



# BEST SELLER!

A Novelist Looks at "Verbal Evil" and the Presidential Transcripts as Bedside Reading.

By Larry McMurtry

*The most worthless of mankind are not afraid to condemn in others the same disorders which they allow in themselves; and can readily discover some nice difference of age, character, or station, to justify the partial distinction . . .*

—Edward Gibbon

On April 14, 1973, the President uttered what is in my view the most elegant sentence in the whole of the Watergate transcripts:

"I will have some consommé," he said.

The simple finality of that utterance could hardly be improved upon; yet it is by no means the most appealing note Mr. Nixon strikes.

The most appealing note, I believe, was struck a few weeks earlier, on March 27th,

Larry McMurtry's latest novel is *All My Friends Are Going To Be Strangers*. He writes a regular Monday book review for the Style section of *The Washington Post*.

when the President seemed suddenly to observe that a brightness had fallen from the air.

"I wish it were Friday," he said—even as might the maid that milks and does the meanest chores. That remark, at least, has the ring of truth; and what could be more American, nowadays, than a yearning for Friday afternoon?

It was left, however, to Mr. H. R. Haldeman to make the most unequivocal statement of those that have so far been rendered audible. This statement came out of nowhere in that fateful conversation of September 15, 1972, and was in reference to the Speaker of the House.

"Well, (expletive deleted) the Speaker of the House," Mr. Haldeman said.

It may be, of course, that Mr. Haldeman said something old fashioned, like "Dadgum the Speaker of the House," but then again it may have been something a touch more forceful, since it is quite clear that Mr. Haldeman is the only member of the Inner Circle with even a slight gift for sexual metaphor. On April 8th—by which time scarcely any brightness is left in the air—it is Mr. Haldeman who is obliged to

tell the President that, as he sees it, "Rape is inevitable."

"That's the problem," Mr. Nixon concedes.

In fact, one could read this whole massive document—by which I mean the fat, blue, 1,308-page Government Printing Office text of the submitted Presidential conversations—as the record of an attempt by the President and his aides to prevent the rape that so quickly came to seem inevitable. In this quite obviously vain endeavor the concept of the Presidency functions as a kind of chastity belt, something to be buckled around as many people as possible in order to prevent the sanctity of the Oval Office—itsself a wickedly suggestive term—from being rudely breached by their enemies in the press and in the Congress.

The breach occurred, of course; the Oval Office has been had. Indeed, it must seem to the occupants that something analagous to a gang-rape is still in progress, with the courts, the Congress, and the press jostling one another in line while a vast, red-faced populace looks on, happy as only a people can be who have found just cause for moral indignation.

A desire to understand and if possible participate in this moral indignation led me to sit down and slog through the whole 1,308-page record of Presidential resistance. I was hoping that just this once I could be as disillusioned and morally indignant as everyone else, but, alas, when the book was finished my moral pulse seemed to be beating no faster than it had been beating when I began to read. I find myself more intrigued by the outcry than by either the men or the events that caused it, and I fear this would be the case even if the transcripts were complete, and not under the suspicion of being what Mr. Henry Petersen would call "cultured testimony."

This is not to say, however, that I think





President Nixon stands exonerated. Far from it. The poverty of his imagery alone is cause for high indignation. I can see how a President might have difficulties being honest, in these times, but there is really no excuse for such ineloquence. After all, a great many of our Presidents have been, like Mr. Nixon, practiced hypocrites; how can we tell the great men from the small except insofar as they put things well? Jefferson and Lincoln were not always noble men, but when the occasion demanded it they were always capable of a noble prose, and what a difference that can make to a people's sense of themselves. A leader with real eloquence can almost singlehandedly sustain a national spirit, as Winston Churchill proved.

Alas—looking to Mr. Nixon for eloquence is like looking to Arizona for truffles. Reading the transcripts straight through induces in one a state of emotional numbness such as might occur if one were for some reason compelled to sit down and read the collected works of Samuel Beckett seven or eight times in the course of a week. It is as if "Waiting for Godot," "Krapp's Last Tape," and "Endgame" had been crudely spliced together; as drama its only virtue is that it could be simply staged—perhaps one could use giant Oval Office wastebaskets instead of ashcans. The small cast, the limited vocabulary, the over-riding repetitiveness and monotony of the dialogue, the passivity, the mental immobility, the sense that even one's doom is going to turn out to be dull—all these are suggestive of Beckett.

