The Art and Arts of E. Howard Hunt
Gore Vidal

From December 7, 1941, to August 15, 1973, the United States has been continuously at war except for a brief, too little celebrated interregnum. Between 1945 and 1950 the empire turned its attention to peaceful pursuits and enjoyed something of a golden or at least for us not too brutish an age. The arts in particular flourished. Each week new geniuses was revealed by the press; and old geniuses decorously buried. Among the new novelists of that far-off time were Truman Capote (today a much loved television performer) and myself. Although we were correct in the word that the late William Faulkner thought the most at the same time as), we were unlike: Capote looked upon the gorgeous speed Laskin as a true tiger in the Capotean garden where I saw mere lurching away in my devouring jungle.

The thing one that Capote and I did have in common was a need for money. And so each of us applied to the Guggenheim Foundation for a grant; and each was turned down. Shocked, we compared notes. Studied the list of those who had received grants, "Will you just look," moaned Truman, "at those ab-full put-pull they keep giving each one too?" Request for the admirable Carson McCullers who got so many grants in her day that she was known as the conductress on the gravy train, the list of honored writers was not to our minds diminished. Typical of the sort of novelist the Guggenheims preferred to Capote and me in 1946 was twenty-eight-year-old (practically middle-aged) Howard Hunt, author of East of Farewell (Random House, 1943), a novel described by the publishers as "probably the first novel about this war by an American who actually helped fight it." The blurb is unusually excited. Apparently, H. H. "grew up like any other American boy" (no tap-dancing on a river boat for him) "going to public schools and to college (Brown University, where he studied under J. Kapitola)."

A few facts into reverse: Kapitain will prove to be my Ronsard. The key to the Hunt mystery, but does Kapitain still live? Will he talk? Or is he sly? I dreamed. "Hunt... E. Howard Hunt... sh, yes. Sit down, Mr., sh, Beall? Forgive me... this last stroke seems to have... Where were we? Howie. Yes. I must tell you something of the Kapitain creative writing method. I require the tyro pew-man to copy out as long hand some acknowledged world masterpiece. Howie copied out-if memory serves-Of Human Bonds.

But until the Kapitain Connection is made, I must search the public record for clues. The shut jacket of H. H.'s first novel tells us that he became a naval ensign in May, 1941. "There followed many months of active duty at sea on a destroyer, on the North Atlantic patrol, protecting the life-line to embattled England... That's island story has this our embattled yet still mightily shopworn realm owed to but one man..."

H. H. is a daydreamer and like all great dreamers (I think particularly of Edgar Rice Burroughs) his title's own inner theater into productions of the most lurid sort, serics from which dull fact must be rigorously excised—like the Random House blurb? "In February, 1942, Howard Hunt was detached from his ship and sent to Boston." Now if the dates given on the jacket are accurate, he served as an ensign for no more than nine months. So how many of those nine months could he have spent protecting England's embattled life-line? H. H.'s naval career ended when he is "sent to Boston, to take treatment for an injury in a naval hospital." This is worthy of the Great Anti-Semiticist Nixon himself. Did H. H. slip a disk while taking a cholecyst down in the dispensary? What's who usually records "Served with USNR, 1940-42."

I turn for information to Mr. Ted Scudder, H. H.'s principal biographer and an invaluable source of reference. According to Mr. Scudder, H. H. worked for the next two years "as a movie script writer and, briefly, as a war corresponedent in the Pacific." Who's Who corroborates: "Movie script writ- er, editor March of Time (1942-43); was corr. Life mag. 1942." Yet one wonders what movies he wrote and what stories he filed, and from where.

Limit of Darkness (Random House, 1944) was written during this period. H. H.'s second novel is concerned with a naval air squadron on Guadalcanal in the Solomons. Was H. H. actually on Guadalcanal or did he use an source book Joe Willers's just published Battle for the Solomons? Possible clue: the character of war correspondent Francis O'Bannon... not at first glance a surrogate for H. H. who never casts himself in his books as anything but a Wasp. O'Bannon is everything H. H. detests—a low-class papist vulgarian who is also—what else?—unhealthily fat and his jews were nasty." The autho contrasts him most unfavorably with the gallant Waps to whom he dedicates the novel: "The Men Who Flew from Henderson."

