

A Spy In My House



J. Kenneth Langdon

8573
A5542
1987

A Spy In My House

The Igor Malenov Affair



J. Kenneth Langdon



to James Addison

©J. Kenneth Langdon, 1987

Published by Fiddlehead Poetry Books & Goose Lane Editions Ltd.,
248 Brunswick Street, Fredericton, New Brunswick, Canada, 1987,
with the assistance of the Canada Council, the New Brunswick
Department of Tourism, Recreation & Heritage, and the University of
New Brunswick.

Book design by Julie Scriven
Cover design by Jane Geurts

Canadian Cataloguing in Publication Data

Langdon, J. Kenneth.
A spy in my house

ISBN 0-86492-065-2

I. Title.

PS8573.A54S7 1987 C813'.54 C87-094705-2
PR9199.3.L35S7 1987

AUTHOR'S NOTE

ALL CHARACTERS AND EVENTS MENTIONED IN THIS novel are fictitious. Any resemblance to actual persons or events is co- incidental.

The objectives, operations and organization implied or expressed concerning the Canadian Security Intelligence Service are wholly the product of the author's imagination.

Zero-mass energy and sub-atomic particle *aurae* phenomena are hypothetical devices invented by the author for the purpose of plot creation. They have no scientific validity or known relationship to the "Star Wars" project.

While Canadian manufacturing, engineering, research and consulting firms are permitted legally to participate in the U.S. "Star Wars" project, the extent and nature of such participation, if any, is unknown to the author and all references to such are imaginary.

The ship's name, *Azovskoye More*, is the Russian designation for the Sea of Azov in the Soviet Union. If a ship of this name exists, the author is unaware of it and in no way intends to ascribe to it the fictional mission described in this novel.

It is the author's belief from published material that military and espionage activity is engaged in by the KGB utilizing diplomatic cover in the Soviet Embassy in Canada and elsewhere. While the events described in this novel are wholly fictitious, the author believes that they are representative of activity which has occurred in Canada.

CHAPTER ONE

I AM NOT SURE HOW THE OFFICIAL SECRETS ACT reads, but if it is not a crime for me to write this, it certainly becomes one the moment someone without a security clearance starts to read it. I am not much worried about this, however. I doubt that the Canadian Security Intelligence Service can hurt me much more than it has already.

I am already in the bad books of the CSIS although from my point of view I gave them much more than they paid for. How much more you will understand when you have finished reading this.

I am also in the bad books of the KGB and, when a fellow becomes an entry in their books, it is not a jail term he needs to worry about, but something really unpleasant.

I think what will happen if this report gets out to the public is that stories will start appearing in the media making me out to be a Soviet agent or, at least, a friend of Russia. This is the way the game is played in the murky alleys where security services operate. As Canadians, we should not expect any greater regard for truth on the part of our own security people than is the standard elsewhere. It is strictly hardball, whoever plays the game. There is precious little room for understanding or friendship between the players, particularly if they are on different payrolls.

When the CSIS first paid me a visit, the only blood I had ever had on me was my own, and that was certainly the way I wanted to go through life. What has happened since was not caused by the CSIS, but it was nonetheless the CSIS that got me into it.

J. KENNETH LANGDON

I want you to remember this should you see something on the *Journal* some evening that makes me out to be a traitor. I am not writing this to embarrass Canada or the CSIS but because I owe it to Evey who was even more a sacrificial lamb than I.

Already there are murmurs in Fredericton, and some of them are malicious. If Evey cannot speak for herself, who will tell her story if not me? If the CSIS wants to lock me behind bars for it, they can do so. I really do not believe a cell would be much harder to take than this bleak, empty house which echoes only with the memory of Evey's laugh and Igor's cheerful banter. It is a place haunted by ghosts and, as in most haunted houses, not all the spectral occupants are friendly. A cell might be a more comfortable place to live, at least for a time, and a damn sight safer, as well.

As for the KGB, it is supposed to have a reputation for vengeance against people who have tried to do it injury. It is reputed to work on the same principle of ruthless intimidation as does the Mafia—to demonstrate to all men that it is most unwise to oppose it in any fashion.

This, however, is Canada. While I know only too well that the KGB has its assassins here as in most countries of the world, even I have difficulty believing that they will come to pay a call on me some day. Maybe my cavalier attitude is based on the fact that I was only an innocent bystander, when drawn into the Igor Malenov affair, and whatever damage I did to Soviet intentions was mostly because I wanted to get my girl out of the damnable entanglement, not because I wanted to wage a one-man war against the Soviet Union.

Still, I cannot entirely discount the possibility that the KGB may decide to make an example of me. This is my other reason for putting all the things I know about the Malenov affair down on paper. As long as the KGB believes it can erase a part of the record of its murderous operations in Canada by silencing me, the danger I am in is considerable. After this record is made public, it will not do them much good to liquidate the author, because everything I know about it is going into this account.

This is a strange story for a Canadian to tell, particularly one who lives in a backwater like Fredericton, New Brunswick, which is

A SPY IN MY HOUSE

about as far away from matters of international intrigue as one can be (or at least so I always thought).

I did not say right at the start of this that I have only one leg. That is not unusual for me—as a matter of fact I have made a practice of not mentioning it since I became fairly good at handling the artificial one and a bit less obvious as a cripple. I only mention it now because it suddenly occurred to me that this might be read by people who do not know me and who would wonder why I am so clumsy and vulnerable.

Some strange things happen when you lose a part of your body. It is like getting a bad dent in a car that you have always looked after, but a dent which can never be fixed. The longer you own the car, the harder it is to ignore the blemish. You start looking for places to park it where your friends won't see it.

Another strange thing is that your own brain will not accept the loss. It keeps telling you that your missing foot is itchy or your missing toes are cold. It never lets you forget that something outrageous has happened. It behaves like a mother who continues to croon a lullaby to a dead infant in her arms. It gets on your nerves in time.

Another matter is the total disharmony it produces in the other body functions, as if the asymmetry of the lower body was contagious and could spread to the arms, the voice and the brain.

There are, of course, the purely physical results—the inability to exercise properly, the substitution of sedentary pursuits for more vigorous ones, the forced abandonment of well-loved sports and the constant need for adaptation which rarely satisfies.

Then there is the sexual thing—but I cannot write about that. Your own imagination will sketch in the main points and the details are too repulsive for me to discuss. This is what Evey calls my “hang-up”, using that tag to indicate that my reaction to the loss of my leg is an abnormal one. I wonder how she knows what “normal” is?

Having started with an explanation of some personal matters, I suppose that I will have to continue with a few more since they are needed to explain how I became involved in the Malenov affair.

Before I lost my leg in a car accident, I taught Social Studies at the Fredericton High School—a job I didn't much like. My major passion in life was not teaching or scholarship but chess.

After the accident I purchased an annuity with the money I

J. KENNETH LANGDON

received from the insurance company of the bastard who had maimed me. It is not a lot of money when drawn as a monthly cheque, but enough so I do not have to stand one-legged in front of a class of teenagers and lie about the virtues of Canada's judicial system.

I thought I could take up competitive chess on a fulltime basis—not because there is any money in it but because I love the game and felt I might be able to win some modest renown at it—something I certainly would never gain in the teaching profession. However, it did not take me long to discover that I was no longer strong enough to handle the pressure of a major tournament.

I had won the Eastern Zone section of the National the year before my accident and at that time there were a few knowledgeable people who figured I might soon be ready to bring honour to Canada in international play. My first tournament after the accident proved how fragile such forecasts can be. A sixteen year old kid from Moose Jaw, Saskatchewan, humiliated me in the second round.

People who do not play competition chess are always surprised when told that the game requires top physical conditioning. I am not sure I can explain why—it hardly requires muscle to move a one ounce object one inch every three minutes—but I can tell you, when you are thirty-six moves into a game and your opponent has more time on his clock than you do, you have to push yourself as hard as if you were entering the last mile of a marathon race in second position.

Anyway, I digress. I only needed to register the basic facts that I had some position in the chess world, was not working, and was living alone in Fredericton, New Brunswick, when the Malenov matter arose. It is not necessary at this point to talk about any other personal matters in order for you to understand why I became involved in the unhappy affair.

I suppose the right time to begin this account is just about one year ago from this date. I was sitting in this very room—the smallest of the three bedrooms and located at the back of the house looking out over the river. I call it the den and it is filled with history and geography books which I will never read again, a computerized chess board which has sucked up thousands of the hours of my life, a straight-forward Staunton design chess set on a regulation board, a bargain-priced stereo component set with

A SPY IN MY HOUSE

lousy speakers, a small colour television receiver and a rat's nest of literature on chess.

The room is furnished with two moth-eaten easy chairs, a desk, a plywood coffee table, and a set of \$19.95 curtains that are too short and too narrow to cover the single window. It was never selected as room-of-the-month by Better Homes & Gardens but when I am home and alone (which is most of the time) this is where I sit and feel sorry for myself. It seems to reflect my outlook on life.

To get on with the report, I was sitting here one morning when the telephone rang. I thought it would be Evey because ninety-nine percent of the time that is who it is. I did not want to talk to her so I let the telephone ring until, finally, it stopped. Then I felt a bit edgy and mildly ashamed of my cowardice.

Not long after the call—perhaps twenty minutes—I heard the doorbell and went to the front of the house so I could look down to the front door. I expected Evey might be standing there, bearing some gift such as a casserole or houseplant (the country's two ubiquitous symbols of domesticity) but it was not. The person standing there was a smallish man wearing a beige overcoat and no hat. I had never seen him before and I guess, in the thirty-one years I have lived in Fredericton, that I have seen just about everyone who lives here.

When I opened the door he looked at me a little nervously and said something like:

"I'm sorry to come here without calling first—I tried your phone a little while ago but got no answer and it's kind of important for me to talk to you today."

He didn't seem to be a Jehovah's Witness or an encyclopaedia salesman yet I was not put at ease either by his manner or by his words.

"Yes?" I said non-committally.

"It's something of a private matter," he said, while his eyes surveyed the interior of the house over my shoulder.

"I'm rather busy at the moment," I said, beginning to feel a vague dislike of the caller. "Perhaps you could give me a call later on today."

"Well I could," he replied reluctantly, "but I had hoped that you could give me a little time this morning so I could be sure to catch my flight back out this afternoon."

J. KENNETH LANGDON

I waited for him to say something more. He gave a quick, almost furtive, glance over his shoulder to the street.

"It's really not something I think we should discuss out here," he said. "May I come in?"

I didn't stand aside to let him enter. My dislike of the little man was growing.

"Who do you represent?" I asked.

"Actually, I am a civil servant of a sort," he said.

In Fredericton we will give a caller and a stranger any amount of time to discuss the weather while he stands in the doorway and lets icy air into the house. We will be patient and courteous no matter how long it might take him to go through these important civilities. We will even join in the dissection of continental weather patterns so that these whole preliminaries can extend to ten or even fifteen freezing minutes. But the rule is, once the weather has been disposed of as a conversational opener, a stranger must state his business before we will consider whether he should be invited inside. This chap was not playing by the rules of the game and my back went up.

"What sort of civil servant?" I demanded curtly.

He took another quick look at the street, then looked me straight in the eye and dropped his voice a register.

"I'm Federal—the Canadian Security Intelligence Service," he said.

This sounded very unlikely to me. First, I had never heard the name of our new "civilian" intelligence service spoken aloud, and it sounded very theatrical on his lips. Secondly, what in heaven's name would the CSIS want with a one-legged retired school teacher who lived in Fredericton, N.B.?

I looked at him more closely, with the sudden thought that the man might be either a confidence man or someone deranged. But he definitely had my interest now.

He saw the incredulity on my face. He fished out a card and handed it to me. It carried the standard Government of Canada logo in red, the name of the service and the name of the bearer (presumably), Raoul Losier. It carried no address, no telephone number and no title of the bearer. It seemed hardly genuine except for the logo and the fact that the sparse information it presented was repeated in French on the reverse side.

A SPY IN MY HOUSE

I looked at him again. His eyes met mine steadily and they were his only facial feature that were in any way exceptional, being deep-set, dark and keen.

"Come inside," I said.

I took him into the front room, a small living room which Evey says reminds her of the waiting room at the train station in Harvey.

He hardly glanced at the room but perched on the least comfortable chair and fixed his eyes on me.

"Look," he said, "that business at the door was awkward and I don't blame you if you think I may belong on the funny farm. I'm just going to ask you to reserve judgement for awhile. I assure you you will soon be able to satisfy yourself that I am who I say I am. O.K.?"

I gave what I thought was a non-committal grunt but he seemed to take it as my agreement.

"Before I got my orders to come out here to see you, the Service spent quite a little time checking you out. We know you are a good citizen without any Communist connections. You are not an alcoholic, a homosexual or a drug addict."

"I'm certainly relieved to hear all that," I said, my anger showing.

"This investigation was essential before I could be authorized to tell you what I have to say. And what I have to say comes under the provisions of the Official Secrets Act which would make it a serious, criminal offense to convey any of the information I shall give you to any person whatsoever without the prior consent of the Service."

"And if I don't agree to that stipulation?" I asked.

"Mr. Spenser, I am about to ask you to perform an important job for your country," Losier said. "While the Service will pay you fairly for it we are inclined to believe that you would do it even if there were no financial consideration involved, simply because you are a loyal Canadian and because the job is important. But I can't go further with my proposition unless we do so under the provisions of the Official Secrets Act. So now it's up to you—if you say 'no' then it ends right now and I walk out the door."

Once Losier had begun to talk I quickly lost my feeling that he was a phoney or psychotic but I didn't warm to him. Maybe it was the fact that he spoke with just a trace of French accent, occasionally substituting a 'd' for a 'th' sound. Fredericton had

seen a wave of francophones arrive to occupy jobs in the civil service after the province became officially bilingual. The old natives, myself included, were hardly enthusiastic since any change in our community is viewed as an affront to God's perfect order of things. But perhaps this was not the reason I disliked him. There was a mixture of glibness and assurance in his patter that made me feel like a fish with the hook already in its mouth, just waiting to be reeled in.

And yet I was hooked. My life since the accident had scarcely been loaded with excitement. The days passed one into another, uniform, drab, sad, barren, cheerless, uneventful and unspeakably boring. Now a stranger had walked into my house, an intelligence agent, citing the Official Secrets Act and telling me I was needed for an assignment of vital importance to Canada. Even if I knew for a fact that the hook was baited with cyanide, I could no more tell him to leave than I could renounce the game of chess forever.

He leaned forward in the chair and fixed those dark eyes on mine, radiating an intensity that I could not ignore.

"Well?" he inquired.

I still hesitated. I felt the proposition was going to be "heavy" and I was not sure if I wanted to be jarred out of the rut of self-pity and dull security in which I had wallowed for the past several years.

Our eyes remained locked and he waited for what seemed to be a very long time. I began to sense how much they wanted me, perhaps even how badly they needed me. Still, I could not say the words.

At last he grunted and stood up.

"You disappoint me," he said.

I did not rise. I did not want him to go.

"I suppose I could agree to the secrecy stuff and hear your story without committing myself in advance to do whatever you are going to ask," I said.

"You could," he said, slowly returning to the chair.

"O.K., I agree to hear what you have to say in confidence—the Official Secrets Act or whatever—and I will tell you after you have finished whether I will do the job," I said.

I am not going to try to write out everything he told me on a "he said," "I said" basis. Not only would it take too long but, honestly, I cannot remember all the words—just some of them. So

A SPY IN MY HOUSE

what follows is a condensation of what was said and, no doubt, there are probably some things left out and other things that are muddled. But this is about the best I can do since I was not taking notes and was too excited to remember everything clearly.

In July a year ago a very large man with a Russian accent walked into the Department of Manpower and Immigration in Ottawa. He claimed that he was a member of the KGB attached to the embassy in Ottawa. He requested political asylum.

Perhaps there was no worse place for Igor Malenov to go than to the Immigration Department whose bureaucratic ways are legendary even in a city which admires the bureaucratic process above all others.

Poor Malenov, apparently, had to remain stuck to a hot plastic armchair in a public waiting area for nearly three hours, at any moment expecting to be recognized by a Russian agent, some of whom frequently visit this department.

By the time Immigration had finally called in the CSIS, Malenov was in a frenzied state which was taken to be a mixture of fear of being seen by other Russians and rage over the risk to which the Canadian bureaucrats had stupidly exposed him.

The agents from the Canadian Security Intelligence Service removed him quickly from the premises and took him to a safe house some distance out of Ottawa. He was asked for a written statement then interrogated by three teams of operatives, using the standard technique of taking him repeatedly over the statement and making note of minor discrepancies in the answers supplied. This interrogation proceeded for some forty hours, during which Malenov was allowed no sleep. At the conclusion of it the interrogators were inclined to believe that Malenov was whom he claimed to be and a bona fide defector.

The Russian Embassy was then advised that Malenov had applied for political asylum and would be accepted into Canada. The Russians demanded an interview with Malenov and Malenov was consulted. He refused to grant an interview and Canadian officials so informed the Soviet Ambassador.

Relations between the two countries became strained over the issue. Russia announced withdrawal from the Canada Cup hockey competition (which came as a relief to Canada's hockey players, if

not to the fans). There were, of course, a number of other sanctions taken against Canada and responded to in kind by Canada against Russia. There could be no doubt, based on the severity of the actions taken, that Russia wanted to convey its supreme displeasure over the affair.

The strength of the Russian reaction, of course, helped to reinforce the story that Malenov was going to tell.

The interrogation of Malenov to this point mainly centered on his career with the KGB and the roles of the colleagues with whom Malenov had worked over the years.

The CSIS was in no hurry to start debriefing Malenov on the particulars of his last assignment, figuring that it was the subject he wanted to talk about and, therefore, that it would be wise to get as much earlier material as they could before getting into current events. Also, as skilled interrogators, they calculated that Malenov would be unsettled by their concentration on the make-up of the Soviet intelligence apparatus. It was always useful to keep a defector off-balance during debriefing.

Malenov knew what he was facing when he applied for asylum as a self-confessed agent. He knew that Canada would consider him not as a human being, but as a window through which it could look and see that part of the Soviet intelligence operation in which Malenov had had some involvement. They would want every fact that was lodged in his brain, down to the smallest, least significant detail, which in any way related to his service. They would want to drain him to the last particle of memory.

Malenov could not know exactly what methods of interrogation would be used by the Canadians but he had to know that they would proceed on the assumption that Malenov, no matter how genuine might be his intention to defect, would wish to conceal or misrepresent certain details of his past. It was therefore to be expected that, at a minimum, the Canadian interrogation would involve at least three phases, of which the last two would be highly stressful.

Phase one would consist of taking a statement from him during which they would prompt him to include certain details of his past, his current assignment and of the personnel, organization and operations of the KGB.

The second phase would almost certainly involve pressure interrogation during which the Canadians would employ relays of fresh interrogators who would take him over every aspect of his

A SPY IN MY HOUSE

statement, forcing him to repeat details and seizing on every inconsistency no matter how trivial. This process would be used without let-up, keeping him at it to the point of physical exhaustion through lack of sleep. When he became incoherent or so dazed that he no longer could respond, they might let him rest a few minutes, or several hours. Part of the technique involved letting the interrogee believe that the questioning was at last over, then to wake him suddenly from an exhausted sleep to start the process right back at his opening statement.

Malenov knew that the Canadians would probably use deprivation techniques along with this phase. These might include refusing him water, tobacco and food, as well as sleep. It would probably, also, entail his placement on a high, backless stool, designed so that his legs would not quite touch the floor and so that his bottom would bear his full weight on the unpadded seat.

The third phase would almost certainly involve the use of drugs. At this point the interrogators would have a list of the discrepancies that really troubled them, as opposed to the other discrepancies that they had simply used to increase the stress placed on him.

Malenov would be injected with sodium pentathol or a similar substance and questioned while a tape recorder captured every word spoken in response. There was, of course, a limit to how long and how heavily an interrogee could be drugged, so in this third phase it was usual practice to intersperse pressure interrogation periods between the chemical interrogation sessions. Quite possibly, the Canadians might use a polygraph during these drug-free intervals although, in KGB experience, results were very poor when this type of test was employed on exhausted, disoriented persons.

The third phase of interrogation was usually a long one. Time had to be allowed for the human body to absorb, and then recover from, the drug employed. The interrogators also needed time to analyse meticulously what was said and how a given answer compared to the answers to similar questions before. Chemical interrogation could last for weeks, even months. Sometimes persons subjected to it never regained their former level of mental acuity.

The possibility had to exist, Malenov would be sure, that the Canadians would employ a fourth phase of interrogation if they were not satisfied that they had "emptied" the interrogee in the

chemical phase. The KGB routinely went to phase four when examining persons from other intelligence services and they euphemistically described this by saying that an interrogee had "talked with his uncle."

Phase four, simply, consists of subjecting the interrogee to extreme pain, relying on the fear of its repetition to make the victim decide to give his questioners the "right" answer in exchange for immunity from further torture.

Malenov would know, of course, that the Canadians might be more squeamish than some of their allies when it came to using such Gestapo-like techniques. Still, as a professional, he would know that no intelligence service could afford the luxury of renouncing the use of such extreme measures when the occasion warranted. There are no interrogation cells in the world which lack the echo of human screams, Canada's included.

If there is anything good to say about phase four interrogation, it is that it is not generally a very long process. While there are remarkable differences between people in the amount of pain they can endure and the terror they can resist, even the strongest and the bravest will "break" in a few hours or, at the most, in a couple of days, if the interrogators know their trade and have the stomach for the job.

Of course, Losier did not tell me all this detail concerning interrogation methods. Most of it came from Malenov during the last days we were together and when, finally, he began to trust me.

What Losier told me, simply, was that Malenov had been subjected to intensive questioning. The interrogation had produced substantially more information than Malenov had offered in his original statement. Indeed, there was no doubt whatever that Malenov had attempted to conceal a considerable amount of valuable information which had only been extracted after "very rigorous" examination.

This, of course, raised the question as to whether Malenov had really "turned" or whether his defection might be some convoluted KGB plot to put an agent outside the regular surveillance Canada maintained on the coming and going of embassy officials.

But the fact that Malenov had tried to withhold information did not necessarily indicate that his defection was not genuine. Secrecy is to an intelligence agent what water is to a swimmer—

A SPY IN MY HOUSE

an agent cannot suddenly abandon it without abandoning his very identity.

Moreover, once a defector has told the other side what he knows, his bargaining power is eliminated. If the host government treats him well it is only to advertise the advantages of defection to other enemy agents. This is a tenuous basis on which to commit one's future. It is far better to retain something to use as a bargaining chip later if the host government is inclined to backslide on its undertaking.

What Malenov had asked for was fairly modest given the fact that he was running the most important group of industrial moles in Canada. He wanted Canadian citizenship immediately, with legal documentation and all entitlements. He wanted a modest pension, payable for life. He wanted relocation to an area of Canada outside the normal travel route of visiting Soviet trade and diplomatic personnel. He wanted a companion, preferably female, who would help him to avoid attracting unwelcome attention until he learned enough about living in Canada to avoid blunders.

The only exceptional demand that he made was that Canada arrange to introduce him to a "ranking" Canadian chess player and to use its good offices to induce this person to play Malenov. Apparently, when he made this request he handed the CSIS interrogators a hand-written list containing the names of five Canadian players. The second name on the list was Winston Spenser, my name.

Malenov's original statement to CSIS was admirably brief. It was, of course, greatly amplified during subsequent interrogation but there was no doubt right from the start that Malenov knew that the less he gave in his original statement, the fewer "hooks" his interrogators would have with which to extract information.

He was born the son of a Party member who had spent the war as a political officer in the Ukraine and had done such an exemplary job of eliminating pro-German partisans that he escaped the great Stalin purge after the war and assumed a senior administrative position in Kharkov.

Malenov was recruited by the KGB in 1968 while studying physics at the Kharkov Polytechnic. He was sent to the International Language Institute in Moscow where he studied English. He was then placed in a KGB establishment where he was taught tradecraft, then to another service institution where he was

given further intensive language training in English featuring American idiom.

He was then enrolled in the Moscow Institute of Physics, spending two years on sub-atomic particle theory. His first field posting was, ostensibly, as a trade official attached to the Russian Embassy in London. Here he worked mainly as a courier in the industrial espionage section, receiving material from a group of agents and conveying instructions and payment.

Later in this assignment he was involved in recruiting and started to learn how to identify prospects and how to compromise them so that they would serve Russia. He learned how to take advantage of human weakness to blackmail and coerce. He learned how to appeal to greed, to financial strain. He learned how to use the people who wanted only peace for their children but who were so often pathetically naive about how that might be accomplished.

He was sent back to Russia in mid-1975 and spent a further year divided between theoretical physics and tradecraft. He was then sent to the U. N. in New York and under a diplomatic cover ran a group of agents in U. S. Defense Contractors' plants engaged in nuclear weapon development. He was sent to Canada in 1982 after the FBI successfully penetrated the principal group he controlled. The KGB did not believe that Igor Malenov had been identified in the process, although Malenov personally believed that he had been compromised.

In his original statement Igor Malenov identified four Canadian firms that held contracts connected with the U.S. Star Wars project and five employees in these companies who were providing technical information to the Soviet Union.

In the deeper interrogation that followed, five more individuals were identified, involving an additional three companies.

Losier said that the information Malenov had provided was extremely valuable. Of the ten spies identified, three had U.S. Class Three Security Clearance while one had a Class Two. The Americans would have paid a handsome price for Malenov's story and the CSIS was troubled that Malenov had not tried to get a better deal for what he had to give.

"I am Russian!" he had said. "I do no business with the Yankees."

A SPY IN MY HOUSE

"But we are their allies. Isn't it the same thing?"

"Who did the security clearances? Was it not Canada? Will Canada now admit to its ally that its procedures are so bad?" Malenov asked. "Personally, I do not think so. I think you will get these people out of those plants but you will tell the Americans nothing."

In saying this Malenov had hit a raw nerve with the Canadians. The Americans already knew that a major defection had occurred and the CIA was putting extreme pressure on the Justice Department for access to the Russian agent. The Justice Department was denying all knowledge of such a defection since the Canadian Cabinet had already decided not to provide the Americans with access to him.

"Some day the Yankees may learn my business. But not from me and not from you, I think," he told them enigmatically.

CHAPTER TWO

I SUPPOSE I HAVE GOT A LITTLE AHEAD OF MYSELF IN telling what sort of deal Igor Malenov wanted to make with the CSIS. What should come first is the deal that the CSIS wanted to make with me.

The point was that Malenov seemed to be more of a chess fanatic than a Communist fanatic (although at the time this remained an arguable point in the collective mind of the CSIS).

The fact that one of his primary motives for defection was a desire to be able to devote time to chess—an objective which would be intolerable to his Soviet employer—was seen by the CSIS as a remarkable opportunity to place long term surveillance on Malenov. This they considered of primary importance because of the nagging worry that Malenov might not have been “emptied” during his interrogation.

If, indeed, he had somehow managed to go through the questioning without divulging valuable intelligence, it could only mean that he had been scientifically conditioned for it. This would mean in turn that the KGB had set up the defection and hoped to gain something extremely valuable for the costly information it was prepared to use to bait the hook.

