Stiffcollar unlocked the door of the attic flat, and they went in. Dickstein looked around. It was bigger than he imagined, and very elegantly decorated with period furniture, striped wallpaper, many plants and pictures. Stiffcollar put his friend in a chair, then took a cigarette from a box, lit it with a table lighter and put it in his friend's mouth. They sat close together, waiting for Dickstein to speak.

Dickstein began. "I'm a journalist."

Stiffcollar interrupted, "Journalists interview people, they don't beat them up."

"I didn't beat him up. I hit him twice."

"Why?"

"He attacked me, didn't he tell you?"

"I don't believe you."

0000

see reverse side

see reverse side

Stopped
A
(Too strong a word)
evil
and that
bad to live. Dickstein
He had decided long ago that life was not about right and wrong, but about winning and losing. Still there were times when that philosophy gave him no consolation.
was demoralised
and
2 arms
Sp
!
You'll have to
," he said. "Otherwise
Stiffcollar said: "He'll make our lives miserable until he gets what he wants."
"But what does he want?"
"I'll tell you in a minute,"
Dickstein said.
," said Stiffcollar.

It did not seem possible to live honorably. Even if he gave up this profession, others would become spies and do evil on his behalf, and that was almost as bad. You had to be bad to live. Dickstein recalled that a Nazi camp doctor called Wolfgang had said much the same.

He had long ago decided that life was not about right and wrong, but about winning and losing. Still there were times when that philosophy gave him no consolation.

He left the bar and went into the street, heading for Stiffcollar's home. He had to press his advantage while the man was demoralised. He reached

Stiffcollar took his friend's arm and began to lead him through the door. Dickstein put out a hand and stopped them. "You'll have to let me in," he said. "Otherwise I'll create a scene in the street."

Stiffcollar said: "He'll make our lives miserable until he gets what he wants."

"But what does he want?" Dickstein said. He walked into the house ahead of them and started up the stairs.

After a moment's hesitation, they followed.

The three men climbed the stairs to the top. Stiffcollar unlocked

Quite so

said.

Book Press
Galley 0097 Take 0001 Version code 02-08
Job 00005928 Oper 00 Key Bd. 80 Date 06/29/79
C.Scan., DN 119, SN 3243, Book Press: Triple, 11/14x26 T.R., 606

"How much time would you like to spend arguing about it?"

"None."

"Good. I want a story about Euratom. A good story—my career needs it. Now, then, one possibility is the prevalence of homosexuals in positions of responsibility within the organization."

"You're a lousy bastard," said Stiffcollar's friend.

"~~You'd better believe it~~," Dickstein ~~[illegible] wincing inwardly at the melodrama of his jargon~~. "However, I'll drop the story if I get a better one."

Stiffcollar ran a hand across his gray-tipped hair, and Dickstein noticed that he wore clear nail polish. "I think I understand this," he said.

"What? What do you understand?" said his friend.

"He wants information."

"That's ~~exactly~~ right," said Dickstein ~~noting that~~ Stiffcollar was looking ~~somewhat~~ relieved. Now was the time to be a little friendly, to come across as a human being, to let them think that things might not be so bad after all. Dickstein got up. There was whiskey in a decanter on a highly polished side table. He poured small shots into three glasses as he said, "Look, you're vulnerable and I've picked on you, and I expect you to hate me for that. But I'm not going to pretend that I hate you. I'm using you, and that's all there is to it. Except that I'm drinking your booze as well." He handed them drinks and sat down again.

There was a pause, then Stiffcollar said, "What is it that you want to know?"

"Well, now." Dickstein took the tiniest sip of whiskey: he hated the taste. "Euratom keeps records of all movements of fissionable materials into, out of and within the member countries, right?"

"Yes."

"To be more precise before anyone can move an ounce of uranium from A to B he has to ask your permission."

"Yes."

"Complete records are kept of all permits given."

"The records are on a computer."

"I know. If asked, the computer would print out a list of all future uranium shipments for which permission has been given."

"It does, regularly. A list is circulated once a month within the office."

"Splendid," said Dickstein. "All I want is that list."

There was a long silence. Stiffcollar drank some whiskey. Dickstein left his alone — the two beers and one large brandy he had already drunk this evening were more than he normally took in a fortnight.

"What do you want the list *for*?" the friend said.

"I'm going to check all the shipments in a given month. I expect to be able to prove that what people do in reality bears little or no relation to what they tell Euratom."

Stiffcollar said, "I don't believe you."

The man was not stupid, Dickstein thought. He shrugged. "What do you think I want it for?"

"I don't know. You're not a journalist. Nothing you've said has been true."

"It makes no difference, does it? Believe what you like. You've no choice but to give me the list."

Substitute a period
Delete
Delete
substitute a period
delete
delete
substitute a semi-colon
remove a space
insert a bastard and I'm
substitute a colon
substitute a period
substitute a colon
transpose
capitalize T
substitute a comma
substitute a period
insert Dickstein said.

Book Press
Galley 0098 Take 0001 Version code 02-08
Job 00005928 Oper 00 Key Bd. 80 Date 06/29/79
C.Scan., DN 119, SN 3243, Book Press: Triple, 11/14x26 T.R., 606

"I have," Stiffcollar said. "I'm going to resign the job."

"If you do," Dickstein said slowly, "I will ~~here and now~~ beat your friend to a pulp."

"We'll go to the police," the friend said.

"I would go away," Dickstein said. "Perhaps for a year. But I would come back. And I'd find you. And I ~~guarantee~~ your face will be unrecognizable ~~when I'm finished with it~~."

Stiffcollar stared at Dickstein. "What are you?"

"It really doesn't matter what I am, does it? You know I can do what I threaten ~~to do~~."

~~Stiffcollar~~ buried his face in his hands.

Dickstein let the silence ~~build~~. Stiffcollar was cornered, helpless. There was only one thing he could do, ~~which~~ he was now realizing. Dickstein let him take his time. It was several moments before Dickstein spoke ~~again~~.

"The printout will be bulky," he said gently.

Stiffcollar nodded without looking up.

"Is your briefcase checked as you leave the office?"

He shook his head.

"Are the printouts supposed to be kept under lock and key?"

"No," ~~he said wearily~~, "this information is not classified. It's merely confidential, not to be made public."

"Good. Now, you'll need tomorrow to think about the details—which copy of the printout to take, exactly what you'll tell your secretary, and so on. The day after tomorrow you will bring the printout home. You'll find a note from me waiting for you. The note will tell you how to deliver the document to me." Dickstein smiled ~~pleasantly as he could~~. "After that, you'll probably never see me again."

"By god, I hope so."

Dickstein stood up. "You'd rather not be bothered by phone calls for a while," he said. He found the telephone and pulled the cord out of the wall, ~~then~~ went to the door and opened it.

The friend looked at the disconnected wire. His eyes seemed to be recovering. "Are you afraid he'll change his mind?"

Dickstein said, "You're the one who should be afraid of that." He went out, closing the door softly behind him.

Life ~~as they say~~, is not a popularity contest, especially in the KGB. David Rostov was now very unpopular with his ~~chief~~ and with all those in the section loyal to his ~~chief~~. Feliks Vorontsov was boiling with anger at the way he had been bypassed: from now on he would ~~surely~~ do *anything* he could to destroy ~~David~~ Rostov.

Rostov had anticipated this. He did not regret his decision to go for broke on the Dickstein affair. On the contrary, he was rather glad. He was already planning the finely stitched, stylishly cut dark blue English suit he would buy when he got his pass for Section 100 on the third floor of the GUM department store in Moscow.

What he did regret was leaving ~~open~~ a loophole for Vorontsov ~~to strike back from~~ ..... he should ~~of course~~ have thought of the Egyptians and their reaction. That was the trouble with the Arabs, they were so clumsy and useless that you tended to ignore them as a force in the intelligence world. Fortunately Yuri Andropov, head of the KGB and confidante of Leonid Brezhnev, had seen what Feliks Vorontsov was trying to do, namely win back control of the Dickstein project; and he had not permitted it.

Book Press
Galley 0107 Take 0001 Version code 02-08
Job 00005928 Oper 00 Key Bd. 80 Date 06/29/79
C.Scan., DN 119, SN 3243, Book Press: Triple, 11/14x26 T.R., 606

"And then?"

"He went to a car dealer on the outskirts of the city and ~~purchased~~ a used E-type Jaguar, paying with cash he had in the case."

"I see." Hassan thought he knew what was coming next.

"He drove out of Zurich in the car, got onto the E17 autobahn and increased his speed to one hundred and forty miles per hour."

"And you lost him," said Hassan, feeling gratification and anxiety in equal parts.

"We had a taxi and an embassy Mercedes."

Hassan was visualizing the road map of Europe. "He could be headed for anywhere in France, Spain, Germany, Scandinavia . . . unless he doubles back, in which case Italy, Austria . . . He's ~~disappeared~~, then. All right—come back to base." He hung up before Tyrin could question his authority.

So the great KGB ~~was~~ not invincible after all. Much as he ~~was~~ ~~pleased~~ to see them fall on their collective face, his malicious pleasure was overshadowed by the fear that they had ~~irretrievably~~ lost Dickstein.

He was still thinking about what they ought to do next when Rostov came back.

"Anything?"

"Your people lost Dickstein," Hassan said, suppressing a smile.

"How?"

Hassan told him.

"What are they doing now?"

"I suggested they might come back here. I guess they're on their way— I've ~~also~~ been thinking about what we should do next—"

"We've got to find Dickstein again." Rostov was fiddling with something in his suitcase.

"Yes, but apart from that—"

Rostov turned around. "Get to the *point*."

"I think we should pick up the delivery man and ask him what he passed to Dickstein."

Rostov ~~grudgingly agreed, which delighted Hassan.~~ "We'll have to find him—"

"That shouldn't be ~~difficult~~," Rostov said, ~~his old tone back~~. "If we keep watch on the nightclub, the airport, the Alfa Hotel and the Jean-Monnet building for a few days . . ."

Hassan watched Rostov, studying his tall thin figure, his impassive face with its high forehead and close-cropped graying hair. I'm right, Hassan thought, and he's ~~had~~ to admit it. ~~And with the thought came a rare feeling of pride, attended by the self-deluding notion that the bastard was not such a bastard after all.~~

Six

THE CITY OF OXFORD had not changed as much as the people. The city was predictably different. It was bigger, the cars and shops were more numerous and more garish, the streets were more crowded. But the predominant characteristic of the place was still the cream-colored stone of the college buildings, with the occasional glimpse, through an arch, of the startling green turf of a deserted quadrangle. Dickstein noticed also the curious pale English light, such a contrast with the brassy glare of Israeli

Book Press
Galley 0108 Take 0001 Version code 02-08
Job 00005928 Oper 00 Key Bd. 80 Date 06/29/79
C.Scan., DN 119, SN 3243, Book Press: Triple, 11/14x26 T.R., 606

sunshine: of course it had always been there, but as a native he had never seen it. The students, ~~though,~~ seemed a totally new breed. In the Middle East and all over Europe Dickstein had seen men with hair growing over their ears, with orange and pink neckerchiefs, with bell-bottom trousers and high-heeled shoes. He had not been expecting people to be dressed as they were in 1948, in tweed jackets and corduroy trousers, with Oxford shirts and Paisley ties from Hall's, ~~but~~ all the same he was not prepared for this. Many of them were barefoot in the streets, or wore peculiar open sandals without socks. Men and women had trousers ~~that~~ seemed to Dickstein to be vulgarly tight-fitting. After observing several women whose breasts wobbled freely inside loose, colorful shirts, he concluded that brassieres were out of fashion. There was a great deal of blue denim—not just jeans but shirts, jackets, skirts and even coats. And the hair! It was this that ~~especially~~ shocked him. The men grew it not just over their ears but sometimes halfway down their backs. He saw two ~~of them~~ with pigtails. Others, male and female, grew it upward and outward in great masses of curls so that they looked as if they were peering through a hole in a hedge. This apparently being insufficiently outrageous for some, they had added Jesus beards, Mexican mustaches or swooping side-whiskers. ~~To Dickstein~~ they might have been men from Mars.

He walked through the city center, marveling, and headed out. It was twenty years since he had followed this route, but he remembered the way. Little things about his college days came back to him—the discovering of Louis Armstrong's astonishing cornet-playing, the way he had been self-conscious about his cockney accent, wondering why everyone but ~~himself~~ liked so much to get drunk, borrowing books faster than he could read them so that the pile on the table in his room always grew higher ~~and higher . . .~~

He wondered whether the years had changed him. Not much, he thought. Then he had been a frightened man looking for a fortress. Now he had Israel for a fortress, but instead of hiding there he had to come out and fight to defend it. Then as now he had been a lukewarm socialist, knowing that society was unjust, not sure how it might be changed for the better. Growing older, he had gained skills but not wisdom. In fact, it seemed to him that he knew more and understood less.