They are incredibly fine, these young chaps. They ought to be named like McCrea, Fordy, Forth, Lambert, Lewis, Griffin, Sarno, Vaughan, Scott—not a nigger, faggot, hicks, or way in the outfit. Just real guys who say real true simple things like 'a guy who's fighting just to get back to the States is only half fighting...'. A love song "Oh, Ben, if it only would stop." She put her face into the hollow of his shoulder. "No," he said... 'We haven't killed enough of them yet or burned their cities or bombed them to hell the way we must. When I put away my wings I want it to be for good—not just for a few years." A key motif in the H. H. oeuvre: the enemy must be defeated once and for all that man can live at peace with himself in a world where United Fruit and ITT know what's best not only for their stockholders but for their customers as well.

An academic critic could doubtless make something of the fact that since the only bad guy in the book is a fat, early Catholic newspaperman, H. H. might well be reproaching himself for not having flown with the gallant gallant gays who gave so much of themselves for freedom, to get the job done. In their numerous companies, H. H. may very well have felt like an overweight Catholic—and all because of that mysterious accident in the novel

BOOKS REVIEWED

Macabreum by Howard Hunt, Farrar, Strous & Giroux, 1948

Binomial by Howard Hunt, Farrar, Strous & Giroux, 1949

Macduff-Bartlett, 160 pp., $3.75 (paper)

A Foreign Affair by John Baxter, Avalon, 1954

I Came to Kill by Gordon Deveril, Fawcett, 1954

Be My Victim by Robert Dierich, Dell, 1957

End of a Stripper by Robert Dierich, Dell, 1960

Angels Eyes by Robert Dierich, Dell, 1964


Where Murder Waits by Gordon Deveril, Fawcett (1963), 157 pp., $2.95 (paper)

The Coven by David St. John, Weybright and Talley (1972), 159 pp., $4.95; Fawcett (1972), 159 pp., $3.95 (paper)

Compulsive Spy: The Strange Career of E. Howard Hunt by Ted Scudder, Viking, 179 pp., $5.95 (to be published in January)


Pocket Books, $1.50
The actual writing of *Limit of Darkness* is not at all bad; it is not at all good either. *H.* demonstrates the way a general winner of worded orders appears upon the page in imitation of what they took to be Hemingay's techniques. At best Hemingway worked with patchwork cutouts, too, he was cunning enough to set his dialogue against most stylishly worded landscapes; he also gave them vivid things to do: the duck that got shot was always a red duck that really got shot. Finally, the Hemingway trick of repeating key nouns and proper names is simply not possible for other writers—as ten thousand novels (including some of Hemingway's own) testify.

In *H.*'s early books, which won for him a measure (by Capote and not Guggenheim grant, there is a certain amount of seriousness if not seriousness. The early *H.* liked to quote from high-toned writers like Pliny and Louis Macneice as well as from that odd American Wasp William Cullen Bryant—which radical politics would have shocked him, had he known. But then I suspect the quotations are not from *H.*'s wide reading of world literature but from brief random inspections of *Bartlett's Familiar Quotations*. *H.*'s glint are conservative lads who don't think much of Roosevelt's Four Freedoms. They fight to get the life of adventure I think he might have made a good second string to O'Hara's *Stranger in Town.*

In 1946, *H.* returned to civilian life and wrote what is probably his most self-revealing novel, *Stranger in Town* (Random House, 1947). This must have been very nearly the first of the returned war veteran novels, a worthy black retainer who could have stepped De Laed in *Great Gatsby.* A quick resume of Fleming's career follows.

Incidentally, each of *H.*'s narratives is periodically brought to a halt while he provides the reader with highly detailed capsule biographies written in Whos Who style. *H.* always enjoys projecting plausible (and implausible) biographies for his characters—not to mention for himself. In *Contemporary Authors, H.* composed a bio, for his pseudonym Robert Deitch, taking ten years off his age, putting himself in the infantry during Korea, swearing himself a Bronze Star and a degree from Georgetown. A quarter century later when the grandmothertwapper and special counselor to the President Charles W. Colson wanted documents invented and history revised to the interest of Nixon's re-election, he turned with confidence to *H.* He knew his man—and fellow Brown alumnus.

As Fleming orders himself champ and a luxurious meal ending with Baked Alaska (for one), we get the hoo. He has been everywhere in the war from "Jugland" (Yugoslavia?) to the Far East. He remembers good meals in Shanghai and Johnny Walker Black Label. Stark, yet his memories are bitter. He is bitter. He is also edgy. He doesn't go around for the rest of my life like someone out of the Ministry of Fear.

Fleming is an artist. A sculptur. A film. *H.* conforms to that immutable rule of had fiction which requires the sensitive hero to practice the one art his creator knows nothing about. We learn that Fleming's old girl friend has married someone else. This is a recurrent theme in the early novels. Was *H.* jilted? Recipient of a Dear John letter? Get cracking, thesis-writers.