It is obvious, too, that the four principals—President Nixon, Mr. Haldeman, Mr. Ehrlichman, and Mr. Dean—all have a persistent sense of themselves as being characters in a drama. The terminology of the screen, or, at least, of the television studio is omnipresent in the dialogue. The fact that they talk continually of presentation rather than of policy is only one more clue, if any more were needed, that we

have entered the Age of Advertising. "Playing well," has obviously become a first principle of political survival, and, that being the case, it is rather curious that no one at the White House has understood McLuhan well enough to dissuade the President from reducing his conversations to the cold, forbidding medium of print.

I had hoped, in this essay, to consider what might be called character dynamics within the inner circle, but a close reading of the transcripts fails to reveal any very subtle dynamics, or any very substantial character, either. E. M. Forster once drew a famous distinction between flat and round characters—flat being one-dimensional and predictable, round being complex, inconsistent, and capable of performing tragically. Working from that, one would have to say Haldeman, Ehrlichman, and Dean are all essentially flat as pancakes; the two former resemble the flat characters in Dickens, while the last more nearly resembles a flat character in Proust. President Nixon, if not fully round, at least sometimes tends toward rotundity. He is, to a degree, a different man with different people. Haldeman and Ehrlichman are always priming him to lower the boom on Dean, and the President continually assures them that he will; yet when he is with Dean he not only doesn't lower any booms, he becomes rather Dean-like. His attitude toward the public softens, and at times he even begins to sound public-minded. Haldeman and Ehrlichman have an attitude toward the public that is roughly comparable to the attitude of a dog toward a bone.

Despite this, of the four principals, it is Mr. Haldeman who seems to be the most likeable, the most trustworthy, and the easiest to cast. If the little capital letters were removed from the margin of the pages there would be times when one

might be lulled into supposing that Mr. Haldeman were the President; but not many times, really. He is too simple and too direct to have ever got to be a President. In a John Wayne movie he would be played either by Ward Bond or Ben Johnson; if it were a war movie he would be a Marine sergeant, and his fate would be to be shot in the back in the last reel, while saving the mission.

"We are so (adjective deleted) square that we get caught at everything," Mr. Haldeman says on March 20th, and that classic bit of American understatement really sums the whole matter up nicely. Mr. Haldeman's funniest moment is when he accuses Colson of having committed "verbal evil" in promising Howard Hunt that he would be out of jail by Christmas, though it is almost as amusing to hear him assure the President that John Dean is not "unAmerican and anti-Nixon." What, I wonder, would Mr. Haldeman make of a person who was unAmerican and pro-Nixon?

As for Mr. Ehrlichman, the late Edward G. Robinson could have done him perfectly, although Mr. Robinson at his meanest probably holds an edge in likeability. Mr. Ehrlichman has the mentality of a hanging judge, if not, indeed, of a hangman. He is perhaps most quotable in his April 14th remark about John Dean:

*"It's a question of role and I don't think Dean's role in the aftermath, at least from the facts that I know now, achieves a level of wrongdoing that requires that you terminate him . . ."*

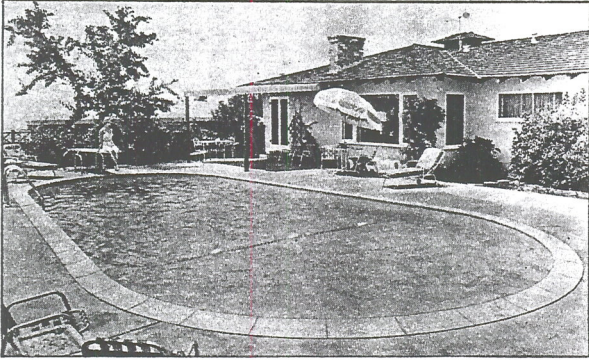
Mr. Dean, despite the low level of wrongdoing he managed to achieve, would have been a challenging role for the young Peter Lorre. Imagine Peter Lorre delivering the classic line that Mr. Dean reports himself as having delivered to Gordon Liddy:

*"I am never going to talk to you about this again, Gordo."*

*Continued on page 26*



# Summer is for SWIMMING...



## CUSTOM DESIGNED AND BUILT GUNITE POOLS

ALL SIZES AND SHAPES

We Install All Types of Pools in Ground or Above Ground Gunite or Steel Liner



Complete Pool Service Available



- Chemicals • Games • Toys • Filters • Pumps • Heaters
- Maintenance Equipment • Slides • Diving Boards
- Ladders • Covers • Safety Items

FOR FREE, NO OBLIGATION INFORMATION

Call 396-7004

# Capitol Pools



1215 Kenilworth Ave., N.E.



"We rented our house 6 times through your paper. It never takes more than one ad."

Mr. Fred W. Area, Springfield, Va. who advertised in house for rent.