He was ~~, though,~~ somewhat happier now. He knew who he was and what he had to do; he had figured out what ~~he thought~~ life was ~~mostly~~ about and ~~had~~ discovered that he could ~~even~~ cope with it. Although his attitudes were much the same as they had been in 1948, ~~at least~~ he was now more sure of them. ~~Still, as a~~ young ~~man he~~ had hoped for certain other kinds of happiness which had not come his way; indeed, the possibility had receded as the years passed. This place reminded him uncomfortably of all that. This house, especially . . .

He stood outside, looking at it. It had not changed at all—the paintwork was still green and white, the garden still a jungle in the front. He opened the gate, walked up the path to the door, knocked.

This was not ~~, he knew,~~ the efficient way to do it. Ashford might have moved away, or died, or simply gone on holiday. ~~He~~ should perhaps have called the university to check. ~~But~~ if the inquiry was to be casual and discreet it was necessary to risk wasting a little time. Besides, he had rather liked the idea of seeing the old place again after so many years.

Book Press
Galley 0109 Take 0001 Version code 02-08
Job 00005928 Oper 00 Key Bd. 80 Date 06/29/79
C.Scan., DN 119, SN 3243, Book Press: Triple, 11/14x26 T.R., 606

The door opened and the woman said, "Yes?"

Dickstein went cold with shock. He staggered slightly and put a hand against the wall to steady himself.

It was she, and she was still twenty-five years old.

In ~~an unsteady voice he said~~, "Eila . . .?"

She stared at the odd little man on the doorstep. He looked like a don, with his round spectacles and his old gray suit and his bristly short hair. There had been nothing wrong with him when she opened the door, but as soon as he set eyes on her he had ~~visibly~~ turned quite gray.

This kind of thing had happened to her once before, walking down the High Street. A delightful old gentleman had stared at her, doffed his hat, stopped her and said, "I say, I know we haven't been introduced but . . ."

This was obviously the same phenomenon, so she said, "I'm not Eila. I'm Suza."

"Suza?"

"They say I look exactly like my mother did when she was my age. You obviously knew her. Will you come in?"

~~But~~ the man stayed where he was. He seemed to be recovering from the surprise, although he was still pale. "I'm Nat Dickstein."

"How do you do," Suza said. "Won't you—" ~~And~~ then she realized what he had said, ~~and~~ it was her turn to be surprised. "Mister Dickstein!" Her voice ~~rose~~ almost to a squeal ~~as she~~ threw her arms around his neck and kissed him.

"You remembered," he said when she let go. He looked pleased and embarrassed.

"Of *course*," she said. "You used to pet Hezekiah, you were the only one who could understand what he was saying."

"Hezekiah, the cat — I'd forgotten."

"Well, come in!"

He stepped past her into the house, and she closed the door. Taking his arm, she led him across the square hall. "This is wonderful," she said. "Come into the kitchen, I've been messing about trying to make a cake."

She gave him a stool. He sat down and looked about slowly, giving ~~brief~~ nods of recognition at the old kitchen table, the fireplace, the view through the window.

"Let's have some coffee," Suza said. "Or would you prefer tea?"

"Coffee, please."

"I expect you want to see daddy. He's ~~lecturing~~ this morning but he'll be back soon for lunch." She poured coffee beans into a hand-operated grinder.

"And your mother?"

"She died years ago. Cancer." Suza looked at him, expecting the automatic "I'm sorry." The words did not come, but the thought showed on his face. Somehow she liked him more for that. She ground the beans, the noise ~~filling~~ the silence.

When she had finished, Dickstein said, "Professor Ashford is still teaching . . . I was just trying to work out his age—"

"Sixty-five," she said, ~~and thought that~~ sixty-five sounded ancient but daddy didn't seem old, his mind was still sharp as a knife. She wondered what Dickstein did for a living — "Didn't you emigrate to Palestine?"

His mouth dropped open.
His face creased into a frown of horrified astonishment.
a voice trembling with utter incredulity, Dickstein said

said the stranger.

" he said with a little smile.

she said, rising
She

Roman

He gave that little smile again.

little

Thankyou. teaching

fourteen

filled

"He doesn't do a lot."
she thought fondly:
She asked him.

Dickstein went cold with shock. His mouth dropped open. He staggered slightly, and put a hand against the wall to steady himself. His face creased into a frown of astonishment.

It was she, and she was still twenty-five years old.

In a voice full of incredulity, Dickstein said, "Eila..?"

Book Press
Galley 0110 Take 0001 Version code 02-08
Job 00005928 Oper 00 Key Bd. 80 Date 06/29/79
C.Scan., DN 119, SN 3243, Book Press: Triple, 11/14x26 T.R., 606

"Israel. I live on a kibbutz, grow grapes and make wine."

Israel. In her house it was always called Palestine. How, she wondered, would daddy react to this old friend who now stood for everything daddy was against? She felt she knew the answer: it would make no difference; daddy's politics were theoretical, not practical — She wondered why Dickstein had come. "Are you on holiday?"

"Business. We now think the wine is finally good enough to export to Europe."

"That's good. And you're selling it?"

"Trying to find prospects . . . tell me about yourself. I'll bet you're not a university professor."

The remark annoyed her a little, and she knew she was blushing faintly just below her ears: she did not want this man to think she was not clever enough to be a don. "What makes you say that?"

"You're too . . . human." Dickstein looked away, as if he immediately regretted the choice of word. "Anyway, too young."

She decided she had misjudged him. He had not been condescending. "I have my father's ear for languages, but not his academic turn of mind. I'm an airlines hostess," she said, and wondered, as she had before, if it was really true that she did not have an academic mind, if she really was not clever enough to be a don. She poured boiling water into a filter, and the smell of fresh coffee filled the room. She had no idea what to say next. She glanced up at Dickstein and discovered that he was openly looking at her. His eyes were large and dark brown, and suddenly she felt shy—which was most unusual. She told him so.

"Shy?" he said. "That's because I've been staring at you. I'm trying to get used to the fact that you're not Eila, you're the little girl with the old gray cat."

"Hezekiah died, it must have been soon after you left."

"There's a lot that's changed."

"Were you great friends with my parents?"

"I was one of your father's students — I greatly admired your mother from a distance, of course. Eila . . . " Again he looked away, as if to pretend that it was someone else speaking. "She wasn't only beautiful—she was *striking.*"

Suza looked into his face. And you were in love with her. The thought came unbidden, was intuitive, and she immediately told herself it might well be wrong. Still, how else to explain his extreme reaction on the doorstep when he saw her . . . "My mother was the original hippy—did you know that?"

"I don't even know what you mean."

"She wanted to be, well, free — she rebelled against the restrictions put on Arab women, even though she came from an affluent, liberal home. She married my father to get out of the Middle East. Of course she found that western society had its own ways of putting down women—so she proceeded to break most of the rules." As she spoke Suza remembered how she'd realized, while she was becoming a woman and beginning to understand passion, that her mother was promiscuous. She had been shocked, she was sure, but somehow she could not recall the feeling.

"That makes her a hippy?" Dickstein said.

"Hippies believe in free love."

From his uncomprehending reaction to *that* she decided that her mother had not loved Nat Dickstein, which for no good reason at all made her sad. "Tell me about your parents," she said. She was talking to him as if they were the same age.

Book Press
Galley 0111 Take 0001 Version code 02-08
Job 00005928 Oper 00 Key Bd. 80 Date 06/29/79
C.Scan., DN 119, SN 3243, Book Press: Triple, 11/14x26 T.R., 606

"Only if you pour the coffee."

She laughed. "I was forgetting."

"~~All right~~ my father was a cobbler," Dickstein began. "He was good at mending boots but he wasn't much of a businessman. Still, the Thirties were good years for cobblers in the East End of London. People couldn't afford new boots, so they had their old ones mended year after year. We were never rich but we had a little more money than most of the people around us. And, of course, there was some pressure on my father from his family to expand the business, open a second shop, employ other men."

Suza passed him his coffee. "Milk, sugar?"

"Sugar, no milk."

"~~Please go~~ on." It was a different world, one she knew nothing about.

"The leather dealers thought my father was a tartar—they could never sell him anything but the best. If there was a second-rate hide they would say, "Don't bother giving that to Dickstein, he'll send it straight back." So I was told, anyway.

"Is he still alive?"

"He died before the war."

"What happened?"

"Well, the Thirties were the Fascist years in London. They used to hold open-air meetings every night. The speakers would tell them how Jews the world over were sucking the blood of working people. The speakers, the organizers, were ~~so-called~~ respectable middle-class men, the crowds were unemployed. After the meetings they would march through the streets, breaking windows and roughing-up passersby. Our house was a perfect target for them. We were Jews; my father was a shopkeeper and therefore a bloodsucker; and, true to their propaganda, we were slightly better off than the people around us."

He stopped, staring into space. Suza waited for him to go on. As he told this story, he seemed to huddle—crossing his legs tightly, wrapping his arms around his body, hunching his back. Sitting there on the kitchen stool, in his ill-fitting suit of clerical gray, with his elbows and knees and shoulders pointing at all angles, he looked like a bundle of sticks in a bag.

"We lived over the shop. Every damn night I used to lie awake, waiting for them to go past. I was blind terrified, mainly because I knew my father was so frightened. Sometimes they did nothing, just went by. Usually they shouted out slogans. Often, often they broke the windows. A couple of times they got into the shop and smashed it up. I thought they were going to come up the stairs. I put my head under the pillow, crying, and cursed God for making me Jewish."

"Didn't the police do anything?"

"What they could. If they were around they stopped it. But they had a lot to do in those days. The Communists were the only people who would help us fight back, and my father didn't want their help. All the political parties were against the Fascists, of course—but it was the Reds who gave out pickaxe handles and crowbars and built barricades. I ~~even~~ tried to join the Party but they wouldn't have me—too young."

"And your father?"

"He just sort of lost heart. After the shop was wrecked the second time there was no money to fix it. It seemed he didn't have the energy to start again somewhere else. He went on the dole, and just kind of wasted. He died in 1938."

Delete
Capitalize the M

Insert a comma

Insert Thank you.
Substitute Do go
Insert: it never occurred to her that a shoe repairer would do well in a depression.
Insert He gave that little smile again.
Insert Suza asked
Substitute a period
Capitalize the T
Delete
Insert but
Insert ruffians

Delete

Book Press
Galley 0112 Take 0001 Version code 02-08
Job 00005928 Oper 00 Key Bd. 80 Date 06/29/79
C.Scan., DN 119, SN 3243, Book Press: Triple, 11/14x26 T.R., 606

"And you?"

"Grew up fast. Joined the army as soon as I looked old enough. Got taken prisoner early. Came to Oxford after the war, then dropped out and went to Israel."

"Have you got a family out there?"

"The kibbutz is my family . . . but ~~if you mean did I marry, no~~."

"Because of my mother?"

~~He looked at her sharply. "Maybe. At least in part . . . You're very direct, you know that . . .?"~~

She ~~sensed~~ a faint blush below her ears again. It had been a very intimate question to ask someone who was practically a stranger. Yet it had come quite naturally. She said, "I'm sorry."

"Don't apologize, ~~please . . .~~ I ~~don't usually~~ talk like this. Actually, this whole trip is, I don't know, full of the past. There's a word for it. Redolent.'

"That means smelling of death, ~~doesn't it?~~"

"~~I suppose so . . . I'm sorry . . .~~"

There was a silence. I like this man, ~~she~~ thought. I like his ~~talk~~ and his silences, his big eyes and his old suit ~~— and I like his~~ memories.

~~As~~ she picked up the coffee cups and opened the dishwasher, a spoon slid off a saucer and bounced under the large old freezer.

Dickstein ~~promptly~~ got down on his knees and peered underneath.

"It's there forever, now," Suza said. "That thing is too heavy to move."

Dickstein lifted one end of the freezer with his right hand and reached underneath it with his left. He lowered the end of the freezer, stood up and ~~presented~~ the spoon to Suza ~~feeling proud and a little idiotic.~~

She stared at him. "What are you — Captain America ~~or something~~? That thing is *heavy*."

"~~Well, ma'am,~~ I work in the fields. ~~But~~ how do you know about Captain America? He was the rage in my boyhood."

