

"I have a house in Georgetown."

"May I see that, too?"

"No possible way to avoid it."

She smiled briefly, gazed down at the chore line signs, and said, "I've read all sorts of things about your organization—books and articles from England, Germany, and even your own country—that describe men like you as amoral automata, cynically working against the popular will in foreign countries, supporting decadent autocrats, and consorting 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 interests. The labels "Red" and "spice mate" are being around with considerable abandon by people who ought to know a great deal better. I don't say every critic of clandestine operations is a Communist, but too many are what's been termed "equivocal men"—generously forgiving each new Soviet or ChiCom bloodbath, but outraged at whatever effort the West makes to avoid Communist absorption."

"It's so unfair, Peter."

"Unfair?" He laughed shortly. "The Copperheads didn't become extinct with the end of the Civil War; they live on... and on... and on."

H.W. Putnam's of Silence
1963/73
11/74