The Washington Post carries 3 out of 4 area real estate classified ads daily and Sunday.

The Washington Post Classified Ads Call 223-6200

## Link hot weather to your itching torment.

You're only human. You perspire. You chafe. Small wonder you itch! And sensitive vaginal and rectal areas are a special problem.

Discover BiCOZENE.<sup>®</sup> (Say it "By-Co-Zeen.")

This greaseless cream may be the best relief you can buy without prescription. True!

BiCOZENE soothes, helps promote healing and stops that itch in minutes flat!

Ask your druggist about BiCOZENE.

Teipes, from page 13

Mr. Dean would make a somewhat pallid Iago, admittedly, and yet there is something about his relationship with the President that calls Iago to mind. The operation is their Desdemona, and it is usually Mr. Dean, not Haldeman or Ehrlichman, who provokes the President's most interesting and most passionate responses. In the September 15 conversation, for example, the President answers Dean with a statement that might have come straight out of Hemingway:

"We are all in it together. This is a war. We take a few shots and it will be over. We will give them a few shots and it will be over..."

One might observe that the language of the transcripts as a whole derives from Hemingway, but it is Hemingway filtered through his pulp-magazine imitators into B-movie dialogue, which is where the Inner Circle probably picked it up. Usages derived from old private-eye movies are pervasive. "Heat" is to be put on the Speaker of the House, Magruder is apt to "finger" various people, some of whom will be required to "take a dive." Even the fastidious Mr. Dean is not above referring to "the beauty parlor," and the most with-it idiom I can find occurs when Mr. Nixon is briefly contemplating taking what he calls "the hang-out road," i.e. letting it all hang out.

Usages derived from Westerns are rare, although at one point those ever-dangerous Kennedys are said to be "laying in the bushes, waiting to make their move." Throughout, the paucity of historical reference is extreme: for all practical purposes history began with Alger Hiss and will very likely end with Watergate. The only book mentioned is Malcolm Smith's study of Kennedy's 13 worst mistakes, and except for a single reference to Gethsemane and another to Teapot Dome there is nothing in the transcripts to indicate that any place but the District of Columbia exists or has ever existed. The most sophisticated use of analogy that occurs comes when Mr. Dean assures the President that, if only he can have his way, selling their position will be just like selling Wheaties.

There is one other sense in which the President might be

said to derive from Hemingway. One of the latter's most famous remarks was that what is moral is what you feel good after—a remark the President could probably relate to. The transcripts provide a crude, but vivid, example of how situation ethics operate. The President is so totally pragmatic in his approach to life that I doubt his consciousness can draw even the thinnest line between what is practical and what is moral; yet he is acutely aware that there are people who are less intensely practical than himself. Right away, in his first conversation with Mr. Dean, he points out that a number of these people are members of his own party:

"The people who are most disturbed about this . . . are the (adjective deleted) Republicans. A lot of these Congressmen, financial contributors, etc., are highly moral. The Democrats are just sort of saying (Expletive deleted) fun and games."

At another point Mr. Nixon feels obliged to make clear that he is talking about "the vulnerabilities, not the moralities." His pragmatism shows up time and again in his verb choices. At one point he refers to "when we did Cambodia," and then a few pages later he tells Mr. Ehrlichman that he has to "do church." His subtleties are sometimes funny, as when he points out, in reference to the culpability of White House secretaries, that "there is a difference between actors and noticees," and his enthusiasms sometimes lead him into verbal anticlimax, as in his encomium to Mr. Kenneth Rush:

"He is articulate, he's (unintelligible), he's respected. He's one of the towering figures of the ambassadorial world and in the bar. He's no slouch."

Despite all this, Mr. Nixon does not really suggest Hemingway, and despite his long, rambling utterances he does not really suggest Samuel Beckett. The writer he does suggest, I believe, is Mr. Henry James. Mr. Nixon's reticence, his hesitancy, his occasional primness (at one point he refers to the whole business as an "unseemly story"), his willingness to dwell upon minute, even imperceptible distinctions, his constant need to state, restate, and ultimately refine his position, all these are Jamesian qualities; and I would bet, too, that the

reticence, the hesitancy, and the emotional remoteness are characteristics of the real man and not merely attributable to the fact that he knew a tape was running and that he had potentially criminal matters to conceal. At one point he tells John Dean that "when I look at my watch it's not because I have an appointment," anticipating the anxiety he feels he may be about to create. James, of course, was the master of his language, while Mr. Nixon is frequently the slave of his, yet in both cases there is the sense that an extreme of sensibility has been reached.