"He's the rage now ~~too . . .~~ the art in those comics is fantastic."

"Well, stone the crows," he said ~~allowing himself an old Cockney usage~~. "We had to read them in secret because they were ~~considered~~ trash. Now they're art."

She smiled. "Do you really work in the fields?" He looked ~~more~~ like a clerk ~~than a field hand~~. "A wine salesman who actually gets dirt under his fingernails in the vineyard. That's ~~sort of~~ unusual ~~isn't it?~~"

"Not in Israel. We're a little . . . obsessive, I suppose . . . about the soil."

Suza looked at her watch and was surprised to see how late it was. "Daddy should be home any minute. You'll eat with us, won't you? I'm afraid it's only a sandwich."

"That would be lovely."

She sliced a French loaf and began to make salad. Dickstein offered to wash lettuce, and she gave him an apron. After a while she caught him watching her again, smiling. "What are you thinking ~~Mr. Nat Dickstein~~?"

"I ~~think I~~ was remembering something that would embarrass you," he said.

"Tell me anyway."

Book Press
Galley 0113 Take 0001 Version code 02-08
Job 00005928 Oper 00 Key Bd. 80 Date 06/29/79
C.Scan., DN 119, SN 3243, Book Press: Triple, 11/14x26 T.R., 606

"I was here one evening, around six," he began. "Your mother was out. I'd come to borrow a book from your father. You were in your bath. Your father got a phone call from France, I can't remember why. While he was talking you began to cry. I went upstairs, took you out of the bath, dried you and put you into your nightdress. Relax . . . you must have been all of four or five years old . . ."

Suza laughed, and had a sudden vision of Dickstein in a steamy bathroom, reaching down and effortlessly lifting her out of a hot bath full of soap bubbles. But in the vision she was not "all of four or five years" but a grown woman with wet breasts and foam between her thighs, and his hands were strong and sure as he drew her against his chest. The kitchen door opened and her father came in, and the dream vanished, leaving a trace of guilt, and desire . . .

Nat Dickstein thought Professor Ashford had aged well. He was now bald except for a monkish fringe of white hair. He had put on a little weight and his movements were slower, but he still had the spark of intellectual curiosity in his eyes.

Suza said, "A surprise guest, daddy."

Ashford looked at him and, without hesitation, said, "Young Dickstein! Well, I'm blessed! My dear fellow."

Dickstein shook his hand. The grip was firm. "How are you, Professor?"

"In the pink, dear boy, especially when my daughter's here to look after me. You remember Suza?"

"We've spent the morning reminiscing," Dickstein said.

"I see she's put you in an apron already. That's fast, even for her. I've told her she'll never get a husband this way. Take it off, dear boy, and come and have a drink."

With a rueful grin at Suza, Dickstein did as he was told and followed Ashford into the drawing room.

"Sherry?" Ashford asked.

"Thank you, a small one." Dickstein hadn't forgotten he was here for a purpose, to get information out of Ashford without the old man realizing it. He'd been, as it were, off-duty for a couple of hours, and now he had to turn his mind back to work. But softly, he thought. Softly . . .

Ashford handed him a small glass of pale sherry. "Now tell me, what have you been up to all these years?"

Dickstein sipped the sherry. It was very dry, the way they liked it at Oxford. He told the professor the story he had given to Hassan and to Suza, about finding export markets for Israeli wine. Ashford asked knowing questions — were young people leaving the kibbutzim for the cities? Had time and prosperity eroded the communalist ideas of the kibbutzniks? Did European Jews mix and intermarry with African and Levantine Jews? Dickstein's answers were yes, no, and not much. Ashford courteously avoided the question of their opposing views on the political morality of Israel, but nevertheless there was, underlying his detached inquiries about Israeli problems, a detectable trace of eagerness for bad news.

Suza called them to the kitchen for lunch before Dickstein had an opportunity to ask his own questions. Her French sandwiches were vast and delicious. She had opened a bottle of red wine to go with them. Dickstein could see why Ashford had put on weight.

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⊙/ She / — Substitute a period and she

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⊙/ Then t/
only a sense of intrigue and a trace of guilt. /

Substitute a period
Insert Then
Substitute t
Substitute only a sense of intrigue and a trace of guilt

Substitute suddenly remembered
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suddenly remembered /
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chance /

Book Press
Galley 0114 Take 0001 Version code 02-08
Job 00005928 Oper 00 Key Bd. 80 Date 06/29/79
C.Scan., DN 119, SN 3243, Book Press: Triple, 11/14x26 T.R., 606

Over coffee Dickstein said, "I ran into a contemporary of mine a couple of weeks ago—in Luxembourg, of all places."

Ashford said, "Yasif Hassan?"

"How did you know?"

"We've kept in touch. I know he lives in Luxembourg."

"Have you seen him much?" Dickstein asked, ~~and telling himself~~, Softly, softly.

"Several times, over the years." Ashford paused. "It needs to be said, ~~Nat~~, that the wars ~~that~~ have given you everything took everything away from him. His family lost all their money and went into a refugee camp. He's understandably~~, I think,~~ bitter about Israel."

Dickstein nodded. He was now almost certain that Hassan was in the game. "I had very little time with him—I was on my way to catch a plane. How is he otherwise?"

Ashford frowned. "I find him a bit . . . *distrait,*" he finished, unable to find the right English word. "Sudden errands to run, canceled appointments, odd phone calls at ~~various~~ times, mysterious absences —— perhaps it's the ~~characteristic~~ behavior of a dispossessed aristocrat."

"Perhaps," Dickstein said. In fact it was the ~~typical~~ behavior of an agent, and he was now one hundred percent ~~certain~~ that the meeting with Hassan had blown him —— "Do you see anyone else from my year?"

"Only old Toby. He's on the Conservative Front Bench now."

"Perfect!" Dickstein said. "He always did talk like an Opposition spokesman—pompous and defensive at the same time. I'm glad he's found his niche."

"More coffee, Nat?" ~~Suza put in~~

"No, thank you." He stood up. "I'll help you clear away, then I must get back to London. I'm ~~very~~ glad ~~I was able to drop~~ in on you—"

"Daddy will clear up," Suza said ~~and~~ grinned. "We have an agreement."

"I'm afraid it~~s~~ so," Ashford confessed. "She won't be anybody's drudge, least of all mine." The remark surprised Dickstein because it was so obviously untrue. Perhaps Suza didn't wait on him hand and foot, but she seemed to look after him the way a ~~good~~ wife would.

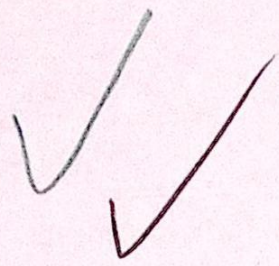
"I'll walk into town with you," Suza ~~was saying~~. "Let me get my coat."

Ashford shook Dickstein's hand. "A real pleasure to see you, dear boy, a real pleasure."

Suza came back wearing a velvet jacket. Ashford saw them to the door and waved, smiling.

As they walked along the street Dickstein talked just to have an excuse to keep looking at her. The jacket matched her black velvet trousers, and she wore a loose cream-colored shirt that looked like silk. Like her mother, she knew how to dress to make the most of her shining dark hair and perfect tan skin. Dickstein gave her his arm, feeling rather old-fashioned, just to have her touching him. There was no doubt that she had the same physical magnetism as her mother: there ~~had been~~ something about her ~~that made one want to possess her, a feeling of greed as much as lust . . .~~ the need to *own* such a beautiful object so that it would never be taken away. ~~By now~~ Dickstein ~~had at least come~~ to ~~realize~~ how ~~pointless~~ such desires were, to know that Eila Ashford would ~~never~~ have made him happy~~, nor he her . . .~~ But the daughter seemed to have something the mother had lacked— ~~a genuine pervasive~~ warmth. Dickstein ~~felt it a loss that~~ he would never see Suza again. Given time, he might ~~have been able~~ . . .

see reverse side



touching him. There was no doubt that she had the same physical magnetism as her mother: there was that something about her which filled men with the desire to possess her, a desire not so much like lust as greed; the need to own such a beautiful object, so that it would never be taken away. Dickstein was old enough now to know how false such desires were, and to know that Eila Ashford would not have made him happy. But the daughter seemed to have something the mother had lacked, and that was warmth. Dickstein was sorry he would never see Suza again. Given time, he might...

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Book Press
Galley 0115 Take 0001 Version code 02-08
Job 00005928 Oper 00 Key Bd. 80 Date 06/29/79
C.Scan., DN 119, SN 3243, Book Press: Triple, 11/14x26 T.R., 606

Well, it was not to be. ~~Forget it.~~

When they reached the station he asked her, "Do you ever go to London?"

"Of course," she said. "I'm going tomorrow."

"~~Oh~~ what for?"

"To have dinner with you," she said.

When Suza's mother died, her father ~~had been especially~~ wonderful.

She was eleven years of age, old enough to understand death, too young to cope with it. Daddy had been calm and comforting. He had known when to leave her to ~~cry~~ alone, and when to make her dress up and go out to lunch. ~~Without embarrassing her, or himself~~, he had talked to her about menstruation and gone with her cheerfully to buy new brassieres. He ~~also~~ gave her a new role in life: she became the woman of the house, giving instructions to the cleaner, writing the laundry list, handing out sherry on Sunday mornings. At the age of fourteen she was in charge of the household finances. ~~In fact,~~ she took care of her father better than Eila ever had. She would throw away worn shirts and replace them with identical new ones without daddy ever knowing. She learned that it was possible to be alive and secure and ~~feel~~ loved even without a mother.

~~Yes,~~ daddy gave her a role, just as he had her mother; and, like her mother, she had rebelled against the role while continuing to play it.

He wanted her to stay at Oxford, to be first an undergraduate, then a graduate student, then a teacher. It would ~~, of course, also~~ have meant that she ~~would~~ always ~~be about~~ to take care of him. She said she was not smart enough ~~for academic life~~, with an uneasy feeling that this was an excuse for something else, and took a job that obliged her to be away from home and unable to look after daddy for weeks at a time. High in the air and thousands of miles from Oxford, she served drinks and meals to middle-aged men, and wondered if she really changed anything at all.

Walking home ~~now~~ from the railway station, she thought about the groove she was in and whether she would ever get out of it. She was at the end of a love affair which, like the rest of her life, had followed a familiar pattern. Julian was in his late thirties, a philosophy lecturer specializing in the pre-Socratic Greeks: brilliant, dedicated and helpless. He took drugs for everything—~~marijuana~~ to make love, amphetamine to work, mogadon to sleep. He was divorced, without children. At first she had found him interesting, charming and sexy. When they were in bed he liked her to get on top. He took her to fringe theaters in London and bizarre student parties. But it all wore off ~~as~~ she realized that he wasn't really very interested in sex, that he took her out because she looked good on his arm, that he liked her company ~~mostly~~ because she was so impressed by his intellect. One day she ~~actually~~ found herself ironing his clothes while he took a tutorial; ~~after that~~ it was as good as over.

Sometimes she went to bed with men her own age or younger, mostly because she was ~~overwhelmed~~ with ~~a desire~~ for their bodies. She was usually disappointed ~~, though,~~ and ~~eventually~~ they all bored her.

Substitute a period
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Book Press
Galley 0116 Take 0001 Version code 02-08
Job 00005928 Oper 00 Key Bd. 80 Date 06/29/79
C.Scan., DN 119, SN 3243, Book Press: Triple, 11/14x26 T.R., 606

~~Now~~ she was already regretting the impulse ~~that~~ had led her to make a date with Nat Dickstein. He was~~, it seemed, too~~ true to type: a generation older than she and patently in need of care and attention. Worst of all, he had been in love with her mother. ~~A~~ father-figure like all the rest ~~. . .~~

~~Except in some ways he was also different . . .~~ He was a farmer, not an academic—he would probably be the least well-read person she had ever ~~gone with~~. He had gone to Palestine instead of sitting in Oxford coffee shops talking about it. He could pick up one end of the freezer with his right hand. In the time they had spent together he had more than once surprised her by not conforming to her expectations.

Maybe Nat Dickstein will break the pattern, she thought.

And maybe I'm kidding myself~~/ Again~~.