Malenov's insistence on being located somewhere in the country where he could play chess against a worthy opponent did not look like a part of a possible KGB scenario. This conclusion was reached by the CSIS after establishing that the five ranking players on Malenov's list were strung out nearly across the whole width of Canada. With the choice left to the CSIS as to which of the players should be approached, it appeared most unlikely that his demand for a chess opponent was designed to put him in a particular part of Canada.

A SPY IN MY HOUSE

On the basis of this analysis, the CSIS saw a golden opportunity to position someone very close to Malenov who would not be suspected of being a CSIS agent because Malenov himself would have supplied the name.

There is no doubt whatever that my circumstances were tailor-made for the CSIS. I was living in a bachelor establishment with enough room for a "guest"; I had an income which allowed me to stay in the house all day; I lived in Fredericton which was scarcely on the beaten track for Soviet visitors; and I had the sort of chess credentials that Malenov fancied.

Losier ran over these points with me. I can recall some of the actual words that he used and perhaps I should repeat them so you understand why I agreed to forego my precious, if boring, privacy.

"To put it bluntly," Losier said, "we can't be entirely sure that Malenov has really 'turned'. He has given us a lot of extremely valuable and legitimate stuff, and he has undergone, short of torture, the most rigorous sort of interrogation we know how to give. But this does not guarantee that he is 'clean'.

"We need to stay on top of him; to know whether he makes any contact with anybody who might be conceivably connected with his past business. To try to do this with outside surveillance would be next to impossible. We do not have the manpower or the money.

"Our proposition to you is that you accept him right into this house as a paying guest, that you play chess with him and try to develop a friendly and relaxed sort of relationship. While you are doing all this, you keep an eye out for any unaccounted movement on his part."

"Shouldn't I steam open his mail and bug his telephone calls?" I asked sarcastically.

But Losier had a literal mind and the sarcasm was lost.

"If he's still on the Soviet payroll and up to something you can be sure that he will not risk making or receiving any outside contact while in your home. He will go for a walk and use a pay telephone somewhere or he will meet someone."

"So what do I do when he goes out? Do I put on my fedora and trenchcoat and dark glasses and go trailing after him?"

He caught the sarcasm that time and looked irritated.

"Naturally not," he said. "You will have someone to call here in Fredericton—your Aunt Doris—with whom you will have a

perfectly ordinary conversation. The call will be placed precisely twenty seconds after he leaves the house. We will do the rest."

"So that will be my whole role? Simply to watch this Russian's comings and goings and place a telephone call? It sounds not only boring but stupid as well. I don't think I want any part of it."

"Don't judge too quickly, my friend," Losier said. "We doubt very much that Malenov will be doing very much to-ing and fro-ing. Your major job will be to get him to relax with you and, eventually perhaps, to talk about himself a little. There is no one so lonely as a spy and no spy lonelier than one who has crossed the line."

"In some men the temptation to talk to someone becomes so strong as to be irresistible. We cannot make such a thing happen, of course, but we can try to set a stage so it might happen."

"So what you are really asking is for me to try to make Malenov like me and trust me so that his guard may someday drop and he will say something to me that I can use to betray him with?"

"That is not the most elegant way of putting it, perhaps, but it is essentially correct," Losier said.

"I think it stinks!" I replied.

"Perhaps so," he agreed, "but we should try to be clear about the situation. If Malenov is clean, your surveillance of him will do him no injury. On the other hand, if he's still on the KGB payroll, I don't think you can feel squeamish about spying on him, because that's precisely what he will be doing himself."

I saw his point and had to agree with it, even though the thought of spying on a guest in my own house ran against the grain.

Losier then talked financial arrangements. I was to make a "spontaneous" offer to Malenov to share my quarters at a cost attractive enough so the CSIS could recommend it to him. In addition to this relatively small sum, the CSIS would covertly pay me two thousand dollars for each month that Malenov stayed with me and a completion bonus of ten thousand dollars when Malenov eventually decided on other living arrangements.

While hardly destitute, my standard of living did not run to Caribbean vacations either, and the money was certainly an attraction. I would, however, have done the job for nothing—not because of patriotism so much as the excitement of being involved in such cloak and dagger matters. I even said this to Losier, risking a retraction of the financial offer, but he just gave a wry smile and said:

A SPY IN MY HOUSE

"Don't worry about taking the money—you will earn it the same way a lion tamer earns his pay—by being locked in a cage with a wild animal."

The first real fright I experienced concerning the thing I was getting into now struck me.

"I hope to God he's a friendly animal," I said.

Losier said, with what I felt was a monstrous disregard for my position:

"Oh, I suppose we'll find that out, sooner or later."

I did not find that remark in the least comforting.

When I write this report now, of course, I have the benefit of having more information than I received from Losier that first day. When he had reached the point of telling me what sort of job the CSIS wanted me to do, and what they wanted to pay for it, I was still not clear about how they viewed Malenov.

I raised the matter with Losier at the time.

"Look," I said, "you tell me that Malenov held back some names when he made his statement and that you only got them later against his will. Then you say it is normal for agents to hold something back for "insurance" purposes or, simply, because they can't bear to give up all their secrets.

"Then you say you still can't be sure he has given you everything: that the possibility exists he may still be on the KGB payroll and that they were able to condition him somehow so that he could go through interrogation while concealing his mission."

"That's a fair summary," Losier said.

"Well I don't understand it," I said. "If it is normal for an agent to try to 'save' something for the future, and if you carried on the interrogation for several weeks after you got the last piece of new information without getting anything more, what makes you think he may be a double-agent? Would the KGB give you ten good agents in seven different plants if they didn't have to?"

"Maybe not. It certainly would be hard for them to do, unless they figured they had most of what they were ever going to get from them."

"Is that possible?"

"Unlikely, maybe, but not impossible. You see, when a big defense research project is started, no one has answers — just

questions. If you look at the Manhattan Project—the one that resulted in the atom bomb—the U.S. started down three quite different theoretical paths. A lot of research was done before Oppenheimer's team got the nod. At that point the other avenues were abandoned and all the bucks were placed on Oppenheimer.

"The Russians, as we now know, had quite a few people inside that project—not only in the Oppenheimer stream but in the other two major avenues of approach. Probably two thirds of their espionage effort was wasted, but the other third was priceless.

"The thing that really bothers us with Malenov's list of agents is that there is no reference whatever to a certain Canadian subcontractor who is on the leading edge when it comes to subatomic particle aurae research."

The term baffled me.

"Come again?" I asked.

"I'm no physicist," Losier said, "so what I am telling you is only the briefing CSIS has given us, not much of which I understand. What the Americans are after in their Star Wars research is the application of Zero Mass Energy—that is, energy not associated with the conversion of mass into heat, light or electromagnetism.

"Apparently, at the sub-atomic level there are aurae associated with certain particles which represent energy not generated from mass.

"The U.S. Defense Department may have started to concentrate its research activity in this area—I guess because any weapon they plan to deploy in space has to be of minimum weight and to require a minimum weight of fuel.

"Anyhow, all this theorizing goes beyond the point which, simply, is that a Hamilton engineering firm, Ryan-Barnes Ltd., is the Canadian company most involved in this sort of research yet is the only defense contractor here that Malenov did not mention."

"Could this be because they don't know how important Ryan-Barnes is to the project, or, alternatively, because they know but have failed to place an agent?"

"Yes. Either of these reasons is a possibility—maybe even likely. At the same time, we would feel a hell of a lot happier with Igor Malenov had he given us someone in Ryan-Barnes and left out half of the remainder," Losier said.

It was approximately at this point that I agreed to do whatever CSIS wanted. Losier was clearly relieved and, at the same time, quite obviously pleased with himself.

A SPY IN MY HOUSE

He went on to say when he thought they might bring Malenov to Fredericton and how I should handle the interview when the time came.

As Losier stood at the front door about to depart he said:

"By the way, I understand that you have a friend by the name of Evelyn Winters with whom you spend some time?"

I felt a flash of anger, his comment reminding me that my life had been placed under some bureaucratic microscope without my knowledge and consent.

"Is that CSIS business?" I asked.

"I just raised the subject because we feel our friend Malenov might be something of a lady's man. I don't know whether I would trust him alone with a charming young lady like Miss Winters."

"I guess Miss Winters is old enough to look after herself," I said, with more conviction, perhaps, than I really felt.

CHAPTER THREE

LOSIER'S REFERENCE TO EVEY AT THE CONCLUSION of our first meeting raised a subject which occupied my mind for some time after he had left.

Without putting too fine a point on it, Evey had dropped some pretty broad hints from time to time that she might like to be asked to move in with me. That being the case, I suddenly realized that she would not be happy to learn that I intended to bring a stranger into my home and thus preclude the possibility of issuing her such an invitation.

She could be damn awkward when she felt like it and I suspected that this would be one of those times.

I don't want to represent Evey as an unreasonable person. If one of us were to be judged unreasonable it would not be she. But I was placed in the position by the accursed Official Secrets Act of not being able to be straight with her. It could only be expected that she would be hurt when told what I intended, if I could not provide a satisfactory explanation of my motive.

She would consider it a slap in the face and Evey was the type of girl who, if slapped, is likely to haul off and hit you with a baseball bat.

You will understand therefore why I was not in any hurry to talk to Evey about having a house guest. I do not want to make myself out as a coward but rather as just a sensible man who would as soon take his lumps tomorrow as today.

Anyway, I did not dwell on the Evey matter because so many thoughts started to run through my mind about the ramifications of the decision I had taken.

A SPY IN MY HOUSE

I had lived alone (more or less) since university days. When I lost my leg there were quite a few people who seemed to think that I needed someone around the house to look after me. It was at this point that the idea of being on my own became particularly important to me as a demonstration of my independence. I am not saying I particularly enjoyed an empty, companionless house—I probably did not—but I liked the idea of it after I was crippled.

The thing I had to face now was not just having a stranger, an alien, living cheek by jowl with me, but one who had been a part of an organization as vicious and dangerous as the Gestapo.

Whether Malenov had "turned" or was still a Soviet hood, it was certain that he would be someone ingrained with a complete indifference to human life, if not actually a trained killer himself. This guy would be prowling around my house while I slept behind an unlocked door. I would be alone in the house with him night and day.

It struck me at this moment just how little I had thought about such matters while Losier was conning me with his carefully contrived peepsight into the covert world of international intrigue.

As I lay in my bed that evening I tried to visualize what the monster might be like. Losier had told me precious little about him, I now realized. If Malenov had been in university twenty years ago he would be approximately forty. Losier said he was a big man. If he was a lady's man he was probably in decent shape and might even be handsome in a Slavic sort of way. If he had spent those years in Britain and the U.S. his English might be fairly good, particularly since he had had special language training.

I tried to think of anything else, specifically, that Losier had said to describe Malenov. I could not bring anything else to mind. I fell asleep thinking how much his name sounded like "malevolent," and when I dreamed it was of a big man in a black cape chasing me across a frozen field. I was desperately hopping on one leg while he was laughing and gaining on me.

I woke in a great sweat in the early hours. I smoked several (doctor-prohibited) cigarettes which Evey had left in the house, while bitterly regretting the decision I had given Losier. I even toyed (but very briefly) with the idea of calling Evey and asking her to come over. I was that upset.

This report is about Igor Malenov and, I suppose, how his affairs have affected the lives of Evey and myself. Tangentially, of course,

it touches on the CSIS and on various people involved one way or another in the seemingly endless contest between west and east.

What this report is not about is the game of chess, which must surely be the dullest subject imaginable for all but a handful of the game's fanatics. Yet having said this I must warn the reader that it will be necessary, at one stage in this report, to make reference to a specific game which I played with Malenov because it contained a clue which led, eventually, to a better understanding of the reason for his self-imposed exile.

Therefore at this point I should draw a very general analogy concerning chess so that the reader will have at least a vague idea of the general nature of the contest. My best shot at this is to say that chess might be likened to an arm wrestling contest, where the brain substitutes for the arm.

The first similarity in this analogy is that a real contest is possible only when the opponents are of roughly equal strength. The second similarity is that, while things may appear rather static for long periods, the game moves from one crisis to the next as the lunge of one player is met by the steel and counter-lunge of the other. Both contests feature a gradual attrition of the players' strength so that victory is often as much a matter of will as of any other element.

I will, of course, offend the true chess player by referring to the game as a form of mental arm wrestling. There are those who regard chess as symphonic music, others who see a moving mosaic of intricate form and beauty or the perfect symmetry of a mathematical equation. I do not wish to get into a philosophic debate over such perceptions—let the reader imagine what he will. I only wish to convey that you cannot play chess without feeling the naked contact of an opponent's mind nor without engaging in a primitive struggle of wills. There is no other sort of contest, to my knowledge, which so ruthlessly pits the forces of one's intellectual resources against those of an adversary except war itself. For chess is, first and foremost, the oldest war game.

A day or two after the little Frenchman had returned to Ottawa, Evey showed up. She had been up in Campbellton attending to some business that was part of her responsibility in the Department of Social Services. She did a fair amount of travelling

A SPY IN MY HOUSE

in her job and it seemed to me that when she returned from a trip, no matter how short it was, she liked to give herself a sort of homecoming party.

Sometimes she would persuade me to take her out for dinner but, more often, she would simply show up at the door with a piece of meat and a bottle of claret and invite herself in for a self-cooked meal. Frankly, I liked this about Evey. She rarely called ahead to give me time to think up reasons for not wanting company. Most of my other friends had long since been discouraged from asking me out after a series of rebuffs. I think I started to become a bit of a recluse in the early days after the accident when I hated people looking at me. It eventually became a habit to say "no" to invitations until, inevitably, few people continued to issue them.

I am not sure, even to this day, whether Evey consciously adopted her drop-in-unannounced ways to get around my reflex mechanism or whether it was simply her style. Whatever the answer, the effect was the same—Evey was about the only person in Fredericton whom I saw regularly and often. If she were not around I guess I would have been classified as a *bona fide* hermit until Malenov arrived.

When she showed up this particular evening I was suddenly confronted with the dilemma of not knowing what I could, or could not, say about my future domestic arrangements because of that damned Official Secrets Act. I mean, I couldn't hide Malenov in a closet when he arrived nor, I am sure, could the Canadian Government expect me to keep everyone out of my house. So what could I say about Malenov that would not be an outrageous lie and still not reveal the fact that he was being protected and hidden from the Soviets by Canada?

Evey was not like the postman or the garbage collector. She had an interest in me and in my domestic arrangements. She was also a good bit smarter than I was and an expert in identifying untruth when it emanated from the lips of one Winston Spenser.

The little twerp from CSIS had done nothing to provide me with a cover story and now, with Evey on the doorstep, I realized I needed one before I raised the subject of my guest-to-be with her.

I do not recall having said very much about Evey to this point. She is a tall girl who is not embarrassed by her height and wears

high-heel shoes most of the time. With these on she stands pretty well nose to nose with me and I am a six footer.

She is only a year younger than I and, being largeboned, is no longer a candidate for the front cover of *Vogue*. Still, she has the posture and shape that make heads turn when she walks into a restaurant.

Her best feature is a rather full mouth over a set of good, straight teeth. It is her best feature because it generally carries a smile and there are only a few hearts around (like mine, perhaps) which are stoney enough not to be affected by it.

I guess she is a bit old for it, but she still wears her hair long, perhaps because she was blessed with a natural wave that pushes it forward along the cheek. I might describe her hair colour as muddy blonde although, no doubt, there are more charitable terms for it. (Not that her hair is unattractive—just that it is neither blonde nor auburn but something in between.)

Evey has wide-spaced, honest-looking eyes. Perhaps whoever wrote that eyes are the mirror of the soul learned that fanciful lesson from Evey because, whatever her failings, Evey is certainly honest.

There's not too much point in dwelling on the physical description of Evey because such things are rarely as significant as a person's character. The trouble is that while it is easy to tell how someone looks, it is much harder to describe what someone is.

Maybe the fact that Evey does Social Work is some lead-in to her character. I won't say she bleeds for people—she is hard-headed enough to believe that a lot of misery in this world is self-administered—but she believes in the principle of loving thy neighbour and being thy brother's keeper and walking the extra mile and giving not receiving. In short, although she does not often keep a church pew warm, I think Evey lives her life the way most of us are encouraged to, but rarely do.

She is also a girl who likes strong drink, enjoys sex, smokes cigarettes, and swears in both official languages. There are probably other things in her character which you may consider anomalous but these facets will probably arise later in this report. For now, you have as good a picture as I can draw for you of Evey. Perhaps, a few months ago, I might have rounded this off by suggesting what her objectives in life were, but this is no longer possible.

A SPY IN MY HOUSE

As you have already surmised, I am a person who values privacy and, no doubt, so did Evey. Yet I cannot explain the Malenov thing without making some reference to the way things were between Evey and me. I think she would forgive me for this, and understand why I had to lift the lid on a part of our private lives.

I knew Evey long before the accident. I am not going to say that we were headed for the altar, but that may have been the case. We certainly saw a lot of each other and became very close.

After my mother died and the house was sold in order to pay the small bequests she left to my sister and me, I rented an apartment "up on the hill." Evey, who lived with her mother, practically moved in with me. Unfortunately, such arrangements can cause distress in a place the size of Fredericton and the unhappiness of Evey's mother soon spread to Evey herself.

I guess if I had asked Evey to marry me at that time it would have met her mother's approval, but I did not. There were probably more reasons to get married than not to, but just then I was feeling trapped by my job, trapped by Fredericton, and even, perhaps, a bit trapped by Evey herself.

Anyway, everything changed with the accident. Evey did what she could to see me through the bad time, and I managed to reciprocate by hurting her any way I could. Her mother, a lovely, kindly lady, began to resent me for the injury I did to Evey but even that opprobrium failed to improve my behaviour.

I do not want you to think that Evey is one of those spineless types who are prepared to take any amount of abuse from a man so long as a relationship is not severed. The reason she did not turn away from me, I am sure, was because she understood how deeply I mourned the loss of my wholeness and believed that I would stop punishing her as my own hurt subsided. It was a loyalty born of both understanding and optimism. Even as I railed against her, I knew how unworthy I was of her support. Maybe this is the very reason I was so unkind to her. In my new and sudden vulnerability, it probably occurred to me that I could not survive without it.

Anyway, putting aside such amateur attempts at psychoanalysis, our relationship did slowly improve after the accident. Then Evey's mother died and Evey went through a period when she needed something from me. I think, at least for a while, this brought me out of my own grief for the life I had lost and got me focusing on

another person's troubles. The result was that we managed to build a new relationship which, while terribly different than the former, at least was not that of nurse to patient. I am not pretending that the new relationship was a fulfilling one for either of us, but it did bring some comfort—even cheer—back into our lives.

So that is where we were when Evey came over after her trip to Campbellton. When she got her coat off she came into the kitchen with me and kissed me firmly on the mouth. When I treated it like I always did—as no more than a friendly greeting—her eyes clouded for an instant and her shoulder shrugged almost imperceptibly. I wanted to take her in a giant bear hug and squeeze her hard enough to make her understand that I was happy to see her. But, as ever, I was nervous as to where that might lead so I did nothing.

"Good trip?" I asked.

"Pretty good. The road between St. Leonard and Campbellton was slippery going up, but fine today."

"I hate bloody winter," I said. "I sometimes think of you bashing about up there in a snowstorm, risking your neck so some loafer can get a bigger Welfare cheque to spend at the tavern. I hate it."

She laughed. We had had innumerable discussions along such lines over the years and she had long ago given up trying to educate me on the subject of the needy.

"Talking about loafers," she said, "have you started anything for dinner? I've brought a couple of chops which I will volunteer to cook but the vegetables are strictly your job."

I said I would cook the meat and took it out onto the little rear deck that overlooks the river. It was as bleak and cold then as it is right now but I managed to get the charcoal lit in the barbecue and placed the chops on it as my teeth chattered. How different it was in summer when we would sit out here until the last afterglow of sunset was gone, sipping our coffee and watching the river sweep to the sea. There were kind times in the year and hard ones. There were also hard times in life and, only perhaps, better times.

We ate in the kitchen and she asked me about my week. I wanted to say,

"An agent from the CSIS came to call and asked me to take a Russian spy into the house so I could babysit him." I would have liked to watch her face.

A SPY IN MY HOUSE

Instead, I said I had been thinking quite a bit about my way of life and thought it was about time I found something useful to do.

Immediately she started to radiate. I do not mean a big grin or some happy exclamation, but I could see her eyes shine and it occurred to me only then that she must have been worrying about my idleness for some time.

"What have you got in mind?" she asked.

"Well, hell, I am a teacher and I am also—or was also—one of the top two hundred chess players in North America. Maybe I could put the two things together—make a few bucks helping other people get their game up to competition level."

"Do you mean like starting a chess school here in Fredericton?" she asked.

I pursed my lips and pretended to give the question serious thought.

"Uh, no—I don't think that would work. I wouldn't want to work with young kids, even if there were enough of them who wanted to learn, and there certainly would not be enough adults interested in it to get a school going."

Her eyes immediately clouded.

"You're not thinking of moving, are you?" she asked.

"I don't think I would have to move," I said. "What I have in mind is to advertise myself as a tutor for serious players—to provide a sort of one-on-one intensive training programme for people who are serious about international competition."

"Do you think there are many people who could afford that sort of help?"

"Probably not," I admitted, "but then I am not looking for a bunch of students, only one—or, at least, only one at a time."

"Where would they live if they didn't come from Fredericton?" she asked.

"Hell, I don't know. The rich ones might stay at a hotel. The poor ones would stay at a boarding house or with friends if they had any here."

"The beautiful young blondes could stay right here with me," I added, with a flash of genius.

Evey tried to maintain her initial enthusiasm but I could see it was a struggle because she did not believe in such a far-fetched scheme.

"It's terribly exciting," she said, "but won't it be awfully hard finding clients?"

J. KENNETH LANGDON

"Maybe not so hard as you might think," I said. "Remember, anyone serious about chess will subscribe to one or more publications. I think I could advertise this very cheaply in Canadian and American journals and reach pretty near everyone who might be a prospect. At least, I think it's worth a try. Don't you?"

I think I saw her hesitate for a fraction, but perhaps she did not. In any event, very quickly she said:

"I certainly do!"

At that moment I knew I had the ground prepared to bring Igor Malenov into my home. Perhaps Joseph Stalin would turn in his grave to think of a former KGB agent being passed off as an American chess enthusiast, but I was fairly sure, if Malenov's American idiom was any good, I could pawn him off on Evey and Fredericton as an American immigrant. After all, weren't all Americans immigrants?

CHAPTER FOUR

ABOUT THREE WEEKS AFTER LOSIER LEFT TOWN feeling proud of himself, I received a call from a man who identified himself as Daniel Logan.

He asked if he could come around to my house to discuss some matters a colleague of his had raised with me three weeks earlier. I agreed.

When he arrived at the house I could see immediately that he was cast in a very different mould than Losier. Although dressed in stuffy, rather rumpled, business attire he nonetheless had an indefinable quality about him that suggested something military or constabulary. He projected a force field of some type and, although he was not particularly large, I knew at once that he was particularly tough.

Once he got seated in my living room he gave me a conspiratorial grin:

"No second thoughts about having an ex-spy under your roof?"

I had to return his grin. It would be hard not to.

"Second, third, fourth and fifth thoughts," I said, "but I need the money."

He laughed.

"Don't we all! But I'm not so sure there isn't an easier way to make it than taking the KGB into the family circle."

He stared at me rather intently, as if inviting me to express the reservations I had. (Maybe "challenging" would be more accurate than "inviting.") Anyway, it would be embarrassing to act like a wimp in front of a man like Logan and I decided to keep my reservations to myself.

"For two thousand bucks I'd take Attila the Hun in with me," I said.

His grin disappeared.

"You just might be doing that, you understand?" he said seriously. "In our business there are no guarantees. The individual we want to put in your house may be squeaky clean—we hope he is, and think he is. But even if that is so, this fellow is not fresh out of charm school. He has done things that decent men would not even like to think about. Even I, who am paid to think about them, can get sick to my stomach doing it."

"Do you understand what I am saying?" he asked.

"I understand what you are saying but I am not sure why you are saying it," I said. "Do you want me to weasel out of the deal?"

"That's the last thing we want, Winston. The very last. The reason I make a point of the fact that Malenov is a trained Soviet hood is to make you understand that a man like that is always dangerous."

"He's practised blackmail, extortion, coercion and bribery. He has stolen, lied, cheated, and conned. He's broken people, betrayed people, and probably even murdered people. All in a great cause, no doubt, at least from a Communist viewpoint. But you don't do things like that as your everyday business without becoming a certain type of person. Malenov might have had his fill of being an agent, and his fill of Mother Russia's KGB, but that does not mean he has suddenly changed into being an altar boy."

"I'm saying this not because I want you to back out of the deal but because I want you to know whom you are sheltering. It could save your neck. You never know."

He leaned back in his chair as if to convey that he had now done his duty and the rest was up to me.

"You've just scared the shit out of me!" I said.

"Good! Excellent!" he exclaimed. "That is exactly the way you need to be to start on this adventure—scared shitless and never forgetting for a single minute that, however charming our Russian friend acts, he will always be part rattlesnake."

He offered me a cigarette and his eyes flicked to my hand as I held it up to my mouth. I hoped he would not see that it was shaking.

"If that is what I get if Malenov is a legitimate defector, what do I get if the guy is still on the KGB payroll?" I asked.

His eyes seemed to harden for a second or two and I noticed

A SPY IN MY HOUSE

how the muscles bunched up in his cheeks.

"You don't want to know," he said.

I shrugged. I thought he was right. I didn't want to know.

"Where is Malenov now?" I asked.

"He is right here in Fredericton with my partner. They're looking at apartments. The ones they are going to see will either be too expensive for him or they will be places that would make a Welfare worker puke," he replied. "By the time we bring him along to introduce you, your house is going to look like the Governor's mansion to him."

"Who makes the proposition to him?" I asked.

"That's the tricky thing," Logan said. "We have to be careful not to take the lead—either you or we—since he would immediately suspect that we have made an arrangement with you. Field men spend their lives trying to figure out things like this and get the wind up over the slightest possibility that they may be walking into a set-up. We just have to hope that he will raise the subject—either with you or with us—about the possibility of moving in with you.

"To improve the odds on this we are telling him we can't find a live-in housekeeper for him, which is something he requested. He will be worrying about how tough it may be to stay hidden when he has to go out and buy groceries. There are a dozen people a week that contact the average household—telephone solicitors, canvassers, door-to-door salesmen, garbage men, postmen, city employees, neighbours, you name it—and Malenov is wondering right now how he is going to handle all of them without one of them starting to wonder about him, and talk about him. This will be heavy on his mind right about now."

We then discussed exactly how Malenov's visit to my house would be handled. It was agreed that I could take him upstairs on the pretext of showing him the chess computer, giving him the opportunity to note in passing the spare bedroom that had never been used since I bought the house.

