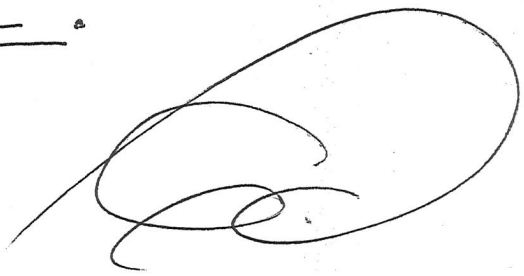


Dear Harold,
From The Towers of
Silence, N.A.L. 1963/73

A good explanation
of Hunt's attitude re:
Whitewash.



He looked down over Cumballa Hill
and the lighted shore beyond.
"Thoughts," Nara said taking his arm.
"One *naya* pulse and nothing

he said quietly, "that for every hole
another ten break through."
"You have to be quicker than the hole-
maker couldn't simply stop plugging and
plug yourself—destroyed."
"It will take a while. This is just the let-
up period of concentrated effort."

"I must have engineered the whole
thing. After all, it was I who
sunk that ship at that particular spot

he said, drank from his glass, and led
her to a cedar trunk, Nara said, "Yes—
from PIPS."

He treats that brief naval action as a re-
lief.
"Was black-out? Apparently those con-
ditions could be raised."

He was easily led into the Commit-
ment. A PIPS action group has been
formed, protesting the sinking of a

ship. "Only in disaster."
"I signed along with rather—all except

you and Hoja," he said in a remote
voice.
"In astonishment. "How would you

be Soviets, for Hoja."
"I may"

"I have to get accustomed to accepting
a picture of—"
"One of you?"
"No?"

After a moment. Then, "Peter, where

"More specifically?"
"New England. Our Eastern Instruction Center."
"Tell me what it's like."
"Not unlike Kashmir. Pine forests stretching down
to an ice-blue lake; blanket sleeping even in midsummer."
"Will you be there?"
"I'll escort you—come back for you two months later."
"I can't possibly go that long without seeing you."
"You'll be surprised what you can do. By the time you
get into Night Ops, you'll have forgotten I exist."
"Impossible."
"Well, maybe I'll come up for the fall hunting—look
in on you to see how you're doing. Then, unless you've
fallen in love with one of the tall, handsome instructors,
you might like to come down to Virginia after it's over
—spend a week on my sister's place."

"Horses?"
"The finest. Fields, woodland, and streams."
"Then where do you live?"
"I have a house in Georgetown."
"May I see that, too?"
"No possible way to avoid it."

She smiled briefly, gazed down at the shore line lights,
and said, "I've read all sorts of things about your organi-
zation—books and articles from England, Germany, and
even your own country—that describe men like you as
amoral automatons, cynically working against the popu-
lar will in foreign countries, supporting docile autocracies,
and conspiring against even your own ambassadors
to serve your secret purposes."

"The same is said against every Western Intelligence
Service."

"Would you care to comment?"
"The Communists have done an incredibly thorough
job of conditioning the Free World against its own de-
fenders. The labels 'Fascist' and 'police state' are flung
around with considerable abandon by people who ought
to know a great deal better. I don't say every article of
clandestine operations is a Communist, but too many are
whimsies termed 'equivocal men'—generously forgiv-
ing each new Soviet or UniCom bloodbath, but outraged
at whatever effort the West makes to avoid Communist
absorption."

"It's so unfair, Peter."
"Unfair?" He laughed shrilly. "The Copperheads didn't
become extinct with the end of the Civil War; they live
on . . . and on . . . and on."