The difference is that Mr. Nixon's sensibility is entirely political. He shows himself to be a man who is as compulsively, as intrinsically, and as inescapably political as Henry James was compulsively, intrinsically, and inescapably literary, and the style of his politics is very likely going to bring about his downfall. Americans, it would seem, demand a facade of virtue from their Presidents which is possibly as incompatible with the practice of high politics as it would be with the practice of high art. In recent decades Presidential virtue, or, at least, Presidential probity has become the lonely pillar that supports the myth of our national innocence, and for Americans to have to think of themselves as other than innocent is an excruciating moral ordeal. President Nixon, through his unremitting, compulsive practice of the craft that raised him so high, has now inadvertently forced this ordeal upon us. He cracked the facade, broke the pillar, and brought the myth tumbling down in our laps; our innocence is tarnished forever, or at least until 1976, and at this rate that is going to seem like forever. We certainly won't forgive Mr. Nixon for this, and if we

The Washington Post/Potomac/June 23, 1974

The Washington Post/Potomac/June 23, 1974



weren't such an impeccably law-abiding nation I imagine he and several of his friends would already be hanging by their heels underneath some lamp post on Pennsylvania Avenue.

Blaming a President for being political while sitting in the Oval Office is perhaps a little bit like blaming an orange for containing orange juice just at the moment that it comes ripe. What I find surprising in the public outcry is that anyone is shocked by the grossness of Mr. Nixon's scheming. Mr. Nixon, after all, has been in public life, and thus in the public view, for some twenty-five years, and he seems always to have behaved pretty much as he is behaving now, if not worse. We knew him well before we made him President and it seems not a little quixotic of America to have expected that the mantle of leadership would somehow transform him into Abraham Lincoln or Winston Churchill, or whoever it is we now fancy he should be. He is Richard Nixon, and if we have learned anything from history it is that the mantle of leadership corrupts at least as frequently as it ennobles.

On March 13, 1973, Mr. Nixon had this to say about what was about to take place: "No, I tell you, this is the last gasp of our hardest opponents. They've just got to have something to squeal about . . . They are going to lie around and squeal."

His repeated use of the verb squeal has a grim, almost savage ring, but accurate. I think we are going to hear some terrible squealing in the next few months, for what is underway now is a purification rite straight out of *The Golden Bough*. Our temporary king has accidentally drawn to himself the national guilt—over race, over Vietnam, over how many decades of casual public corruption and private turpitude—and the ritual won't stop until his heart has been cut out and laid on Plymouth Rock, so that the crop of our innocence will grow again.

Before it is over, Mr. Nixon may come to wish that he had tried a little harder to get that cesspool for Winnetka. We are still a nation that is grateful for small blessings, and, after all, he is probably going to need some place to live. ■

# VENEMAN MUSIC CO.

WITH 5 DISCOUNT PIANO STORES IN THE WASHINGTON AREA



Every piano is tuned and completely checked on our sales floor. Our discount price includes: free bench, free delivery, free in-home tuning and full factory guarantee.

**Save \$200 to \$300**

"HOBART M CABLE" A line of fine pianos in 5 popular styles and finishes.

DISCOUNT PRICED from **\$695<sup>00</sup>**

"STORY & CLARK" This top line of fine pianos is recommended by noted musicians and most piano teachers as the best value available anywhere. Now offered to you at tremendous discounts. 15 Models to choose from.

DISCOUNT PRICED from **\$845<sup>00</sup>**

## VENEMAN MUSIC CO. LARGE DISCOUNT MUSIC STORES

**SILVER SPRING**  
8429 Georgia Ave.  
588-5199

**BETHESDA**  
7221 Wisconsin Ave.  
654-1055

**GREENBELT**  
Beltway Plaza Mall  
Next to Kleins  
474-0022

**FALLS CHURCH**  
7277 Arlington Blvd.  
Loehmann's Plaza  
560-3114

**SPRINGFIELD PLAZA**  
Corner Amherst &  
Backlick Rd.  
451-8970

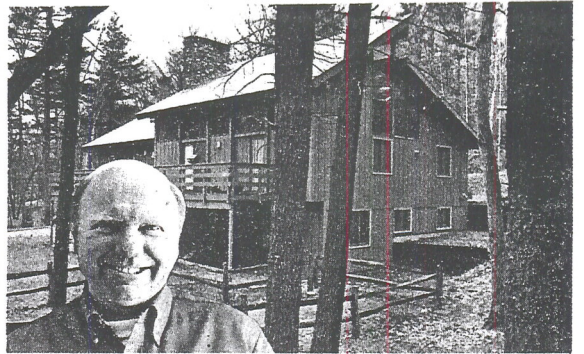
### EXTERNAL BREAST FORMS

BY  
**CAMP & AIRWAY**  
**SEA SCAMP SWIM WEAR**  
**SURGICAL GARMENTS.**  
Fertile Filters  
No Appt. Nec.