I was to be friendly but just a trifle condescending as befits a ranking chess player when being asked to play by an unranked player. Logan advised me to show little curiosity about him other than in his chess background, on which subject I could be as inquisitive as I liked (again, as would be the normal tendency of a ranking player).

"What sort of cover story am I going to be told?" I asked.

"What you know is that Malenov is an important Pole who, for reasons that were not explained, is being given special help by Immigration to locate in Canada. That makes me, Springer, and Losier all Immigration officials.

"This cover is what you use when talking to Malenov. You will also let him know that you understand that for reasons of his security, the Immigration Department is giving him a Canadian identity so that, as far as your dealings with anyone else, you will represent him as a Canadian.

"What we have worked out with Malenov is that he will pass himself off as a disenfranchised Doukhobor from inland B. C. who has come to the Maritimes to get as far away from the sect as he can. We have given him quite a bit to read about the sect and its personalities and a lot of local colour on Cranbrook and vicinity. Of course, he couldn't pass himself off as the genuine article with a real Doukhobor, but that hardly matters here in the Maritimes. Otherwise, it makes for a very simple cover that should work just fine in a place like Fredericton. Once he says he is from an obscure religious cult, the good people of Fredericton are likely to take no further notice of him.

"What do you think?" he asked.

"I think it's all right," I said, "in the sense that it covers his accent, his language, his lack of knowledge about the Maritimes and, possibly, Canada. I think, too, that you are right in estimating that this background won't excite too much curiosity from people around here. The only thing that bothers me about it is the chess side of it."

I then went on to explain how I had set the stage as far as Evey was concerned. To do this I also had to give Logan some idea as to how Evey fitted in to my life.

When I finished he winked at me.

"Not bad!" he said, "not bad at all! I think we're going to make an undercover man out of you sooner than you think!"

"There should be no problem with the Doukhobor cover. If Malenov moves in with you he is simply a Canadian who saw your ad. He sold his farm in B. C. outside the sect and got out before they burned him out. He's got money, he's interested in chess, he's got nothing to do, and Fredericton sounds like a good place to do it. It's perfect!"

"I'm not so sure Evey will believe it. She's a pretty well-read girl as well as someone who is sizing up people all the time. I wonder

whether she will buy the idea of a hardworking farmer selling up only to spend a chunk of the proceeds on chess lessons," I said.

"You forget one thing," he said.

"Which is?"

"It will be Malenov who will do the selling, and he is pretty convincing!" Logan said.

We were discussing a few other matters related to the way I should deal with Malenov when I suddenly thought about his false identity.

"I assume you are not going to establish Malenov here under his real name and let the KGB find him by simply looking him up in the phone book?" I said interrogatively.

"No, of course not," Logan said, his mouth twitching.

"What name will you use?" I asked.

"Igor Malenov," he said laughing.

It took me a moment to digest his answer. Then I smiled.

"In other words, I know what you want me to know," I said.

"Well, that's close. You know what we think you have to know. In this business it is usually what you know, rather than what you don't know, that gets you killed."

About this time I realized how much Logan had changed my outlook on the Malenov affair. I liked the man and trusted him. While he had gone to considerable lengths to let me know how dangerous a business I was getting into, his candour built my confidence rather than the opposite.

"Well," I said, "I guess I am as ready as I will ever be. When will you bring the brute over?"

He glanced at his watch.

"I am to meet them in an hour and thirty-five minutes," he said.

"Before I do I have a favour to ask you and a job to do."

I raised my eyebrows.

"I want to place a couple of bugs," he said. "One in the room where you will play chess with him and one in the dining room."

"Isn't that dangerous?" I asked. "If he finds one of them he is going to know that I am on your payroll or, worse, he is going to think that his former employer has found him."

"The risk isn't that great if I have enough time to do it right. He would need to get sweepers in to find them and, if he did, we would know whose payroll he was on."

The thought of having hidden microphones in my house gave me the creeps, but it never crossed my mind to refuse him. He was

J. KENNETH LANGDON

the sort of fellow who, somehow, had the knack of getting you on his side and keeping you there.

I shrugged my shoulders.

"You know what you need to do. Go ahead. Just keep the blasted things out of my bedroom!"

Logan chuckled.

"I bet out of every thousand of these things that are installed world-wide, at least eighty percent wind up in a bedroom. It's usually the place where people say things they don't want other people to know about.

"If Malenov moves in here, he will go over his own bedroom with a fine tooth comb. He'll probably do it every few days, just to be sure. When he doesn't find what he is looking for there, he probably won't take a serious look at another room."

Nothing Losier had said about Malenov nor, especially, nothing Logan had said, had prepared me for the actuality of the man. I was stunned by him.

The three of them came to my door—Logan, his partner, Keith Springer, and the Russian.

Springer was a big fellow, Logan was fairly tall and well-muscled, but Malenov alongside them made them seem like a couple of schoolboys. It wasn't just because he was taller and bigger (although he was that) but because he seemed to radiate a very strong force that was at once both a physical and a psychical phenomenon.

People talk about the "presence" that certain public figures project—an ill-defined aura that seems to cling to them and make a prime space for them in a crowded room. Malenov had this characteristic. I could feel it even as he stood on the doorstep before entering my place. When he stepped into the small foyer which he made smaller by his very size, the effect was so strong I felt intimidated by it.

But this was not the only surprise. When he shook hands with me and smiled I could not believe he was a Russian. He was a true Hollywood prototype, albeit of a generation before mine. The American cliche of manliness circa 1940, "tall, dark and handsome," fitted him exactly. He was a dimpleless Carey Grant until he opened his mouth.

A SPY IN MY HOUSE

"I am so honoured to meet you," he said, his Russian accent carrying a trace English inflection, despite his schooling in the American idiom. "I have studied several of your games. I like very much to play with you but, of course, I cannot promise you good competition."

"Actually, when someone from Mr. Logan's office phoned me a couple of weeks ago to see whether I would play a few games with a visitor, I thought I would have lots of time. However, my plans have changed since then—I'm planning to go into a small business—so I may not have as much time as I thought," I said.

I watched his face fall and caught the quick look of disappointment (and probably anger) which he flashed at Logan.

"Mind you," I went on quickly, "these plans have not finalized as yet and I don't mind having a game or two with you to see how we get on. I have to tell you, though, I will not play the game and instruct. If your game is not competition quality, neither one of us will enjoy playing—and I don't like to do things I do not enjoy."

His eyes, which were large, brown and as soft as a doe's, registered pain.

His voice dropped and some of the vitality which emanated from him seemed to evaporate suddenly.

"I have been in stressing time just now," he said. "Very hard. Maybe I do not play my best but I try. I like very much to play you. I like your game. It is like some of the old masters. Crafty. Not just technik"—that is the way he said the word. "I like very much."

I pretended to let the flattery sway me. Actually, it was not pure pretense—I had always enjoyed inordinately anything nice said about my style. I fancied myself as a creative player, not a computer with fifty thousand moves in the memory bank.

"Well, we can see how it goes," I repeated. "It may be some time yet before I start my little business so we may get in some good games before all that."

"Please? This business you start is here in Fredericton?" he asked.

"Oh yes," I said. "Right here in this house."

"When shall we start?" he asked.

"It doesn't matter much to me," I said. "Tomorrow or the next day, whenever you like. I'm always at home."

Logan broke into the conversation.

"I hate to break this up," he said, "but we still haven't found a

J. KENNETH LANGDON

place for Mr. Malenov to stay and we had better get along."

"Perhaps you could spare a minute or two for me to show Mr., uh, Malekoff, my computer set," I said.

"I like very much to see!" Malenov said, rising.

He liked the den right off—\$19.95 curtains and all. He picked up some of the chess journals that littered the room.

"I read, too, but not so much I think."

He splayed a large forefinger on one of the journals displaying a nail too well manicured to belong to any Doukhobor farmer.

"This is best," he said, referring to the leading U.S. journal.

"If you don't read Russian it is," I said.

His big, soft eyes glanced away from the paper and met mine.

"When they call you from Logan's office about me do they say who calls?" he asked.

"Immigration," I said. "Said you were a Pole whom they were going to assist to settle somewhere in the Maritimes. They didn't tell me why they were giving you the red carpet treatment."

A funny look came on his face and I had a terrible feeling that I had blundered somehow although, so far, I thought I was telling the story the way Logan had rehearsed me.

"Red Karpek treatment?" Malenov said. "What is meaning, please?"

"Red carpet. You know—when an important person arrives, say, at an airport and a red carpet is rolled out to the aircraft for the visitor to walk on."

"Ah, yes, I understand you. You think Immigration boys do too much for Polish man who comes to Canada, I think?"

"No, I don't mean to say they are doing too much for you. I only am saying that they did not tell me why they are treating you this way."

"Good. Now we have something to talk about later. I tell you everything. It is interesting story," he said.

I showed him the computerized set and he was quite familiar with the type and not terribly interested in it.

"Everyone has computers, even poor Poles. That's O.K. Very useful machines. But for game like chess, I say 'no'. No good. Not for sport. Not for good time, enjoyment."

I had to agree with him but was still somewhat miffed that my \$450 investment was dismissed so cavalierly.

"When you play competitive chess it helps to have something for training that gives you a consistent quality of play," I said.

A SPY IN MY HOUSE

He gave me a quick, friendly grin.

"I shoot off my face too much and know nothing," he said.
"Please excuse."

I grinned back at him and found it easy to do.

"No sweat. Everybody has a right to an opinion—and to be honest with you, I largely agree with what you say."

We went downstairs where Logan and Springer were talking hockey in the living room. They had their coats on, ready to go.

I was not sure whether Malenov had spotted the spare bedroom during our trip upstairs. Sometimes, when one is going up or downstairs with a one-legged man, one is apt to be so concerned about the inevitable difficulty he demonstrates as to notice nothing else.

Anyway, I felt I had done about everything I could. If Malenov did not take the cheese in the trap it was the CSIS's problem, not mine.

Malenov put his coat on and the party moved into the foyer which scarcely could hold the four of us. Malenov turned to me.

"If I am not rude bugger," he said, "tell me please what is your business?"

"I have no business as yet," I said. "I live on a sort of pension."

"Excuse, please. I mean the business you will start soon."

"I have put advertisements into *Chess World* and *The American Journal of Chess*, offering to prepare serious players for major tournaments."

"How you do this?" he asked.

"Well, they would come to Fredericton—not more than one or two at a time—and I would work with them on both theory and play. Get them used to playing against strong opposition while they fight the clock—the same way they do it in Russia."

"You have been to Russia?" he asked.

"No. The closest I ever got to that was an invitation to play in Helsinki. I was accepted and had the money saved but then I got into a car accident that summer and that ended it all."

"July of '82?" he asked.

"Yes. That's right. Did you get there to watch?"

"Oh, no. No chance for fun. But I read about it. Of course I read. Very good tournament except Russians win everything."

Then he grinned at me and said,

"If you go then different story eh? Canada wins everything. Ha! Ha! Ha!"

I grinned back at him, liking him.

"Damn right!" I said.

Logan opened the front door and went through it, followed by Springer. Malenov started through, then stopped and turned back to face me.

"You want much money for lessons?" he asked abruptly.

"I'm not giving you lessons," I said, "just a few friendly games which will be my pleasure to have with you."

"No, no," he said impatiently. "I mean the Americans who come. Will it cost them much?"

"No. I won't charge them too much—I just need a little extra money to help with expenses," I said.

The conversation frightened me now because I certainly had not been coached by Logan on this line of questioning. At the same time, I felt that Malenov was negotiating something with me—whether chess lessons or accommodations I could not be sure.

"Hokay! Very good. But I freeze house down. I go. We talk more. Hokay? Thank you."

I watched him through the glass in the door as he headed toward the nondescript little Chevrolet that was parked at the curb. He climbed in the back seat awkwardly, having trouble ducking his head enough to clear the door.

I waited to see the car drive off but it just stood there, the exhaust gas white in the cold late autumn weather. I could make out Springer's head swivelled around from his position in the front passenger's seat, talking to Malenov. Logan must have been at the wheel.

Five minutes passed, then ten. I could not stand at the door, spying on them forever. I went into the living room and turned on the big colour television set. (It is only a twenty-inch screen but I use the word "big" in a relative way, the set in the den being a fourteen-incher.)

A few minutes later Logan and Malenov arrived back at the door.

"Mr. Malenov has a proposition for you, Mr. Spenser, but he asked me if I would do the talking for him since he is concerned that he might phrase something badly and somehow give offense."

"He doesn't have to worry about that," I said, "but if he wants you to talk for him, of course that's fine by me, too."

"Mr. Malenov understood you to say that you were looking to

A SPY IN MY HOUSE

make a small income from chess lessons to help meet some expenses."

"Yes. That is what I said. I also tried to make it clear that I was not asking him for anything to play chess with me."

"Oh yes. Mr. Malenov understood your very kind offer and much appreciates it." Logan said, and Malenov beamed across the room at me to reinforce the expression of appreciation.

"What he wonders is whether you might be interested in providing a home for him here with you for a considerable period of time—perhaps a year or so? He would like very much to have such accommodation because he does not know much about living in Canada and feels he may have some difficulty at first living alone. Of course, he is quite willing to pay whatever amount you feel might be reasonable."

"Hell," I said, "I don't mind making a newcomer welcome by playing a game of chess with him but I am not in the boarding house business. I would want to think about this damn hard. I have my own life to lead and I can already think of half a dozen adjustments I would need to make—and I'm not sure I'd like any of 'em."

"Well if you say 'no' then 'no' it is. But Mr. Malenov—Igor—thought that the sixty dollars a week he would be prepared to pay for lodgings, plus half the cost of the groceries, might be some help to your budget. Besides which, of course, he would split the cooking and housework chores with you, right down the middle and be available anytime you needed a chess opponent."

I started to laugh and Malenov, relieved, started to laugh in sympathy.

"You have sure thought this out!" I said directly to Malenov. "I hate to have to get a meal ready three times a day and it might be nice to be able to split this chore with someone else."

"But sixty dollars a week is only three thousand a year. You are asking me to give up a big chunk of my privacy for a very small amount of money. I think we need to talk about that some more."

I was, of course, trying to convince Malenov both of my reluctance and yet of my need. I figured I would move him up to seventy dollars, then yield reluctantly.

"Hundred twenty dollars!" Malenov said. "Is enough—very good deal for you, I think."

Logan stepped in quickly.

"I don't think Mr. Malenov is yet quite used to our currency and living costs. I suggest to you both that a fair figure might be eighty dollars if you are giving Mr. Malenov his own room together with the full run of the house."

Malenov turned up his palms, as if to apologize for his emissary's meanness. I smiled at him.

"Mr. Logan's right, Mr. Malenov. One hundred and twenty would be a rip-off and eighty is about right. The only thing is, I'm not sure I want to do it. I'm certainly not going to give you a decision today."

"Mr. Spenser, would you mind very much if I had a private conversation with Mr. Malenov? There is a bit more to all this than we have covered with you and I'd just like to get his permission to tell you something that may make a difference to you."

Before I could give my assent Malenov broke in.

"No need for private talk, Logan," he said. "Tell this man everything if he says he will keep private."

Logan looked startled. Either he was a consummate actor or Malenov had really surprised him. I could not guess which.

The rather farcial thing that followed was the invocation of the Official Secrets Act all over again while Malenov, former Russian spy and breaker of our official secrets, sat and nodded his head in approval.

Logan then told the same basic story that Losier had, except that he said Malenov was a Russian diplomat, not a KGB spy, and he of course omitted any reference to CSIS's worries about his genuineness.

He summed up by saying, "Well there you have it, Mr. Spenser. Igor here has jumped the wall to freedom and Canada wants to make sure he is well hidden from his vengeful government and can lead a quiet but decent life in this country. You would therefore not only be assisting a human being who is at some risk, but also someone who has been of real use to Canada in identifying some problems in our security. You would be helping out Canada as well as Igor."

I pretended to think about it.

"I guess I can't turn you down," I said to Igor, "but I hope you don't turn out to be a lousy cook!"

CHAPTER FIVE

I HAD ASKED LOGAN THAT THEY GIVE ME A DAY OR two to make ready to receive my paying guest. Logan, however, pleaded with me to take him in immediately so as to avoid having to check him into a hotel and run the risk, however small, that a trail would be left that might someday be scented and followed by his former employer.

Since the conversation was held in front of Malenov, I was forced to guess whether this was what Logan really wanted or not. I could only presume it was and therefore agreed.

My desire for a delay was genuine. I had wanted time to further prepare Evey for the reality of Malenov. Though bound by the damnable Official Secrets Act, I had hoped to work out something with my new employer which would allow me, if not to tell the whole story, to at least tell something to Evey which would stop her from taking the Russian at the face value of the currency which the CSIS was circulating.

The way the thing was engineered I had no chance to make a private deal on this with Logan. Springer had simply gone out to the car and carried in Malenov's luggage, dumping it on the floor of the foyer. The next thing, he and Logan were shaking hands with the Russian, then with me, and three minutes later had stepped out of our lives.

I felt a trickle of sweat move between my shoulder blades as I watched the two of them start down the front walk. I felt like the prisoner in solitary confinement who suddenly sees his cell door open and a homicidal maniac pushed through it to keep him company. I truly felt fear.

J. KENNETH LANGDON

I did my best not to let any of this show on my face as I turned from the door and smiled weakly at my paying guest.

"I guess we're on our own now, Mr. Malenov," I said.

"Please, not Mister. You call me Igor, hokay? Is much better. More friendly."

"Sure," I said, "that's fine by me. Much easier. And my first name is Winston—some of my friends call me Win."

"I am rude bugger to say, but Russians do not like name Winston. Too much like Churchill who hated us." He laughed loudly.

I felt like telling him that my surname, Spenser, was phonetically akin to Churchill's third name and that my first and second name, (which was Leonard) had been chosen by my father who had a vast admiration for one Winston Leonard Spencer Churchill.

Instead I could only shrug.

"You will meet quite a few people on this side of the water who fear and dislike Russia," I said. "Try not to let it bother you. You will soon find out that the hostility is toward the government of Russia and the communist ideology—not the people."

It was Malenov's turn to shrug, then to display a wide and infectious grin.

"I care damn all," he said. "No Doukhobor care damn all about Russia!"

He hit my shoulder with his big hand.

"We will be friends, Winston Churchill!" he said. "The hell to politics! We fight on the chess board. We friends in the kitchen! Ha! Ha! Ha!"

I took him upstairs then, carrying his smallest bag while he managed the two big suitcases which were obviously brand new and of Canadian origin.

We put the bags down on the floor of the bedroom. He took a long look around the large but spartanly furnished room, then pointed to the luggage.

"That is all for starting new life," he said. "Clothes, shoes, razor, cheap chess set. No picture, no book, no Soviet thing. It is new life, Winston, nothing from past. I look only ahead. I see only Canada. I do not look back. Hokay?"

"I think you are wise, Igor. A man cannot live in two countries and have two identities. When a choice is made it must be lived with."

A SPY IN MY HOUSE

He looked at me keenly, wondering, perhaps, if my words carried a hidden message of some sort. It struck me then just how careful I needed to be about phrasing things when talking to him.

"You say true thing," he said. "Very true thing."

That night I cooked a quick, rough dinner which Malenov ate with the single comment, "is good!" and after it, at my insistence, we went back upstairs and moved the small television receiver out of the den and into his bedroom, taking some time to disconnect the cable antenna and fish it around to the front of the house and through a hole that I had to drill through the wooden sash.

I think he was much pleased by my gesture. Later I was to discover that he was an avid television viewer—some would say an addict—with a particular taste for the endless police programmes that showed the worst face of our American neighbour.

In any event, at the conclusion of our joint labour over the television set, he thanked me very effusively and went off to bed.

For my own part, I felt completely drained. I had started the day as I had the past hundreds, wrapped in my own privacy and, if not wholly comfortable in my solitary life, at least not worried about my physical safety or concerned about where a chance remark might lead. Malenov's arrival meant strain—not just the sort associated with the need to cater to a guest's needs, but the type associated with becoming part of a covert operation where a single mistake might have the gravest sort of consequence.

When I finally turned in, sleep was impossible. I thought I could hear the big man turn in troubled sleep through the single partition that separated us. It made me conscious of my lost privacy and, more distressfully, of my compromised personal security.

Other thoughts crossed my mind as I lay there, listening. There was the matter of Evey and whether I really could maintain the lie I would have to start with. I hated the thought of it. There was too much history between us—perhaps even something more than history—to deceive her deliberately and, even, to place her in danger by reason of such deception.

Another matter that entered my head as I lay there was the construction that the good people of Fredericton might place on me taking in a male roommate. Bachelors over the age of thirty had to be careful to maintain a profile in their heterosexual

relationships or risk the suspicion of their neighbours. While I might feel that my track record with the fairer sex was sufficiently well-established, there might well be those who, out of malice or ignorance, would place a connotation on my domestic arrangements that would harm me.

It now became clear to me that every penny the CSIS gave me would be earned. No, "earned" is not the right word. The term is "paid for." I would pay for their benefices by selling my peace of mind and my integrity. I would earn their specie by selling out my relationship with Evey and by prostituting my self-respect.

And so, finally, I fell asleep that evening, filled with regret over what I had agreed to do and what it must eventually cost me. If life were a cassette, I would erase the last three weeks, thinking the loss of them a cheap price to pay for a return to serenity. But, of course, we all become involved in situations when, having passed a certain point, we cannot turn back. I knew as I lay there that the Malenov affair had sucked me into it and there was no choice but to try to survive it and to protect my friends from any of its consequences.

It must have been the evening following Malenov's arrival that I called Evey and broke the news to her. She did not sound ecstatic.

"A Doukhobor!" she exclaimed. "To live with you?"

I explained that he seemed to be a very decent sort of chap and was paying both for his lessons and for his board so that my bank account would receive a double transfusion. I added that he was not prepared to come to Fredericton for the lessons unless I undertook to put him up.

Evey clearly did not like the arrangement; yet, I suspect, at the back of her mind was that fact that it represented the first move I had made since the accident to change the passive nature of my life. She therefore said she was glad I had had such a quick response to my advertisement and she hoped it would work out all right. Ending on a slightly less sour note, she said I could always terminate the arrangement if I found I did not like it.

"If only you knew!" I felt like saying, but of course did not. I guessed that the day would come when Evey would see that I hated the set-up and would begin to wonder why I did not put a halt to it. But that would be a problem for tomorrow.

Naturally, Evey was curious about my guest and wanted to meet him. I put her off for a day or two. While I could not tell Evey about Malenov, I certainly could tell Malenov about Evey, so he would know how to behave toward her. I wanted him well rehearsed and fully aware that my goodwill and protection was dependent on his good conduct when dealing with her.

I raised the subject of Evey soon after I had spoken to her.

"Igor, you will soon discover that I do not have a very active social life any more," I said, "but I do have one very close friend whom I see fairly often. Her name is Evelyn Winters—but most people know her as 'Evey'."

"I think girl with name Winter must be very cold eh? Ha! Ha! Ha!"

"Well, I don't intend to get into all that," I said tartly. "I just wanted you to realize that I will have this friend dropping in from time to time and think it would be wise of you to avoid too much conversation with her since she is pretty sharp."

"Sharp? How you mean 'sharp'?" he asked.

"I mean she is quick and intelligent. She is a social worker and deals with people all day. She is pretty good at spotting a phoney."

"Is she pretty like she is sharp?" he asked, making a curvaceous shape out of the air with his big hands.

I hesitated.

"You can judge for yourself," I said, making no pretense of being friendly. "I should tell you, she doesn't like men coming on to her. She is a modern woman and likes to be treated like a person."

He eyed me with what may have been a twinkle in his eye although, to me, it looked more like a glitter.

"I think you try to tell the Russian bear 'hands off, please! My girl!'" he said, smiling.

I decided to be honest.

"I guess that's about it," I said.

"Hokay," he said, "no problem. When I can go out, I find nice little girls and bring you home some anytime you like! Is easy for Doukhobor! Ha! Ha! Ha!"

I could not help laughing along with him even while having the uncomfortable feeling that he was not at all put off by my rather schoolboyish warning.

I suppose the first meeting between Evey and Igor contained nothing of what eventually was to transpire between them, but it is strange how many times I have gone back to it in my mind and analysed each nuance, real or imagined, of the occasion.

Igor and I had played our first game of chess that day and I had had my first glimpse of the iron will and subtle slyness that underlay his bluff and friendly manner.

When Evey arrived we were still upstairs in the den, doing a post mortem on what had been a hard-played and virtually flawless game. Malenov, if not quite elated, was in high spirits because he knew that I had needed every ounce of ability I possessed to win and that, therefore, he had definitely captured my interest as a worthy opponent.

I went downstairs to answer the door when the doorbell rang but Evey was already in the foyer by the time I reached the bottom of the stairs.

"Hi!" I said. "Do you always walk into a bachelors' pad unannounced?"

It was a bad beginning for me.

"If I'm not welcome I can always go," she said.

"It's not a question of being welcome," I said as I tried unsuccessfully to give her a quick hug. "It's just that you might catch one of the inmates without his pants on."

"Really? How extremely interesting!" she said with heavy sarcasm.

We went into the living room and she fumbled in her purse for cigarettes. She looked across at me and I could see that she was very angry.

"Please don't be upset," I said. "It's just that certain things do change when there is another body knocking about. We'll get used to it in time, I'm sure."

"Are you?" she asked, unrelenting.

"Oh come off it, Evey, for Pete's sake! It's going to be a hell of a thing for us if we have started to fight about my business before you've even met my first pupil."

"Yes. I apologize. I didn't intend to drip venom on your success. It's just that your scolding turned me off. I'm not used to being met in the door like a vacuum cleaner salesman."

I reciprocated with my abject apologies and the waters were somewhat smoothed. Still, we both remained a bit edgy and our usual gossip seemed stilted and joyless.

A SPY IN MY HOUSE

Eventually she said, "Well, aren't you going to introduce your new housemate to me?"

I shrugged my shoulders. The way she used the word "housemate" might have been a deliberate attempt to provoke me.

"Sure, I'll give him a shout."

I went upstairs and looked in the den which was empty. I then went to Igor's door through which I could hear the television. I knocked, then opened the door on his invitation.

"Would you like to meet Evey?" I asked.

He grinned at me.

"Igor Malenov afraid her boyfriend punch in mouth. I stay here. Watch Yankees kill each other. Is very good!"

I could not help returning his grin.

"Evey said she would like to meet you," I said.

"What her boyfriend say?" he asked. "Does he say 'stay in damn hole, Russian bear,' like he say before?"

"Don't talk crap!" I said hotly. "I never said anything like that!"

"Very sorry. I understand so bad. Not mean to be silly bugger. Hokay?"

I shook my head at him as if to convey that I thought he was hopeless. Underneath, however, I was intimidated a bit by his self-confidence. I could sense how easy he thought it was to manipulate me.

I went back downstairs. I was seated when Malenov entered the living room, shrinking its already modest proportions by his very size.

I could tell from the first startled look on Evey's face that his size registered strongly on her.

As I struggled to get up out of the sofa, Malenov went directly to Evey and made a slight bow in front of her. I cringed, the whole thing being so continental and unCanadian.