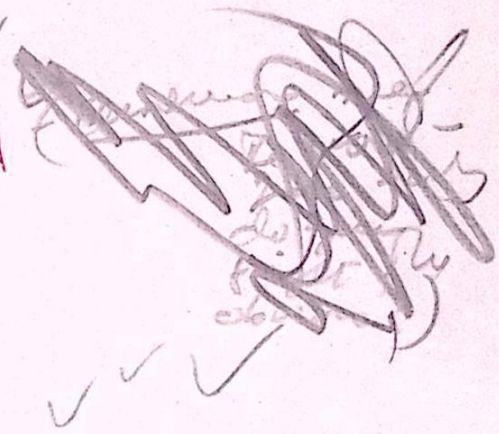
Dickstein called the Israeli Embassy from a phone box at Paddington Station. When he got through he asked for the Commercial Credit Office. There was~~, of course,~~ no such department: this was a code for the Mossad message center. He was answered by a young man with a Hebrew accent. This pleased Dickstein ~~—~~ it was good to know there were people for whom Hebrew was a native tongue and not a dead language. He knew the conversation would automatically be tape-recorded, so he went straight into his message: "Rush to Bill. Sale jeopardized by presence of opposition team. Henry." He hung up without waiting for an acknowledgment.

He walked to his hotel from the station, thinking about Suza Ashford. He was to meet her at Paddington ~~Station~~ tomorrow evening. She would spend the night at the flat of a friend. Dickstein did not really know where to begin—he could not remember ever taking a woman out to dinner just for pleasure. As a teenager he had been too poor; after the war he had been too nervous and awkward; as he grew older he somehow never got into the habit. There had been dinners with colleagues, of course, and with kibbutzniks after shopping expeditions in Nazareth; but to take a woman~~, *à deux*~~, for nothing more than the pleasure of each other's company . . .

What did ~~one~~ do? Pick her up in your car, wearing your dinner jacket, and give her a box of chocolates tied with a big ribbon~~, he supposed. Well~~; he had neither car nor dinner jacket. Where would he take her? He did not know any posh restaurants in Israel, let alone England.

Walking alone through Hyde Park, he ~~found himself smiling~~ broadly. ~~It~~ was~~, after all,~~ a laughable situation for a man of forty-three. ~~Suza must know~~ he was no sophisticate, and obviously ~~didn't care. After all~~, she had invited herself to dinner. ~~Presumably~~ she would ~~also~~ know the restaurants and what to order. ~~Anyway,~~ it was hardly a matter of life and death. Whatever happened, he was going to enjoy it. ~~. . .~~

There was now a hiatus in his work. Having discovered that he was blown, he could do nothing until he had talked to Pierre Borg and Borg had decided whether or not to abort. That evening he went to see a French film called *Un Homme et Une Femme*. It was a simple love story, beautifully told, with an insistent Latin-American tune on the soundtrack. He left before the movie was halfway through, because the story made him want to cry; ~~nonetheless~~ the tune ran through his mind all night.



Book Press
Galley 0117 Take 0001 Version code 02-08
Job 00005928 Oper 00 Key Bd. 80 Date 06/29/79
C.Scan., DN 119, SN 3243, Book Press: Triple, 11/14x26 T.R., 606

In the morning he went to a call box in the street near his hotel and phoned the Embassy again. When he got through to the message center he said, "This is Henry. Any reply?"

The voice said, "Go to ninety-three thousand and confer tomorrow."

Dickstein said, "Reply: conference agenda at airport information."

Borg would be flying at nine-thirty tomorrow.

Insert Pierre

Insert in

The four men sat ~~patiently~~ in the car, silent and watchful as the day darkened.

Remove space Delete Insert with the patience of spies Insert a comma

Pyotr Tyrin was at the wheel, a stocky middle-aged man in a raincoat, drumming his fingernails on the dashboard, making a noise like pigeons' feet on a roof. Yasif Hassan sat beside him. David Rostov and Nik Bunin were in the back.

Nik had found the delivery man on the third day, the day he spent watching the Jean-Monnet building on the Kirchberg. He had reported a positive identification. "He doesn't look quite so much of a nancy-boy in his office suit, but I'm quite sure it's him. I should say he must work here."

"I should have guessed," Rostov had said. "If Dickstein is after ~~secret material~~ his ~~information~~ won't be from the airport or the Alfa Hotel. I should have sent Nik to Euratom first."

He was addressing Pyotr Tyrin, but Hassan heard and said, "You can't think of everything."

"Yes, I can," Rostov told him ~~and I'd better, he told himself.~~

Substitute secrets Substitute informants

He had instructed Hassan to ~~find~~ a large dark car. The American Buick they now sat in was a little conspicuous, but it was black and roomy. Nik had followed the Euratom man home, and now the four waited in the cobbled street close to the old terraced house.

Substitute a period Delete Substitute get hold of Insert spies Substitute stuff Delete Insert a comma

Rostov hated this cloak-and-dagger ~~business~~. It was so old-fashioned. It belonged to the Twenties and Thirties, to places like Vienna and Istanbul and Beirut, not to western Europe in 1968. It was just ~~plain~~ *dangerous* to snatch a civilian off the street, bundle him into a car and beat him until he gave you information. You might be seen by passersby who were not afraid to go to the police and tell what they had observed. Rostov liked things to be straightforward, clear-cut and predictable, and he preferred to use his brains rather than his fists. But this delivery man had gained in importance with each day that Dickstein failed to surface. Rostov had to know what he had delivered to Dickstein, and he had to know today.

Substitute and

Pyotr Tyrin ~~was saying~~, "I wish he would come out."

"We're in no hurry," Rostov ~~told him, which~~ was not true but he did not want the team to get edgy and impatient and make mistakes. To relieve the tension he continued speaking ... "Dickstein did this, of course. He did what we've done and what we're doing. He watched the Jean-Monnet building, he followed this ~~same~~ man home, and he waited here in the street. The man came out and went to the homosexual club, and then Dickstein knew the man's weakness and used it to turn him into an informant."

Substitute said Substitute a period Substitute It Insert a comma Substitute a period Delete Substitute a period Substitute a comma Transpose

"He hasn't been at the club the past two nights," Nik said.

Substitute said,

Rostov ~~smiled~~ "He's discovered that everything has its price, especially love."

"Love?" Nik said with scorn in his voice.

Rostov did not reply.

Insert "Love?" Nik said with scorn in his voice. Rostov did not reply.

Book Press
Galley 0118 Take 0001 Version code 02-08
Job 00005928 Oper 00 Key Bd. 80 Date 06/29/79
C.Scan., DN 119, SN 3243, Book Press: Triple, 11/14x26 T.R., 606

The darkness thickened, and the street lights came on. The air coming through the open car window tasted faintly damp: Rostov saw a swirl or two of mist around the lights. The vapor came from the river. A fog would be too much to hope for in June

Tyrin ~~broke in~~ "What's this?"

A fair-haired man in a double-breasted jacket was walking briskly along the street toward them.

"Quiet, now," Rostov said.

The man stopped at the house they were watching. He rang a doorbell.

Hassan put a hand on the door handle, ~~was stopped by~~ Rostov's ~~"not yet."~~

A net curtain was briefly drawn aside in the attic window.

The fair-haired man waited, tapping his foot.

Hassan said, "The lover?"

"For god's sake, shut up," Rostov told him.

After a minute ~~or so~~ the front door opened and the fair-haired man stepped inside. Rostov got a glimpse of the person who had opened up: it was the delivery man. The door closed and their chance was gone.

"Too quick," Rostov said.

Tyrin began to drum his fingers again, and Nik scratched himself. Hassan gave an exasperated sign, as if he had known all along that it was foolish to wait. Rostov decided that it was time to bring him down a peg or two.

Nothing happened for an hour.

Tyrin ~~commented~~, "They're spending an evening indoors."

"If they've had a brush with Dickstein they're probably afraid to go out at night," Rostov said.

Nik asked, "Do we go in?"

"There's a problem," Rostov ~~told him~~. "From the window they can see who's at the door. I ~~doubt they'd~~ open up for strangers."

"The lover might stay the ~~whole~~ night," Tyrin said.

~~"Well,"~~ Nik said, "we'll just have to bust in."

Rostov ignored him. Nik always wanted to bust in, but he would not start any rough stuff until he was told to. Rostov was thinking that they might now have to snatch two people, which was ~~even~~ more tricky, and more dangerous. "Have we got any firearms?" he ~~asked~~.

Tyrin opened the glove box in front of him and drew out a pistol.

"Good, so long as you don't fire it."

"It's not loaded," Tyrin said, ~~and~~ stuffed the gun into his raincoat pocket.

"If the lover stays the night do we take them in the morning?" ~~Hassan asked.~~

"~~Of course~~ not," Rostov said. "We can't do this sort of thing in broad daylight."

"What, then?"

"I haven't decided." He thought about it until midnight, and then the problem solved itself. ~~He~~ was watching the doorway through half-closed eyes, saw the first movement of the door as it began to open. ~~"Now," he said.~~

Nik was first out of the car, Tyrin was next. Hassan took a moment to realize what was happening, then followed ~~along~~.

The two men were saying goodnight, the younger one on the pavement, the older just inside the door, wearing a robe. The older one, the delivery man, reached out and gave his lover's arm a farewell squeeze. They both looked up, alarmed, as Nik and Tyrin burst out of the car and came at them.

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Substitute said: Substitute a period

Substitute a period Delete

Delete Insert new paragraph Rostov hissed: "Not yet."

Delete Insert , perhaps

Delete

Insert "Damn it."

Substitute said

Substitute answered

Delete Substitute guess they won't
Delete Capitalize the W

Insert new paragraph "Quite."
Delete Delete
Substitute said

Insert "Rostov said." Capitalize the S

Substitute a period
Substitute He

Insert Hassan said,
Delete
Substitute Certainly

New paragraph
New paragraph Rostov
Substitute a period
Substitute He

Substitute He said: "Now!"
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Book Press
Galley 0119 Take 0001 Version code 02-08
Job 00005928 Oper 00 Key Bd. 80 Date 06/29/79
C.Scan., DN 119, SN 3243, Book Press: Triple, 11/14x26 T.R., 606

"Don't move, be silent," Tyrin ~~told them~~ in French, showing them the gun.

Rostov noticed that Nik's sound tactical instinct had led him to stand beside and slightly behind the younger man.

The older one said, "Oh, my god, no, no more, please."

"Get in the car," Tyrin ~~ordered~~.

The younger man said, "Why can't you ~~bastards~~ leave us alone?"

Watching and listening from the back seat of the car, Rostov ~~felt~~ this ~~was~~ the moment they'd decide whether to come quietly or make trouble. He glanced quickly up and down the darkened street. It was empty.

Nik, sensing that the younger man was thinking of ~~resisting~~, seized both his arms just below the shoulders and held him tightly.

"Don't hurt him, I'll go," said the older man, ~~and~~ stepped out of the house.

The younger man struggled in Nik's grip, tried to stomp on his foot. Nik stepped back and hit the boy in the kidney with his right fist.

"No, Pierre," the older one said, too loud.

Tyrin ~~came in then~~ and put a big hand over the man's mouth. He struggled, got his head free and ~~managed to shout~~ "help" before Tyrin gagged him again.

Pierre had fallen to one knee and was groaning.

Rostov leaned across the back seat of the car and called through the open window, "Let's *go*."

Tyrin lifted the older man off his feet and carried him bodily across the pavement toward the car. Pierre ~~apparently~~ recovered from Nik's punch, sprinted away ~~until~~ Hassan stuck out a leg and tripped him, ~~sending~~ the boy sprawling onto the cobbled road. Rostov saw a light go on in an upstairs window at a neighboring house. If the fracas continued much longer they would all get arrested.

Tyrin bundled the delivery man into the back of the car, Rostov grabbed hold of him and ~~ordered Tyrin to start the car.~~

~~Meanwhile~~ Nik had picked up the younger one and was carrying him to the car. Tyrin got into the driver's seat, and Hassan opened the other door. ~~As he did~~ Rostov said, "Shut the door of the house, ~~you~~ idiot."

Nik pushed the young man into the car next to his friend, then got into the back seat so that the two captives were between Rostov and himself. Hassan ~~finally~~ closed the door of the house and jumped into the front passenger seat of the car ~~as~~ Tyrin ~~accelerated~~ the car away from the curb.

Rostov said in English, "~~Lord~~ almighty, what a ~~perfect screw~~-up."

Pierre was still groaning ~~as his~~ older prisoner ~~friend~~ said, "We haven't done anything to hurt you."

"Haven't you?" Rostov ~~snapped~~. "Three nights ago, at the club in the Rue Dicks, you delivered a briefcase to an Englishman."

"Ed Rodgers?"

"That's not his name."

"Are you the police?"