**Tocot** The Purple Boutique  
5849 RIVERDALE PLAZA, RIVERDALE, MD.  
Rt. 495, Exit 28-S 277-3177

WEDDING GROOMING  
THIS SOFTLY FLOWING GOWN IN CREAM WHITE CREPE HAS A HAND-EMBROIDERED YOKE & HAND-CRUCHED EDGING. THE FITTED BODICE AND UPPER ARM OPEN INTO SOFT FOLDS. ALSO, BEAUTIFUL DRESSES FOR THE MOTHER-TO-BE.

**UNIVERSITY BOUTIQUE INTERNATIONAL**  
7404 1/2 BALTIMORE AVE., COLLEGE PARK  
PHONE 277-5521 • OPEN 11am-7pm



CROW'S NEST 1544 sq. ft., 4 bedrooms, 2 baths

I build Acorns.

Very special Acorns.

The most livable year-round and vacation homes on the market.

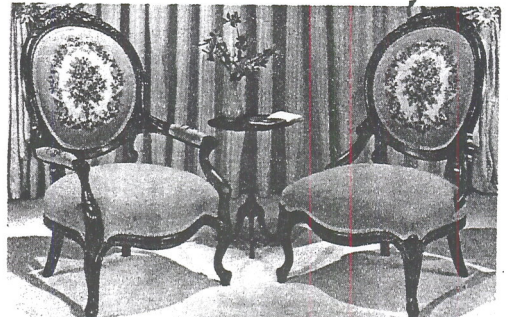
Acorn builder-dealers, like myself, are located all over the East to make sure your on-site construction goes as smoothly as it's planned to. We're the guys who make your Acorn home a reality. We know our business. We're all construction experts with reputations for building competently, economically and rapidly. That's why Acorn chose us.

Everyone involved with Acorn homes is as concerned with quality as I am. Acorn homes are well-designed and well-engineered, with built-in flexibility so you can add your own ideas. And you can enjoy all the excitement, economy, and low maintenance costs that distinguish Acorn contemporary houses.

We all work hard to make buying a home uncommonly easy and fun for you. Homes manufactured by Acorn are better homes. I'm proud to build them.

Send \$2 for a complete Acorn Planning and Information Kit featuring 30 different models.  
**ACORN STRUCTURES, INC.**  
Dept. P43 • Box 217, Sterling, Va. 22170 • Phone (703)

## From Our Victorian Gallery



### Solid Mahogany CHAIRS

with Hand-carved floral medallion center panels. Frames are solid mahogany with solid web bottoms.

- Gentlemen's Chair, 26" wide, 22" deep, 40" high **\$199**
- Ladies Chair 25" wide, 22" deep, 40" high **\$199** as shown

Open Sun.  
12 noon  
to 5 p.m.

Sat. 9-6  
Daily  
9-9



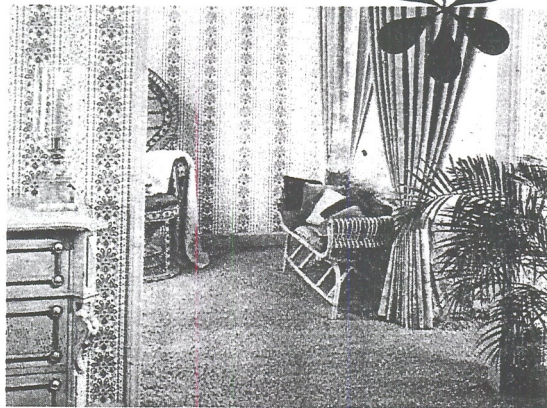
Sat. 9-6, Daily  
9 a.m.-9 p.m.

off Powder Mill Rd. at Rt. 1, 10 minutes from Washington, 5 minutes from Laurel

**5016 Cook Road, Beltsville, Md. 345-9666**

Available in wide selection of fabrics  
priced according to grade.





## Wallcovering, carpeting, paint, draperies & fabrics from UNION

Match, contrast, blend and harmonize the elements of your home in one place. Let Union's highly qualified decorators help you browse through thousands of patterns, textures and colors to come up with the perfect combination.