"So you are Evey!" he exclaimed. "Winston told me you beautiful but he not say how much! How do you do? I like very much to meet you!"

Evey's eyes danced and she gave him the benefit of her white, even teeth in a nice smile.

"I'm glad to meet you, too," she said. Then, looking around Malenov to where I was finally standing, she said, "I think there must be some mistake, Win. Mr. Malenov looks like football might be his game, not chess."

"I write B. C. Lions and say I will play for them. They write back and say forty too old for play football. They say I should try billyards."

Evey laughed up at him. The smile was not going to go away. If anything, it seemed to be getting brighter.

"Are you really a Doukhobor?" she asked.

"Depend who you ask," Malenov replied. "In Cranbrook they tell you, Malenov not Doukhobor, he stinker. He antiChrist." He rolled his eyes drolly. "God help me from small town. Is nice to be in big city like Fredericton!"

Evey started to laugh.

"You think is funny to be kicked off place?" he asked.

"No," she said, trying to stifle her laughter, "it's just that I never heard anyone call Fredericton a big city," she said.

Malenov let his face fall.

"I make a silly bugger, eh? I know that. Fredericton not big city. Small city. But to Doukhobor small city is big city."

I will not try to recall the rest of the conversation but it pains me even now to say that, from the moment the two of them started their conversation, I think I could have gone down to the basement and neither would have noticed.

Malenov's quick bow when he met her had not, apparently, alerted Evey to the probability that Malenov was European. Perhaps people expected Doukhobors to produce strange manners, thus vindicating the CSIS's choice of the cover. At the same time, it was a point I should raise with Malenov later since another Canadian might not make the same assumption.

I felt both irritated and uneasy that Malenov had not been better briefed by the CSIS. At the same time, I had to admit that he had shown no hesitation in summoning up the spoof about the B. C. Lions nor in adopting the role of a someone straight off a farm amid the lights of a city.

He was certainly quick, our man was, with a neat ability to turn a question so effortlessly that the asker did not spot the evasion.

What bothered me more than both the lapse and his facile wit, however, was Evey's undoubted attraction toward him. I hoped I could lay this at the door of novelty and that it would quickly pass. I shuddered at the thought of having Malenov as a rival.

A SPY IN MY HOUSE

It is time now for a brief reference to the chess. You will understand as Canadians the difference between, say, a college football player and a professional playing in the CFL. The former may play with great spirit, passion and courage but these factors will rarely equalize the experience and technical mastery of the game that the professional must possess. As so it is with chess.

Malenov was a highly imaginative, aggressive, tenacious player. He possessed a very creditable grasp of the opening moves, denoting either formal training in the game or very considerable reading. But he was not a competition player. His game was one of tactics, boldly and imaginatively conceived, but lacking in the overview of the board from whence the winning strategies are derived.

I do not mind at all telling you that I had my hands full not only the first time we played but in many of the games which ensued. He played with an unrestrained ferocity backed by an unwavering will to crush his opponent. He was both deceptive and deceitful. When he captured a piece he was like a wolf into a fresh carcass, a ravenous light in his eye behind the studiously bland face. At these times I could feel the very hair on the back of my neck rise, because the love of the kill was tangible in the room.

I never played the game with anyone who became more intent than Malenov. His concentration was a physical thing—his fists clenching and the muscles in the side of his neck bunching with the effort.

Yet, like a chameleon, when a game ended in his defeat, he relaxed immediately and totally. His compliments seemed both sincere and pleasurable to him to make. He would joke at his own failure to recognize a particular threat. He became suffused with the satisfaction of having fought well.

Most chess players—most players of any game, I suppose—do not like to be beaten and will begin to resent an opponent who is able to win against them repeatedly. Malenov, however, never displayed such a reaction. He appeared always to be delighted when I put together a beautiful series of moves leading to his destruction. It was an endearing quality that he had, in a way, but nonetheless a little frightening because it was so abnormal.

I could not tell whether such reactions were the product of an iron self-discipline or whether they were a genuine anomaly in what was undoubtedly a very complex man. I could not tell; but

J. KENNETH LANGDON

both my instinct and my fear of him inclined me to believe that he would show me only that part of himself that he wished me to see.

I was, however, completely convinced after my very first match with him that his love of the game was a genuine passion. One might be trained to play as well as he did while having no love of the game, but no one could play with the passion and savagery he displayed without such a love.

I made a mental note to relay this information to the CSIS when I was contacted for my first de-briefing. How that contact would be made, or when, they had neglected to say, but I knew that it would come because, after all, had they not bought and paid for me?

CHAPTER SIX

PERHAPS A MONTH PASSED AFTER THIS FIRST meeting between Evey and Igor, during which the domestic arrangements in my home took on a smooth and even pleasant sort of rhythm.

Our days together took on a pattern. Morning was a time for routine housework, for outside errands, for personal leisure, for talk. The afternoon was given over to chess. The evening, following clean-up of the dishes, we spent reading or watching television or, on occasion, in entertaining Evey.

Malenov was an excellent housemate. He was a neat person who seemed to enjoy putting a vacuum cleaner through its paces as well as messing about in the kitchen making the simple sort of meals we both could cheerfully accept as regular fare.

I did the outside chores—going for groceries weekly, dropping off the occasional bit of dry cleaning or shopping for the odd item that was needed around the house. I always asked Igor if he would like to join me on these expeditions but he invariably declined.

"I see beautiful city, beautiful country later, when no one looks for Igor," he would say. "For now is better Russian bear stay in hole! Ha! Ha! Ha!"

I think because of his self-imposed imprisonment, the visits of Evey became increasingly important to him. While Evey might drop in any evening she was in town, she was almost certain to show up on Friday after work.

I began to notice that Igor would start to fidget and lose concentration during our afternoon game on Fridays and would cut short the post mortem of it so he had time to put on a fresh shirt and comb his hair before her arrival.

As for Evey, it may have been my imagination but I felt that she was visiting more often than she did before Malenov arrived. Certainly, she seemed to radiate more vivacity and cheer than I could remember for a long while and made no attempt to conceal the fact that it was as much for Igor's benefit as for my own.

I will not say I worried about the growing friendship between them; indeed, in many ways it was a pleasant and desirable thing that my girl did not object to my housemate and that we could spend time pleasantly "en trois." I had to keep reminding myself that the Igor that she and I were coming to know was not the real animal. He might appear to be an amiable bear but he had been trained to be the sort that can take food from you one minute and slash your jugular the next.

I was living with the misconception that I could at any time simply whisper the truth of the man into Evey's ear and thereby end the possibility of any involvement between them. This feeling of security was completely false and I have trouble now imagining that I could be so naive.

Still, despite the feeling that things were going fairly well, I decided that it might be wise to solidify the fact that Evey and I had the type of relationship that required some private time together.

I telephoned her at the Centennial Building (commonly known as the Glasshouse to civil servants) and miraculously caught her between the interminable meetings that seem to occupy her days.

"Could I interest you in a sumptuous dinner tonight out on the town?" I asked.

"Mmm, yummy!" she said. "What time?"

"What time is happy hour at McDonald's?" I countered.

"The wrong time," she said. "I think it's got to be the Maverick Room because I have been dreaming all week of eating a humongous steak!"

"The Maverick it is!" I said.

"What time will you boys call for me?" she asked.

"Us boys?" I queried. "I want you to know this is not an invitation from the army. Old Winston is the asker and you are the askee."

There was a hurtful pause at the other end of the line, then she asked, "What will Igor do?"

"I suppose he'll do much the same thing he did the other zillion Friday nights before he came to Fredericton," I said.

A SPY IN MY HOUSE

"Well, I suppose," she said, but her voice definitely registered disappointment, even displeasure.

The evening was not a success. When I mentioned to Igor that Evey and I were going out for the evening, he did not make much of an attempt to conceal his disappointment. His big brown eyes looked like those of a wounded bloodhound and he became uncharacteristically quiet and remote.

When Evey and I got to the restaurant, we found that there was entertainment in the form of a rather loud country music singer. We had to speak over the music and our conversation did not flow. Also, too much of it centered on our Doukhobor friend, as if he were the only interest we had in common.

I suggested a modified pub crawl after dinner but Evey pleaded a strenuous week and asked to be driven home. I remember thinking with some bitterness that if I had asked her over to my place for a nightcap with Igor and me, she would have accepted immediately.

She barely brushed my lips when I leaned over to kiss her goodnight.

The aborted evening left me with something of a problem. If I went home immediately Igor would certainly guess that the evening had not been a success and might even understand why. This would negate the principal reason for having asked Evey out to dine, away from Igor.

On the other hand, I do not think that I had gone out alone to any of Fredericton's watering holes since sometime before the accident. I just could not face the likelihood that, if I went somewhere to kill a few hours of time, I might run into old friends who would be very curious about my sudden re-appearance on the singles' circuit.

In desperation, I decided to make a rare and unannounced call on my Aunt Doris, my only living relative apart from my sister, who lived as an embittered widow in an elegant, sterile home "up the hill."

She was only mildly surprised to see me. She has bags of money and no one, I suppose, to leave it to except me. She seems to expect that I will work a bit at ingratiating myself, which is probably why I do not call on her more often.

Anyway, on this occasion I killed a couple of hours talking to her

and listening to her somewhat sour reminiscences. I think she got the impression that I had at last perceived where my self-interest lay and she did not spare me a litany of complaints that might have been worse to endure than would be Igor's satisfaction over an early return from my date with Evey.

However that may be, I left only when my watch told me I could do so with honour. I climbed into my car and shoved the key into the ignition.

"Don't be alarmed!" a voice said from the back of my small sedan, "and don't bother to turn around.

"Logan asked me to give you this," he said, and a hand holding an envelope appeared beside my face.

"You don't have to open it now—there's only money in it. Have you anything to tell us about your visitor?"

I told him quickly about my impression that Malenov's love of chess was a genuine thing.

When I had finished he did not comment, making me feel like I had simply been pushing data into a computer.

"If you need to contact us, simply call your Aunt Doris and tell her you need to borrow something—anything you know she has and will loan you. Wait twenty minutes, then get in your car and drive up here. Go in and get whatever it was you asked for. We will make contact with you when you come back outside. Clear?"

I nodded.

"O.K. For the other way around, you will get a call from your Aunt Doris saying that she needs you to run an errand for her.

"When you get such a call, drive up to the Fredericton Mall and park as close as possible to the Sobey's entrance. We will contact you there."

I was very glad to have these lines set up. I started to turn my head to thank him when I heard the car door close. I looked out the window and saw only a blurred, dark form heading down the snow-covered street. It was real spy stuff. It appealed to me as if I were still a kid, playing a game.

When I got home that evening the light was out in Malenov's room and I went quietly to bed. In the silence of my bedroom I thought I could hear Igor moving about in his room, but I may have been wrong. The house is not new and the timbers creak in the cold winter weather and the heating system adds its own complaint.

A SPY IN MY HOUSE

Still, before Malenov arrived, I never heard sounds in the night. I suppose my subconscious mind had long ago catalogued all the normal sounds of the habitation and paid no attention when the ear conveyed them. Now that same part of my brain would no longer accept these noises at face value, testing each one it received against some arcane criteria to see whether it might be false.

To put it another way, I was jittery from the first evening of Malenov's arrival and, now that I knew I had given him deliberate offense, my uneasiness was increased.

On the compensating side, the strange appearance of Logan's envoy provided evidence that there was at least one CSIS agent in Fredericton and that some sort of watch was being kept on my house.

I had assumed, when Losier had originally instructed me to phone my Aunt Doris to signal Malenov's departure that, somehow, the CSIS were monitoring her telephone. It occurred to me now how ludicrous that assumption was—it was virtually certain that the bugged telephone was my own and only delicacy had deterred Losier or Logan from mentioning it.

They had therefore known of my intention to go out with Evey and, even, where we were going. They must have followed me from the Lord Beaverbrook Hotel (which houses the Maverick Room) and decided to make contact with me only after I had left Evey. It was a good thing for the "tail" that I decided to visit Aunt Doris rather than a string of watering holes, since I have been known, in the good old days before my accident, to keep going until the last one closed.

As I say, there was some comfort in knowing that I was not totally alone in my job of keeping an eye on the KGB defector, but that comfort went only so far. I felt it would be a much better arrangement from my standpoint if I were the fellow hidden out somewhere across the street and one of the CSIS agents were here in the house with the Russian.

Not only would he be properly trained for the job (I assumed) but, also, he would not be handicapped by an artificial leg. If anything went wrong in the game which the CSIS had me playing I could not even make a decent stab at running away! It was like being recruited as a lion tamer and locked in a cage with the beast, only to find that you had not been given a chair and a whip.

I must return now to the subject of Evey and what was, apparently, a growing attraction between her and Igor.

Evey went to Toronto to attend a convention the week following our dinner date. From there she flew to Orlando where she stayed for two more weeks. I had the impression that she decided on this vacation at the last minute. She usually went to Florida in the winter, but in every prior year she had asked me if I were interested in going with her. This time, she had not even mentioned the trip when we were out to dinner together. The news was conveyed to me by a quick and rather curt telephone call just an hour or so before she left for Toronto. I felt more than a little hurt by it, not being used to what was now appearing to be a strong streak of independence on Evey's part, and a growing alienation from me.

I guess in all of us there is a reluctance to see someone who has been long committed to our welfare start to forge a new life in which we are not to play a part. It is as if we are misers who hold a certain asset without wanting to use it, but hating to relinquish it to others who might.

In this particular case, of course, I could rationalize my unhappiness over the waning of Evey's interest in me by reminding myself that she might possibly be moving toward Igor about whom I had lied and was continuing to lie. But there was another voice in me that told a different story—that I did not want to lose Evey, whether that loss might be to a Russian spy or to the Prince of Wales.

Evey came home from Florida with a nice suntan but with some dark rings under her eyes that did not advertise a happy vacation.

She came over to the house on a Saturday afternoon, bearing a large, duty-free bottle of Scotch and some excellent wine. Malenov, at first, was curiously remote. As a matter of fact, after Evey arrived at the house I had to call upstairs twice before he came down to the living room. Even then, he greeted Evey rather quietly and then sat back in an armchair, contributing very little to the conversation.

Evey certainly noticed Malenov's taciturnity and did her best to include Igor in the conversation. As I mentioned, she did not appear at ease herself, but she became more animated in response to Igor's reserve and, gradually, he seemed to warm up.

A SPY IN MY HOUSE

Ever since I lost the leg I have been fairly moderate in my alcohol consumption and had learned that Igor, as well, was no great toper. That afternoon, however, led by Evey (who I always claimed had the proverbial hollow leg) we nearly demolished the whiskey which was to the U.S. ninety proof standard, and therefore stronger than what we were used to.

I had been elected chef for the evening in question and had chosen to do a standing rib roast of beef, complete with shrimp cocktail, Yorkshire pudding, three vegetables, salad and dessert. My announced purpose was to give Igor a decent meal after too many "quickies" but there is no doubt at the bottom of it lay a desire to lay a peace offering at Evey's feet.

In any event, my self-imposed toil took me into the kitchen that afternoon and kept me there most of the time until I was ready to serve. Several times Evey or Igor came out to ask if they could help, or to replenish the ice bucket, and I realized that they were overreaching me a bit in terms of their consumption of alcohol.

When we lighted the candles and sat down to dinner we were a jolly threesome (albeit some more jolly than others) and wine was poured with a fine, full hand. Evey dominated the conversation at first, telling us of the convention and the highlights of her Florida vacation. Igor asked her many questions, conveying the impression he had never been to the U.S. (a damn lie!) let alone to Florida.

We were not at the table very long before I realized that I was not really a part of the conversation, apart from a few kind but conventional comments made on the dinner. Frankly, I think the two of them might have eaten oatmeal for dinner that evening and not have noticed.

Suddenly, with no connection I could discern to prior conversation, Evey looked at Malenov and said, "Were you ever married, Igor?"

He frowned at the wine glass he held in front of him.

"I have no woman," he said. "Once I had wife but she gone very long time before. Now Igor lonely man too old to catch nice young girl. Ha! Ha! Ha!"

"Do you have children?" she persisted.

"All men have children, I think. Some feed them and put in college; some say 'forget children, momma look after.'"

I knew he was baiting Evey, knowing that her work centered on single parent families where, usually, it was the man who did the deserting.

But Evey didn't rise to the bait. I think she had an instinct that Malenov was introducing a contentious subject simply to distract her from pursuing the line of questioning. It was at this point that she dropped the bombshell.

"You're not really a Doukhobor, are you?" she asked.

He threw his head back and laughed.

"Is always same!" he said. "Doukhobors so unbelievable people no one believes me. Sure I Doukhobor. You want I grow big black beard so you can believe? You want I burn down house of my friend Winston and walk around burning place without clothes?"

He gave her a huge grin.

"I do this for you if you want. No trouble! Big pleasure for me! Ha! Ha! Ha!"

I saw the fractional tightening of Evey's bottom lip which was her unique way of signalling that she was dissatisfied with an answer.

"I . . ." she said, then stopped. She looked at Igor and then away.

"It doesn't matter," she said.

I wish I could say that that was all that went wrong that particular evening. After all, it should have been enough that Malenov's cover should be questioned that quickly by Evey. Even though Malenov had handled the challenge so coolly, my blood ran cold when Evey showed her skepticism. I could not say exactly what I feared but, instinctively, I felt that her challenge was a threat to Malenov and that he was twice as dangerous threatened as when feeling secure.

But that was not the worst part of the evening. When the two of them showed no disposition to leave the table, I went out to the kitchen and started to wash dishes. Frankly, I was glad to get away from them for a few minutes to ponder quietly the consequences of Evey's sudden disbelief in my housemate's credentials.

I do not believe I am a very domestic fellow but I do have some compulsion to return a kitchen to a semblance of order and cleanliness after each meal. Once I start the dishes the tedious labour proceeds until completion, as surely as the rising of the sun. On this evening there were an extraordinary number of dishes, pots and pans, glasses and eating utensils. The job seemed endless.

A SPY IN MY HOUSE

Evey and Malenov had apparently taken their quarrel (if such is what it was) into the living room and I waited in vain for one of them to appear to take up a dish towel. When neither did so I felt as I suppose millions of housewives do if a family ignores this labour and fails to offer assistance.

In short, superimposed upon my acute uneasiness over Evey's questioning of Malenov, was just plain, petty anger over the fact that the two of them had stuck me with the dishes.

At last finished with the job, I went out to the living room with acid comments forming in my mind. The scene that greeted me, however, drove those phrases away forever.

Evey was sitting upright at the far end of the couch. She was looking down at Malenov who was outstretched on it, his head in Evey's lap and his eyes locked with hers. Evey's mouth seemed puffed and her lipstick was smudged.

The awful part was, even after I took a couple of steps into the room, neither noticed me. It was as if the two of them had slipped into their own time-warp and departed the world which I inhabited. I remember just standing there, feeling angry, hurt, jealous, outraged and, more than anything, scared. I realized that things had suddenly outdistanced me and I had a sinking feeling that the ground I had lost would never be regained.

Quietly I backed out of the room, returned to the kitchen. There my anger resurfaced and I started throwing pots and pans about.

Evey appeared in the doorway almost immediately with the big Russian behind her and towering above her.

"What on earth is wrong?" she asked.

"Why don't you just fuck off?" I said.

Evey's eyes filled with tears and she turned and tried to leave. Malenov, however, wrapped his arms around her and held her. Looking over her head he fixed those brown eyes on me—eyes that were no longer soft and sad but, rather, as hard as marble and glinting with a yellow fire.

"Is enough, Churchill!" he said. "Not good to talk like that to old friend." Then his eyes lost some of the flame.

He released Evey who ducked around him and headed back to the front of the house. Malenov stepped into the kitchen and stretched out his arms like a huge, crucified Jesus.

"We friends, Winston. We drink too much I think. You get mad

because you do everything—cut potato, cook, clean, wash, dry—everything. Not good for us. We must help you. We do not help. Very bad."

"Go to hell, Malenov!" I shouted, all the time realizing that he probably knew a dozen ways to kill a man instantly with his bare hands but, perversely, wanting him to fight so I could try to hit him.

He turned his palms up and gave an almost imperceptible shrug.

"Hokay," he said. "We leave this now. Talk about it tomorrow."

I stayed in the kitchen until I heard the front door slam. Then I went out through the living room, up the stairs and past Igor's bedroom to my own. I did not know whether he was in the house or had gone out with Evey and I did not give a damn.

It was only much later as I lay in bed re-living the living room betrayal scene, that I suddenly realized, if Malenov had gone out, I had messed up my first assignment as an amateur spy. And I didn't give a damn about that, either.

One might think that a quarrel such as we had that unhappy evening would change drastically the relationships between the three of us. Perhaps it did, but not in any overt way.

When I came down to breakfast the next morning Igor was already in the kitchen and he pointed to the coffee maker which was filled with a fresh brew.

"Drink coffee," he said, "make head feel more better. You are bad bugger for drink!"

"Hah!" I said, "look who's talking! Your liver must look like a piece of crisp bacon today!"

He shrugged.

"Russian knows how to drink. Never get cross. Never bully. Never fight. "Bloody Canadian drink one, two little drinks, start 'yah' 'yah' 'yah'. Like bloody hockey players. Fight fight."

He grinned at me, charming and disarming.

"How you like eggs? Put hole in shell so you can suck? Ha! Ha! Ha!"

"Scramble the goddam things," I said. "Make 'em look like your brains."

"Please?" he queried, not following the idiom.

A SPY IN MY HOUSE

"Never mind," I said, "I couldn't explain it to you this morning."

"Why not? Maybe some other brains got scrambled, not Igor's," he retorted, proving he had solved the meaning.

I decided not to continue the banter which was only serving to excuse him for his treachery of the previous night. I sat in sulky silence until he dished up the scrambled eggs along with some toast.

He poured himself another cup of coffee, having eaten before me.

"You want to talk about Evey?" he asked.

"No. I've got a few things to say to Evey but I'm not going to discuss her with you."

"That is correct. Very good. Private is private," he said.

I itched to say more. I wanted to tell him to get out. I wanted to tell him that if he so much as looked at Evey again I would shoot him. I wanted to threaten him with exposure, to tell him I would set the KGB on him. But I did none of these things.

I felt the CSIS had bound me with invisible cords of steel. I felt both he and Evey had betrayed me and would betray me further if I delivered an ultimatum. Most of all, I felt grossly inferior to him, not just because of the physical inequality between us, but because he had a force and ruthlessness about him I could not match.

So we did not talk about Evey. Instead, we resumed what had become a well-established daily routine except, out of petty revenge, I let him do the dishes unaided for three days running.

I also exacted another revenge. That Sunday afternoon we played chess and I used a very dangerous but obscure opening to panic him into a series of blunders that cost him a humiliating defeat.

Afterward he sat brooding at the board, replaying the game and cursing as he recognized the moves he had made which were wrong.

"You make cheap game, Winston Churchill!" he said. "This opening bullshit! In tournament you lose by move thirteen, fourteen."

"In a tournament I would be playing a master. I would never use that opening."

"But you use with me! You think I play bullshit!" he said angrily.

"I think you lack experience which means that I can surprise

you," I said. Relenting, I added, "You play very good chess, Igor, but you haven't played enough or read enough to recognize all the pitfalls of the game."

He was still angry.

"We play another game today," he said (despite an agreement between us that we would play no more than one game per day). "I show you something you not see before."

"Save it for another day," I said. Actually, I would have liked a second game because our first was so short and error-filled, but I was punishing him. If the lash curled back and cut the wielder of it, that was a price worth paying.

I did not hear from Evey during the following week and I was genuinely in a quandary as to what to do. I could hardly leave things with that harsh obscenity between us. Yet, if I managed somehow to repair the breach, might it not simply result in giving her the opportunity to deepen her relationship with the Russian?

I realized by this time that I was in the position of being a rejected lover. The sadness and depression I was experiencing underlined that it was no casual relationship that was ending.

At the same time, I was, and always would be, Evey's friend. Having led her into the path of danger, I might now be able to deflect her from it simply by giving her no excuse to come to the house.

I doubted that Malenov, whatever his feelings for Evey, would break his habit of remaining in the house and away from curious eyes. If Evey did not come to him, there could be no further development in their relationship.

So there was my dilemma—a compulsion to try to withdraw the insult I had offered her so that, at least, the memory of our long affair might not be left forever tainted—versus a dread that any move of mine to repair the breach between us might simply bring her back into the Russian's orbit.

Torn by indecision, I waffled through the first week and started the second without making contact with her. Each day I decided one way, then reversed it, then reversed again. They say that indecision is a form of madness and, if so, I was utterly insane.

On the second Tuesday the telephone rang as Igor and I were

A SPY IN MY HOUSE

having dinner. I went into the foyer where the phone was located (being permanently wired to the wall).

"Were you never going to call me?" Evey asked.

"Evey, I've sweated every day, believe me. It's a hell of a complicated business," I said.

"It's always been a complicated business with you, Win," she said.

"Funnily enough, Evey, the things that used to be complicated for me don't seem that way anymore. But there are other things. . . ."

I heard her sigh. I don't think it was a compassionate sound but rather something denoting impatience or frustration.

"Do you want to talk to me?" she asked.

"Yes I do. But perhaps not quite yet. I have to get my thoughts in order."

She was silent for a moment, then her voice came over the phone with a different, brighter, note in it.

"Okay," she said, "then maybe you would let me speak to Igor?"

"Do you have to?" I asked.

"Please!" The one word was peremptory.

I knew if I hung up the phone she would come directly over the house. Evey was not the sort of girl a man can manipulate. Yet calling Igor to the phone was like introducing a pimp to one's little sister, an act of extreme repugnance and moral outrage. I hated it, but I did it.

CHAPTER SEVEN

THIS REPORT NEEDS TO BE UNDERSTANDABLE OR there is no point in writing it. At the same time, there are private matters involved which are almost too painful to refer to. I have decided that I must say something about them—the barest sketch—and I do so with an apology for the lack of detail I cannot bear to provide.

You have already surmised, I am sure, that before I lost my leg Evey and I were lovers. I confirm this.

I would not paint that period of our relationship on a huge canvass nor in resplendent colours. Yet neither would I suggest anything casual or trivial in our connection. I believe that we loved as most fortunate people do; we experienced a profound joy, elation, fulfillment and contentment. Our affair developed slowly, quietly, even sedately. We were not Romeo and Juliet or Bogart and Bacall. Nobody noticed us (except Evey's mother) and we treasured our lovely privacy and anonymity.

We were healthy young animals at the time, Evey quite beautiful in her new maturity and I at least a whole man and in the prime of my life. Perhaps I should not speak for Evey but I believe that our physical relationship was as exciting and satisfying for her as for me—and infinitely more meaningful than the casual sex we may have experienced before meeting each other.

When I lost my leg, I did not at once think of the sexual consequences. There was the numbing trauma of the first week, then additional weeks of pain and desperation, then a longer period again of fighting to accept the mutilation and not to hate the hunk of metal and plastic that was my only route back to visible standing as a humanoid.