The Williams-Mortimer, New York, 1946, annoucy Fleming ("maybe the Far East has spoiled me for America"). He is particularly exasperated by denotable rotation. "Oversea, the nineteen-year-old milkmen were breeding for their mothers, and their mothers were breeding for them, and the army was being demobilized, stripped of its power. He had had faith in the war until they partitioned Poland again.... Wherever Rumsa moved in, that part of the world was sealed off." Fleming has a suspicion that he is not going to like what he calls "the Atomic Age." But then, "They trained me to be a killer.... Now they're going to have him to a chic night club, Fleming meets Across the table, a small smile played De Lewd in *Great Gatsby.*" At a chic night club, Fleming meets *The New York Review*
do not recall the name. But let me tell you about Harry Essex. . . . If H.H. were in Hollywood then he is, as a screenwriter. Not one of his books that I have read uses Hollywood for background. It is sympathetic convin-
cing that he knows how desperate for settings a man who writes nearly fifty books must be.

Who's Who puts H.H. in Paris at the Embassy in 1943. Mr. Stucchi puts him there (and in the CIA) early 1948. Actually H.H. was working for the Economic Cooperation Administration at Paris in 1948 where he may have been a "black operator" for the CIA. With H.H., the only facts we can rely on are those of publication. Mestrovic appeared in 1943 and Rival of Rival in 1944. The Herald Tribune thought that Mestrovic was a standard thriller-
romance while Stucchi was dismissed as "cheap, tawdry." (It is actually pretty good.) That was the end. H.H. had ceased to be a con-
tender in the big literary sweeps which currently features several young lions of that day grown many with mine's passage but no less skill.

In a popular request, the novelists Howard Hunt hung up the jock until this year when he re-
appeared in the pages of The Berlin Ending. Simultaneous with the collapse of his career as a serious author, his attempts at movie writing came to nothing because of "the impact of TV." Too proud to become part of our Golden Age of television, H.H. joined the CIA in 1948 or 1949, a period in which his alias Robert Dietrich became an agent for ERI in Washington.

In Paris, H.H. met Dorothy Wetzel, a pretty girl herself, and appeared to be engaged in a romance which had been arranged by a Spanish Count. One reasonably hard fact (classified) is that she was work-
ing as a secretary for the CIA in Paris when she met H.H. They were married in 1949 and had four children; their marriage appears to have been idylli-
cally happy despite the fact that they were sometimes in the same room.

A relative recalls that as a guitar Dorothy always had been one in a book--a bad sign, as we know. She also believed in the war against evil, in the dishonestness of the government and her life last December seemed to be going against the good.

From Paris the two CIA employees moved on to Vienna where they lived a normal life until 1952 when it is said that CIA agents do as they defend the free world, presumably by confusing the innocent according to Who's Who. H.H. was transferred to the American Embassy in Mexico City in 1950. Latin America was a natural field for H.H. (with the Guggenheim money he had been a year to Mexico to learn Spanish). Also, in Latin America the struggle between good and evil might yield results in good's favor. He was old; perhaps lost, John Baxter's A Foreign Affair (1954) describes H.H.'s life in those days and his settling views. A Foreign Affair also marks the retreat of H.H.'s literary career and the beginning of what one must regard as his final phase of his art. Between 1953 and 1977, H.H. was to write under four pseudonyms over

10 Three years in Mexico City. Two

years in Tokyo. Three years at Montevideo (as consul, according to Who's Who; actually he was CIA station chief). During those decades 1950-1960, H.H. created Gordon Davis who wrote the collapse of his life to Kill (Fawcett, 1955). In 1957 H.H. gave birth to Robert Dietrich who specialized in thrillers, featuring Steve Bentley, formerly of the CID and now a tax consultant. Steve Bentley first appears in Be My Frighte (1957). It is interesting that the Bentley stories are set in Washington, DC, a city which as far as I can judge, H.H. could not have known at all well at the time. According to Mr. Stucchi, H.H. was briefly at CIA headquarters in 1949: otherwise he was abroad until the 1960s. Presumably the city whose symbol was one day to be Watergate always had a symbiotic attraction for him.

From the number of books that H.H. began to turn out, one might think that he was passing for a novelist. Some books, for instance, The Garden Internationale, have been the most interesting. The novel's primary character is a spy of the CIA (and, one might say, against the CIA) who is a member of the International Committee of Scientists. He is a man who has been working in Guatemala and has determined the date of our successful guanabana effort. Arms which the American government had refused to supply. During a meeting with President Izaguirre de Guatemala (who was giving aid, comfort, and a military base to the anti-Castro forces) H.H. "thought back to the period before the over-
throw of Colonel Arbenz when CIA was treating with three exiled leaders, Colonel Castillo Armas, Dr. Juan de la Cueva Cortes, and Colonel Miguel Ibar-
z Guevara. As a distinguished and suspected jurist, Cortes Correa had had personal vices as political presi-
dents,..." But H.H. was not to be a kingmaker this time. Castillo Armas was chosen by the golden gestures, only to be "assassinated at the tip of the presidential bodyguard in whose pocket was found a card from Radio Moscow."