**Union** WALLPAPER & PAINT CO., INC.

at your decorating service at four locations

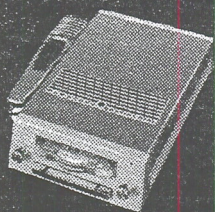
ROCKVILLE  
1570 E. Jefferson St.  
881-6500

WASHINGTON-SPRING VALLEY  
4860 Mass. Ave., N.W.  
363-7272

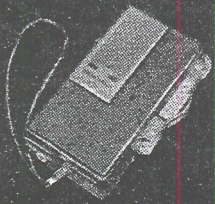
ARLINGTON  
2801 Wilson Blvd.  
JA 2-7600

SILVER SPRING  
8489 Fenton St.  
JU 8-4500

## MEMOCORD THE COMPATIBLE DICTATION SYSTEM



One for  
the office



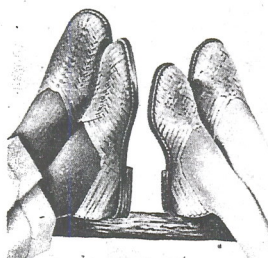
One for  
the road

We, at MEMOCORD, believe that our fully compatible dictation system, with its 90 minute capacity, is far superior to any other, yet costs about half.

**MEMOCORD**  
STANDARD TYPEWRITER & EQUIPMENT CO. INC.  
1528 K ST. N.W., WASHINGTON, D.C.  
628-4940

## BUYING OR SELLING ANTIQUES?

The Washington Post Classified Section is the marketplace. It's read daily by over a million people and carries far more ads for antiques than the next newspaper.



## Genuine Steerhide HUARACHES for all the family

Real leather relaxes tired feet as nothing else can. Uppers are woven of supple leather thongs in never repeated patterns. Sturdy leather soles wear like a shoe. This is the original "air conditioned" sandal, the finest made. Natural beige only. Send shoe size or foot outline. We guarantee the fit. All sizes for men, women, children. IMMEDIATE DELIVERY.

Sizes for men, women & children  
**\$950 pr.**  
For men's larger than 10, add \$1.00  
**The OLD MEXICO SHOP**  
Patio 61, Santa Fe, New Mexico 87501

**Undercover**, from page 19

But there is a pleasure he gets from exposing himself to danger. He doesn't care what it is analyzed as being. It is a pleasure all the same. Yet it is men like him who are the first to admit they sometimes get enough.

Recently Frank Eyman stood in the pale green room with the one-way mirror on the third floor of Indiana Ave. Police Headquarters. Eyman was chain-smoking, waiting for the CID (Criminal Investigations Division) roll call to begin. Each morning a lineup was held of those prisoners whose offense had not allowed them to 'bond right out' the day before. These, held now, were the first, second and third degree felons, a third degree felony having as its lightest term five years in a federal prison. As the officer read the rap sheets, the men on the platform stepped out, waited, then faded back into the line. It was then Eyman spotted his pigeon.

The prisoner stood out, screwing up his eyes in the dazzle of the hot bright lights as the officer read the man's record of arrests . . . including time and place . . . personal belongings at the time of booking . . . the amount of bond . . . the tiresome details of justice. The roll-call officer stopped reading and with a bored air addressed the officers in the room. "Anyone want this man?" "Me," said Eyman.

**E**yman's pigeon had not been lightly picked. The suspect, Dragonfly Wiley,\*\* was only a street dealer, an arm-puncher with a big-money habit. But on the street word had filtered out that Wiley was tied into a heroin distributorship of "real weight" in D.C.

All drug distributorships are a pyramidal hierarchy. At the bottom are the small-time proxies like Wiley. At the top are the heavy-weight suppliers. In the middle are various dealers, each entrusted with a certain amount of business and no more. Rules are strict. Secrecy is tight. A supplier usually only knows one man above him: his supplier. For three weeks Eyman had studied the ring, reading the files of his own Department, case reports, reports from other law agencies, newspaper and credit files on various sus-

\*\* (A pseudonym)

pects. Only one thing was clear—the Department wanted the ring, and the first step to taking it was to twist Dragonfly Wiley, street dealer and morose doper.

In a separate office, rap sheet in hand, a sign on the door warning INTERVIEW IN PROGRESS, Eyman curtly outlined the terms. The prisoner at the table was a two-time loser and they had him now on a hard beef: one 15-year count of possession. It was simple. Eyman wanted to be introduced to the dealer-supplier Dragonfly had been copping from. If Dragonfly agreed to arrange a meet, Eyman would personally talk to the Assistant U.S. Attorney and Wiley's judge to see he'd be released on personal bond. If he cooperated fully, it very well might be good for slack (leniency) at his trial. If he refused, he'd be arraigned, go back to the slams, await indictment by a grand jury and then have the longer wait for a heavy term.