A SPY IN MY HOUSE

There was also, inevitably, the exhausting, draining matter of having to fight while hurt and sick for the compensation due me. One might think that lawyers do all that and a victim has only to wait for resolution, but I can assure you that it does not work that way. Certainly, in my own case, it seemed I had to produce every scrap of evidence that was ultimately used to pry a settlement from the hostile insurance company.

All through this terrible nightmare Evey was at my side, encouraging, scolding, loving and forcing me to fight. She was with me as a force and as a friend. She went right through the fire with me.

And, at the last, when it was as much "over" as it ever could be, I could not make love to her.

Yes, I did try to make love to Evey after I lost my leg, but it was the worst thing I ever tried to do and the worst hurt I ever inflicted on another person. This I cannot go into detail about, except to say that Evey had even more trouble than I accepting it. Perhaps she never did accept it. I cannot be sure.

I was mutilated by the accident, but not gelded. My sex drive was certainly reduced, no doubt from physiological causes as well as psychological since my new life was sedentary. But I still have needs that have to be satisfied.

I have an acquaintance in Fredericton (she will understand me not calling her a friend because there is but one dimension to our relationship) who also bears a handicap although one not so obvious as mine. We met by chance a couple of years ago and I have seen her since from time to time. What we give each other is neither love nor comfort but only simple transitory release from the prison of our bodies. It is not much, to be sure, and it will never be more. Still, we get through the weeks and the months and that is survival.

Now I have said all I can bear to say about such things. I had to go that far so you would understand the exceptional nature of Evelyn Winters and the burden which I had placed on her. I have to believe, if Igor Malenov had not entered her life at this time, someone else would have. There is an inevitability about such things. It is not tragic that she was drawn away from me, only that the magnet which drew her was as dangerous as it was. Of the

million men who live between Montreal and Fredericton, she had managed to find the most alien one of all.

If Malenov had been raised a Canadian and had been exposed, at least, to the concepts of honour and behaviour which are generally promulgated throughout our still benign society, I would be willing to forecast that Evey's influence on him would eventually gentle him.

But one can scarcely imagine the things imbedded in the deepest recesses of his brain. I do not refer only to what the KGB must surely have put there through its stern discipline and thorough indoctrination, but all the things absorbed from earliest childhood forward that are a part of racial memory reformulated to validate the Communist ideology.

Adding to the great chasm that lay between them because of cultural differences and indoctrination, was the question as to whether Malenov might still be employed by the Soviets and thus driven by an invisible and sinister compulsion.

Either way, it was entirely certain in my own mind that Evey could only suffer harm from knowing him and that I, by practising an unconscionable deception on her, had become a knowing instrument of this process.

It is perhaps unnecessary for me to add that Evey, in common with so many who work with the neediest in our society, tended toward a mildly socialist viewpoint in her politics. By this I mean that she saw government as the principal agent for change and betterment of the condition of man, and was mildly hostile to that part of our society devoted to self enterprise.

I do not mean to imply that she voted NDP or anything as radical as that in a place like New Brunswick, but she had no philosophical barriers to accepting a society managed by a vast bureaucracy, such as Igor knew.

I mention this point only to reveal that Evey did not have any philosophical aversion toward the superficially socialist nature of Soviet Communism. This, in my view, added to the danger of her growing friendship with Malenov. I felt, if and when he chose to reveal to her his true colours, the fact that he was from an alien and hostile system would not frighten her to the extent that it might others.

I suppose that I was headed for what can only be termed a crisis of conscience. I knew that I could not stand by, indefinitely, and

A SPY IN MY HOUSE

allow Malenov to deepen the hold that he apparently had on her. On the other side I had given my pledge—legally as well as morally—not to reveal Malenov's identity or the fact that he was being given safe harbour by Canada. I had even taken money as payment for such fidelity so that the CSIS had woven a web around me from which there was no escape with honour. The pieces of silver in Judas' hand could not have been more tainted than the hundred dollar bills that now reposed in an old tool box behind the furnace in my basement.

From my point of view there was one good thing about the present circumstances and that was Malenov's continuing refusal to leave the premises. This allowed me, I believed, to prevent their relationship from advancing to physical intimacy by the simple expedient of making sure I remained in the house any time Evey visited.

For visit us she did, making it clear in a dozen subtle but unmistakable ways, that it was Igor she wished to see and Igor with whom she wished to talk.

But I hung around like the proverbial bad smell, giving them no opportunity to spend more than five or ten minutes alone in each other's company. I think by the strictest standards of a Spanish duenna, my efforts as chaperone might have been worth an "A" or "A-" at the worst.

Normally a situation of this sort would not be tolerated by lovers and I would be told plainly that my company was not desired. However, the position was not normal. Igor could not afford to offend me and Evey would not, because of all we had been through together.

So while I held the lid on the can, so to speak, and a sort of fragile equilibrium was maintained for some months, I could tell by the way their eyes would suddenly lock, or their hands convulsively touch, that the mixture in the can was reaching an explosive stage. It would need only my absence at a time when Evey dropped in, for the explosion to happen. I could read the signs of physical desire on her face as clearly as if the words were printed on her forehead, even discounting all the other small signals in her laugh, gestures and body language. To an ex-lover, nothing is clearer than a woman's desire for another man.

As for Igor, he left no doubt in my mind that he also was poised like a fine-set trigger. At every opportunity he wooed her with his

laugh, his touch, his smile, his eyes and the very timbre of his voice.

I said earlier in this report that he was craggily handsome with a magnetism amplified by his size. These physical realities, when coupled with such open and devastating pursuit, could seem at times to almost overpower her, much as a teenager might react when a Rock idol stepped off the stage to touch her hand.

I am not painting Evey as a fool. Her challenge of Malenov's credentials had not been satisfactorily responded to and, while she had not reverted to it, I was sure her mind was not so fogged by frustrated passion that she was accepting Malenov on the credentials offered. She was not that way inclined.

But Evey was also a sensuous woman, and a sensuous woman deprived (as far as I knew) of sexual gratification for a long period. I could see her, therefore, setting aside her questions concerning Igor for such time as was needed to establish a bond of physical intimacy from which she might well assume would emerge the truth about his origins.

I might be only a one-legged retired teacher and onetime chess master, but I could be as crafty as a KGB agent when it came to protecting Evey from the Russian.

I knew it was only a matter of time before their mutual need would cause them to conspire against me for the purpose of gaining a priceless hour of privacy. I figured that out early, during one of the interminable nights I spent thrashing about my bed, with Evey in my head and sleep denied. I was alert to it, and prepared for it.

One morning over breakfast Malenov asked, "Going to buy groceries today?"

I replied that I was. We were out of milk and were eating the last of the bread that morning so it was not a deferrable matter.

"Is good," Malenov said. "Maybe same time you bring goddam toaster to place where they fix. No good like it is." (The toaster's mechanism to eject the bread automatically had not been working since Malenov had accidentally knocked it off the table the day before.)

"I pay for fix," he said. "I clumsy bugger who broke. I glad to pay."

"We don't try to get things like this repaired," I told him. "We simply buy a new one."

"Is crazy," Malenov said. "Elements hokay. Just metal piece knocked loose. I fix myself but you have no . . ." (he didn't know

A SPY IN MY HOUSE

the word for soldering iron) "no fix-it thing for that. Just take fellow one minute to do job."

Privately I was willing to bet that, assuming I could find anyone in Fredericton who would deign to do it, they would want to keep the thing in their shop for a week, to inflate the value of their service. I doubted that, in Russia, they would move even that fast.

If Igor were not a technical sort of fellow, I would simply buy another one and tell him that the old one was not repairable. But he had retrieved the little bi-metal component that triggered the mechanism and knew exactly what the problem was and how to fix it. I therefore just sighed and said I would see if I could find someone to do it.

As I was driving up to Sobey's, however, I remembered that Igor had been talking to Evey on the phone the previous evening and had seemed to go to greater lengths than usual to mute his voice so I could not eavesdrop on their conversation.

A sudden doubt assailed me about the extra errand Malenov had sent me on. Usually, grocery shopping took me an hour, but I would sometimes do a slipshod job of it and get through it in half the time. I thought it was possible, therefore, that Malenov had engineered the toaster mishap to ensure that I would be gone for at least an hour. He and Evey could well have made arrangements to meet as soon as I left the house.

No sooner did these thoughts occur than I put the car about and headed back toward the house. As I turned onto Woodstock Road I saw a small Ford, the colour of Evey's, a block or so ahead of me. I braked and opened the distance between us. As I came up to the block I live on, the Ford was parked in front of my house and Evey was going up the walk.

I tooted my horn as I pulled my car up behind hers, and she turned her head. Even at the distance that separated us, I could see her face beginning to flush.

"Hi!" I said, "what a nice surprise, and I almost missed you!"

I caught up to her on the walk.

"Left my blasted wallet in my other pants," I said. "I was halfway to the mall when I remembered."

She muttered something about just stopping off for a coffee and being headed for Woodstock. I pretended my delight and escorted her inside.

Malenov had the shirt on he wore only on grand occasions (i.e. when he expected Evey to call) and Evey herself was in a smart,

J. KENNETH LANGDON

newish sports skirt and blouse which I doubted was her rig-of-the-day when dealing with her Welfare clientelle.

I must say that the history of the world contains no coffee party wherein one guest was less welcome than I was that morning. The heads of Syria and Jordan could make the Israeli Prime Minister more welcome than Igor and Evey made me feel.

And yet I hugely enjoyed it. It made me feel, perhaps for the first time, that the Russian who was so highly trained in matters of intrigue and deception could, nonetheless, be outsmarted by a small-town boy. It felt good. Even while Evey sat there detesting me, it felt good.

Of course, I could congratulate myself as much as I liked, but I still knew that my intervention in their effort to come together was only a very temporary victory. There is no mightier, blinder or more insistent force in the universe than the craving of two people to become one. Short of shooting one of them or chaining each in a cell half a world removed from the other, there was no way I could stem permanently the tide of their passion.

Love, at least before it is satiated, is a river in full flow. You may build a dam in front of it but its waters will rise and overwhelm the barrier and run on implacably to their union with the sea.

As I say, I knew this even as I congratulated myself on frustrating their first effort to be alone. There was little doubt in my mind that Malenov's feelings for Evey were so aroused that he would risk anything to have her. I therefore expected that his next gambit would involve a stealthy exit while I slept, to rendezvous with Evey at some pre-arranged place.

I believe that Igor would have met with Evey on the steps of hell itself, if that were the only place the two could be alone. As for Evey, I can only say if Malenov would risk the steps of hell, she would walk through the very flames of it to be with him.

I knew I could not stop them, but like all men who lose a love to someone else, I had to know the truth. It is a devastating thing about the human mind that it can feel compelled to know even those things which, in their knowing, can only torture or dement.

I reasoned that Igor would not try to leave the house at night through the front door because it lay directly beneath my window. I decided I needed only to devise something that would let me know if the back door were opened while I slept.

The solution was childishly simple. While Igor was watching television in his bedroom, I touched the top of the door and the

A SPY IN MY HOUSE

jamb above it with a tiny drop of glue and joined the two points with a fine hair from my own head. It took less time to do than to tell about it, and it was all but invisible.

It deeply pains me still to recall the morning, not long after, when I discovered that the hair was broken. I cannot express the desolation I felt. It was as if I were the only person alive in a darkened world at the time the last candle flickered out.

I tried, of course, to believe that it was not Evey to whom Malenov had gone, but to some other, sinister meeting as might befit a spy. I grasped at this belief and tried to warm myself with it, but even then I knew it for a lie.

When Evey next called on us the first look she exchanged with Igor told the story as plainly as if she had thrown herself into his arms. The look was so appallingly graphic its effect on me was brutal; but Evey had no idea what havoc it caused. Indeed, I don't believe she even noticed my sudden departure from the room, so intent was she on the face of her new lover.

When I was a small boy I had a terrier who was weaned about the same time I was. He grew up with me and I took his love as much for granted as I did the bread on the table.

He died on the road when I was eight. I could not believe that a single, trivial second of inattentiveness would not be rescinded by a merciful God. I cried for many days. Even years later I might wake up and find my pillow wet with salt.

Eventually I made up my mind that I would not cry again. I buried both my father and my mother on Woodstock Road without a tear escaping.

When I saw Evey look at Igor I felt a burning in my eyes as well as in my duodenum. I would have cried, I know, had there been tears left to shed.

I am sorry if this report has taken on a mournful tone, but it is important that you understand that, for me, the union of Evey with Malenov was a matter of mourning, and may continue to be so for as long as I live.

Having said all that, despite the pain I felt, I could hate neither for what had happened between them. They were as captive to their emotions as I was to mine and could no more avoid hurting me than a locomotive can avoid crushing the rails beneath it.

Whereas, a short time before, I had wished Evey would not visit

J. KENNETH LANGDON

us, now I wanted the opposite. While they were with me, no matter how electric the tension, they could not be alone. It was pitifully little, but it was something.

CHAPTER EIGHT

I COME NOW TO MATTERS OF WIDER INTRIGUE whose danger threatens not just Evey and me but many more besides, throughout the world and on both sides of the evil curtain.

I should confess that by this time, which was nearly nine months after Malenov had come to live with me, I had reached the conclusion that the CSIS considered me no more than a babysitter.

They delivered money to me each month by suddenly intercepting me while running an errand, but even these incidents lacked the drama of the first time, and signalled me that the CSIS's unease about my visitor was starting to abate.

Perversely, such evidence of relaxation had the opposite effect on me. My feeling grew that something lay deeply submerged but seething in the soul of my housemate. Perhaps it was only the fact that he represented peril to Evey that convinced me he was evil, for I had no evidence to go on. Whatever was the psychology of the situation it was nevertheless true to say that I had not been so lulled by the friendly camaraderie of our bachelor life together as to relax my vigil.

The mistake Igor made—the first glimmer he gave me of something sinister—happened over a chess game. Therefore I cannot avoid making reference to the particulars of this game, as I warned you earlier would be the case. I will try to keep this as short and non-technical as possible but you must bear with me through this if you are to understand what follows.

You will remember my mentioning the game which followed the evening when Evey and Malenov first showed a frank interest in

one another. This was the game in which I used an unorthodox and unsound opening to surprise Malenov and win a cheap victory. You may also remember that he vowed, in anger, to "surprise" me in retaliation.

That threat did not immediately materialize and I soon forgot that he had made it.

In the game I now write about, we were at move eleven and Malenov's major pieces were not well developed although he was playing white and therefore was theoretically the attacker.

I chose (in order to pre-empt a square from his advancing knight) to advance by one square a pawn on the rook file of my castled position. While this is not generally a sound move, it is an acceptable one when the opponent's development does not promise an early concentration on the castled position.

As soon as I made the move I noticed that yellowish, wolfish glitter in Malenov's eyes. He pounced on the pawn in question by sacrificing his bishop.

With my castled position thus broken, I needed to play very carefully to bring to bear the advantage in materiel I had gained in the exchange. However, that is not a particularly difficult task for an expert player and I was able to prevent him from seizing on the opportunity he had gambled on creating. Eventually, he had to lose to my superior firepower.

After the game, as usual, he was able to enthuse over the competition I had offered him.

"You wonderful damn player!" he said.

He wagged his head in what appeared to be genuine admiration.

"Spartov very good player—grand master—he lose game to same attack!" Then, almost as if he were checking himself, he changed the subject, leaving something nagging in my memory.

It was not until I had gone to bed that evening that I started to piece together what was wrong.

I must break into this account for a moment to tell you that I have not always been the loner that I probably appear to be from what you have read so far. Before I lost my leg I think I had as many friends and acquaintances as the next man, some of them who tried to maintain a bond after I was hurt.

One of these people was Martin Hoffmeyer, the son of a wealthy stockbroker, who lived in Montreal and who devoted his life to chess.

A SPY IN MY HOUSE

He had gone to Helsinki at the time of my accident. When he returned he was kind enough to write me a chatty letter concerning the events at the tournament. It was mainly chess stuff, but kindly done and intended no doubt to reawaken my interest in both the game and the world around me.

What I was suddenly remembering was the fact that he had mentioned something about Spartov and a strange game Spartov had played against a Canadian. I could not recall exactly what Hoffmeyer had written because, when I had received his letter, my interest in chess and Helsinki and old friends (and even life itself) was practically non-existent.

As I lay in bed straining my memory, I was uncomfortably aware that my subconscious mind had latched onto something that bothered it and was striving to convey it to the other segment of my brain. It was a distressing feeling, as if I had developed schizophrenia and had to deal with two personalities within me.

Sleep was out of the question and I decided to get up, strap on the leg and go to root through the old packing cases in the closet of the den. I felt I may have kept Hoffmeyer's letter among the things I took back from the hospital after my accident.

I made no attempt to be quiet going past Malenov's bedroom door since I had long since learned that stealthy sounds disturbed him in a way that "normal" sound did not. At the same time, I hoped he would not become curious about my late night expedition to the den since I did not want to have to explain what I was rummaging in the closet to locate.

Much to my surprise, the letter in question was in a packet of notes and letters at the top of the first carton I opened. I skipped through it quickly, coming to the Spartov reference midway through the second page.

"Incidentally, the great Spartov lost a game to none other than our own Danny Hinkler. You won't see it written up anywhere, it being so unsound and all. Danny was cheeky enough to sacrifice a bishop for a pawn on KR3 and Spartov lost his cool and blundered. Anyway it must have brought out the flags in Stoney Creek, Ontario and set them at half-mast in Moscow."

I stuffed the letter into the pocket of my bathrobe and went back to my bedroom. I suddenly had the feeling that it was dangerous for me to have the letter although I was not sure why.

I think I was just about to fall asleep when I realized what was

wrong. Right back at the time of our first meeting, I had mentioned something about the Helsinki tournament to Malenov and he had told me that he had not been there. Now, today, he had tried to emulate a game which had been played there by Spartov and Hinkler.

Granted, it was always possible that the game in question had been written up even though Hoffmeyer said not. Possible but highly unlikely. Of the hundreds of games played in a tournament like Helsinki only a few dozen, at best, can be reported. Badly flawed games, unless they occur in the finals, are rarely reported. It was much more than an even bet, in my mind at least, that Malenov had been to Helsinki.

I went to sleep wondering why Malenov would lie about anything so innocuous. When I woke up the next morning the obvious answer was there in my head. Malenov had been on business while in Helsinki and it was business he did not want any Canadian to know about.

I felt terribly excited about Igor's slip and the sleuthing and deducing I had done as a result of it. At the same time, it did not seem like much with which to go to the CSIS. It sounded hardly earth-shattering to say that Malenov had been in Helsinki several years ago and had lied about it. I could hear someone like Logan saying "so?"

And yet I knew it was important. I don't mean I knew it as a process of logic but more as a type of phenomenon that happens in chess when you suddenly "see" a weakness that only comes into actual existence many moves later.

We had breakfast together as was our routine.

"I hear you bugger about last night," he said. "You feel sick?"

"No. Couldn't sleep. My right foot was cold." (It was my right leg that was amputated.)

He looked sympathetic, those large, soft brown eyes meeting mine.

"Don't worry, Winston Churchill. Not so bad to lose leg! I know man who get arse shot off at Volgograd. Had to shit through ear! Ha! Ha! Ha!"

It was always the same with Malenov. When we sat together and talked I felt relaxed with him and often he amused me. He seemed to be genuine in his friendliness and in his ability to empathize. It was hard to believe that he was the same man who

A SPY IN MY HOUSE

made so many of my nights sleepless and who, at the oddest moments, could make the hair suddenly rise on the nape of my neck.

I am sure any clinical psychologist who observed the two of us for a few weeks would be forced to the inescapable conclusion that it was I who was the schizophrenic, not the Russian.

We went about our business that day much as always. Since my surprise return that had broken the tryst arranged between the would-be lovers, Malenov was careful not to ask me about my plans for running errands. For my own part, I was equally careful not to give him advance notice of my intention to go out.

I decided on impulse to go out, not because shopping could not be deferred for another day or two, but because I felt the need to separate myself physically from Malenov while I tried to decide what to do with my new knowledge about Helsinki.

The other thing was Hoffmeyer's letter which I now believed was a dangerous piece of paper to have about the house. I had slept with it under my pillow the previous evening and had folded it over the waistband of my underwear when I dressed so it was now partly pressed against my bare thigh. I wanted badly to get rid of it before I did something careless with it.

I picked up some groceries at the mall then took the car to the service station. While my gas tank was being filled I went into the men's room where I burned the letter and flushed the ash down the toilet.

I then went back down the hill and stopped on Queen Street for a cup of coffee. As I sat there I tried to remember whether I had ever encountered Danny Hinkley at a tournament. I had a vague feeling that he might have played in one in which I had competed in Toronto, but I could not remember anything about him.

It was while I was sitting there that an inspiration struck me and I became excited. I seemed to recall from my geography-teaching days, that Stoney Creek, Ontario was situated close to the city of Hamilton. Losier had told me originally that one of the important Canadian contractors to the U.S. Star Wars project was located in Hamilton, Ontario. Was it too far-fetched to wonder whether the same Danny Hinkley might be connected somehow with the

Hamilton contractor, Ryan hyphen something-or-other?

I thought about this for a few moments and decided, if nothing else, it provided a reasonable excuse for using the emergency contact procedure to arrange a meeting with my employer. I would suggest to them that they check with the Hamilton contractor to discover whether Hinkley was an employee or otherwise connected with the firm.

With this plan made I returned to my house and spent a few minutes putting away the groceries. Igor had finished the breakfast dishes and was busy putting through a wash. I told him I was going to go out for a few minutes to pick up a recipe I wanted to borrow from Aunt Doris.

"Why you not find Russian woman for recipe?" he asked. "New Brunswick woman know to cook potato, cook fish, cook figglehead. Know nothing else. Same like damn British. Know damn all for cooking. Ha! Ha! Ha!"

"The word is fiddlehead," I said, "which is a rare and delicious delicacy much too fine for the coarse Russian palate."

"But do not despair, Igor. In time our wonderful New Brunswick cuisine will become a part of you, and you will emerge a cultured man!"

(The worst insult you can offer a Russian is to suggest that he is "not cultured" so I was skating on thin ice with this banter.)

"You go hell, Churchill," he said good-naturedly. "New Brunswick woman mix ikra with peanut butter and put on hot dog. Cultured like my ass!"

I guessed 'ikra' probably meant caviar in Russian, but I didn't want to question him about that and lose an advantage he had just given me. Instead, I said, "I'll tell Evey you said that!"

He grinned at me slyly and, once again, I could see the little flecks of yellow in his eyes.

"Evey different!" he said.

I had set the stage well enough with Malenov by then so I went to the phone and called Aunt Doris. She was more than a little mystified to learn that I needed to borrow a recipe for Shepherd's Pie, but readily agreed to give me one. (Aunt Doris maintained a vast file of recipes, as carefully indexed as a college textbook.)

I left the house exactly twenty minutes later and drove directly

A SPY IN MY HOUSE

to her house. Aunt Doris wanted me to come in and have coffee with her but I pleaded another errand and simply took the recipe from her at the door.

When I returned to my car I noticed a blue Chev parked fifty yards up the street, its right flasher on. As I looked, the car moved slowly away from the curb and turned right at the intersection. I put my own venerable machine into gear and drove up to the same intersection and turned right. I then followed the Chev over to Smythe Street where it turned left and proceeded to the end where Smythe enters onto the Trans-Canada Highway.

The car travelled along the highway for less than a mile, then turned into the parking area opposite the Tourist Information Bureau. When I pulled in alongside the Chev, I noticed the driver's window was down, so I reached over and rolled down the window on the passenger's side of my car.

"Just stay on your own side of the car and talk to your windshield," Keith Springer said.

I was made nervous by the silly (I believed) cloak-and-dagger routine and I let the story of Malenov's lapse at the chess board tumble out of me. Springer did not ask a single question nor did he even seem to glance my way. At length I concluded my spiel with the suggestion that Danny Hinkley be checked for a possible connection to the Hamilton contractor.

"You may be on to something," he said finally. "We will check him out with Ryan-Barnes right away."

"Incidentally," Springer said, "it's a lucky coincidence that you made contact with us today because we were going to have to contact you anyway."

"Oh?" I inquired.

"One of the boys back in Ottawa did a little work on the list of chess players Malenov had given us to contact. It turns out that one of them is a Hungarian refugee who had three members of his family killed by the Russians during the uprising. He wouldn't let a Russian over his doorstep. A second one on the list is almost as violently anti-Soviet, the nearest thing we have in Canada to a John Bircher and a guy that figures Jesus was a communist for feeding the poor. The third man on the list is a tremendously busy fellow, wrapped up in half a dozen community groups and who plays no "social chess" whatever. The fourth name suggested gave up the game entirely four years ago after being eliminated in the opening

round at the U.S. Midwest Zonal Tournament.

"Are you telling me that Malenov needed to be here in Fredericton, and set you up for it?" I asked.

"That's the way we read it," Springer said. "What sticks out is that the thing looks more and more like a highly planned exercise—the sort of thing an individual doesn't do without the help of an organization."

"In other words, you think he's still KGB?" I asked.

"I wouldn't say that is the official CSIS opinion just yet, but if you're looking for a personal opinion, I wouldn't trust that son of a bitch with the egg money! I think he is as dirty as they can get.

"I think I better tell you that you can contact us in future simply by lifting your phone receiver and saying what you want. You will hear the dial tone but we have it filtered out at our end so don't feel that your message is not getting through. If we need to talk to you (providing we know Malenov is out) we will simply ring you back," he said.

"How do you know Malenov hasn't bugged the line, too?" I asked.

"We know—and every day we check it all over again," he said.

Of course it was only coincidence but less than a week after I had contacted the CSIS about the Helsinki matter Igor approached me with what was a startling proposition. He did so after we had finished our dinner and were drinking coffee together.

"How long I am with you, Winston?" he asked.

I did a quick calculation (i.e. I divided the sixteen thousand dollars that were presently sitting behind my furnace by two).

"A little more than eight months, I think," I replied.

"No Russian come to door to ask for Igor? No telephone call to see if stranger live here?"

"Not that I know of," I said.

"You think Igor hided very good?" he asked.

"Well, nobody has come and shot you yet," I said. "I suppose you are either well hidden or else nobody gives a damn."

"You say damn true," Malenov said. "If KGB know I am here they shoot me long time before. They know nothing these buggers!"

"I agree with you," I said.

A SPY IN MY HOUSE

"Then why Igor sit in house and look for girl through window?" he asked.

"I don't know why," I said. "I keep asking you to go out and you always say 'later'."

"By God, I say 'later' no more time. We go out, look for beautiful city, see beautiful place around here, find lots of girls, drink some vodka!" he said.

"That's O.K. by me," I agreed. "It's about time you got out of the house. You are beginning to grow moss on your back."

"What moss?" he asked.

"Moss is the stuff that grows on old trees," I explained. "If you don't move around it will grow all over you and choke you."

"Damn right I choke," Maenov said. "I like very much play chess, cook, talk to my good friend Winston Churchill. But is like Siberia, stay one place all of time, eat New Brunswick potato, no have little girl for cha cha cha. Is bad for Russian man these things."