They always carry cards--thank God! Otherwise how can you tell the bad from the good guys?

One studies the books for clues to H.H.'s character and career; daydreams are always more reverential than eight dreams. As I have noted, H.H. chose Washington, DC, as setting for the Robert Dietrich thrillers starting Steve Bentley. Although he could not have known the city well in the Fifties, he writes knowingly of the broken-
down bars, the seedy downtown area, the life along the wharfs--but of course low life scenes are the same every-
where and I can't say that I really recognize my native city in his hard-
boiled pages. Here is Georgetown. "In early Colo-

nial times it was a center of proslaved fashion and Federalist mobbery that lasted a hundred years. For another thirty years the closebuilt dwellers tortured apart until only Negroes were left. Then for the last twenty-five years, the process reversed. The New Deal's flood- ing warehouses claimed Georgia's own.... On the fringes huddle morose colonies of illens and nannies, the shops and restaurants have names that are ever so quafat, and sometimes it seemed a shame that the streets had ever been left." The narrator, Steve Bentley, is a tough guy who takes pride in the fact that Washington has "per capita, more rape, more crimes of violence, more perversion, more politicians, more liquor, more good food... more bad food... than any other city in the world. A fine place if you have enterprise, durability, money, and powerful friends." It also helps to have a good lawyer.

The adventures of Steve Bentley are predictable: beautiful girl is trouble; a murder or two. There is a great deal of heavy drinking in H.H.'s novels; in fact, one can observe over the years a drift in the author's attitude from a "drill-of-the-city-get's-drunk and have-a-good-time preoccupation to an obser-

ved need for the juice to counteract the melancholy of middle age in the hangovers, as described, get a lot worse, too. Mr. Stucchi tells us that in real life H.H. had been known to tipple and on at least one occasion showed a delighted Washington party his CIA credentials. H.H.'s name in food moves from steak in the early book to precious items in war-time as reminiscent of today's pretentious ar-
rangements) to French wine and lob-
ster. As a student of H.H. I was pleased to learn that H.H. and his fellow exiles funded on lobster the night of the Watergate break-in. I think I know who did the ordering.

It is interesting to note that despite American right-wingers' oft-declared passion for the American Constitution they seem always to dislike the people's elected representatives. One would think that an enthusiasm for the original republic would put them squarely on the side of a legislature which represents not the greedy people but those special and usually conservative interests who pay for elections. But one doesn't normally hear about a congressman--any congressman--that criticizes the American right-winger and H.H. is no exception.

Angel Eyes (Dell, 1961) is typical. Beautiful Monte calls on Steve Bent-
ey. Again we get his philosophy about Washington. "A great city.... All you need is money, endurance, and power-
ful friends." Steve has a few of all three. Steve is a powerful man. She is the niece of "Senator Tom Quinby. Sixty-four if he was a day, from a backwoods, hillbilly state that featured rurrihah hogs, turkey-
neck shearmakers, and compost for Civil Rights... A proslaved and a flag-waving militarist."

One suspects a bit of derelict in the course of Steve Bentley thrillers. They are not as tightly written of as the Howard Hunt or John Baxter or Gordon Davis works, while some of the colons are actually copied from H.H.'s Steve Bentley's book. All the more reason, however, to find odd the contempt for a tribune of the people whose political views (except on prohibition) must be close to H.H. I suspect that the root of the

The New York Review
problem is, simply, a basic loss of democracy, even of the superficial American sort. The books will only send boos to Congress unless a clever smooth operator like Representative Landahl in End of a Stripper manages to buy an election in order to drive the country, willingly or unwillingly, further along the road to collections. It would be much simpler in the world of Steve Bentley not to have elections of any kind.