Slowly, sullenly Wiley agreed. Within a matter of hours, he'd left jail, the warning being that if he did not contact Eyman within 24 hours, his bond would go dead.

"He's what we call a 'witting informant,'" Eyman says. "That's someone who agrees to work for you in order to save his own skin. He's the fastest way to the top people. He's also the most dangerous. If he'll turn on them, there's always the chance he'll 'flip'—turn on you too."

But in a major investigation, time is always a factor and there is never enough.

The first meet was arranged at a seedy little bar near 14th Street in D.C., one of the worst areas for narcotics traffic in the city. Eyman went inside and found them waiting: Wiley, and a man the Department terms "John Doe Number 1" both sitting in a dark booth.

Eyman looked, by then, like a new man. He was dressed in a white, expensive suit, wore a white straw "Sting" hat with a white ribbon band and had on brown and white two-tone shoes.

The perfect pimp.

**W**hat sort of man is it who wants to go down the town's mean streets dressed as a pimp to meet its meaner citizens?

"They are restless," says a

high official in MPD, who asked not to be identified. "They like freedom of action, to be cut loose from red tape. They need a great challenge."

"We study each one psychologically. Each has to have talent as a keen observer. He has to have psychological finesse—to be able to instantly read the atmosphere he's in and react appropriately. They're un-sentimental, impersonal. They are able to keep their secrets."

"Some come from the Academy, but they lack street sense, or enough knowledge of the law, and they don't have the report-writing ability—one of the main things that puts a suspect in jail is a god-damn typewriter. Details put him in jail—right down to the buttons on his shirt."

"Some have a long life span, although that's pretty much dependent upon the size of the area they have to work. The smaller it is, the greater his chance of being recognized."

On one of his recent cases, Eyman, sitting between two "bad dudes" was waiting for a dropman to appear with the heroin of a buy. As the man came into the room Eyman recognized the dropman as a felon he had arrested only two weeks before. He had to pull his gun and escape.

"The key to an agent's success," continued the official, "is that he can act quickly, improvise. He can find himself in an entirely new situation and think of ways to deal with it that no one here has taught him. With that kind of individual, it's hard to get him to go back into higher, more un-interesting uniformed duty. So most stay out on the street."

Even before the release of Wiley, Eyman had destroyed any and all traces of his official identity. He left his revolver, his police identification card, and billfold at the office. He replaced his car, taking the brand-new white Cadillac coup de ville the Department had leased for him under a false name. He emptied his rented Washington flat of anything federal: any government ball-point pen, every franked envelope or note-pad—anything that could lead to his bona fides 'being blown'—disclosed.

The Department had taken pains with his concocted identity. It was the custom to try to keep the initials of the orig-



inal name; so Frank Eyman had become Fred Erman. It was easier to recall, and besides he had his initials on the underside of his watch.

He carried now other identity papers, each carefully forged by police department experts: social security card, driver's license, military discharge card. In his flat he had left the phony life insurance policy, the medical and dental records. As a last step, he had stuffed into a suit pocket a crumpled letter, supposedly from a girl friend but in fact a clever forgery sent to him by the Department which would send similar letters from time to time, just in case the suspects came to put a mail watch on his place.

But despite these measures, sitting in the bar with Dragonfly Wiley, Eyman saw John Doe No. 1 wasn't convinced. As Eyman recalls:

"Of course he didn't believe me. He starts in trying to tear my cover story apart. The instant I tell him I once did time, he tries to trip my ass up! He says to me 'When you was in that prison, did you know a Black Billy?' I say 's---, man, I knew a guy named Bill, but I sure as hell never heard him called Black Billy.'"

"See," continues Eyman, "once he trusts me, I buy, like, a dime bag. That's worth about \$10, half a spoon, good for one or two fixes. It's crap stuff, only about two per cent actual skag, the rest is man-rite, milk sugar, quinine and other scramblers. He's no fool, No. 1; he knows I want to buy more, but if I do, if I come on as being eager in any way, I've lost my man.

"So I refuse. I stall, say I'm broke. I make sure he knows I'm connected with a heavy-weight dude that can spread bread, but I say the guy who does the weight for me has left me short. Anything.

"It's that initial interrogation. If you pass that, you've got him."

"It's the phony substantiating biography that's a problem," says a police expert. "No one is that good a liar, so a phony bio of an agent must be based as closely as possible on the real facts of his life." So, for instance, Eyman did a term of military service in a Midwestern state with military intelligence. Since he knows the country and can describe it, this fact has been turned in his bio to his having done

time at the state prison for burglary, a place he once visited. "We even provide him with forged parole papers from the place."

