

in the sack a few times, wins her confidence, and we get the facts."

When "Tony" opened the door, I couldn't believe what I saw. First there was "Tony" himself; a big, overweight middle-aged man who in his best day would not exactly rival Redford. Still, Casanova himself was an ugly man, and maybe "Tony" had something only a woman could appreciate. The apartment itself was something else. It was small, so small that the "bedroom" was nothing but a tiny converted alcove with a pitiful, homemade wall erected across its opening and a curtain for a door. The wall, in which he was trying to hide a tape recorder, was covered in the fake brick sold at Montgomery Ward stores in poor neighborhoods to dress up dingy kitchens. A white shag rug was on the floor, and the windows were hung with red imitation velvet drapes. The decor was strictly better-grade Juárez whorehouse circa 1951.

Whatever his failings as an interior decorator or seducer, "Tony" kept first-rate records. He received a salary of \$36,000 per year, and every cent spent over and above that was accounted for in meticulous detail. His set of records was a time bomb, waiting to go off; everywhere he had gone, and virtually everything he had done, could be reconstructed from them. I approved the audit on the spot and urged him to destroy the records and not generate any more like them.

Hunt and I finally had our plans made in fullest detail. I told him of the need for a cash flowchart and that I'd like to have our diagrams also put in chart form for my presentation to the Attorney General. The problem was security. Neither Hunt nor I was very good at chart-drafting, and I didn't want something homemade-looking for use in presenting a million-dollar proposal.

Hunt was up to the challenge. He took our own crude but legible diagrams to professionals: the CIA. Magruder arranged a meeting with John Mitchell in the Attorney General's office on 27 January and invited John Dean to sit in. Several days before, Hunt had me stand at noon on the corner of 17th Street and Pennsylvania Avenue, where the CIA delivered to me a wrapped set of three by-four charts of professional caliber.

I'd been working day and night because the legal work that was supposed to be nominal, just enough to serve as convincing cover, had turned out to be substantial; but my sense of purpose as I realized the opportunity I'd been handed pumped me so full of adrenalin I never felt tired.

I knew exactly what had to be done and why, and I was under no illusion about its legality. Although spies in the enemy camp and electronic surveillance were nothing new in American presidential politics, we were going to go far beyond that. As far as I was concerned, anything went if it were merely *malum prohibitum* (about which more later). There was a law of physics that every action has

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