Steve doesn't much cotton to lady publishers either. "Mrs. Jay Redpath, otherwise known as Alma Ward" (as Mrs. Philip Graham, otherwise known as Kay Meyer) makes an appearance in Angel Eyes, and here as usual she is. But Steve masters the posh spiffins, He masters everything, in fact, but Washington itself with its "monkeys and bored pushers and the white-staters and the fagglers. . . . This town needs a purifying rain!" Amen to that,


H. H. begins his apology for his part in the Bay of Pigs with the statement that "No event since the communization of China in 1949 has had such a profound effect on the United States and its allies as the defeat of the US-led Cuban invasion brigade at the Bay of Pigs in April, 1961. Out of that humiliation grew the Berlin Wall, the missile crisis, guerrilla warfare throughout Latin America and Africa, and our Dominan-Repulsion interludes. Castro beachhead triumph opened a bottomless Pandora's box of difficulties. . . .

This is the classic reaction view of the world, uncompromised by mere fact. How does one lose China if one did not possess China in the first place? And what on earth did John-son's loony intervention in the Dominian Republic really have to do with our unsuccessful attempt to overthrow Castro? H. H. deplores the shortness of the national memory for America's dis-grace twelve years ago. He denounces the media's effort to make JFK seem a hero for having pulled back from the brink of World War III. Oddly, he remarks that "The death of Jack Ruby and worldwide controvern over William Manchester's book for a time focused public attention on events surrounding the assassination of John Fitzgerald Kennedy. Once again it became fashionable to hold the city of Dallas collectively responsible for his murder. Still, and let this not be forgotten, Lee Harvey Oswald was a partisan of Fidel Castro, and an ad-\n
American sort. The boobs will only.

problem is, simply, a basic loss of democracy, even of the superficial American sort. The books will only send boos to Congress unless a clever smooth operator like Representative Landahl in End of a Stripper manages to buy an election in order to drive the country, willingly or unwillingly, further along the road to collections. It would be much simpler in the world of Steve Bentley not to have elections of any kind.

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In 1960 Allen Dulles received the top team for a briefing on the proposed liberation of Cuba. H. H. was there and tells us of the plan to drop paratroopers at "Santa Clara, located almost in Cuba's geographic center" while "reinforcing troops would land by plane at Santa Clara and Trinidad... on the southern coast." Assessing that Castro's troops would be in the Havana area, the Brigade would "march east and west, picking up strength as they went." There would also be, simultaneously, a fifth column to "blow up bridges and cut communications." But "let me underscore that neither during nor after the meetings was anything said about the populace was to play a decisive role in the campaign." H. H. goes on to explain that the CIA operation was to be essentially military and he admits, tacitly, that there would probably be no great uprising against Castro. This is odd, but then H. H. wants no part of any revolution. At one point he explains to us that the American revolution was not a class revolution but a successful separation of a colony from an empire. "Class war, therefore, is of foreign origin."

The Kennedy administration did not inspire H. H. with confidence. Richard Goodwin, Arthur Schlesinger, Jr., Chester Bowles "all had a common background in Americans for Democratic Action—the ADA." In H. H.'s world to belong to ADA is tantamount to membership in the Communist party. True to form, the White House later started saying that the Castro revolution had been a good thing until betrayed by Castro. This Trotskyite variation was also played by Manolo Ray, a liberal Cuban leader. H. H. found it essentially shallow and opportunistic as the White House found so. H. H. had his hands full with the CIA or government-to-be of Cuba. Meanwhile troops were being trained in Guatemala. H. H. made a visit to their secret camp and took a number of photographs of the Brigade. Proud of his maps, he thought they should be published in order to "stimulate recruiting"; also, to show the world that members of the CIA were getting on well with the Brigade, which they were not.

At this point in time (as opposed to fictional points out of time), artistic Tracy Burren suggested that H. H. meet Arthur Schlesinger, Jr. at the White House where Camelot was currently "pounding out" the White House found as eminently hollow and opportunist. He grants us a future, a second birth out of our bloody torment. Ernesto Cardenal is a Nicaraguan poet and priest now recognized in this country as a major voice in Latin American letters. Translated by Carlos and Monique Altschul Illustrated by Dino Amenábar $6.95 cloth, $2.99 paper

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Bernie later became a real estate agent in Miami. Later still, he was to recruit two of his employees, Henry de Diego and Eugenio P. Martinez, for duty in White House headquarters. According to Barker, de Diego had conducted "a successful raid intended to infiltrate Castro government documents," while Martinez made over "100 infiltrations into Cuba.

Give Us This Day is dedicated "To the Men of Brigade 2506." The hero of the book is a very handsome young Cuban leader named Arturo. H. H. offers us a photograph of this glamorous youth with one arm circled the hunched-eyed author-conspirator. It is a touching picture. No arm, however, figuratively speaking, ever recovers the equally handsome Augustus of the West. H. H. is particularly exercised by what he believes to have been Kennedy's "cryptic "to whitenew the New Frontier by keeping guilt on the CIA."