"Not exactly." Rostov would let the man believe what he wanted to. "I'm not interested in collecting evidence, building a case, bringing you to a trial. I'm ~~only~~ interested in what was in that briefcase."

"Don't hurt him, I'll go," said the older man. He stepped out of the house.

His friend said, "The hell you will!"

Rostov thought: Damn.

The younger man struggled in Nik's grip then tried to stamp on Nik's foot. Nik stepped back a pace and hit the boy in the kidney with his right fist.

"No, Pierre!" the older one said, too loud.

"Don't hurt him, I'll go," said the older man. He stepped out of the house.
His friend said, "The hell you will!"
Rostov thought: Damn.
The younger man struggled in Nik's grip then tried to stamp on Nik's foot. Nik stepped back a pace and hit the boy in the kidney with his right fist.
"No, Pierre!" the older one said, too loud.

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Job 00005928 Oper 00 Key Bd. 80 Date 06/29/79
C.Scan., DN 119, SN 3243, Book Press: Triple, 11/14x26 T.R., 606

0999
0001 Silence. Tyrin spoke over his shoulder. "Want me to head out
0002 of town, look for a quiet spot?"
0003 The older man ~~broke in~~, "I'll *tell* you."
0004 "Just drive around town," Rostov told Tyrin. ~~Then~~ looked at
0005 the Euratom ~~employee~~. "~~Then~~ tell me."
0006 "It was a Euratom computer printout."
0007 "And the information on it?"
0008 "Details of licensed shipments of fissionable materials."
0009 "Fissionable? You mean nuclear stuff?"
0010 "Yellowcake, uranium metal, nuclear waste, plutonium . . ."
0011 Rostov sat back in the seat and looked out of the window at the
0012 lights of the city going by. His ~~excitement was difficult to~~
0013 ~~contain . . .~~ Dickstein's operation was ~~beginning to become~~
0014 visible. Licensed shipments of fissionable materials . . . the
0015 Israelis wanted nuclear fuel. Dickstein would be looking for one
0016 of two things on that list—either a holder of uranium who might
0017 be prepared to sell some on the black market, or a consignment
0018 of uranium he might be able to steal.
0019 As for what they would *do* with the stuff once they got it—
0020 The Euratom man interrupted his thoughts. "~~Well~~, will you let
0021 us go home *now*?"
0022 "I'll have to have a copy of that printout ~~first~~."
0023 "I can't take *another* one, the disappearance of the first was
0024 suspicious enough—"
0025 "I'm afraid you'll have to," Rostov ~~told him~~. "But if you like,
0026 you can take it back to the office after we've photographed it."
0027 "Oh, god ——"
0028 "You've got no choice."
0029 "All *right*."
0030 "Head back to the house," Rostov told Tyrin, ~~and~~ to the
0031 Euratom man, "Bring the printout home tomorrow night.
0032 Someone will come to your house during the evening to
0033 photograph it."
0034 ~~As~~ the big car moved through the streets of the city, Rostov
0035 ~~decided the action~~ hadn't been such a disaster after all. Nik Bunin
0036 ~~decided he didn't like the way Pierre was looking at him and told~~
0037 ~~him so.~~
0038 ~~Finally~~ they reached the cobbled street, ~~and~~ Tyrin stopped the
0039 car. "Okay," Rostov said, "let the older man out. His friend stays
0040 with us."
0041 ~~"Why, damn you,"~~ the Euratom man ~~said~~.
0042 "In case you're tempted to ~~be a hero~~ and confess everything to
0043 your ~~superiors~~ tomorrow. Pierre will be our hostage."
0044 Nik opened the door and ~~pushed~~ the man out. He stood on the
0045 pavement for a moment ~~as~~ Nik got back in and Tyrin drove off.
0046 "Will he be all right? Will he do it?" ~~Hassan asked~~.
0047 "He'll ~~be a good boy~~ until he gets his friend back," Rostov
0048 said.
0049 "And then?"
0050 Rostov said nothing. He was thinking that it would probably be
0051 prudent to kill them both.
0052
0053
0054 This is Suza's nightmare.
0055 It is evening at the green-and-white house by the river. She is
0056 alone. She takes a bath, lying for a long time in the hot, scented
0057 water. Afterward she goes into the master bedroom, sits in front
0058 of the three-sided mirror and dusts herself with powder from an
0059 onyx box that belonged to her mother.

There was a silence. Tyrin spoke over his shoulder. "Want me to head out of town, look for a quiet spot?"

"Wait," Rostov said.

The older man said: "I'll tell you."

"Just drive around town," Rostov told Tyrin. He look at the Eurotom man. "So, tell me."

Book Press
Galley 0121 Take 0001 Version code 02-08
Job 00005928 Oper 00 Key Bd. 80 Date 06/29/79
C.Scan., DN 119, SN 3243, Book Press: Triple, 11/14x26 T.R., 606

She opens the wardrobe, expecting to find her mother's clothes moth-eaten, falling away from the hangers in dun-colored tatters, transparent with age; but it is not so: they are all clean and new and perfect, except for a faint odor of mothballs. She chooses a nightgown, white as a shroud, and puts it on. She gets into the bed.

She lies still for a long time, waiting for Nat Dickstein to come to his Eila. The evening becomes night. The river whispers. The door opens. The man stands at the foot of the bed and takes off his clothes. He lies on top of her, and her panic begins like the first small spark of a conflagration as she realizes that it is not Nat Dickstein but her father; and that she is, of course, long dead. And as the nightgown crumbles to dust and her hair falls out and her flesh withers and the skin of her face dries and shrinks baring the teeth and the skull and she becomes, even as the man thrusts at her, a skeleton, she screams and screams—and wakes up. And she lies perspiring and shivering and ~~terribly~~ frightened, wondering why nobody comes rushing in to ask what is wrong, until she realizes with relief that even the screams were dreamed. And consoled, she wonders vaguely about the meaning of the dream while she drifts back into sleep. ~~. . .~~

In the morning she is her usual cheerful self, except perhaps for a small imprecise darkness, like a smudge of cloud in the sky of her mood, not remembering the dream at all, only aware that there was once something that ~~had~~ troubled her, ~~then~~ not worrying anymore because, after all, dreaming is instead of worrying.

~~And a mixed blessing.~~

Seven

"~~So~~ NAT DICKSTEIN is going to steal some uranium," Yasif Hassan said.

David Rostov nodded agreement ~~though~~ his mind was elsewhere trying to figure out how to get rid of Yasif Hassan.

They were walking through the valley at the foot of the crag which was the old city of Luxembourg. Here, on the banks of the Petrusse River, were lawns and ornamental trees and footpaths. Hassan was saying, "They've got a nuclear reactor at a place called Dimona in the Negev Desert. The French helped them build it, and presumably, supplied them with fuel for it. Since the Six-Day War ~~, though,~~ de Gaulle has cut off their supplies of guns, so perhaps he's cut off the uranium as well ___."

~~That~~ much was obvious, Rostov thought. It would be a completely characteristic Mossad move to just go out and steal the uranium they needed. That's exactly how those people ~~thought, with their~~ back-to-the-wall mentality.

Rostov ~~, of course,~~ was able to ~~speculate~~ further than Hassan—which was why he was at once so elated and so anxious to get the Arab out of the way ~~, at least~~ for a while. Rostov knew about the Egyptian nuclear project at Qattara ___ Hassan almost certainly did not—~~after all,~~ why should they tell such secrets to an agent in Luxembourg? However, because Cairo was so leaky it was likely the Israelis also knew about the Egyptian ~~nuclear project~~. And what would they do about it? Build their own ~~bomb~~—for which they needed, in the Euratom man's phrase, "fissionable material." Dickstein was going to try to get some uranium ~~to make~~ an Israeli atom bomb. Hassan would not be able to reach that conclusion, not yet, and Rostov was not going

This much was obvious, Rostov thought, so it was best to allay Hassan's suspicions by agreeing vehemently. "It would be a completely characteristic Mossad move to just go out and steal the uranium they need," he said. "That's exactly how those people think. They have this backs-to-the-wall mentality which enables them to ignore the niceties of international diplomacy."

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Galley 0122 Take 0001 Version code 02-08
Job 00005928 Oper 00 Key Bd. 80 Date 06/29/79
C.Scan., DN 119, SN 3243, Book Press: Triple, 11/14x26 T.R., 606

to help him. ~~The last thing he wanted was~~ Tel Aviv to discover how close he was.

When the printout arrived that night it would take him further still ~~. . . it must be~~ the list from which Dickstein would choose his target. ~~He also~~ did not want Hassan to have that information.

David Rostov's blood was up. He felt the way he did in a chess game at the moment when three or four of the opponent's moves began to form a pattern and he could see from where the attack would come and how he would have to turn it into a rout. He had not forgotten the reasons why he had entered into battle with Dickstein—that other conflict inside the KGB between himself and Feliks Vorontsov, with Yuri Andropov as umpire and a place at the Phys-Mat School as the prize—but that receded ~~now~~ to the back of his mind. What moved him now, what kept him tense and alert and sharpened ~~his edge was the chase itself~~ and the scent of the quarry in his nostrils.

Hassan stood in his way. Eager, amateur, touchy, bungling Hassan, reporting back to Cairo, was at this moment a more dangerous enemy than Dickstein himself. For all his faults, he was not ~~really~~ stupid—indeed, Rostov thought, he had a sly intelligence that was typically Levantine, inherited no doubt from his capitalist father. He would ~~suspect~~ that ~~he~~ wanted him out of the way. Therefore ~~he~~ would have to give him a real job to do.

~~As~~ they passed beneath the Pont Adolphe, Rostov stopped to look back, admiring the view through the arch of the bridge. It reminded him of Oxford, and then, suddenly, he knew what to do about Hassan.

~~He~~ said, "Dickstein knows someone has been following him, and presumably he's connected that fact with his meeting with you."

"You think so?" Hassan said.

"Well, ~~consider this~~. He goes on an assignment, he bumps into an Arab who knows his real name and suddenly he's ~~followed~~."

"~~Yes,~~ he's sure to speculate, but he doesn't *know*."

"You're right ___" Looking at Hassan's ~~expression~~, Rostov ~~was struck by how much~~ the Arab loved him to say *you're right* ___. He doesn't like me, but he wants my approval, wants it badly. He's a proud man—I can use that ___" Dickstein has to check," Rostov went on. "Now, are you on file in Tel Aviv?"

Hassan shrugged, with a hint of his old aristocratic nonchalance. "Who knows?"

"How often have you had face-to-face contacts with other agents—Americans, British, Israelis?"

"Never," Hassan said. "I'm too careful."

Rostov almost laughed out loud. The truth, ~~of course,~~ was that Hassan was too insignificant an agent to have come to the notice of the major intelligence services, and had never done anything important enough to have met other ~~agents~~. "If you're not on file," Rostov said, "Dickstein has to talk to your friends. Have you any acquaintances in common?"

"No, I haven't seen him since college. Anyway, he could learn nothing from my friends. They know nothing ~~about~~ my secret life. I don't go around telling people—"

"No, no," Rostov said, ~~fighting to control~~ his impatience. "But all Dickstein would have to do is ask casual questions about your general behavior to see whether it conformed to the pattern of clandestine work—~~for example~~, do you have ~~unexplained~~ phone calls, sudden absences, friends whom you don't introduce around . . . Now, is there anybody from Oxford whom you still ~~do~~ see?"