"In Russia we drink vodka, sing songs, dance like son of bitch, take woman to bed, see ballet, hear good music, many good things. Is culture."

"Well," I said, "don't look for any ballet here in Fredericton and if you order vodka, ask for a Bloody Caesar or they'll call the police. But you can have a pretty good time here if you are willing to accept that things may be a little different from what you are used to. The people are friendly and nobody will get upset that a Doukhobor is trying to have some fun."

"What is Bloody Caesar?" he asked.

"Just vodka mixed with clamato juice, a drop of tabasco and a stick of celery," I said.

"Clamato juice? What is, please?"

"Oh, that's just a word for a mixture of tomato juice and clam juice," I explained.

"Clam juice? Like fish juice, you mean?" he asked, his eyes getting larger.

"Well, yes. Sounds funny, I know, but it is really very good," I said defensively.

"Nie Kultur," he said (or something that sounded like it). "Not you, my good friend, Winston or my good friend Evey, but Canadians bloody savages I think. . . . clam juice!" He shook his head as if to pity all Canadians.

As usual, he amused me with his slightly overplayed bemusement, and his talent to be funny despite the barrier of language. It

was almost a psychological impossibility not to like someone who had that sort of ability and once again I felt myself coming under his spell.

I never had a male friend with whom I had spent a fraction of the time I had already spent with Igor. Therefore, despite the fact that I knew he was a dangerous man and possibly even a deadly enemy, he was more familiar to me than anyone in the world except for Evey.

I therefore had to fight to keep my mind sharply focused on where this particular conversation was headed. Obviously, a change was about to take place and it was important that I be able to grasp the implications of it. At the same time, I felt it was equally important to continue to play my own role convincingly as a slightly disinterested but tolerant landlord with no doubts concerning the *bonafides* of my guest.

The thought entered my mind that Malenov's drollness, his good humour and easy banter, might be deliberately contrived to put people off their guard. The concept disturbed me—perhaps even frightened me to an extent.

"I think go out and drink fish juice no good," Igor said. "Make me puke on floor. No good for find girl like that. But you take me for rides, hokay, Winston? See nice place like Fredericton. See all around. I buy gas by God. I buy good lunch sometime but no fish juice? Hokay?"

"I'd be glad to take you around anytime, Igor," I said. "You only have to say when."

"We go tomorrow," he said. "Now river beautiful and trees beautiful and warm like Crimea, I think. Perfect time for rides. Perfect time for Igor see New Brunswick, Canada."

We ended our dinner shortly thereafter and I did kitchen police (it was my turn) while Igor sat in the living room and watched the bizarre characters that populate Hill Street Blues and which Igor believed also inhabit most of the United States of America.

He left me with a decision to make. I thought that the CSIS might be very interested that Igor had now decided to risk himself in public, but I did not know how to convey the message. I could not very well pick up the telephone and talk about our plans while Igor was in the house nor was it something I particularly wanted either Aunt Doris or Evey to know. Finally, I thought of phoning the service station which looked after my car.

A SPY IN MY HOUSE

I told them that my house guest and I were going on a motor trip the next morning and I wondered whether I had had the oil changed the last time it was serviced. They, of course, were absolutely mystified by the inquiry since they never bothered to keep records on any customer and probably thought I was mad to even hope that they might. They told me to drop by next morning and they would check the sticker on my door or, better yet, I could do it myself. I thanked them effusively for their efficiency and excellent suggestion.

I left the telephone feeling proud of myself. Things were really warming up in the secret agent business that I had got into. As I dealt with each matter that arose, my confidence increased.

CHAPTER NINE

I AM NOT GOING TO RECOUNT DETAILS OF ALL THE short rides I provided Malenov after he had made his decision to venture forth from the house (in daylight, that is).

The first three trips were around Fredericton and the immediate vicinity. He saw the University, the Beaverbrook Gallery, the Legislature, the Glasshouse, the Playhouse. He saw Odell Park and the recently re-converted Governor's House. He saw Waterloo Row and prowled through shops on Queen Street, as well as in the Mall.

He was perfectly relaxed, saying "Howdedo!" to any passerby who looked at him and smiled. He was in no hurry about anything. He made no attempt to shield his features, wearing neither hat nor sunglasses.

In short, he behaved exactly as any tourist would be expected to do, admiring one thing and gently derogating the next. From time to time he would nudge me in the ribs as a pretty girl passed.

"Nice cupcake for you, pally!" he would say, and deliver an enormous wink.

However, it was Prospect Street that took his interest—specifically, the mile or so of new automobiles that stretched between Smythe Street and Hanwell Road.

"Russia build goddam good rocket," he said. "Build biggest dams. Build best planes. Build everything."

"But Stalin hate car. Say walk is more better for Russian. Take train if tired. So Soviet Union never learn how to build bloody car. Buy plans from Italy. Big junk! Stalin madman, Khruschev worser. Only madman buy such plans. All politick. All bullshit!"

A SPY IN MY HOUSE

He didn't confine his admiration of the automotive array to looking at the cars from a distance.

"Stop here, Churchill!" he would shout, and be out of the car and onto a lot practically before my car had come to a stop.

The Cadillacs at Clarke's were his favourite. He actually asked me to drive him back a second time so he could have another look at one he particularly admired.

"Is funny," he said. "Yankees bullshit people but build very good cars. Russian very good people but build very bullshit cars!"

I told him there was more to Americans than the characters he saw on *Hill Street Blues*.

"The Americans go to extremes about personal freedom and personal rights versus the rights of society. That's why they have so many creeps running around—any other country would jail them."

"So that is good?" Malenov countered. "You think is good to have childs in place like San Francisco where two of three man sleep only with other man? You think is good to have place like New York where one milion people put heroin in arm? You think is good to put murderer on street because he has money for"—he could not think of the word "bail"—"for assurance?"

"Maybe it's better than having a jail full of people who have done nothing more than tell a commissar to get stuffed," I said.

"Oh, you are so . . . so . . . unknowing, you Canadians," he exclaimed. "Anything Yankees do is hokay. Anything Soviet Union do is bad."

"No jails in Russia full of politics man. Russia have good law and every man is same—no difference. If man is silly bugger, no work, drink all time, talk bad of Soviet Union, yes he go to jail. Same as for me. What wrong is this?"

This was one of the very few times that Igor and I had touched on politics. It was disarming of him to stick up for the Soviet Union, rather than malign it as one might expect a defector to do. It seemed to advertise a basic honesty, even reasonableness.

"If you think so well of the Soviet Union, why have you asked to come to Canada to live?" I asked.

"I tell you, Winston. Is not country, not people, not politic. Soviet Union hokay for this. Many people happy there, like happy here."

"Is job, my problem. Igor say 'good, is seven o'clock, day

finished, have nice bath, eat food, drink vodka, listen music. Work finish, time for relax, play chess, get girl.' Then they come with paper. 'Igor, ambassador want to know what is this mean, what is that mean?'

"Weekend come, Igor say 'I play chess with friend, have good games.' Then they come and say 'Igor you drive Ambassador to party, wait in bloody car, watch for bloody CIA.'

"Then nice summer come. Little girlies in embassy go for holiday. I say, 'Igor take nice holiday, catch fish, play chess, fool with little girly, drink cold beer.' Then comes Ambassador, 'Igor too much people go for holiday. You are stay right here, watch code machine, handle security.'

"I tell you Winston, diplomat very bad job. Sleep, eat, work; sleep, eat, work. No woman, no chess, no Kultur. Is bad."

I only half believed him. The half I believed was that the KGB worked its people hard. The half I did not believe was that one would give up a country one loved because of it. It had a very hollow ring and I had to wonder how he had ever convinced the CSIS that his defection was genuine.

Perhaps it was simply that I now knew Igor well enough so that I could sense when he was delivering a rehearsed line and when what he said was what he believed.

Why, I wondered, after all these months of living with me would he suddenly begin to explain his defection? Did it, like his sudden decision to come out of hiding, betoken the approach of a conclusion to his Fredericton exile? Could my loss of Evey to him somehow make him feel he owed me an explanation before we parted?

I warned myself that I might not be able to recognize the times he sought to deceive. He was an exceedingly complex man subject to forces and ambitions beyond my imagination. Such men as these, I believe, may themselves not know what is deception and what is truth, so inextricably are their lives woven into a tapestry of lies.

In terms of the months we had together, I am coming now to the end of my account. Indeed, I write these following pages only a few weeks after my final hour with Igor Malenov.

Unfortunately for your patience, however, there are many

A SPY IN MY HOUSE

details I need to record concerning this short period of time, for if I do not the whole affair will remain obfuscated, the way both Canada and the Soviet Union would probably desire.

But I believe I have an obligation to myself as well as to Evey, to tell exactly how things happened. What I did, I did not only for Evey, but for myself as well; because I still believe I am a decent sort of man and a loyal Canadian, whatever may be said about me by those I tried to serve.

Malenov came to me one evening while I sat in front of the television set in my living room.

"I like see ocean, Winston," he said. He had a road map of New Brunswick in his hands.

"That's O.K.," I said. "but if the old buggy breaks down while we are on the road you will have to split the costs with me."

"I pay everything," he said. "Gas. New motor. New tire. Any damn thing! No problem!"

(Igor had recently discovered that his pension from Canada was accumulating much faster than he was spending it. I could not tell him, of course, that my own surplus from the same source made his savings look like money for the paper boy. I had to maintain the pretense of needing the paltry income his rent afforded me by being mean and argumentative about joint spending projects.)

"We go tomorrow, hokay?"

"Sure, I don't mind. But where do you want to go?"

"I like see Saint John, see water, see nice girl. All time on TV Igor see Square Market for nice place eat lunch, have beer, look for nice girl for Winston. Very best place, I think."

"Never mind finding a girl for Winston," I said sourly. "I can do that for myself."

His eyes clouded.

"I am sorry I say that. I never tell you how I feel. I say 'Igor, very too bad about my best friend Winston and Evey. Damn real sorry. But best wonderful thing for Igor. Igor never can love Soviet woman. Too politic. Too huff huff huff. All time work and no time tell joke, smile, say nice things. No nice clothes, no nice perfumes, no nice hair all fixed up like strawpile.'

"I tell you, Winston, you my good friend, Evey my lovey girl. Damn too bad all not be happy. Very sad for me I make one friend not happy to make other happy. I say that bad thing but what can Igor do?"

"Forget it," I said. "There's no point in getting into it. It's not just you, it's Evey as well who wants things the way they are. I know you both feel badly for my sake, but I don't want your sympathy or Evey's either. It's just the way things are, so let's forget about it."

"Hokay. But Russian not animal. Not bad bugger for his friend. Is sad thing for happening. Is damn well sorry business."

He startled me with this talk. It seemed, again, like some sort of effort to settle things up, like a traveller preparing to leave an inn.

If he was not sincere in his sympathy, he was a consummate actor. I thought he was sincere but, at the same time, I had the impression that the human tangle the three of us represented was just a side issue to him. His emotions might be genuine but I doubted that they occupied the front and center of his mind.

Once again I sensed the horrible complexity of the man which allowed him to entertain such normal thoughts of love and friendship while, on another plane entirely, he might well be involved with a monstrous crime against all of us.

The distance from Fredericton to Saint John is just over one hundred kilometers. The highway cuts through Base Gagetown, the largest army base in the Commonwealth, for a distance of forty-odd kilometers but there is little to see there except featureless forest.

Still, I made a point of telling Malenov what we were passing through, half expecting that the ex-spy would reveal his former trade by studying the terrain more closely.

He saw me glance at him and he turned his big head and grinned at me.

"In Soviet Embassy we have ten, fifteen cases paper for Bass Gagetown. Tell where each shithouse is. We know every unit there any week any month. Know which girl colonel"—he pronounced it as it was spelled—"boffing last night. Know damn everything!"

"No need for me to look see soldier even if I work in KGB. I hate look at soldier."

"Were you ever in the army, Igor?" I asked.

"Sure, in army. All Soviets men in army. Must go in. But is good for young man. Teach him keep mouth shut, not be like Yankee, yah, yah, yah, all time!"

A SPY IN MY HOUSE

We approached Welsford and the lovely granite ridge that parallels the Fundy coast.

Malenov pointed to the hills.

"No good for tank," he said. "I write Moscow and say bring horse, not tank, when Red Army come to Saint John. Ha! Ha! Ha!"

Saint John has its detractors. About forty thousand of them live in Fredericton and the other hundred thousand live in Moncton. They point to the stink that the Irving boys make with their two pulp mills jammed into the middle of the city and their oil refinery which perfumes most of the East End. They point to the fog produced by the frigid waters of the Bay of Fundy which makes July a good month for Saint Johners to be anywhere else on earth.

As a loyal and patriotic Frederictonian I certainly support these observations and am continually on the alert for opportunities to add to the slander.

For instance, one of my friends once told me that he had landed a job in Saint John and would be moving there shortly.

"Don't forget to get yourself Ziebarted before you go!" I reminded him.

Anyway, that is pure digression for which I apologize. What I was leading up to is the fact that, despite its smells and its fog, Saint John is one of the most beautifully situated cities in Canada. It occupies a narrowish ribbon of high ground with the Bay of Fundy in front and a large body of freshwater behind, formed by the confluence of the Saint John and Kennebecasis Rivers and called Grand Bay. This great backwater flows into the Bay of Fundy over Reversing Falls, directly above the harbour. The tides are so great—thirty-six feet from low to high—that at slack high water Reversing Falls disappears and small vessels can sail from salt water to fresh without impediment.

You should try to remember this unusual phenomenon because it played an important part in what eventually transpired.

We entered the city by getting down onto the throughway and passing over the harbour on the toll bridge. A harbour is always an interesting sight to a landsman like myself and I looked out over it as we were crossing the bridge.

On the west side of the harbour there was a ship docked flying a Soviet flag and I noted the name, *Azovskoye More*, and pointed it out to Igor.

He sighed.

"Is beautiful name for beautiful place," he said.

"What does it mean?" I asked.

"Is small ocean on north of Black Sea," he said.

"Sure, the Sea of Azov, we call it," my high school geography coming to the fore.

He seemed suddenly withdrawn, as if the thought of home may have brought sadness. I saw him crane his neck to look back at the ship.

"I never think I see that flag again," he said.

That sounded like a pretty dramatic statement to me since we see the bloody red banner several times each week, one place or another, but I did not correct him. I always had the impression that Russians were a melancholy race, and while Igor had never demonstrated that predisposition, I allowed he might be entitled to a fit or two of it, being an exile and an alien in a strange land.

When we got to Market Square, however, his melancholy seemed to evaporate. We parked underground and walked through the cavernous garage, he pointing to one car, and then another, saying, "Why you no buy good car like that"-pointing to a Riviera—"instead of junkpile you have?"

"Double your rent payment and maybe I will," I said.

"Maybe I buy big car some time," he said. "Cadillac"—he pronounced it Caddylac—"I think or like Booick there."

We found our way out of the cavern and eventually to the ground floor of the complex. He was surprised by it.

"Say on television Saint John poor place, no job. Say Fredericton rich place. How come Fredericton no have place like this?"

"I guess there aren't enough people in Fredericton," I said.

"In Russia if place like this built on steppe, next day one million peoples live there!" It was the closest he had yet come to complimenting Canadian capitalism.

He seemed to be enjoying himself, again acting like a typical tourist, stopping to look at the displays and ducking into the odd shop to ask a question or look at an article.

We had lunch at Grannan's for which he insisted on paying, but then forgot to tip the waitress (a custom which was philosophically disagreeable to him anyway).

"Nice place. I like very much. I like little girl who bring beer, too. But cost like hell, Churchill. Is why Saint John poor. Give all money to Mister Grannan!"

We left the dining room, no plan apparently in mind. He spotted the library.

A SPY IN MY HOUSE

"I like look for books. See what have. You want to come or meet after?"

"How long will you be?" I asked. I did not feel inclined to go to a library where I could not borrow books and thought I would stroll across the skywalk to Brunswick Square.

"I see you at Grannan's one hour," he said. "You buy one beer, then we go home."

After we separated I suddenly realized that my casual acceptance of his programme would probably displease the CSIS. Perhaps they would feel that I should have tried to maintain a watch on him, but it was too late for me to do anything about that now without being obvious about it.

I mooched around Brunswick Square for half an hour or so, then made my way back to Grannan's. The hour we had agreed upon was soon up and I began to wonder how he could possibly spend so much time in a library which contained only books in a language he did not read easily.

Another twenty minutes passed and I was just considering going to the library when he came through the door.

"Sorry, sorry," he said. "Very good book on atom just come from Harvard. Damn good stuff!"

I remembered that Losier had told me he was interested in atomic physics, and I relaxed as I now understood why he had gone so long (or thought I understood).

"Are you interested in that sort of stuff?" I asked.

"Sure. Russians very interested in science. Have best science men in whole world. Much better than Yankees, than German."

We left the restaurant after he gulped down a beer served by the same, but less friendly, waitress we had had at lunchtime. Then we found our way back to the garage where he extracted a road map from my glove compartment and traced a finger over it.

"I like better see more water," he said. "Can you go out this way?"

He traced his finger along the Martinon Road route out of the city which skirts the south side of Grand Bay.

"That's no problem," I said.

I drove the route at a leisurely pace and, when we at last passed a marina he said, "Let us look at boat, Winston. Is nice, like Stockholm."

I stopped the car and we got out and walked down the long parking lot past the main building to the water's edge. Igor gazed

at the boats lying moored offshore or tied to the long wharf.

It was not the grandest collection of boats around Saint John but there were a few nice ones.

"Must have guard here all time to stop stealers," he commented.

"Oh, I doubt that," I said. "I suppose people could steal one easily enough but where would they take it?"

"Maybe just night guard?" he asked.

"I shouldn't think this marina has enough business to pay for one," I commented.

"If Igor keep boat here he tell boat fellow 'get guard for watching Igor's boat,' by God!"

There is nothing more to tell about that visit to Saint John. After Malenov and I had admired the little fleet we drove back to Fredericton in companionable silence.

Despite the signs of change that Igor had so recently displayed, our time in Saint John seemed perfectly innocent—or would have seemed so were it not for the coincidence of the Russian freighter's visit.

The hour and twenty minutes during which Malenov had been out of my sight would certainly have been long enough for him to have taxied over to the ship, done some business there, and make the return trip. However, I remembered that he had invited me to accompany him to the library. He could not know that I would refuse the offer. It seemed unlikely to me that he would plan any covert activity on the offchance that I would refuse his invitation.

On this rather comforting thought I returned home. Igor set about to cook dinner while I retired to the upstairs den to read a chess journal. Malenov had earlier pounced on the journal when it had arrived, thus denying me the privilege of first reading. It gave me some satisfaction to be sitting there, enjoying the chess paper while he struggled with the chores below.

However, my tranquility lasted but a short time. The telephone rang and I went downstairs to answer it, it being an unwritten rule that Igor never did so.

The voice at the other end might have been female but, if so, it was not Aunt Doris although that is how she identified herself. She asked me to run an errand for her.

A SPY IN MY HOUSE

I told "Aunt Doris" that I would certainly do so, then walked into the kitchen where Igor was busily stirring something and asked him if I had time to run a quick errand for my Aunt Doris before dinner.

"It hokay," he said, "never mind Igor stay in bloody kitchen, cook, cook, while Churchi i smoke fat cigar and drink cognac." But he smiled as he said it.

"I won't be long," I promised. "I don't want to get in the old girl's bad books—I'm her only living relative and she is loaded."

"Money, money!" he said. "Just like bloody Yankee! Why you not help her because she little old lady? Not everything for money!"

When I got up to the Mall I parked as close as I could get to the Sobeys entrance and waited. A few minutes passed and then a girl carrying two large shopping bags came up to the passenger side of my car. I reached over and opened the door for her despite my surprise at meeting a new player in the game.

"Drive over to Smythe Street then turn left," she said curtly, without greeting or introduction. She seemed like a hard little case to me but, then, I gauge most girls against Evey and a surprising number badly fail the test. I just grunted and did as I was told.

When we got to the highway she had me drive westward until we arrived at the area opposite the tourist bureau where she ordered me to pull just off the roadway and stop. From that point we had a good view of the highway behind us.

She adjusted my driver's mirror without asking my permission and kept her eyes on it while we sat in silence. We probably sat there for no more than five or six minutes but it felt much longer. Normally, I can make small talk with almost anyone but this was a really creepy lady, hard and rude, and I was damned if I would make the effort.

Finally she said, "We can go now. Take the Hanwell Road exit, turn left, then left again to put us back on this highway headed the other way. We'll get off at the Regent Street North exit then I'll tell you where to go."

I did not make the obvious response, although I felt like it, and I re-adjusted my mirror with elaborate care to register my disapproval.

She guided me down Regent Street, then along Montgomery.

"Turn in here," she ordered at last, and I pulled into a driveway

where she produced a radio control for the garage door and activated it.

When the door closed behind us she turned to me and gave me a rather pretty smile, the hard planes of her face softening considerably.

"Welcome to our humble abode," she said. "All passengers out!"

Logan met me at the connecting door.

"Glad you got here without trouble," he said. "Come inside." He seemed less jovial, perhaps even strained.

When we entered the kitchen, Springer and a rather thin, blondish fellow were sitting at the table. Logan gestured to the empty chairs.

"Take a pew," he said. "Council of war!"

There was now no doubt that Logan was under a strain. The easy smile was not in evidence and his words were staccato.

"You did the right thing telling your Aunt Doris you were going to Saint John," he said.

"We had Murray here (he jabbed a finger in the direction of the thin man) waiting on Manawagonish Road when you entered town and he tailed you downtown.

"When you and Malenov split he tried to follow him, but Malenov grabbed a cab outside the Hilton and by the time Murray could find wheels, it was too late.

"Where did Malenov say he was going?" Logan asked.

"He said the library—right in Market Square. He didn't need a cab for that. I'll bet he went to the ship," I said.

"What ship?"

"There is a freighter flying the Soviet flag berthed on the west side of the harbour, close to the toll booth on the bridge. It's called the Azovskoye More (or however you pronounce it)."

"Did you see it, Murray?" Logan asked.

"I was too goddam busy trying not to lose Spenser," Murray said.

Logan thought for a moment or two and the others sat in disciplined silence.

"How come you left through Martinon?" he asked me.

"Malenov said he wanted to see the water behind the city. He was looking at my roadmap on the way down, commenting on how much water there was around the place," I said.

A SPY IN MY HOUSE

"You stopped for a few minutes at the marina there. Was that Malenov's idea, too?"

I had to strain to remember.

"I think it was. He's kind of nuts over big cars and pleasure boats. I don't think he had any particular reason. He was very casual and he didn't talk to anybody."

Logan grunted. Then he looked directly at me.

"We've got big trouble," he said. "That guy, Hinkley, we checked out. Turns out he is on the payroll at Ryan-Barnes but just as a fork-lift operator. He certainly is not the sort of individual who could tell the Russians anything about Zero-Mass Energy systems. He has no clearance to classified information nor the education to understand anything technical even if he had."

"We figured he had to be a runner and that there would be another Soviet agent in the plant who would be part of their research team. We decided not to pick up Hinkley for awhile but to put one of our own people into the plant to see who Hinkley talked to."

Logan's mouth tightened and he turned the palms of his hands up in a gesture of frustration.

"It was a hell of a mistake," he said. "Last night a transport pulled up outside the compound gate. The driver brought a manifest to the guardhouse showing some crated machinery to be delivered."

"He asked the guard if he would send the forklift out to the truck to take the crates, since the access ramp was partly blocked with plant vehicles which are often parked there at night when deliveries are not usually made."

"The guard had often made similar arrangements at night and thought nothing of it. He phoned Receiving where Hinkley was working the night shift and asked him if he would receive the shipment or whether the truck should return in the morning."

"Hinkley, apparently, put on a pretty good act, cussing and swearing, but came out soon enough and was passed through the gate. He picked up a large crate and drove back through the gate, telling the guard there were two crates to be offloaded and that he would bring back the packing slips to the guardhouse when he was finished."

"Apparently, about twenty minutes passed when Hinkley came back out with what appeared to be the same case. He was cursing

and swearing, saying the stupid so-and-so driver had let him load the wrong case.

"The guard let him through without checking the case and watched as Hinkley apparently quarreled with the driver and then loaded the allegedly "wrong" case back on the truck.

"The guard did not realize anything was wrong until the transport started to pull away and he saw the forklift standing there without a load on it and with no sign of Hinkley.

"The guard immediately phoned the inside security office and got no reply. Finally, in desperation, because he could not leave his post, he telephoned the night shift supervisor who, at first, did not seem to understand why the guard was upset."

Logan shook his head sadly from side to side.

"It was twenty minutes before the supervisor came out to the guardhouse. He then went back into the plant to check why no one had answered the telephone in the Security Office. He found the answer—the security officer was shot and lay bleeding on the floor. Another body was also there, dead."

"Your man?" I asked.

"Our man," Logan confirmed.

"What the tricky bastard had done after ambushing the guard and our chap was to ram the forklift through a security cage. There was, of course, an alarm system on it but it only ran to the security office and Hinkley had already made sure that there would be nobody there to see the signal.

"Stored in the cage was a prototype unit of the ZME system. The phoney crate Hinkley had brought into the plant was made to fit over the ZME unit. All Hinkley had to do was fit the top of the packing case over the unit and stick the forks under the skids it sat on.

"The whole operation could not have taken more than three or four minutes. Who would believe that the bastards would try to get out of the country not engineering dope, or scientific intelligence, but a five hundred and fifty pound piece of hardware? It really boggles the mind!"

"Couldn't you find the truck?" I asked naively.

"Oh we found the truck all right," Logan said bitterly. "About fifty minutes later, abandoned. They were still tracing it when I was talking to Ottawa, but it is a cinch it was stolen or rented under a good blind. We won't get any joy there."

"So what happens now?" I asked.

"We were able to cover the Hamilton airport quickly and then Malton. We also now have people on some of the smaller fields. The trouble, of course, is that as every hour passes, the radius to close down gets bigger and bigger," Logan explained.

"Knowing Malenov is here, and probably a part of the operation, we are betting that the ZME system is being moved east. We had check points on highways 401, 7, and 2 in Ontario, stopping and searching anything capable of carrying the unit; but they came up with zip. The same exercise is now running in Quebec and we have roadblocks going into operation tonight in New Brunswick. We also have people at the airports in Saint John and Fredericton, just in case.

"The Russian ship in Saint John clinches it, though. It's the logical thing for them. If they put the system aboard a ship in a Great Lake port or in Montreal or Quebec, we would have time to stop it in the Saint Lawrence and search it. On the other hand, if they can put it aboard in Saint John they have only one night's hard steaming to do before they can rendezvous with a Soviet escort."

My mind was trying to grapple with the information that Logan was giving me. Frankly, I had first felt a thrill of accomplishment when Logan said that Hinkley was, indeed, the Ryan-Barnes connection. That had been a very long shot for me and I was proud of having hit the mark. But the icy reality of the matter was that the same man was also a killer and, in all probability, headed toward a rendezvous with my roomer who had to be presumed an even more dangerous man.

"When might Hinkley get to New Brunswick and what do you think he will do?" I asked.