H. H. is bitter at the way the media played along with this "unparalleled campaign of vilification and obloquy that must have made the Kremlin mad with joy." To H. H., the real enemy is anyone who "sees communism springing from poverty" rather than from the machinations of the men in the Kremlin.

On December 29, 1962, President Kennedy reviewed the survivors of the Brigade in Miami's Orange Bowl. Watching the televised ceremony, I saw Pepe San Román give JFK the Brigade's flag (footnote: "Arturo told me the flag was a replica, and that the Brigade feeling against Kennedy was so great that the presentation nearly did not take place") "for temporary safekeeping. in response the President said, 'I can assure you that this flag will be returned to this Brigade in a free Havana.'" H. H. adds sourly, "One wonders what time period he had in mind."

Who's Who tells us that H. H. was a consultant with the Defense Department 1960-1965. Mr. Seals finds this period of H. H.'s saga entirely murky. Apparently H. H. became personal assistant to Allen Dulles after the Bay of Pigs. Mr. Seals also tells us that in 1963 the American ambassador to Spain refused to accept H. H. as deputy chief of the local CIA station because of H. H.'s peculiar activities as assistant station chief for Uruguay in 1959. After persuading President Nardone to ask Eulogio Martinez to keep him in Uruguay, H. H. then tried to overthrow the same President. Washington without telling the American ambassador. It was this facetious treatment of the ambassador that cost H. H. the Spanish post.

One of H. H.'s friends told Mr. Seals, "This is when Howard really began losing touch with reality." In Give Us This Day H. H. tells how he tried to sell Tracy Barnes on having Castro murdered. Although H. H. gives the impression that he failed to persuade the CIA to have a go at killing the Aristocrat, columnist Jack Anderson has a different story to tell about the CIA. In a column for January 25, 1971, he tells us that an attempt was made to kill Castro in March, 1961, a month before the invasion. Castro was
I suspect that whoever planned the murder must have been astonished at the reaction of the American establishment. The most vengeful of all the Kennedys made no move to discover who really killed his brother. In this, Bobby was a true American: close ranks, pretend there was no conspiracy, do not rock the boat — particularly when both Moscow and Havana seemed close to nervous breakdowns at the thought that they might be implicated in the death of the Great Prince. The Warren Report then assured the nation that the lone killer who haunts the American psyche had struck again. The fact that Bobby Kennedy accepted the Warren Report was proof to most people (myself among them) that Oswald acted alone. It was not until several years later that I learned from a member of the family that although Bobby was head of the Department of Justice at the time, he refused to look at any of the FBI reports or even speculate on what had happened. The whole business seemed a ridiculous sideshow.

Fortunately, others have tried to unravel the tangled. Most intriguing is Richard H. Popkin's theory that there were two Oswalds. One was a bad shot: did not drive a car; wanted the world to know that he was pro-Castro. This Oswald was caught by the Dallas police and murdered on television. The other Oswald was seen driving a car, firing at a rifle range, perhaps talking to Mrs. Oswald; he was hired by... ? I suspect we may find out one of these days.

In 1962 H. H. published A Gift for Gomulka as John Baxter. This was an attempt to satirize the age of Camelot. Lippincott suggests that it is "a treat for readers of Korda and H. H. who are looking for comic relief." One would think that anyone who tried to follow all three of those magi would be beyond comic relief. The tale is clumsy: a black opportunist drees up as a representa-
to be poisoned with a cyanide in his food. Capone is supposed to have been a rival of John Roselli—a Las Vegas mobster who was murdered to elude Castro's reach, opened the mob's casinos. Also, in involved in the project was a former FBI agent, Robert Manion, later to be Howard Hughes's vice president at Las Vegas.

It is known that Castro died in March. In February-March, 1967, the CIA again tried to kill Castro. Anderson wonders, not illogically, if Castro might have been sufficiently pounded by these attempts on his life to want to knock off Kennedy. This was Lyndon Johnson's theory. He thought the Cubans had hired Oswald. The Scourge of Asia was also disturbed to learn about taking office that "We had been operating a damned Murder Inc., in the Caribbean." Since it is now clear to everyone except perhaps Earl Warren that Oswald was part of a conspiracy, who were his fellow conspirators? Considering Oswald's strenuous attempts to identify himself with Castro, it is logical to assume that his associates had Cuba interests. But which Cubans? Pro-Castro or anti-Castro?