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Galley 0124 Take 0001 Version code 02-08
Job 00005928 Oper 00 Key Bd. 80 Date 06/29/79
C.Scan., DN 119, SN 3243, Book Press: Triple, 11/14x26 T.R., 606

9999

0001 "Only four or five times a week," Hassan said, and ~~now~~ he
0002 laughed~~, too loudly~~.
0003 "~~And~~ who feels guilty now?" ~~Rostov said.~~
0004
0005
0006 He arrived at the station early, the train was late, so he had to
0007 wait for a whole hour. It was the only time in his life he read
0008 *Newsweek* from cover to cover. She came through the ticket
0009 barrier at a half-run, smiling ~~openly~~. ~~And~~ just like yesterday, she
0010 threw her arms around him and kissed him~~, except~~ this time the
0011 kiss was longer. ~~Somehow~~ he had expected to see her in a long
0012 dress and a mink wrap, like a wife on a night out at the 61 Club in
0013 Tel Aviv; but of course Suza belonged to another country and
0014 another generation, and she wore high boots which disappeared
0015 under the hem of her below-the-knee skirt, with a silk shirt under
0016 an embroidered waistcoat such as a matador might wear. ~~She~~
0017 ~~wore no make-up~~. Her hands were ~~free~~ no coat, no handbag, no
0018 overnight case. They stood still, smiling at each other for a
0019 moment. Dickstein, not quite sure what to do, gave her his arm as
0020 he had the day before, ~~which~~ seemed to please her. They walked
0021 to the taxi stand.
0022 As they got into the cab Dickstein said, "Where do you want to
0023 go?"
0024 "You haven't booked?"
0025 I should have reserved a table, he thought. "I don't know
0026 London restaurants," ~~was his feeble excuse~~.
0027 "Kings Road," Suza said to the driver.
0028 As the cab pulled away she looked ~~closely~~ at ~~him~~ "Hello,
0029 Nathaniel."
0030 Nobody ~~had~~ ever called him Nathaniel. He liked it.
0031 The Chelsea restaurant she chose was small, dim and trendy.
0032 As they walked to a table Dickstein thought he saw one or two
0033 familiar faces, and his stomach tightened as he ~~tried~~ to place
0034 them; ~~finally~~ he realized they were pop singers he had seen in
0035 magazines, and he relaxed again. He was glad his reflexes ~~were~~
0036 still ~~working, though~~ in spite of the atypical way he was spending
0037 his time this evening. He was also pleased that the other diners in
0038 the place were of all ages; he had ~~worried~~ he might be the oldest
0039 man in sight.
0040 They sat down, and Dickstein said, "Do you bring all your
0041 young men here?"
0042 Suza gave him a ~~cool~~ smile. "That's the first witless thing
0043 you've said."
0044 "I stand corrected." He wanted to kick himself.
0045 She said, "What ~~would~~ you like to eat?" and the moment
0046 ~~seemed to pass~~.
0047 "At home I eat plain, wholesome, communal food. When I'm
0048 away I live in hotels, where I get junk tricked out as haute
0049 cuisine. What I *like* is the kind of food you don't get in either
0050 place: roast leg of lamb, steak and kidney pudding, Lancashire
0051 hot-pot."
0052 "What I *like* about you," she grinned, "is that you have no
0053 idea whatsoever about what ~~is supposedly in~~ and what isn't; and
0054 furthermore you don't give a damn."
0055 He touched his lapels. "~~I take it~~ you don't ~~approve of~~ the suit."
0056 "I love it," she said. "It must have been out-of-date when you
0057 bought it."
0000

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Galley 0125 Take 0001 Version code 02-08
Job 00005928 Oper 00 Key Bd. 80 Date 06/29/79
C.Scan., DN 119, SN 3243, .Book Press: Triple, 11/14x26 T.R., 606

He decided on roast beef from the trolley, and she had some kind of sauteed liver which she ate with enormous relish. He ordered a bottle of burgundy—a more delicate wine would not have gone well with the liver. His knowledge of wine was the only social accomplishment he possessed. Still, he let her drink most of it. His appetites were small.

Substitute a colon

Substitute polite

Substitute a colon Substitute an h

She told him about the time she took LSD. "It was quite unforgettable. I could feel my whole body, inside and out. I could hear my heart. My skin felt wonderful when I touched it. And the colors, of everything . . . Still, the question is, did the drug show me amazing things, or did it just make me amazed? Is it a new way of seeing the world, or does it merely synthesize the sensations you would have if you really saw the world in a new way?"

"You didn't need more of it, afterwards?" he asked, not understanding a word she said.

Delete

Delete

Substitute relish

Delete

She shook her head. "I don't enjoy losing control of myself to that extent. But I'm glad I at least know what it's like."

"That's what I hate about getting drunk—the loss of self-possession. Although I'm sure it's not in the same league. At any rate, the couple of times I've been drunk I haven't felt I've found the key to the universe."

She made a dismissing gesture with her hand. It was a long, slender hand, just like Eila's; and suddenly Dickstein remembered Eila making exactly the same graceful gesture. Suza was saying, "I don't believe in drugs as the solution to the world's problems, you know."

Substitute said

Delete

Delete

Insert a comma

Substitute you Delete

Substitute scorn

"What do you believe in, Suza?"

She hesitated, looking at him, smiling faintly. "I believe that all one needs is love." Her tone was a little defensive, as if she anticipated being laughed at.

"I'm afraid that philosophy is more appropriate for a Londoner than an Israeli."

Delete Capitalize T Substitute likely to appeal to a swinging Insert embattled

"I guess there's no point in trying to convert you."

"I should be so lucky."

She looked into his eyes. "You never know your luck."

He looked quickly down at the menu and said, "It's got to be strawberries."

Delete

Substitute suddenly

Ignoring the evasion, she said, "Tell me who you love, Nathaniel."

"An old woman, a child and a ghost," he said immediately, because strangely enough he had been asking himself the same question. "The old woman is called Esther, and she remembers the pogroms in Czarist Russia. The child is a boy called Mottie. He likes *Treasure Island*. His father died in the Six-Day War."

Substitute for

Insert "

"And the ghost?"

"You will have some strawberries?"

"Yes, please."

"Cream?"

"No, thanks. You're not going to tell me about the ghost, are you?"

"As soon as I know, you'll know."

It was June, and the strawberries were perfect. Dickstein said, "Now tell me who you love."

"Well," she began. "Well . . . " She put down her spoon. "Oh, shit, Nathaniel, I think I love you."

she said, and then she thought for a minute.

Substitute she said, and then she thought for a minute.

Her first thought was: What the *hell* had got into me? Why did I say that?

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Book Press
Galley 0126 Take 0001 Version code 02-08
Job 00005928 Oper 00 Key Bd. 80 Date 06/29/79
C.Scan., DN 119, SN 3243, Book Press: Triple, 11/14x26 T.R., 606

Then she thought/ I don't care, it's true.

And finally: But *why* do I love him?

She did not know why, but she knew when. There had been two occasions when she had been able to look inside him and see the real Dickstein/ Once when he spoke about the London Fascists in the Thirties, and once when he mentioned the boy whose father had been killed in the Six-Day War. Both times he had dropped his mask. She had expected to see a small, frightened man, cowering in ~~some~~ corner ~~of his life~~. In fact, he had appeared to be strong, confident and ~~utterly~~ determined. At those moments she could sense his strength as if it were a powerful scent. It made her feel a little dizzy.

The man was ~~strange~~, intriguing and powerful. She wanted to get close to him, to understand his mind, to know his secret thoughts. She wanted to touch his bony body,/ feel his strong hands grasping her,/ look into his sad brown eyes when he cried out in passion. She wanted his love.

It had never been like this for her before.

Dickstein knew it was all wrong.

Suza had formed an attachment to him when she was five years old and he was a kind grown-up who knew how to talk to children and cats. Now he was exploiting that childhood affection.

He had loved Eila, who had died. There was~~, he felt~~, something unhealthy about his relationship with her look-alike daughter.

He was not just a Jew, but an Israeli; not just an Israeli, but a Mossad agent. He of all people could not love a girl who was half Arab.

~~The book said~~, whenever a beautiful girl falls in love with a spy, the spy is obliged to ask himself which enemy intelligence service she might be working for. Over the years, each time a woman had become fond of ~~him~~, he had found reasons ~~such as~~ these/ ~~professional reasons~~/ for being cool to her, and sooner or later she had/ gone away~~, sometimes in anger, sometimes only confused~~/ And the fact that Suza had outmaneuvered his subconscious by being too quick for his defenses was ~~still~~ another reason to be suspicious.

It was all wrong~~, the two of them~~.

~~Wrong,~~ but ~~at the moment~~ Dickstein did not care. ——

They took a taxi to the flat where she planned to stay the night. She invited him in—her friends, the owners of the flat, were away on holiday—and they went to bed together; and that was when their problems began.

At first Suza thought he was going to be too eagerly passionate when/ standing in the little hallway/ he gripped her arms and kissed her roughly, and when he groaned, "Oh, god," as she took his hands and placed them on her breasts. There ~~even~~ flashed through her mind the cynical thought/ I've seen this act before —— he is so overcome by my beauty that he practically rapes me, and five minutes after getting into bed he is fast asleep and snoring. ~~But~~ then ~~when~~ she pulled away from his kiss and looked into his ~~peculiarly~~ soft/ eyes,/ she thought/ whatever happens, it won't be an act.

She led him into the little single bedroom at the back of the flat, overlooking the courtyard. She stayed here so often that it was regarded as her room/ indeed some of her clothes were in the wardrobe and the drawers. She sat on the edge of the single bed and took off her shoes. Dickstein stood in the doorway, watching. She looked up at him and smiled. "Undress," she said.

Substitute a colon

Substitute a colon
Substitute an o

Substitute an a Delete
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Substitute weird

Insert and
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Remove space
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Delete Capitalize the W

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Substitute Dickstein Substitute like

Insert understood Substitute disappointed Substitute a semi-colon Substitute an a Substitute just

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Substitute a colon

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Substitute a colon Capitalize W

Substitute a semi-colon

SPACE

SPACE

NEW SCENE BEGINS

NEW SCENE BEGINS

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Galley 0127 Take 0001 Version code 02-08
Job 00005928 Oper 00 Key Bd. 80 Date 06/29/79
C.Scan., DN 119, SN 3243, Book Press: Triple, 11/14x26 T.R., 606

He turned out the light.

She was intrigued. What was he really like? He was a Cockney, but an Israeli; he was a middle-aged schoolboy; a thin man as strong as a horse; a little gauche and nervous superficially, but confident and oddly powerful underneath. What did a man like *that* do in bed?

She got in beneath the sheet, curiously touched that he wanted to make love in the dark. He got in beside her and kissed her, gently this time. She ran her hands over his hard, bony body, and opened her mouth to his kisses. After a momentary hesitation, he responded; and she guessed he had not kissed like that before or at least not for a long time.

He touched her tenderly now, with his fingertips, exploring, and he said "Oh" with a sense of wonder in his voice when he found her nipple taut. His caresses had none of the facile expertise so familiar to her from previous affairs. He was like . . . well, he was like a virgin. The thought made her smile in the darkness.

"Your breasts are beautiful," he said.

"So are yours," she said, touching them.

The magic began to work, and she became immersed in sensation: the roughness of his skin, the hair on his legs, the faint masculine smell of him. Then, suddenly, she sensed a change in him. There was no apparent reason for it, and for a moment she wondered if she might be imagining it ~~because~~ he continued to caress her. But she knew that now it was mechanical, he was thinking of something else, she had lost him.

She was about to ~~say something~~ when he withdrew his hands. "It's not working. I can't do it."

She felt panic, and fought it down. She was frightened, not for herself—*You've known enough stiff pricks in your time, girl, not to mention a few limp ones*—but for him, for his reaction, in case he should be defeated or ashamed and—

She put both arms around him and held him tightly. "Whatever you do, please don't go away."

"I won't."

She wanted to put the light on, to see his face, but it seemed like the wrong thing to do right now. She pressed her cheek against his chest. "Have you got a wife somewhere?"

"~~No.~~"

She put out her tongue and tasted his skin. "I just think you might feel guilty about something. Like me being half an Arab?"

"I don't think so."

"Or, me being Eila Ashford's daughter? You loved her, didn't you?"

"How did you know?"

"From the way you talked about her."

"Oh. Well, I don't think I feel guilty about that, but I could be wrong, doctor."

"Mmm." He was coming out of his shell. She kissed his chest. "Will you tell me something?"

"I ~~suspect~~ so."

"When did you last have sex?"

"Nineteen forty-four."

"You're kidding!" she said, genuinely astonished.

"That's the first witless thing you've said."

"I . . . you're right, I'm sorry." She hesitated. "But why?"

Insert : it ran through her like the first tingle of a cannabis high

Substitute a comma

Insert an explanation point

Substitute a colon Substitute an h

Insert a comma Substitute for
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Substitute speak of it Substitute and said,
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Book Press
Galley 0128 Take 0001 Version code 02-08
Job 00005928 Oper 00 Key Bd. 80 Date 06/29/79
C.Scan., DN 119, SN 3243, Book Press: Triple, 11/14x26 T.R., 606

He sighed. "I can't . . . I'm ~~just~~ not able to talk about it."

"But you *must.*" She reached out to the bedside lamp and turned on the light. Dickstein closed his eyes against the glare. Suza propped herself up on one elbow. "Listen," she said, "there are no rules. We're grown-ups, we're naked in bed and this is nineteen sixty-eight. *Nothing* is wrong, it's whatever turns you on."

"There isn't anything." His eyes were still closed.