Logan looked at Springer, who cleared his throat.

"It's only fourteen hundred and fifty kilometers from Hamilton to Saint John," Springer said. "This means, at legal speed, counting fuel stops, a passenger car might do it in as little as sixteen hours, driving non-stop. Friend Hinkley, however, has to be driving something other than a car, at least a van or a pick-up with a cap on it, if not something heavier. He also will want to drive slow enough so a cop won't pull him down, and he may stop from time to time to change vehicles or license plates. The roadblocks will also give him a headache, whatever he is driving, and he will probably try to find a way around them, if he can."

"Also, we know for a fact that he worked a double shift, so at the time he took off with the hardware, he had already been awake for nineteen or twenty hours. Mind you, he is probably getting help with the driving: the KGB is certain to have put a man with him.

"It's just a guess, of course, but we don't figure he could make Fredericton before midnight tonight at the earliest. Of course, it could be far later—even days later."

Springer's calculations sounded reasonable to me, but there was not much comfort in them. It was hard to conceive how the spy could avoid the roadblocks but eighteen hours had passed and he had been successful up to now which did not exactly create confidence.

"Are you going to pick up Malenov now?" I asked.

Logan looked at me.

"Here's the bad news," he said. "There's only one overriding concern now. We have to get the ZME thing back before the Russians get a chance to look at it. We also have to get it back before it gets on that ship, because boarding a Soviet ship on the high seas is a bloody good formula for starting World War Three.

"There are only eight of us in New Brunswick right now. We'll get three more agents tonight after midnight but that doesn't help us at the moment. I have had to put two men at the Fredericton Airport and two at the one in Saint John. That leaves just the four of us."

He gave me an apologetic look.

"The bloody hardware can't get out of the country unless they put it on a ship. It's a ten-to-one shot that the ship is the one you saw today. If we stake it out, Malenov and Hinkley are going to have to come to us."

"On the other hand, if I put a couple of people on your place to watch Malenov, I have no guarantee that Hinkley may not be under orders to go straight to Saint John. That could leave us with just two men to watch the docks—and there is just too much dock for two people to cover."

"I guess you're trying to tell me that I am on my own?" I said.

"I'm afraid that's the size of it," Logan said. "We won't even have anyone on your phone."

"What do you want me to do?" I asked.

Again Logan glanced at Springer and Springer answered the question.

A SPY IN MY HOUSE

"We would like to be able to tell you to go get Evey and go somewhere until this thing is over," he said, "but if you don't go back home Malenov is going to know that we are on to him. He is a brilliant field man. He would find some way to alter the plan, maybe intercept Hinkley and try to get out through Halifax or somewhere. We don't want to raise the alarm."

"Why not go and take Malenov right now?" I asked. "Hinkley wouldn't know."

"But we don't know for a fact that the two of them are meeting in Fredericton," Springer replied. "If they have another contact point and Malenov doesn't show, Hinkley will get the wind up and maybe try something different."

"Like Logan said, the only game in town is to get our hands on the hardware. We have to take some chances, but bagging them at the ship seems like the best bet."

Logan grinned at me for the first time that day, reminding me of our first meeting when he had pumped up my confidence with his soldierish charm.

"The two lousy grand a month we've been paying you isn't much in the way of danger pay," he said. "I don't think you owe it to us to go back home and sit down to dinner with Malenov like nothing is happening. At the same time, if you don't do just that, I think our bird may fly the coop and the odds will jump that the Russians will walk off with something as valuable as the stuff they got from the Manhattan Project."

He did not go on. He just looked at me, the grin stuck on his face.

"He's likely to give me a nice little bullet as a goingaway present," I said.

The four of them exchanged glances but no one spoke. No one denied it. There was a longish silence.

"I see," I said.

We sat there for another moment, while they waited for me to make up my mind.

"Could I have a gun, at least?" I asked.

Logan said, "You don't want a gun, Winston. If Malenov decides to kill you a gun won't do you the slightest good. Believe me, I know. But if he finds you have armed yourself, he is going to know that you are on to him."

"I wouldn't put you wrong on this, my friend," he continued, "carrying a gun into that house would only add to your danger."

"And also to the danger of blowing the operation," I remarked tartly.

"That, too," he said.

I sat in silence, taking my time. Three years ago if someone had told me I had the opportunity to take a quick, clean bullet through the brain I think I might have taken it. Even just a couple of weeks earlier, when I found the hair broken on the back door, I might not have objected to having everything end right away.

But I was slowly learning that I am not an island unto myself. There was always Evey, whatever she now felt about me. I had a very large obligation there, because I had placed her in a situation no less perilous than my own.

Finally I said, "I'll make a deal with you. I will go back to the house and babysit Igor if you people will go right now and pick up Evey—even if you have to kidnap her—and make sure that she doesn't get back to Fredericton until this whole mess is finished."

I knew I was asking for something difficult. They were getting short of time.

The girl (I never heard her name) looked at me. It may have been my imagination but I thought there was an element of scorn in the look.

I did not care. Maybe I was using a strong position to negotiate something they did not like, but it was Evey's neck I was bargaining for, not my own. I felt like giving the girl the old Italian center finger salute.

Logan and Springer seemed to communicate with each other wordlessly by eye contact alone.

"You've got a deal!" Logan said finally. "We'll take her with us to Saint John and keep her in the car, even if we have to handcuff her. She'll be mad but safe."

I left the house feeling some accomplishment even while I dreaded stepping back into the middle of a desperately important KGB operation. My mind told me that Hinkley's ruthlessness was not a bizarre anomaly of some sort but, rather, a part and parcel of the business he was in. I might suppose that even nice chaps like Logan and Springer were trained to the same imperatives as, undoubtedly, was my Russian lodger. Yet my feelings ran contrary to my intellect. I had spent too many afternoons across the chess board from him, too many meals across the table, too many hours of cheerful banter, to believe that he would murder me in cold blood.

A SPY IN MY HOUSE

Before I reached my own driveway, I resolved that I would ignore my intellect and go with my feelings. If I could not, I was sure that he would smell the fear that would be oozing from my every pore.

CHAPTER TEN

MY NEAT RESOLVE TO PAY ATTENTION ONLY TO MY feeling and not to the alarm messages from my brain dissolved the moment I entered the house. From the foyer I could hear the sound of Malenov's voice and then Evey's. A chill feeling ran down my spine and, for a moment, I felt unadulterated panic.

I pushed on through to the dining room. Evey and Malenov were seated at the table, the remains of dinner in front of them together with some wine as yet unconsumed.

"You are late, Churchill!" Igor said, "but I save some dinner for you. Evey want to eat all. I say 'no, no, good lady, must keep old bone for friend Winston.' Ha! Ha! Ha!"

I looked at the two critically, judging that they had not yet been to bed together. What I based such a judgement on, I do not know. I think Evey must generate some sort of sign that my subconscious understands but which I cannot otherwise see.

"I don't deserve to be fed," I said. "Aunt Doris dropped her denture down the drain in the laundry tub. I thought I would be able to hook it out with a coathanger, but I wound up having to take the whole damn trap apart."

"I thought Aunt Doris still had all her own teeth," Evey said.

My blood turned cold as I saw an alert look flit across Malenov's face.

"That's what she tells her bridge club, and anybody else who will listen," I said. "Actually, she has a partial with four teeth on it—just the perfect size to go down the tube."

I noticed the little muscle in the side of Malenov's face relax.

"The old reprobate!" Evey said. "She probably lies about her age as well!"

A SPY IN MY HOUSE

"Oh, I think she's thirty-nine all right," I said, and we all laughed.

"This very special night for Igor," Malenov said. "Come, Winston, have wine. Drink to Igor's good luck!" He slopped wine into a glass and thrust it at me.

"What am I drinking to?" I asked warily.

"To Igor's good luck and much happy times!" he said.

"How come?" I asked.

Evey put her hand out swiftly and her fingers touched the top of my wrist.

"Try to be kind," she said.

I felt the sweat on me. I knew whatever was coming would be most unpleasant.

"Igor ask Evey for date," Malenov exclaimed. "She say 'yes' by God! We go drink, dance, eat. Real bloody date."

"Hey!" I said. "You don't figure to go out and leave me sitting here, do you?"

Evey clasped my hand with both of hers.

"It's time, Win!" she said. "Things have changed for all of us. We all have to get on with our lives." Her beautiful hazel eyes looked straight into mine, and I could see the tears forming.

"Is right, Winston," Malenov said forcefully. "You best friend Igor and best friend Evey. But not three-at-time. Two. Just two!"

I got up from the chair and walked to the window, my back toward them. My throat felt raw and my eyes smarted. I did not know what to say.

I stood there for a minute, then felt Evey's hair brush my neck. Then her head was on my shoulder.

"This is very hard for you, Win, I know. Believe me, it's hard for me and for Igor, too. But this is the way it is, now. None of us can change it, even if we wanted to."

I turned quickly and locked her in a bear hug, my lips against the ear that was turned away from the Russian.

"Please, please," I whispered, "if you ever loved me, please don't go with him tonight!"

She forced herself away from me and then stared at me.

"You're a big boy now!" she said. "Don't ask me to carry a torch you dropped in the water years ago!" She was so angry she almost spat the words at me.

I felt entirely helpless. I could do nothing to stop her departure with him short of killing him.

Maybe the thought showed on my face as I turned toward Malenov, because I saw his face suddenly harden and those cruel, yellowish flames come into his eyes.

"Better you should say nothing, my friend Winston," he said. "Evey no change mind and, by God, Igor never change!"

The two of them moved together and Evey's arm went around his waist as naturally as, in bygone days, it had gone around my own.

I was about to try again to dissuade her but realized that it was no use. The two of them were welded into one being, and that being was implacably opposed to me. It was no longer a case of separate identities. The two lovers had forged themselves into a single entity which carried a large "No Trespassing" sign.

I could only shrug my shoulders.

"I guess it's a whole new game, then," I said. "Frankly, I don't feel like sharing my house with either of you any longer. You can get your gear out of here right now, Malenov!" I said.

He looked at me coolly.

"I go if you want, Winston. But not move tonight. Go when I damn please. You have money, I have room. Don't push Igor. Not smart." He kept his voice in a normal range, perhaps even quieter than normal. It had the effect of making the threat doubly convincing. I realized, hearing it, that he was on the edge of his own self-control.

Igor went upstairs, taking Evey with him. In a few minutes they came down again, Malenov carrying his small suitcase. I was in the foyer, fighting not to shout out to Evey the fact that he was a spy on a mission and was somehow using her so the stinking KGB could be better served. But I could not meet her eyes and see there what I could not bear—a mixture of pity and loathing.

I suppose you know me well enough by now to understand that watching Malenov and Evey leave was the worst moment of my life. It was the moment for me, finally, to be honest with myself and admit that I loved her. It was also the moment I had to admit that I had lost her.

What was so devastatingly eloquent about their exit was the fact that Evey had helped him pack an overnight bag. This she did, I know, not because he needed advice on the colour of pyjamas to pack, but because Evey wanted to make a final and irrevocable statement to me.

A SPY IN MY HOUSE

To say I was shattered would be both trite and misleading. It was more a matter of being numbed, perhaps like a patient with terminal cancer who has been drugged to try to dull the fiery agony within.

I sat on the ratty chesterfield in the living room and held my head in my hands as if, by squeezing it, I could shut out memory of my final rejection. I berated myself for not having told Evey the truth about Malenov from the first moment he arrived, Official Secrets Act be damned! I berated myself for not having loaded my shotgun and shot the Russian as he walked away with my lover. Most of all, I berated myself for having listened to Losier and Logan, for having taken their silver and for having accepted a reptile into my home.

I don't know how long I sat there absorbed in my favourite pre-occupation which was feeling sorry for myself. Perhaps half an hour, perhaps less. Finally, I decided to go to bed, hoping that I could find a way to dull the memory of the last hour with sleep.

When I passed Igor's door I paused. I felt an urge to enter on his territory, the way a dog will sometimes seek to violate a rival's turf. I pushed open his door.

Even with the big man out of the house, it somehow seemed dangerous to intrude. I half sensed that I would suddenly feel his great hand descend on the back of my neck in a karate chop learned in a KGB gymnasium. I felt my hair rise in anticipation.

Yet my subconscious mind seemed to be working at something entirely removed from the mishmash of alarm signals that were flashing in the other side of my brain, for I methodically opened his closet, looked at the clothing hanging there, felt on the top shelf for non-existent weapons, and went through his bureau drawers.

I had no idea what I was doing there or what I sought. Eventually, having seen nothing in any way remarkable, I turned off the light and went to my room.

I slipped off my trousers and sat on the edge of the bed, about to remove my leg. At that moment my subconscious managed to communicate a message. It had noted that Igor's chess set was not in its usual place on the table by the window. It suggested that this fact might have some significance. Then it seemed to shut down, like a home computer hit with a voltage drop.

I straightened up, interested. As a chess fanatic myself I can understand another taking a set along on a honeymoon, or setting

up a little stand beside the toilet to house a board. I myself have been known to take a set into the bedlam of a school cafeteria and try to work out problems while thirty-six hundred students are being fed in as many seconds.

No serious chess player can be comfortable for more than a few days if he is without a set. But I could never imagine anyone headed for a one night assignation with a beautiful woman taking a chess set along. I doubt if anyone could be that fanatical or, even if he were, brave enough to face his lady's scorn when the board was produced. It was ridiculous for Malenov to have taken his chess set unless . . . he was not coming back!

The thought boiled up in my mind and, with it, all its fearful ramifications. Hinkley, I thought, must be expected this very evening. Malenov could only be planning to meet him and Evey would be trapped in the middle of it all.

I pulled my trousers back on, panic assailing me. I thought of the four heavily armed CSIS people who would be staked out at the docks in Saint John, waiting for their quarry. I thought of Evey being escorted toward that ship by Malenov and how he would use her, if he must, to get through the blockade.

I hobbled my way downstairs, then down another flight to the basement. I owned no firearm, other than a shotgun, and that is what I now sought. It was leaning carelessly against an outside wall in the basement, its double barrel rusty with condensation from the wall. On a shelf near my workbench there was a part box of number five shot and an unopened package of five slugs which I had purchased many years ago for a deerhunting trip that was cancelled. I hesitated just a moment, then chose the slugs. If a man has to hunt bear, birdshot is not what he needs.

If this were fiction, you would point to this part of my story and remark on what a convenient coincidence I had created, because the fact is if I had left my home five minutes before I did or fifteen minutes later, the events I am now going to describe could not have happened as they did.

Of course, something else would have happened but such a "something" offers so many possibilities that it is highly probable that this particular account would never be written—even, that I would not be alive to do it.

A SPY IN MY HOUSE

My car is a 1978 Ford LTD—the last of a dinosaur breed, being fully eighteen feet long and equipped with an engine that was expensive to run when gas cost thirty-one cents a litre. I mention the fact because the length of the car and its power are both important to the outcome of the events described in this report.

I drove over to Hanwell Road and up to the Trans-Canada, turning eastward. Just before the highway starts down the long hill to cross the Saint John River via the Princess Margaret Bridge there is a turn-off for number seven highway to Saint John. I took this exit and drove for a mile or so, then slowed as I came to the stop light at Fredericton's Industrial Park.

Waiting at the light was an ambulance, its lights flashing. I thought it was strange that it did not proceed through the light, there being no traffic. I pulled up behind it, casually surveying it.

Just as the light changed and it started forward, I noticed that the rear license plate had lost a fastening in one corner so that the plate had dropped and was pointing diagonally at the ground. The other thing I noticed was that there was a second plate beneath it, and that it was not the old green-on-white plate used earlier in New Brunswick.

I felt a premonitory excitement—a feeling that I was looking at something important but not understanding what it might be. The ambulance accelerated more quickly than I did and the distance opened to the extent that I could not make out the second license plate. I pressed harder on the accelerator and closed the gap enough to make out "ARIO" on the underneath plate.

Without thinking further, I pulled out and passed it, increasing my speed to seventy miles per hour on my obsolete speedometer. The ambulance started to recede in my mirror as my mind grappled with the import of what I had seen.

If someone needed to carry a load too large to fit into a car and, at the same time, was anticipating having to pass through police roadblocks unmolested, what sort of vehicle might best do the job? I tried to imagine a roadblock and how a police officer might react if an ambulance bore down on it, siren going and lights flashing. What would his reflex be?

By this time my heart was thumping the way it does in a chess match when you know your opponent is about to lose if he does not make one certain move out of all the options available to him. I knew—well, thought I knew—why Malenov believed Hinkley would get through to Saint John so quickly. It had to be because

an ambulance was to be used!

Again, I thought about the exposed Ontario license plate and the uncharacteristic wait of the ambulance at a traffic light. To be sure, they were very small things, but they still did not square with a local ambulance moving a patient between, say, Dr. Chalmer's Hospital and the Saint John Regional.

I had glanced quickly at the ambulance as I passed it but my curiosity had not been fully aroused and thus I did not think to check whether there were one or two men in it. I wished now that I had done so.

It seemed obvious to me that whoever had driven the transport to Ryan-Barnes was a KGB agent who would likely accompany Hinkley in his marathon drive. It could well be, also, that other people might be in the back of the ambulance, perhaps to simulate a patient and an attendant. I had to count on there being a minimum of two people aboard the vehicle and a maximum of four. I also had to count on them being armed to the teeth.

At this point I felt more elated than alarmed. I saw my course, simply, as continuing to drive down the road. If there were a roadblock established already, I could tell them what I knew about the ambulance and leave it to the police to intercept it. On the other hand, if a roadblock was not yet in place, I had only to go on to the docks in Saint John, find Logan and warn him that they were coming by ambulance. Either way, I had only to keep my car in motion to soon find assistance.

It seemed so simple that my mind actually shifted over to thoughts of where Malenov and Evey might be at the moment. They had left the house almost three quarters of an hour before me so they would be close to Saint John, if that was, indeed, where Malenov was headed.

I had to believe that Malenov, somehow, had had contact with someone who knew what progress was being made by the ambulance. But if he knew they were coming he also must know that roadblocks had been set up east of Toronto, and would be alert to the fact that the CSIS was expecting the ZME system to be moved eastward.

Knowing this, would a man like Malenov run blindly to the ship in harbour? Would he not be cagey enough to anticipate that the CSIS might know about it and be waiting there for him?

I began to feel my head throb. What had seemed simple a few

A SPY IN MY HOUSE

minutes earlier now seemed terribly complex. I reached back into my memory to conjure up the way Malenov really was. Was I ascribing too much caution to him? Was I presuming communications he could not possess? Was I underrating his boldness, his aggressiveness, his rashness?

I remembered how he played chess. I think I described it once as deceptive and deceitful. It was an accurate description of his game. Was it also accurate for the man?

I thought about the Azovskoye More. I wished, now, that I had seen its berthing better. I had the impression that the dockside area was behind high wire, with a security guard at the gates. Assuming this was right, how would they get the device to the vessel? They would have to go through the gate, go through some formality there, risk a search or some altercation.

It sounded like a dangerous procedure even if it were only the normal security that was in place at the dock. Would the KGB accept the risk, knowing that they had in their possession something that might rival in value the atomic bomb secrets they stole in 1945?

My doubts grew that Malenov would take the risk. But if the ship were to be used to transport the prototype back to the Soviet Union, and if they would not risk trying to move it through dockside security, how else could they get it aboard?

It was only then that I remembered our leisurely visit earlier this same day to the marina on Grand Bay.

Now I could guess my opponent's strategy. It was like a point in a chess game where the carefully masked attack of your adversary is suddenly revealed to you. I felt the electric thrill of danger yet, at the same time, a feeling of relief that I at last understood what his plan might be.

I tried to remember whether I had told Malenov about the slack water at high tide when it was possible to move between the harbour and Grand Bay. I could not recall clearly whether I had but it could not be important. If Malenov was planning to load the device into a small boat on the bay and transport it to the ship so as to circumvent dockside security, that plan would have been made when he had visited the ship earlier in the day. It could not be important therefore, whether I had told him or not. He would have already known it if this arrangement, indeed, was the one he had made with the ship.

As far as the CSIS was concerned there was only one thing on the road that night that was absolutely vital to intercept. I have no quarrel with that. After all, that is why a country has a security service and you would be damned displeased with it if it started to put considerations of a single citizen's safety ahead of the security of the country's secrets.

But I was not CSIS. I might have taken their money to do a menial and temporary job, but I was not sworn to its service, nor did I automatically place Canada's interests before my own.

By my reckoning, there were two priceless treasures which the Soviets were trying to remove. One was the ZME gadget that well might promise an end to intimidation by war (or, on the other hand, might simply guarantee that war could be spread even further over the face of our planet). I didn't know anything about that, nor do I know any more today.

The other was Evey, and it was Evey's face that floated in front of me as my old car continued to eat up the miles that separated Saint John and Fredericton. It was a face I had seen many times on the pillow beside me. A vital, humorous, loving, tender, intelligent face. The face of a woman who knows no timidity, who is bold in the pursuit of love, and who was loyal for as long as loyalty could be sustained in the face of cold indifference.

As the tires hummed their soporific tune, I struggled with the question of where my duty lay. It would be easy to decide to let the CSIS deal with its vital consideration while I tried to deal with mine; but it would also be wrong. By the freak coincidence of having left my house at exactly the right time, I knew where the ZME system was while they did not. That could translate, if a roadblock were not yet established, into making me the only person who might be in the position to prevent its shipment to the Soviet Union.

I struggled with my conscience. No doubt I could do something heroic about the ambulance if I had the stomach for it. For instance, I could turn my car around and drive until I met it head-on, ending the lives of all of us.

Or I could be slightly less heroic and let it overtake me, trying to push it off the road as it tried to pass.

But both these scenarios promised, at a minimum, that I would lose my mobility, if not my life. How then could I try to find Evey and release her from the Russian?

A SPY IN MY HOUSE

Once, when I was a boy in high school, I told my father I wanted to earn a scholarship but, also, that I wanted to excel in sports. I explained I was not good enough to accomplish one without sacrificing the other.

He told me then that I must try to do both things. I protested that if I did the one the other would be impossible to do. He said, "I did not say it was possible to accomplish both, only that you must try to do so."

Under the terrible pressure put on me by the passage of time, this half-understood advice was like a life-preserver thrown to a drowning man. I seized on it as the only possible answer to my question.

I resolved, if I did not meet a roadblock before Welsford, that I would then take it upon myself to try to stop the ambulance. I would not let myself think beyond that; my mind was simply filled with the forlorn hope that I would soon see the lights of a police barrier.

It seemed I had no sooner made the decision before the lights of Welsford appeared and I realized that time had run out. The pressure of having to make a decision in so little time was a monstrous thing and I wondered whether my mind had become deranged with the events of the day. I knew I could be about to hurt, or even kill, innocent people in a wild gamble that the ambulance was a KGB instrument. I steeled myself against changing my mind and, as Welsford passed behind me, I desperately reconsidered the alternatives by which the ambulance might be stopped.

Let me not leave you imagining that I gave any real consideration to a kamikaze-like frontal assault on the ambulance. It was undoubtedly the surest way to stop it but I am neither suicidal nor heroic. I wanted a plan that gave me not only a chance to survive, but also to continue my search for Evey afterward.

The sheer rock faces below Welsford suggested the choice I eventually made. The highway is narrow, winding and hilly through this stretch. I reasoned, if I could place my car across it below the brow of a hill, I might surprise a tired and tense driver into a fatal mistake.

Of course, although traffic was very light, I would run a nearly equal risk of causing a fatal accident to innocent travellers. Perhaps it will reinforce your already low opinion of me when I admit that

I agonized over the decision only until I reached a perfect place in the road to set up my private barrier. Then I forgot about public safety entirely.

I chose a spot just over the brow of a hill. There was rock face on the right side only twelve or sixteen feet from the shoulder of the road, separated by a narrow, shallow ditch. To the left, the narrow shoulder sloped off steeply to rough woods below. The road was so narrow I had difficulty manoeuvering my car into place. Before I had completed my first attempt I had to remove it quickly to clear the road for a vehicle approaching from the south.

To be truthful, what most occupied my mind during these few hectic minutes was the possibility that I was wrong about the ambulance. It seemed a terrible thing to do to plan its destruction based on no more than a sagging license plate and an overly cautious driver. I had to fight back a powerful urge to abandon my plan because of the high risk of making a tragic error.

Perhaps I should also say that I had no clear idea what might happen if the ambulance went off the road. I hoped that the enemy inside would be shocked and hurt badly enough so they could neither retaliate nor continue their mission. Most of all, I hoped the occupants would be the enemy and not innocent victims.

I calculated that the ambulance could not be more than five or six minutes behind me so I struggled to get the car back into position quickly. As I climbed out of it I saw the reflection of headlights high on the rock face and knew that my quarry approached.

I seized my shotgun and fled down the road, only realizing when I arrived at a safe location that the slugs for it were still sitting in a package on the back seat of my car.

As I looked north the ambulance crested the hill, its headlight beams slicing into the night sky. Then, as the vehicle started its descent, its lights illuminated my car.

I heard tires squeal and saw the ambulance start to skid. Then it straightened as the driver, realizing he could not stop, chose to try to drive around the barrier on the left side.

For a tense moment I thought he might be successful. The ambulance seemed to hang on the shoulder as it passed my car and actually to start to regain the pavement. But it was not to be. Either some of the shoulder gave way under it or its rear wheel

A SPY IN MY HOUSE

caught the edge. One moment it was there, the next it was rolling over and over as it crashed down the steep slope into the boulder-strewn bush below.

I rushed back to my car and worked it free from its straddle position, my hands shaking so badly I could hardly turn the key in the ignition. When I got the car turned and parked along the shoulder, I took a flashlight from the glove compartment and then started down the slope to where I could hear hissing in the blackness below.

I had two terrors in mind as I scrambled my way down to the wreck. One was that maybe one or more of the occupants were crouching there waiting to kill me. The other terror, even worse, was that I might find the ambulance to hold, not a death machine and some KGB desperadoes, but a small child, perhaps, or a sick old lady.

Both fears were groundless. The vehicle had landed right side up and the rear compartment was open because the door had sprung. A man was in there, soaked in blood, and there was also an alien-looking thing, which I do not think I should try to describe, since the Russians might like to know what they did not get.

The man was groaning horribly and I guessed that he had multiple fractures and might be dying.

In the cab were two more. I could not know which of them might be Hinkley, but it did not matter. One was bleeding terribly through a hole in his lung which had been pierced by a broken spoke in the steering wheel. The blood came out in bubbles, making a sickening sound.

The other man was still. I could see no wound. I reached through the broken window and placed my fingers on his throat. There was no pulse.

I decided there was no possibility any of them would leave the ambulance on their own.

I felt incredulous about the terrible carnage resulting from the crash. I had had such a short time to make a plan, to overcome my misgivings and then to execute it, that the gruesome result seemed hardly possible. There had been no time to imagine what might happen to the occupants of the ambulance. My mind had been

J. KENNETH LANGDON

dealing with the problem of stopping a fast-moving vehicle, not planning murder.