I think back on the evidence Sylvia Odio gave the FBI and the Warren Commission's investigators. Mrs. Odio was an anti-Castro, pro-Mando Ray Cuban exile who two months before the assassination of President Kennedy was visited in her Dallas apartment by three men. Two were Cubans (Mexican, she thought, they weren't the right color for Cubans). The third, the maintainer, was Oswald. They said they were members of her friend Mando Ray's organization and one of them said that their companion Oswald thought Kennedy should be shot after the Bay of Pigs. If Mando Ray is telling the truth, then whoever was about to murder Kennedy may have been working with his anti-Castro group of Mando Ray to get the job done.

During this period Oswald's behavior was odd but not, necessarily, as official as official. More than that, it had merely speculated with the story in the Sun-Sentinel: he said that Oswald had killed Kennedy, on orders from Castro or from those of his admirers who thought that the murder of an American president might in some way save the life of a Cuban president.

Yet the only Cuban group that would be entirely satisfied by Kennedy's death would be the right-wing enemies of Castro who held Kennedy responsible for their humiliation at the Bay of Pigs. To kill him would avenge their honor. Best of all, setting up Oswald as a pro-Castro, pro-Moscow agent, they might be able to precipitate some desperate international crisis that would serve their cause. Certainly Castro at this date had no motive for killing Kennedy, who had ordered a crack-down on clandestine Cuban raids from the United States—of the sort that Eugenio Martinez is alleged so often to have made.
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The Nixon campaign. This Nixon installed, might cost him the election."

May 15, 1972, Arthur H. Bremer shot George Wallace, governor of Ala-

bama, at Laurel, Maryland, and was easily identified as the gunman and taken into custody. Nearby in a rented car, the police found Bremer's diary (said that in the post-Guttenberg age Oswald, Sirhan, and Bremer should have all committed to paper their pleasures).

According to the diary, Bremer had tried to kill Nixon in Canada but failed to get close enough. He then decided to kill George Wallace. The absence of any logical motives is now familiar to most Americans, who are quite at home with the batty killer who acts alone in order to be interviewed, to be forever extolled with the golden legend of the hero he has penned down. In a notion that would impress psychopaths, the Oswald-Bremer-Sir-

han-Ray figure is to the historical person what Robin Hood was to a greener, newer world.

Bremer's diary is a fascinating work—of art? From what we know of the twenty-two-year-old author he did not have a literary turn of mind (among his effects were comic books, stone pomps). He was a teeny-baby, and a dull one. Politics had no interest for him. Yet suddenly—for reasons he never gives up—he decides to kill the President and starts to keep a diary on April 4, 1972.

According to Mr. Snale, in March, 1972, H.L. visited Bremer ("Call me Mother") in Denver. Wearing a red wig and a voice modulator, H.L. persuaded Ditis to denominate as a fumory the memo she had written linking ITT's pay-off to the Republican party with the government's subse-
quent dropping of the part of its antitrust suit against the conglomerate. In May, H. L. was installing the first set of bags at the Democratic head-quarters. His movements between April 4 and May 15 might be usefully examined—not to mention those of Gordon Liddy, et al.

For someone who is supposed to be nearly illiterate there are startling litera-

ture references and flourishes in the Bremer diary. The second entry con-

tains: "You heard of "One Day in the Life of Ivan Denisovich?" Yesterday was my day..." The misspelling of Denisovich is not bad at all. Consid-

ering the fact that the same is a hard one for English-speaking people to get straight, it is something of a miracle that Bremer could sound the four syllables of the second name correctly in his head. Perhaps he had the book in front of him or if he had, he would not have got the one letter wrong.

The same entry produces more mysteries. "Wallace got his big notes from Republicans who didn't have any choice of candidates on their own ballot. Had only about $1,085 if I left."

This is the first and only mention of politics as page 45 when he describes his square clothes and habait at "just a disguise to get close to Nixon..."

One reference to Wallace at the beginning, then another one to Nixon a dozen pages later. Also, where did the $1,085 come from? Finally, a minor psychological point Bremer..."New York Post, June 21, 1973, repeating a Washington Post story..."
sit 30, 1970, the new square from the CIA under a cloud—he had too often. But H. H. had a more profound reason: he also had a lively interest in Joseph David St. John; his wife Ann had had a job at the White House. But H. H. had always needed one way to work for Robert Mihonne and Company, a PR firm that links to the Republican party and Ginz not only a block from the White House but across the street from the Committee to Re-Elect the President. 