"And there are no secrets. If you're frightened or disgusted or inflamed, you can say so, and you must. I've never said 'I love you' before tonight, Nat. Speak to me, please."

There was a long silence. He lay still, impassive, eyes closed. At last he began to talk. "I didn't know where I was—still don't. I was taken there in a cattle truck, and in those days I couldn't tell one country from another by the landscape. It was a special camp, a medical research center. The prisoners were selected from other camps. We were all young, healthy and Jewish. Conditions were better than in the first camp I was at. We had food, blankets, cigarettes. There was no ~~stealing~~, no fighting. At first I thought I had struck ~~it~~ lucky. There were lots of tests—blood, urine, blow into this tube, catch this ball, read the letters on ~~this~~ card. It was like being in a hospital. Then the experiments began ___ to this day I don't know whether there was any real scientific curiosity behind it. I mean, if somebody did those things with animals, I could see that it might be, you know, ~~possibly~~ interesting, revealing. On the other hand, the doctors must have been ~~crazy~~ ___ I don't know."

He stopped, swallowed. It was becoming more difficult for him to speak calmly. Suza whispered, "You must tell me what happened—everything."

He was pale, and his voice was very low. Still he kept his eyes shut. "They took me to this laboratory. The guards who escorted me kept winking and nudging and telling me I was *glücklich*—lucky. It was a big room with a low ceiling and very bright lights. There were six or seven of them there, with a movie camera. In the middle of the room was a low bed with a mattress. There was a woman on the mattress. They told me to fuck her. She was naked, and shivering—she was a prisoner too. She whispered to me, ~~"~~You save my life and I'll save yours.~~"~~ And then we did it. That was only the beginning."

Suza ran her hand over his loins and found his penis taut. *Now* she understood. She stroked him, gently at first, and waited for him to go on, ~~confident~~ that now he would tell all of the story.

"After that they did variations on the experiment. Every day for months, there was something. Drugs, sometimes. An old woman. A man, once. Intercourse in different positions—standing up, sitting, oral sex, anal sex, masturbation, group sex. If you didn't perform, you were flogged or shot. That's why the story never came out after the war, do you see? Because all the survivors ~~felt~~ guilty."

Suza stroked him harder. She was certain, without knowing why, that ~~it~~ was the right thing to do. "Tell me. All of it."

He was breathing ~~faster~~. His eyes opened and he stared up at the blank white ceiling, seeing another place and another time. "At the end . . . the most shameful of all . . . a nun. At first I thought they were lying to me, they had just dressed her up, but then she started praying in French. She had no legs . . . they had amputated her, just to observe the effect on me . . . it was horrible, and I . . . and I . . ."

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Job 00005928 Oper 00 Key Bd. 80 Date 06/29/79
C.Scan., DN 119, SN 3243, Book Press: Triple, 11/14x26 T.R., 606

Then he jerked, and Suza bent and closed her mouth over his penis, and he said, "Oh, no, no," in rhythm with his spasms, and then it was over and he ~~turned away from her and cried as though he would never stop.~~

She kissed his tears, told him it was all right, over and over again. Slowly he calmed down, and eventually seemed to sleep for a few minutes. She lay there watching his face as the tension seeped away and he became peaceful. Then he opened his eyes. "Why did you do ~~what you did . . .~~?"

At the time she had not understood exactly why, but now she thought she did. "I could have given you a lecture," she said. "I could have told you that there is nothing to be ashamed of, that ~~almost~~ everybody ~~— including women —~~ has ~~bizarre~~ fantasies. ~~I could have reminded you that you were forced to do what you did, not only to save your own life but to save theirs.~~ I could have argued with you, but it wouldn't have made any difference. I had ~~to show you. Besides, I have my dark side~~, too."

He touched her cheek, then leaned forward and kissed her lips. "Where did you get this wisdom? ~~This generosity?~~"

"It isn't wisdom, ~~or generosity.~~ It's love."

He held her very tightly and kissed her, and after a while they made love, simply, ~~tenderly,~~ hardly speaking, without confessions or dark fantasies or bizarre lusts, giving and taking pleasure with the familiarity of an old couple who know each other very well. And afterward they went to sleep, full of ~~a new~~ peace and joy.

Rostov was bitterly disappointed with the Euratom printout. After he and Pyotr Tyrin had spent hours ~~doping it~~ out, it became clear that the list of consignments was very long ~~indeed.~~ They could not possibly cover every ~~possible~~ target. The only way, ~~then, that~~ they could discover which one would be hit was to pick up Dickstein's trail again. ~~And realizing this,~~ Hassan's mission to Oxford ~~suddenly took on a~~ much greater importance.

They waited for the Arab to call. At ten o'clock Nik Bunin, who enjoyed sleep the way other people enjoyed ~~sex~~, went to bed. Tyrin stuck it out until midnight, then he too retired. Rostov's phone finally rang at one A.M. He grabbed the phone, then waited a few moments before speaking in order to compose himself. "Yes?"

Hassan's voice came three hundred miles along the international telephone cables. "I did it. The man was here. Two days ago."

Rostov clenched a fist in ~~his~~ excitement. "~~Good~~. What a piece of luck."

"What now?"

"Now he knows that we know."

"Yes. Shall I come back to base?"

"I don't think so. Did the professor say how long the man plans to be in England?"

"No. I asked the question directly. The professor didn't know the man didn't tell him."

"He wouldn't." Rostov frowned. "First thing the man has to do now is report that he's blown. That means he has to contact his London office."

"Well." At the time she had not understood exactly why, but now she thought she did. "I could have given you a lecture," she said. "I could have told you that there is nothing to be ashamed of; that everybody has grisly fantasies, that women dream of being flogged and men have visions of flogging them; that you can buy, here in London, pornographic books about sex with amputees, including full-colour pictures. I could have told you that ~~most people~~ men would have ~~performed in~~ been able to summon up enough bestiality in that Nazi laboratory, and would have done it ~~not out of fear, but out of lust~~. I could have argued with you, but it wouldn't have made any difference. I had to show you. Besides —" She smiled ruefully. "Besides, I have a dark side, too. ~~It turned me on.~~")

Book Press
Galley 0130 Take 0001 Version code 02-08
Job 00005928 Oper 00 Key Bd. 80 Date 06/29/79
C.Scan., DN 119, SN 3243, Book Press: Triple, 11/14x26 T.R., 606

"Perhaps he already has."

"Yes, but he may want a meeting. This man takes ~~shrewd~~ precautions, and precautions take time. All right, leave it with me. I'll be in London later today. Where are you now?"

"I'm still in Oxford. I came straight here off the plane. I can't get back to London until the morning."

"All right. Check into the Hilton and I'll contact you there around lunchtime."

"Check. *A bientôt.*"

"Wait."

"Still here."

"Don't do anything on your own initiative, wait until I get there. You've done well, don't ~~mess~~ it up."

Hassan hung up.

Rostov sat still for a moment, wondering whether Hassan was planning some piece of foolishness or simply resented being told ~~not to mess it up~~. The latter, he decided. Anyway, there was no damage he could do over the next few hours. ~~He~~ turned his ~~thoughts~~ back to Dickstein. The man would not give them a second chance to pick up his trail. ~~He~~ had to move fast, and he had to move now. He put on his jacket, left the hotel and took a taxi to the Russian Embassy.

He had to wait some time and identify himself to four different people before they would ~~admit him~~ in the middle of the night. The duty operator stood at attention when Rostov entered the communications room. Rostov said, "Sit down, there's work to do. Get the London office first."

The operator picked up the scrambler phone and began to call the Russian Embassy in London. Rostov took off his jacket and rolled up his sleeves.

The operator said, "Comrade Colonel David Rostov will speak to the most senior security officer there." He motioned Rostov to pick up the extension.

"Colonel Petrov."

"Petrov, I need some help," Rostov said without preamble. "An Israeli agent named Nat Dickstein is believed to be in England."

"Yes, we've had his picture sent to us in the diplomatic pouch—but we weren't notified he was thought to be here."

"I think he may contact his embassy. I want you to put all known Israeli legals in London under surveillance from dawn today."

"Hang on, Rostov," said Petrov with a half laugh. "That's a lot of manpower."

"Don't be stupid. You've got hundreds of men, the Israelis only have a dozen or two."

"Sorry, Rostov, I can't mount an operation like that on your say-so."

Rostov wanted to get the man by the throat. "This is urgent."

"Let me have the proper documentation, and I'm at your disposal."

"By then he'll be somewhere else."

"Not my fault, comrade."

Rostov slammed the phone down. "Bloody Russians, never do anything without six sets of authorization. Get Moscow, tell them to find Feliks Vorontsov and patch him through to me wherever he is."

Book Press
Galley 0131 Take 0001 Version code 02-08
Job 00005928 Oper 00 Key Bd. 80 Date 06/29/79
C.Scan., DN 119, SN 3243, Book Press: Triple, 11/14x26 T.R., 606

The operator got busy. Rostov drummed his fingers on the desk. Petrov was probably an old soldier close to retirement with no ambition for anything but his pension. There were ~~far~~ too many men like that in the KGB.

A few minutes later the sleepy voice of Rostov's boss, Feliks, came on the line. "Yes, who is it?"

"David Rostov. I'm in Luxembourg. I need some backing. I think The Pirate is about to contact the Israeli Embassy in London and I want their legals watched."

"~~Then~~ call London."

"I did. They want authorization."

"Then apply for it."

"For god's sake, Feliks, I'm applying for it now!"

"There's nothing I can do at this time of night. Call me in the morning."

"What is this? Surely you can—" Suddenly Rostov realized what was happening. He controlled himself with an effort. "All right, Feliks. In the morning."

"Goodbye."

"Feliks ——"

"Yes?"

"I'll remember this."

The line went dead.

"Where next?" the operator asked.

"Keep the Moscow line open. Give me a minute to think." He might have guessed he would get no help from Feliks. The old fool wanted him to fail on this mission, to prove that he, Feliks, should have been given control of it in the first place. It was even possible that Feliks was pally with Petrov in London and had unofficially told Petrov not to cooperate.

Only one thing to do. It was a dangerous course of action and might well get him pulled off the case—in fact it could even be what Feliks was hoping for. ~~Still~~ he could ~~n't~~ complain if the stakes were high —— ~~after all~~ he ~~was the one~~ who had raised them —— He thought for a minute about how he should do it then said, "Tell Moscow to put me through to Yuri Andropov's apartment at number twenty-six Kutuzov Prospekt." The operator raised his eyebrows—it was probably the first and last time he would be instructed to get the head of the KGB on the phone—but he said mothing. Rostov waited, fidgeting. "I bet it isn't like this working for the CIA," he muttered.

The operator gave him the sign, and he picked up the phone. A voice said, "Yes?"

Rostov raised his voice. "Your name and rank."

"Major Pyotr Eduardovitch Scherbitsky."

"This is Colonel Rostov. I want to speak to Andropov. It's an emergency, and if he isn't on this phone within one hundred and twenty seconds you'll spend the rest of your life building dams in Bratsk, do I make myself clear?"

"Yes, colonel. Please hold the line."

A moment later Rostov heard the deep, confident voice of Yuri Andropov, one of the most powerful men in the world. "You certainly managed to panic young Eduardovitch, David."

"I had no alternative, sir."

"All right, let's have it. It had better be good."

"The Mossad are after uranium. I think The Pirate is in England. He may contact his embassy. I want surveillance on the Israelis there, but ~~some~~ old fool ~~named~~ Petrov in London is giving me the runaround."

Book Press
Galley 0132 Take 0001 Version code 02-08
Job 00005928 Oper 00 Key Bd. 80 Date 06/29/79
C.Scan., DN 119, SN 3243, Book Press: Triple, 11/14x26 T.R., 606

"I'll talk to him."

"Thank you, sir."

"And, David?"

"Yes?"

"It was ~~good. For your sake, I hope it was good enough.~~"

There was a click as Andropov hung up. Rostov laughed ~~uneasily~~ as ~~some of~~ the tension drained out of him, and he thought, Let them do their worst—Dickstein, Hassan, Feliks—I can handle them.

"Success?" the operator asked with a smile.

"Yes," Rostov said ~~and hoped he was right~~.

Eight

It was a wrench for Dickstein to leave Suza in the morning.

He was still . . . stunned ~~was the word for it~~ . . . at eleven A.M., sitting in the window of a restaurant in the Fulham Road waiting for Pierre Borg to show. He had left a message with airport information at Heathrow telling Borg to go to a café opposite the one where Dickstein now sat. He thought he was likely to stay ~~feeling as he did~~ for a long time, maybe permanently.