As I struggled up that slope, cursing my awkward leg, I felt no remorse. Perhaps it is quite wrong of me to say it, but I think I actually felt proud. Certainly, I felt relieved. Whatever was to happen at least Malenov could not now go back to Russia a hero. He might have my girl, but I had prevented him from having something he wanted even more. It gave me a grim sort of satisfaction to think of that.

CHAPTER ELEVEN

I SEEMED TO BE QUITE IN CONTROL OF MYSELF when I left the scene of the crash. I remember stopping the car opposite the spot the ambulance had come to its final resting place and thinking that it was so well screened from the road by the brush that it would surely not be discovered that evening nor, perhaps, even during the daylight to follow.

I guess I was still pumping adrenalin into my system at that time, and I felt some confidence in what I might accomplish with my second, and vastly more important, task of rescuing Evey.

But I had hardly got to Grand Bay and the cut-off to the Martinon Road when I started to shake again. Part of it, undoubtedly, was a delayed reaction from the tension of the last half hour and the gory mess that my handiwork had created. I do not mean that I was suddenly struck by guilt or even pity for the men I had left at the bottom of the embankment in such a shocking condition. They were the real, if undeclared, enemy whom we were opposing in a real, if undeclared, war. But my senses had been appalled by their destruction and my body reacted to the images of horror I had witnessed by suddenly turning to a quivering jelly.

I am honest enough to know that my state was more than a product of the frantic tension I had experienced and the sensory shock that followed. My arrival on the Martinon Road, just a few miles from my objective, brought me face to face with the fact that I now had to find a way to deal with a man far more cunning, far more ruthless, and infinitely more knowledgeable than I in the desperate skills of his trade. In short, the uncontrollable shaking,

the sweat, the nausea and the icy feeling in my belly were nothing other than symptoms of mortal fear.

When I had my accident, the surgeons first attempted to save the leg. For five days I lay in a haze of pain and sedation, but clinging to the hope that one day I might regain a measure of my former self. Then it was necessary for them to take the leg. If it had not been for Evey I think I might have died before being wheeled into the operating room for the amputation. I just did not have the personal resources of strength and optimism to face the knife a second time or the finality of the job they wished to do.

As I started toward the city on Martinon Road, I experienced a similar collapse of will. Even though I knew Evey might well be in mortal danger, I felt the strongest compulsion to give in to my fear and get away quickly from the area in which the Russian waited. The treacherous thought filled my mind that the Soviets no longer had the Star Wars weapons system and that Evey had already made a choice, thus absolving me from any further obligation.

I would not tell you all these things about my flawed character were it not important for you to understand that Evey's choice was based on a knowledge of me that included a long and bitter experience of my weaknesses.

Perhaps it is some measure of the depth of my feeling for Evey that I was able to force back the panic that had enveloped me and to continue on to meet whatever fate the oftentimes unkind gods hold in store for us. I think I accomplished this act of will by remembering the way that Evey had remained by me during all those difficult years, even as I rejected her and railed against her. I knew that loyalty, while it might not shine with the golden radiance of love, was nonetheless a rare and precious gift between people. Evey had showered it on me with a generosity few people are capable of providing. What I was committing myself to do seemed almost trivial by comparison and I felt shame that a part of me was so mean in spirit that I would hesitate for even a moment.

Abruptly, coming around a bend, my headlights picked out the marina sign and I checked my speed so as to pass it slowly.

Evey's car was parked at the bottom of the parking area, close to the long wharf. There were no other vehicles in evidence. I continued at the same speed to a point several hundred yards past the marina, then pulled my car onto the shoulder of the road.

A SPY IN MY HOUSE

When I got out of the car my leg felt rubbery and, once again, I had to fight back rising panic. I took the shotgun from the back seat of the car and opened the package of slugs. My fingers were so clumsy I dropped one of the shells on the road and could not find it. When I opened the breech of the old shotgun and tried to insert the slugs, I found that my hands were trembling so much that I could scarcely complete the job.

The two remaining shells I stuffed into my shirt pocket in the faint hope that I would be given a chance to reload my gun if I were to fire and miss. Even then I knew the chance of that occurring was so slight that I considered it of absolutely no consequence that I had lost a shell.

Most New Brunswick males, by the time they reach thirty, have shot a large animal of some sort, whether deer, bear or moose. I feel no regret that I am of a minority who have shot no large animals and have no particular desire ever to do so.

It was ironic, therefore, that the first time I should actually reach a position where the likelihood was great that I would have to shoot a large animal, my prey would be the most dangerous species of all. Moreover, within that species, the particular animal I stalked was among the most dangerous of his kind.

In candour I must add, in case this appears too much a David and Goliath sort of tale, that I have been a fair shot since my earliest boyhood when it comes to upland game and ducks. Any hunter knows that shooting this type of game successfully requires pretty fair reflexes as well as a good eye and an ability to lead a moving target. I am not pretending that my skill with firearms would in any way approach that of someone properly trained in their military application, but only that I was not wholly a lamb being led to the slaughter.

I perhaps should add to this something about a shotgun loaded with slugs. As most will know, a shotgun barrel is not rifled since its usual function is to channel many small pellets toward a rather fragile target. However, when such a gun is to be put to the bastard use of shooting a large animal, a single large slug is used and the slug itself is rifled to help it maintain a true trajectory.

Even with this minor sophistication, however, a twelve gauge shotgun firing a slug will have an effective range of not much more than forty yards. After this the slug will start to 'tumble' and its trajectory becomes uncertain.

I was not thinking in such technical terms as I walked as softly as I could back toward the marina. At the same time, the thought was definitely in my mind that the most favourable position I could take in relation to where Malenov was, would be about that same forty yards. My reason for thinking that was straightforward. If Malenov was armed only with a pistol, forty yards is a very long distance for even an excellent pistol shot to hit a target. On the other hand, if he had a rifle, a forty yard separation would not put me under as much disadvantage as a longer distance would.

It is strange how one can suddenly feel ridiculous, even while setting out on the most serious of tasks. As I proceeded up the road, shotgun held across my body, my feet treading as lightly as my artificial leg allowed, I thought of what a passing motorist might think of me.

There are few places on the face of the earth where there is less need to carry a firearm at night than in Canada; and there are few places in Canada where there is less need than in New Brunswick. If someone were to see me as I walked silently along the road, they could only suspect that I was stalking a deer illegally, or looking to jumpshoot some ducks. They would never imagine the nature of the game I stalked. They would take me for a dangerous lunatic, looking for game where none has been found for many years.

At the marina there is a long building located near, and parallel to, the road. It is probably used as a combined sales room, storage area and workshop. In any event, it screened my approach and, when I reached this building I circled around to the back of it, then looked around the corner to the parking lot and the long wharf.

Evey's car was parked alongside the main marina building, along which ran a roadway to the wharf. Her car might be thirty or forty feet away from the dock. Opposite it, and at about the same distance from the dock, were several small boats hauled up on the shore. These were practically in a direct line between my position and the shore end of the wharf.

The wharf itself ran out eighty or ninety feet and was eight or nine feet in width. There was one light on the wharf, suspended from a pole about halfway between the shore and the seaward end of the wharf. This fixture cast a circle of light which illuminated the middle portion of the structure but left the outer end in darkness.

A SPY IN MY HOUSE

I studied Evey's car intently but could see no motion around it nor, I thought, any sign of an occupant. Very carefully I then studied the parking lot and the areas immediately adjacent to the main building, but again could detect no movement or sound.

My concentration then centered on the wharf, but the docklight so obscured its far end that I could not be sure whether Evey and Malenov were on it or not. Since they were apparently not on shore, it seemed almost certain that they were on the wharf but beyond the illumination of the docklight. My position up near the road was too far removed to permit me to interfere with Malenov. I knew that I had to get down close to the wharf and within the effective range of my shotgun if I were to have any influence on the proceedings.

As I studied the terrain it suddenly occurred to me that Malenov would never gamble the whole operation on the highly uncertain supposition that he could steal a boat which would contain sufficient fuel for the trip, be seaworthy enough to handle a heavy piece of equipment and four or five people, be capable of being hot wired, and be certain to operate properly. There were just too many variables in that sort of scenario and, not the least, might be the navigating and boat handling skills of its crew.

With a chill, I realized that the operation would have to be based on the weapons system being taken off by the *Azovskoye More*'s own boat. I wondered whether this was feasible. I did not know how long the slack water condition at high tide lasted, but I would not guess it longer than thirty-five to forty minutes at the most. In that time a boat would have to travel from the foot of Reversing Falls to the marina and back, perhaps a total distance of five or six miles. A fast ship's boat might make 18 knots unloaded which meant a minimum of twenty minutes needed to make the round trip. In addition, it would take an extra three or four minutes to land and load the weapons system.

Whatever the exact statistics might be, I could see that the mission would demand split-second timing. What I did not know, and could not guess, was when this narrow "window of opportunity" was to occur, because I had no idea of the time of high tide. All I could be sure of, therefore, was that at some point during the ensuing hours of darkness a crew of tough Soviet sailors were going to emerge out of the night.

The interesting thing that arose from that line of thought was

what the probable state of Malenov's mind would be when the ambulance became overdue. Surely he would know, if the ambulance were to be delayed beyond the time of rendezvous, that it would be a very difficult job to keep it concealed for twenty-four hours until another night tide made a pick-up possible. Even a man schooled to remain calm in any situation would find the tension generated by this type of operation a strain. At some point, the non-arrival of the ambulance could make him anxious and, conceivably, such anxiety might impair his judgement.

Satisfied that I had thought the situation out as best I could, I turned my mind to the problem of getting closer to the wharf without being seen. Although it was a dark, overcast night, when I stepped out from behind the corner of the long shed I felt like an actor stepping into the footlights. I expected shots to ring out and feel the tearing of metal in my flesh. I froze, fear engulfing me, my breath held.

The next moment I found myself back in the comforting blackness behind the shed, gulping air into my lungs and trying to stop the shaking of my hands. I was amazed at my reaction—at how quickly terror could suddenly well up and overcome me. Again a voice in my brain whispered that I was not the man for such a desperate game; that I should retreat to my car, drive to Saint John and summon the help of the CSIS agents.

There is no doubt, were Evey not with Malenov, I would certainly have obeyed that voice and thought no less of myself for having done so. If I ever admired "machismo"—and I am not sure I ever did—certainly those days were finished when I lost my leg. Let others take whatever risks they wish; I feel I owe the world no more than what I need to do to ensure my own survival.

But I believed Evey was at the marina with Malenov. Anything could happen to her in the forty-five or fifty minutes it would take me to reach the CSIS agents and to return with them. Moreover, even if the situation had not changed when I returned, Evey would then be in greater danger because the chance of violence would be increased by the presence of more armed men at the scene.

I felt I had no choice in the matter but to do whatever I could to extricate Evey and to prevent Malenov from having a further opportunity to do the sort of work he did. I had, therefore, to overcome my fear, for no man can stand up to an enemy until he has first faced his own cowardice.

A SPY IN MY HOUSE

My second attempt to reach the shelter of the beached boats was successful, if painful, for I crawled the entire distance, my shotgun held awkwardly in front of me as my elbows and "good" knee propelled me. I have seen infantrymen engaged in such an exercise and it always looked so simple. It is anything but simple, particularly if you must drag an artificial leg along with you. By the time I reached the cover afforded by the boats, my elbows and knee were raw and bleeding and I almost wished Igor would take a potshot at me and put me out of my misery.

Once screened from the wharf by the boats, however, my spirits recovered. I realized, suddenly, that I could hear the murmur of voices beyond the light on the wharf and then, as if to confirm it, I heard Evey's melodic laugh.

I strained my eyes to see beyond the cursed docklight. I thought I could make out two figures, scarcely silhouetted against the night, but it was more a matter of guess than vision. It occurred to me that even though I was now probably in range, I would have a difficult time seeing the target.

The sound of Evey's laughter chilled me. While it signalled that Malenov was not holding her against her will, it also suggested that she was happy to be with him even though, by this time, she must have some idea he was engaged in a desperate enterprise. Of course, I could not guess what story Malenov may have told her to bring her to such an unlikely rendezvous. But one does not stand on a wharf at night for a long period without realizing that the arrival of a boat must be the reason for such a vigil.

As I watched the barely discernable figures, they seemed to draw together and remain so for a very long moment. Then they appeared to separate and I heard the sound of Evey's heels on the wooden decking. She was definitely moving shoreward.

I cannot describe the feeling of relief I experienced when she started to move away from him. It was as if a beneficent Creator had suddenly decided to give me one opportunity to attend to the safety of my woman. Mixed with the relief, however, was the desperate tension of knowing that the moment for confrontation with the Russian was at hand.

Just as I had strained earlier that evening to set aside my knowledge of Igor's treachery and be guided only by my warm feelings for him as a friend and housemate, now my survival could very well depend on reversing these thoughts. I believed I would

not live long if I forgot for even an instant that the man on the dock was someone who would not hesitate to destroy me.

I strained to see where Malenov was, and thought that he remained at the end of the wharf, looking out across the black water. It was so damnably dark it was impossible to be sure. I wondered whether he would have as much difficulty seeing landward as I had seeing him. I expected that he would, since he also had to look through the illuminated area of the dock to the darkness where I was crouched. I prayed fervently that I would be no more visible than he.

Evey reached the shoreside end of the wharf and started up the roadway to her car. In another moment she would be out of any possible line of fire and in relative safety. It was a moment I must seize, before she returned to him or he to her.

And so he stood, his back to me, watching out into the inkiness of the bay. He was the man I knew best, a person with whom I had spent most of my waking hours for nearly a year: a man of humour and intellect, a scientist of sorts, and a spy.

It was hard to believe that he was engaged at this very moment—and had been throughout all the time I knew him—in a scheme to strip Canada and its allies of a vital defense weapon. It was hard to believe that the murders at Ryan-Barnes had been planned by him or, at the least, had been part of a plan he supervised and abetted. It was hard, even, to believe that his commitment to the objectives of the Soviet secret service would absolutely prevent him from holding any feelings of humanity toward me if I threatened the success of his mission.

My intellect told me he was among our country's most deadly enemies; a representative of a service that has operated against us with implacable hostility and unflagging persistence. Quite apart from the threat he represented to Evey (and therefore to my own happiness), he represented an immense evil and danger to the country.

But that was intellect. He was still a man who had brought camaraderie and humour into my bleak household; a man who had provided me with hundreds of hours of enjoyable chess; a man who had broken the barrier between our alien cultures and had let me glimpse the world through his eyes; a man who loved the same woman as I did.

These were the two faces of Igor Malenov as I strained to see

A SPY IN MY HOUSE

him in the shadows at the end of the wharf. But I had to erase the face of the friend from my mind and think only of the other, sinister face—for to try to deal with both would court not only madness, but death.

I had started this long day as a kind of virgin: but there was blood on me now. It was on me not because I wanted something for myself, but because the shadowy CSIS had lured me into a clever little net from which I had neither the wit nor the energy to escape.

Now, at the end of the day, I did want something for myself. I wanted quite a lot. I wanted Evey and I wanted things the way they were those long years past. I wanted self-respect and, as a last measure, I wanted to win my final game with Igor.

The gods are angered when mortals ask too much of them. What I wanted, none could grant. As I crouched behind a boat, my thoughts filled with these impossible desires, the gods could only shake their heads in exasperation and ultimately, in anger. What is more pitiful than a man who cries like a child for things he cannot have? The gods have little pity, and when that pity is strained it turns to wrath.

If Evey had climbed into her car then and driven off, I think I would have crept away as silently as I had come and left Malenov to wait for his unhappy rendezvous with the boat. But, of course, she did not.

She walked to the rear of the car and fumbled in her purse for keys. She then opened the trunk and removed two suitcases. I was close enough to see that one of them was her own, recognizing it from the days when she spent so much time with me.

The appearance of her suitcase drove me to a kind of madness. I shouted into the blackness of the night:

"Malenov! Your ambulance isn't coming. Canadian Security has it. You've blown it, pal!"

There was silence at the end of the wharf. It seemed a tangible thing, so sharply were my senses pitched. Then Evey cried out:

"For God's sake, Win! Get out of here! Leave us alone!"

"He's a bloody spy, Evey! A KGB hood! He's just had a bunch of Canadians murdered!" I shouted.

I heard what I thought was a sob. I studied the end of the wharf.

He certainly was not standing there any longer, possibly having gone over the end of it into the water or crouching somehow behind a bollard.

Then I thought I saw him, hunkered down and moving toward the circle of light that formed an arc across the middle of the dock.

"What you want, Churchill?" he shouted. "If you have machine, what more?"

"I want Evey. I'll let you go peaceably. I don't want her winding up in Siberia with you—which is where they will send you when you get back to Russia empty-handed," I shouted.

"Don't I have anything to say about it?" Evey asked bitterly. While I had been addressing Malenov she had crossed half the distance between her car and the place I crouched.

Just at that point she saw me for the first time, and saw the shotgun in my hands.

"For Christ's sake, Win, put that thing away!"

The terrible danger we were all in suddenly registered on her and she started to cry.

"Are you crazy, Win? You can't want to kill him. Godalmighty, Win, he hasn't done you any harm! He's your friend."

"He's a killer, Evey. Honest to God."

"And what are you, you son of a bitch, with that gun in your hands?"

She ran at me, her hair streaming behind her, her arms outstretched to grab my shotgun.

At that moment I heard three or four reports, so close together they sounded almost like a single, rolling shot. Simultaneously I saw the muzzle flash, from the left side of the wharf and very low. Malenov must have taken a prone position to steady his arm.

I grabbed Evey and hauled her down.

"He's shooting at us," I said, unnecessarily.

She made no more attempt to take the shotgun away from me. She started to cry convulsively.

Apart from Evey's crying, there was silence. I felt stunned—not that Malenov had fired, but that he had fired when he could hear that Evey was beside me. It was an attempt to take advantage of the diversion she caused, and with a callous disregard for her safety.

My idea of a man in love does not include the possibility that he would deliberately fire a pistol in the direction of his lover. I

A SPY IN MY HOUSE

thought, then, that Evey's sobs stemmed from the same feeling.

I do not know how long we crouched in the dark after the shots were fired. It seemed like an hour or more but it was probably much less. When you expect any second to receive a fusillade of bullets, or feel the steel of a knife between the shoulder blades, waiting is an excruciating torture and the passage of time impossible to judge.

I knew what he was waiting for. The boat party must arrive at some point during the dark hours, giving him the means to overwhelm me with much less risk to himself. He had to get rid of me in order to escape with Evey.

But I did not know what I was waiting for. When he fired I was given a good aiming point by the flash. I think I might have hit him had I shot, despite the diversion Evey had unwittingly created. But I had not fired.

I felt terribly tired and spent. The exhaustion seemed to affect my will as much as it did my mind and body. It was as if the shots that Malenov fired had pierced a shield containing my energy; and that my vital forces were leaking off into the void. Even the thought that a boat load of hostile, Soviet seamen could be within minutes of landing failed to re-start the flow of my adrenalin.

Perhaps it was Evey's muffled crying that affected me, and sickened me of the whole business. It told me that there was no possibility for a happy ending for anyone, least of all for Evey. I pitied her and it was terrible, for there was no comfort I could offer.

Finally, she mastered her sobs enough to whisper, "Win, promise me something."

"What?"

"Promise, Win, just promise!"

"You have to tell me what, Evey," I said.

"Promise you won't hurt him!" she demanded.

"For God's sake, Evey! He just tried to kill us!"

"Promise, Win!" she said.

I tried to concentrate, to weigh the possibilities. At last I said, "I'll make a deal with you, Evey. If you will creep up to the shed, go behind it out to the road, then down the road to my car—and wait for me there—I'll follow you up and leave Igor to the KGB. But you have to get out of here right now!"

She was silent and I had the feeling she was going to refuse.

"Otherwise I'm going to have to shoot him," I said (which was a threat I was not at all sure of being able to execute).

I saw her head nod quickly, then suddenly she had turned and was running in a fine low crouch up toward the cover of the building. My heart was in my mouth because I feared that Malenov might mistake her for me and fire at her. I had to take my eyes off the wharf to see her reach the safety of the shed.

When I looked back at the wharf I could see nothing. Perhaps I should have felt fear, knowing that a trained assassin was within forty or fifty yards of me and had already made one attempt on my life. But from the moment Evey disappeared into the safety of the blackness behind the shed, I felt myself relax. I had come to rescue her from the Russian and this was now happening, even though not in the manner I had visualized when I arrived. Maybe the demands I had made of the gods were reasonable, and they were prepared to grant them.

Out beyond the end of the wharf a pinpoint of light appeared and started to grow. It was a boat, certainly, and it appeared headed in my general direction. I felt it was time to go. We could return for Evey's car in daylight when Malenov and his shipmates would be gone like the nightmare they were.

I moved very quietly but much more confidently than I had coming down, knowing better what Malenov's sighting difficulties were. I was quickly up to the shed, around it, and out to the road. I had only a couple of hundred yards to go before I could take my girl in my arms and try to comfort her.

I was suddenly aware that the night carried a new sound, the low, burbling pulse of a marine inboard engine. The Russians, I was sure, were arriving at the marina.

My car came into view and I speeded up to what I like to call a trot although, with my peg leg, it is not much faster than a normal person's brisk walk. I came up to my car on the driver's side and opened the door. The car was empty.

I turned and looked up the road, then back toward the marina. I could not believe Evey was not there. In all the years I had known her she had never lied to me. Remember what I said earlier about her uncompromising honesty?

I shouted into the night, careless of Malenov and his goons, "Evey! EVEY!"

There was only silence.

A SPY IN MY HOUSE

I guess, then, that I wanted to kill (or, equally likely, be killed), for I rushed as fast as my damnable leg and exhaustion allowed, in the direction of the marina. I think I wanted, more than anything else, to take the shot that Malenov had offered me and I had passed. If Evey could go to him of her own free will after he had shot at her, if she was prepared to go to an alien land with him and face exile with him, she was doomed to a hell my imagination could not encompass.

When I got back to the marina I could see the boat's white stern light shining and I could see that it was receding from shore. For a moment, though, with Evey's car still standing in the same place, I had the illusion that nothing had changed from the time of my first arrival and that Evey and Malenov were still out on the wharf, locked in an embrace.

But the two suitcases which Evey had laid beside her car were gone. And so was Evey.

That's about it. I was a hero with the CSIS until I gave them the detail of my final hours at the marina. When I came to the part about the muzzle flash and how I had had an opportunity but did not take it, they asked me why.

I suppose I'll ask myself that same question until I am a very old man. (Hell, I hadn't even promised anything to Evey at that point!)

On the other hand, being honest, there could never be anything in the future for Evey and me if I had shot at Igor, and happened to hit him. Evey would always hate me, and I would probably hate myself just as much.

In case any of you are unlucky enough to be recruited by the CSIS, I'd advise you to get your money up front. They never paid the last month's rent nor did I get the ten thousand dollar bonus. I guess they are still pretty sore about Malenov's uncontested departure.

As for the sixteen thousand dollars behind the furnace, it will have to stay there until, someday, Evey calls me to come and get her out of Russia.

CONCERNING WINSTON SPENSER AND THE PUBLICATION OF HIS ACCOUNT OF THE IGOR MALENOV AFFAIR

SHORTLY AFTER WINSTON SPENSER FORWARDED the foregoing account of the Malenov affair to his sister in Toronto, he was found by neighbours at the curbside outside his home in Fredericton. He had sustained a skull fracture and other injuries consistent with a vehicle/pedestrian collision. He died the following morning in the intensive care unit of the Chalmer's Hospital in Fredericton.

A coroner's inquest found that Winston Leonard Spenser had died as a result of misadventure, involving collision with a vehicle driven by a person unknown. The Fredericton police investigation is being assisted by the R.C.M.P. and continues at time of publication. No arrests have been made.

A formal inquiry was made of the Government of the U.S.S.R. by Canada's Department of External Affairs as to the whereabouts of Miss Evelyn Winters, believed to be in the Soviet Union. The U.S.S.R. responded by declaring that no person of the name or description supplied, had ever entered the Soviet Union.

Canada's initial inquiry was followed by a supplementary question concerning passengers carried by the *Azovskoye More* when it departed Saint John the morning following the events described in the Spenser account. To this the Soviet Union replied that the *Azovskoye More* carried only its normal crew and that there were no passengers, either of Canadian or other nationality, aboard the vessel.

A SPY IN MY HOUSE

The estate of Winston Spenser is administered by his sister, Laura Graves. The sole beneficiary is Miss Evelyn Winters. The decision to release the Spenser account for publication was taken by Mrs. Graves after the Soviet Union had answered negatively to the second inquiry concerning Miss Winters. The basis for this decision was that proceeds to the estate from publication could be used to pursue private inquiry into the matter of Miss Winters' disappearance.

In connection with liability arising under the Official Secrets Act from the publication of the Spenser document, legal opinion taken by Mrs. Graves casts considerable doubt as to whether any part of the report would provide grounds for prosecution. The CSIS apparently failed to specify precisely what information it sought to suppress under the Act.

Further, since Mrs. Graves read the report when she received it from her brother, any breach of the Act would have occurred at that time, whether or not a subsequent decision was taken to publish.

The Canadian Security Intelligence Service was not consulted prior to publication because of the extraordinary power it holds to seize and suppress documents it, in its sole discretion, believes to be of a sensitive nature. Seizure of the document would deprive the estate of means of pursuing the Winters disappearance.

It is Mrs. Graves' belief, based on a note from her brother which accompanied the document (see ff.), that his overwhelming desire at the time of his death was to secure the safe return of Miss Winters to Canada. For this reason, she is prepared to accept any consequence which may arise from her decision to publish.

THE WINSTON SPENSER NOTE TO LAURA GRAVES

Dear Sis:

I write this in some haste since I want to get my notes on the Malenov affair away to you immediately—they should not be in this house another day.

I won't say anything about the matter in this note—it's all in the account, anyway—except that I am going to do my damndest to get Evey back, even if it takes me the rest of my life.

Please keep my notes safe. In the unlikely event that something unforeseen prevents me from pursuing my objective, you will have to use your best judgement as to what to do with the notes. I'm sure Bill will help you decide.

Sorry to lay this on you, but you are the only one I want to trust with this.

Please give my very best to Bill.

Love,
Win

P.S. I've been a damn fool about Evey—just as you told me I was a few years ago. If I ever get her back I'll hang onto her like grim death. I promise!

A Spy In My House

The Igor Malenov Affair

This fast-paced spy novel features Winston Spenser, the one-legged ex-schoolteacher tricked by circumstances and the Canadian Security Intelligence Service into acting as 'keeper' for Igor Malenov, a chess-crazed Russian KGB defector. Set mainly in Fredericton and Saint John, New Brunswick, *A SPY IN MY HOUSE* is also a drama of another kind of loyalty when Spenser and Malenov compete for the affections of Evey—dupe or betrayer?—a competition which does not end with the final action-packed scene at a Bay of Fundy wharf.

Kenneth Langdon is author of two works of economic and social theory. He has lived in New Brunswick since 1969 and is at present Executive Director of the New Brunswick Heart Foundation.

ISBN 0-86492-065-2



GOOSE