But Hughes asked Mabou in 1970. In 1971 H. H. found a second home at the White House, assigned with G. Gordon Liddy to "the Room 16 project" where the Administration prepared its crimes. Room 16 marks the high point of H. H.'s career; his art and arti were now perfected. Masterfully, he forgot he burgled; he repaired. The Shakespearean complex of the CIA had found, as it were, its Globe Theatre. Nothing was beyond him—including tragedy. According to Newsweek, John Dean told Senate investigators that H. H. had a "contrived" (from "low-level White House officials") to murder the President of Panama for not obeying with sufficient zeal the American Bureau of Narcotics directives. "Hunt, according to Dean, had his team in Mexico before the mission was shifted." As the world now knows, on the evening of June 16, 1972, H. H. gave a splendid dinner to the Watergate burglars and then sent Berdie Barker and his Cubans into battle to bug the offices of the Democratic party because H. H. had been told by G. Gordon Liddy "that Castro funds were going to the Democrats in hopes that a rapprochement with Cuba would be效应 by a successful Democratic presidential candidate." H. H. has also said (Time, August 27, 1973) that his own break-in of the office of Daniel Ellsberg's psychiatrist was an attempt to find out whether Ellsberg "might be a controlled agent for the Sorens.

One saga: "Doctor Fielding, I have these terrible headaches. They started just after I met my control. Please and he said, 'Well, boychick, it's been five years now since you signed on as a controlled agent. Now I guess you know that if there's one thing we Sorens hate is a non-producer so..." Doctor Fielding, I hope you're writing all this down and not just staring out the window like last time."

Now for the shooting of George Wallace. It is not unnatural to respect the White Houseburglar of having a hand in the shooting. But suspicion is not evidence and there is no evidence that H. H. was involved. Besides, good CIA man would no doubt have preferred the poison capsule to a gunshot-dropping into George the acrid of slow but lethal dose that Castro's powerful gas rejected. In an AP story this summer, former CIA official Mike Copeland is reported to have said that "senior agency officials are concerned Senator Edward M. Muskie's damaging disclosures during the presidential campaign last year was caused by convicted Watergate conspirator H. H.; Howard Hunt or his handlers spiking his drink with a sophisticated form of LSD."

When Wallace ran for president in 1968, he got 13 percent of the vote; and Nixon nearly lost to Humphrey. In May, 1972, 17 percent favored Wallace for president in the Harris Poll. Wallace had walked off with the Michigan Democratic primary. Were he to continue his campaign for president as an independent or as a Democrat in states where he was not filed under his own party, he could have swung the election to the Democrats, or at least denied Nixon a majority and sent the election to the House.

In the "Plan of Strategy of ours," Robert Flach said in March, 1972, "depends on whether George Wallace makes a run on his own." For four years Nixon had done everything possible to keep Wallace from running; and failed. "With Wallace apparently stronger in the primaries in 1973 than he had been before," Theodore White observed, "with the needle sticking at 43 percent of the vote for Nixon, the President was still vulnerable—until, of course, May 15 and the shooting. Then it was all over."

Wallace was shot by the now familiar lone assassin—a demented (as usual) hokey named Arthur Brener, Then on June 21, 1973, the headline in the Washington Post: "The Making of the President: November 1960, the book the Wallaces, et.al., something sympathetic."


The New York Post was "Hunt Tells of Orders to Raid Brener's Flat."

According to the story by Bob Woodward and Carl Bernstein, H. H. told the Senate investigators that an hour after Wallace was shot, Colson ordered him to fly to Milwaukee and burglarizes the flat of Arthur H. Brener, the would-be assassin—in order to connect Bremer somehow with the conspiracy. Characteristically, the television senators let that one slip by. As one might expect, Colson denied ordering H. H. to Milwaukee for any purpose. Colson did say that he had talked to H. H. about the shooting. Colson also said that he had been having dinner with the President that evening. Woodward's and Bernstein's "White House novel" said, "The President became deeply upset and voiced concern that the attempt on Wallace's life might have been made by someone with ties to the Republican Party or..."

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(Incidentally, the creation of phony documents and memoirs is a major industry of our secret police forces. When the one-man terror of the South-east Asian seas Lieutenant Commander Marcus Aurelius Arnheiter was relieved of his command, the Pentagon put him to work writing the “memoirs” of a fictitious Soviet submarine commander who had defected to the Free World.)

The White House's reaction to the Watergate burglary was the first clue that something terrible has gone wrong with us. The elaborate and disastrous cover-up was out of all proportion to what was, in effect, a small crime the Administration could have lived with. I suspect that our rulers' state of panic came from the fear that other horrors would come to light—as indeed they have. But have the horrors ceased? Is there something that our rulers know that we don't? Is it possible that during the dark night of our empire's defeat in Cuba and Asia the American story shifted from cheerful familiar farce to Jacobean tragedy—to murder, chaos? 

\footnote{See \textit{The Arnheiter Affair} by Neal Sheehan (Random House, 1971).}