That state also has another advantage: it is geographically removed from the area of the suspects' operations.

As a further part of his cover, he claims to be a fence of stolen goods. So he did work for several weeks with the Robbery Squad until he could speak of traffic in stolen TVs etcetera as only a real thief could. He also claims to be a pimp. Again, he had to work Vice (Prostitution and Perversion Section) in order to obtain the details that would enable him to lie truthfully, knowledgeably.

"We can't take chances. Remember, his life depends on the bad guys taking him for what he says he is, so the agent, insofar as is possible, must actually experience all he professes to have done."

Three weeks had passed and, all things considered, it was going well. From the three tiny glassine envelopes No. 1 slid towards him in the badly-lit bar, under a cork pad, Eyman was now buying as many as three \$20 bags a week or so. Eyman took care never to really 'create' the occasion for a buy. He hung about, heard of a supply and then, without being pushy, casually asked himself in. Nevertheless, the pressure was on Eyman. The main thing was to move up. That was the main thing.

One night, sitting in a Georgia Avenue bar, Eyman made his move. "After a time," says Eyman, "I finally told No. 1, 'Listen; this stuff isn't any good. You know it; you know I know it.' He says so what? I say, 'So there are people in town here who need some quality stuff.' No. 1 asks how much? I jump it up to \$500 worth."

No. 1 grew thoughtful. He knew he was being lined up for a full half ounce of heroin. He stalled, said he couldn't handle the whole load right then but knew someone he could call.

In Eyman's words, "The thing then is to try and get a glimpse of the number. Usually, you simply refuse to leave him, or you watch him in the bar mirror, or if you can't see, all of a sudden you say, 'Do it quick—make the call—I think the guy who just

came in smeus. And then you pretend to stand and watch for him while he phones."

When he got off the phone, the meet arranged, No. 1 would not tell Eyman who John Doe No. 2 was. So when Eyman got back to his office, in addition to typing out a long report of his meeting with No. 1, he got out a book called the Telekey System in which each phone is listed by exchange in numerical order. Right next to each number is the name and address of the person it is listed to. After crosschecking Eyman found the name and address.

The first thing Eyman had to think of, for his own personal safety, was, did he know anybody at that address? Someone who knew him? Some dude he might run into? He had to think. As it turned out, it was safe. In Eyman's words:

"I made the buy. By then they knew me, they'd seen my big, white car in the street, seen me talking up the splashy blonde whores—besides, any suspicious No. 2 may have had were gone the day the Department staged a phony raid, had me body-searched in the street in connection with fencing stolen goods while No. 2 watched me from out of his window. So I bought from No. 2 maybe four or five times. I spent maybe \$10,000 of DEA (Drug Enforcement Agency) or LEAA (Law Enforcement Assistance Agency) money.

"You buy it and you take it down to the office where, each night, it's destroyed. But each time No. 2 buys, man, you look at the sucker, because each buy is another full 15-year count."

Eyman let a few weeks pass. By then he was pulling down ounces of heroin at the going street price of \$800-\$900 per ounce. Finally the moment came. Eyman again jumped the price by asking No. 2 for a full half pound, a value of \$10,000. He was in it now up to his neck.

A full pound of heroin, of pure quality, is worth \$20,000 in the street. It is called "pure" but even then it's about 25 per cent impure, cut by lactose, corn starch and the other ordinary scramblers.

Eyman's reasons for wanting to meet with No. 3 had

Continued on page 38

# LANE BRYANT

## BUDGET FLOOR

SPECIAL BUY!  
2 for \$9  
each 4.99



### carefree cotton smocks

in special sizes 38 to 52

Cool, crisp smocks to top all. Buttoned in solids with pocket embroidery or snapped up in solids with print trim. So smock up in green, blue, yellow, lilac.

COME IN! PHONE! OR MAIL THIS HANDY ORDER COUPON TO:

**LANE BRYANT**

SHOP MONDAY 10 TIL 7  
932 F St. Washington, D.C.

Landover Mall

PHONE 347-1500  
Springfield Mall

Please send me the item pictured Switchboard Opens Monday at 9 A.M.

SIZE ..... Color ..... 2nd Color Choice .....

NAME .....

ADDRESS ..... (please print) ..... APT. NO. ....

CITY ..... STATE ..... ZIP CODE .....

Charge  Check  Money Order  C.O.D.  (charges include all fees)

Master Charge

Bankamericard Card no. ....

Expiration Date .....

Add 50¢ on orders of \$15 or under

P-6-23L