He had awakened at six o'clock, and ~~felt~~ a moment of panic wondering where he was. Then he saw Suza's long brown hand lying on the pillow beside his head, curled up like a small animal sleeping, and the night had come ~~rushing~~ back, and he could hardly believe his good fortune. He thought he should not wake her, but suddenly he could not keep his hands off her body. She opened her eyes at his touch, and they made love playfully, smiling at one another, laughing sometimes, and looking into each other's eyes at the moment of climax. ~~Afterward~~ they fooled around in the kitchen, half-dressed, making the coffee too weak and burning the toast.

~~He~~ wanted to stay there forever.

Suza had picked up his undershirt with a cry of horror. "What's this?"

"My undershirt."

"Undershirt? I forbid you to wear undershirts. They're old-fashioned and unhygienic and they'll get in the way when I want to feel your nipples."

Her expression was so lecherous that he ~~had to laugh~~. "All right," he said. "I won't wear them. ~~They're obviously dirty kill-joys~~."

"Good." She opened the window and threw the undershirt out into the street, and he laughed all over again.

"But you mustn't wear trousers," ~~he said~~

"Why not?"

It was his turn to leer.

"But all my trousers have flys."

"No good," he said. "No room to maneuver ___ "

And ~~on~~ like that.

They acted as if they had just invented sex. The only faintly unhappy moment came when she looked at his scars and asked how he got them. "We've had three wars since I went to Israel," he said. It was the truth, but not the whole truth.

Book Press
Galley 0133 Take 0001 Version code 02-08
Job 00005928 Oper 00 Key Bd. 80 Date 06/29/79
C.Scan., DN 119, SN 3243, Book Press: Triple, 11/14x26 T.R., 606

"What made you go to Israel?"

"Safety."

"But it's just the opposite of *safe* there."

"It's a different kind of safety." He said this ~~in a way that made it clear he didn't want~~ to explain it, then changed his mind — he wanted her to know all about him. "There had to be a place where nobody could say, 'You're different, you're not a human being, you're a Jew,' where nobody could break my windows or experiment on my body just because I'm Jewish. You see . . ." She had been looking at him with that clear-eyed, frank gaze of hers, and he had struggled to tell her the whole truth, without evasions, without trying to make it look better than it was. "It didn't matter to me whether we chose Palestine or Uganda or Manhattan Island—wherever it was, I would have said, 'That place is *mine*,' and I would have fought ~~with my life~~ to keep it. That's why I never try to argue the moral right and wrong of the establishment of Israel. ~~Abstracts like~~ justice and fair play never entered into it ~~for me~~. After the war . . . well, the suggestion that the concept of fair play had any role in international politics seemed like a ~~kind of~~ sick joke. I'm not pretending this is an admirable attitude, I'm just telling you how it is for me. Any other place Jews live—New York, Paris, Toronto—no matter how good it is, how assimilated they are, they never know how long it's going to last, how soon the next crisis will come that can conveniently be blamed on them. In Israel I know that whatever happens, I won't be a victim of *that*. So, with that problem out of the way, we can get on and deal with the realities that are part of everyone's life—planting and reaping, buying and selling, fighting and dying. That's why I went, I think . . . Maybe I didn't see it all so clearly back then—in fact, I've never put it into words like this—but that's how I felt."

After a moment Suza said, "My father ~~says~~ that Israel itself is now a racist society."

"That's what ~~a lot of the young people~~ say ~~and I suppose~~ they've got a point. If ~~you and I~~ . . ."

She looked at him, waiting.

"If you and I had a child, they'd refuse to classify him as Jewish. He'd be a second-class citizen. But I don't think that sort of thing will last forever. At the moment the religious zealots are powerful in the government — it's inevitable, Zionism was a religious movement. ~~But~~ as the nation matures ~~it grows up~~ that will fade away. The ~~religious~~ laws are already controversial. We're fighting them, and in the end we'll win."

She came to him and put her head on his shoulder, and they held each other ~~without speaking~~. He ~~believed~~ that she didn't ~~really~~ care about Israeli politics ~~that~~ it was the mention of a son that had moved her. —

Sitting in the restaurant window, remembering, he knew that he wanted ~~to keep~~ Suza in his life and he wondered what he would do if she refused to go to ~~Israel~~. ~~How would he choose then?~~ Israel or Suza?

He watched the street. It was typical June weather: raining steadily and ~~chilly~~. The familiar red buses and black cabs swished up and down, butting through the rain, splashing in the puddles on the road. A country of his own, a woman of his own—maybe he could have both.

I should be so lucky.

Book Press
Galley 0134 Take 0001 Version code 02-08
Job 00005928 Oper 00 Key Bd. 80 Date 06/29/79
C.Scan., DN 119, SN 3243, Book Press: Triple, 11/14x26 T.R., 606

A cab drew up outside the café opposite, and Dickstein tensed, leaning closer to his window and peering through the rain. He recognized the bulky figure of Pierre Borg in a dark short raincoat and a trilby hat climbing out of the cab. He did not recognize the second man, who got out and paid the driver. The two men went into the café. Dickstein looked up and down the road.

A gray Mark II Jaguar had stopped on a double yellow line fifty yards from the café. Now it reversed and backed into a side street, parking on the corner within sight of the café. The passenger got out and walked toward the café.

Dickstein left his table and went to the phone booth in the restaurant entrance. He could still see the café opposite. He dialed its number.

"Yes?"

"Let me speak to Bill, please."

"Bill? Don't know him."

"Would you just ask, please?"

"Sure. Hey, anybody here called Bill?" A pause. "Yes, he's coming."

After a moment Dickstein heard Borg's voice. "Yes?"

"Who's the face with you?"

"Head of London Station. Do you think we can trust him?"

Dickstein ignored the sarcasm. "One of you picked up a shadow. Two men in a gray Jaguar."

"We saw them."

"Lose them."

"Of course. Listen, you know this town—what's the best way?"

"Send the Head of Station back to the Embassy in a cab. That should lose the Jaguar. Wait ten minutes, then take a taxi to . . ." Dickstein hesitated, trying to think of a quiet street not too far away — "To Redcliffe Street. I'll meet you there."

"~~Agreed~~."

Dickstein looked across the road. "Your ~~shadow~~ is just going into your café."

He ~~hung up,~~ went back to his window seat and watched. The other man came out of the café, opened an umbrella and stood at the curb looking for a cab. The tail had either recognized Borg at the airport or had been following the Head of Station for some other reason. A taxi pulled up. When it left, a gray Jaguar came out of the side street and followed. Dickstein left the restaurant and hailed a cab for himself. Taxi drivers ~~make out~~ well ~~off~~ of spies, he thought.

He told the cabbie to go to Redcliffe Street and wait. After eleven minutes another taxi entered the street and Borg got out. "Flash your lights," Dickstein said, "that's the man I'm meeting." Borg saw the lights and waved acknowledgment. As he was paying, a third taxi entered the street and stopped. Borg spotted it.

The shadow in the third taxi was waiting to see what happened. Borg realized this, and began to walk away from his cab. Dickstein told his driver not to flash his lights again.

Borg walked past them. The tail got out of his taxi, paid the driver and walked after Borg. When the tail's cab had gone Borg turned, came back to Dickstein's cab, got in. Dickstein said, "Okay, let's go." They pulled away, leaving the tail on the pavement looking for another taxi. It was a quiet street, he would not find one for five or ten minutes.

Insert a comma
Insert a comma

Substitute a period
Substitute okay
Substitute tail
Insert He hung up.
Delete
Insert a comma
Insert It did not make any difference.
Substitute the

Substitute do
Substitute out
Substitute a period
Capitalize the T

Insert and

Substitute colon

Book Press
Galley 0135 Take 0001 Version code 02-08
Job 00005928 Oper 00 Key Bd. 80 Date 06/29/79
C.Scan., DN 119, SN 3243, Book Press: Triple, 11/14x26 T.R., 606

Borg said, "~~Not bad~~."

~~Dickstein didn't answer~~.

The driver said, "What ~~the hell~~ was all that about?"

"Don't worry," Dickstein told him. "We're secret agents."

The cabbie laughed. "Where to now—MI5?"

"The Science Museum."

Dickstein sat back in his seat, smiled at Borg. "Well, ~~old~~ Bill, how the hell are you?"

Borg frowned at him. "What have you got to be so ~~damned~~ cheerful about?"

They did not speak again in the cab, and Dickstein realized he had not ~~really~~ prepared himself for this meeting. He should have decided in advance what he wanted from Borg and how he was going to get it.

What *do* I want? The answer came up out of the back of his mind, hit him like a slap. I want to give Israel the ~~stuff of the~~ bomb—and then I want to go home.

He turned away from Borg. Rain streaked the cab window like tears. He was suddenly glad they could not speak because of the driver. On the pavement were three coatless hippies, soaking wet, their faces and hands upturned to enjoy the rain. *If I could do this, if I could finish this assignment, I could rest.*

The thought made him unaccountably happy. He looked at Borg and smiled. Borg turned his face to the window.

They reached the museum and went inside. ~~As~~ they stood in front of a reconstructed dinosaur, Borg said, "I'm thinking of taking you off this assignment."

Dickstein nodded, ~~fighting to keep down~~ his alarm, ~~trying to think~~ Hassan must be reporting to Cairo, and Borg's man in Cairo must be getting the reports and passing them ~~on~~ to Tel Aviv — "I've discovered I'm blown," he told Borg.

"I knew that weeks ago," Borg said. "If you'd keep in touch you'd be up-to-date on these things."

"If I kept in touch I'd be blown more often."

Borg grunted and walked on. He took out a cigar, and Dickstein said, "No smoking in here." Borg put the cigar away.

"Blown is nothing," Dickstein said. "It's happened to me half a dozen times. What counts is how much they know."

"You were ~~identified~~ by this Hassan, who ~~of course~~ knows you from years back. He's working with the Russians now."

"But what do they *know*?"

"You've been in Luxembourg and France."

"That's not much."

"I realize it's not much. I know you've been in Luxembourg and France too, and *I* have no idea what you did there."

"So you'll leave me in," Dickstein said, and looked hard at Borg.

"That depends. What *have* you been doing?"

Dickstein continued looking at Borg — the man had become fidgety, not knowing what to do with his hands now that he could not smoke. The bright lights on the displays illuminated his bad complexion: ~~and~~ his troubled face was like a ~~moonscape~~. Dickstein needed to judge very carefully how much he told Borg ~~+~~ enough to give the impression that a great deal had been achieved; not so much that Borg would think he could get ~~just any other~~ man to operate ~~his~~ plan — "I've picked a consignment of uranium for us to steal," he began. "It's going by ship from Antwerp to Genoa in November. ~~I intend~~ to hijack the ship."

Book Press
Galley 0136 Take 0001 Version code 02-08
Job 00005928 Oper 00 Key Bd. 80 Date 06/29/79
C.Scan., DN 119, SN 3243, Book Press: Triple, 11/14x26 T.R., 606

Borg looked both pleased and uneasy at the audacity of the notion. "How the hell will you keep that secret?"

"I'm working on it." Dickstein decided to tell Borg a bit more. "I have to visit Lloyd's, here in London. I'm hoping the ship will turn out to be one of a series of identical vessels—I'm told most ships are built that way. If I can buy an identical vessel, I can switch the two somewhere in the Mediterranean —"

Borg rubbed his hand across his close-cropped hair twice, then pulled at his ear. "I don't see +"

"I haven't figured out the details yet, but I'm sure this is the only way to do the thing secretly, the way you want it."

"Then get on with it, with the details."

"But you're thinking of pulling me out."

Borg tilted his head from one side to the other. "If I put an experienced man in to replace you, he may be identified too —"

"And if you put in an unknown he won't be experienced."

Plus, Borg thought I'm really not sure there is anyone, experienced or otherwise, who has a chance of pulling this off except Dickstein. And there was something else which Dickstein didn't know.

They stopped in front of a model of a nuclear reactor. "We've had a report from Qattara," Borg said. "The Russians are helping them now. We're under the gun . . . I can't afford delay, and changes of plan cause delay."

"Will November be soon enough?"

Borg considered it. "Just," he said, and he came to a decision. "All right, I'm leaving you in, but you'll have to take evasive action."

Dickstein grinned and even slapped Borg on the back. "You're a true pal, Pierre. Don't you worry now. I'll run rings around them."

Borg looked at him. "Just what is it with you? You got religion, 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.

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

He thought about it, walking back to the Israeli Embassy at No. 2 Palace Green in Kensington. In the twenty years since they'd 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.