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Philby and His Fictions

The unstable line between fiction and history wavers, blurs, and finally fades from sight when we contemplate the case of Harold Adrian Philby, the British agent known from early childhood by the name of a famous fictional spy. Kim Philby lived in a world which really exists but which takes shape for most of us in the fantasies of the thriller, and since his defection in 1963 he has been the property not so much of sober historians as of novelists, both serious and popular. The British edition of Philby's autobiography has an introduction by Graham Greene; the most convincing biography, Page, Leitch, and Knightley's *The Philby Conspiracy*, is introduced by John Le Carré.¹ The figure of the well-bred British defector appears again in Green's *The Human Factor* and Le Carré's *Tinker, Tailor, Soldier, Spy*; in Reginald Hill's *The Spy's Wife*, and in Joseph Hone's *The Private Sector*; a more distant avatar, perhaps owing more to Allan Nunn May than to Philby, appears in Anthony Burgess's *Tremor of Intent*.² The dramatist Alan Bennett has contributed a two-act play, *The Old Country*, which treats an aging British defector on the verge of returning to England; a close variant of that theme animates Alan Williams's *Gentleman Traitor*.³ Several historical works, on the other hand, draw on a Philby numerology that derives from a well-known Graham Greene story and film: there is *The Third Man*, *The Fourth Man*, and finally, *Was There a Fifth Man?*⁴ Several of the novelists appear to suggest, as Alan Williams does overtly, that the purpose of their novels is partly to relay information that the Official Secrets Act and the British libel laws, far stricter than their American counterparts, would suppress. Novelists like Le Carré and Williams hinted at Anthony Blunt's identity as the "fourth man" several years before the British government confirmed it. Andrew Boyle, author of *The Fourth Man*, gets around the same laws by constructing fictional names for Blunt and Wilfred Mann (the "fifth man," in his view); Blunt is called "Maurice," presumably to evoke his friend E. M. Forster.

The Philby story of course appeals to novelists because it contains so many of the elements of the popular thriller. The search for the spy's identity—who tipped off Moscow?—is after all a staple of the genre. Put identity in italics and we see how readily that convention lends itself to deeper questions of motive and psychological as well as moral integrity. Spies are congenial to the age, says Jacques Barzun, because psychoanalysis has told us we are all imposters.⁵ Thus when Kim Philby, to all appearances an efficient member of the British Secret Intelligence Service (SIS) was revealed as a KGB agent of thirty years' standing, there was a powerful impulse to produce psychological explanations, an impulse reflected even in the titles of Hone's *Private Sector* and Greene's *The Human Factor*. Yet the double agent is not just any betrayer, cannot be equated with, say, the successful adulterer; his actions are determined by, and themselves determine, the course of public events. Thus the attempt to find his identity has a public dimension: one also asks of Philby if Ramsey MacDonald's National Government or the suppression of the Viennese workers in 1934 drove him into the KGB. Thus, too, the spy can easily become not only a metaphor for our own divided, deceptive selves but for the failures and "betrayals" of liberal parliamentary government in England or in the West more generally. John Le Carré, stressing the public issues, says that the public is drawn to spy novels because: "We have learned in recent years to translate almost all of political life in terms of conspiracy. . . . There is so much cynicism about the orthodox forms of government as they are offered to the public that we believe almost nothing at face value."⁶

Yet the spy not only acts to influence public events; he also represents a particular part of the public. People in the West are all too willing to believe in the guilt of Jewish people accused of spying—Dreyfus, the Rosenbergs, David Greenglass. Spies are readily conceived of as beautiful women like Mata Hari or as the plumpish men in ill-fitting shiny blue suits with foreign accents and nasty sexual voices who, as Bruce Merry says, almost always turn out to be spies in novels.⁷ But Philby's suits fit, he had the right accent; he was certainly not Jewish and even the imputation of homosexual leanings has never been proved.⁸ He was, as George Steiner rather oddly remarks, considering that the same might be said of the original, a "Judas" who "belonged to the right club."⁹ He did not betray his country for money, nor did he strike his acquaintances as a man capable of deep political convictions. Thus Philby becomes a focus for questions about the English class system that he both represents and betrays.

Philby's identity is sought then by those who wish to understand his psyche, his politics, and his social class. It is an elusive identity, one

that by a fatally easy movement becomes a symbol, a metaphor, something other and less than a human being. As representative of those who have searched for his identity we can look to three novelists: to John Le Carré, who emphasizes the public origins and consequences of his behavior; to Graham Greene, who is intensely interested in the questions of psychology and private morality that associate themselves with his case; and to Joseph Hone, who interests himself in both. At least as fascinating as these novels, and in some sense as "fictional," is Philby's own contribution, *My Secret War*, a strangely literary autobiography that is obviously a major source for his portrait in English fiction.

Before turning to these carefully shaped visions of Philby's story—no one of which corresponds fully to the known facts—it is useful to have an idea of the public record. Philby was born in India in 1912, and educated at the best schools: Westminster, and then Trinity College, Cambridge, where he knew Guy Burgess, Donald Maclean, and Anthony Blunt. He was in Vienna in February 1934 during the shelling of the workers' flats and married a young Jewish Communist woman there. By 1936, when he had become a *Times* correspondent in Spain and an outspoken proponent of what was euphemistically referred to as Anglo-German fellowship, he was already a Soviet agent. Recruited to SIS in 1940, Philby, on all accounts a brilliant agent and administrator, rose to become head of the newly formed anti-Soviet section in 1946. Philby was transferred to Washington in 1949 as SIS liaison man with the CIA. There he came under CIA suspicion and was finally expelled when Guy Burgess and Donald Maclean turned up in Moscow. The British interrogated and suspended Philby in 1953, but lacked the evidence to convict him of spying. After a period of disgrace Philby became a newspaper correspondent in Beirut, where he also apparently worked again for SIS; in 1963, when he had been definitively identified by a defecting Soviet agent, Philby disappeared from Beirut and reappeared four months later in Moscow. His four wives, his affair with Melinda Maclean, wife of his fellow defector, his heavy drinking, his pronounced stutter, and his unfailing charm are all part of the public story.

Many other points remain unclear and they too are part of the story's fascination. Common sense says that a Soviet agent at the head of the anti-Soviet section of British intelligence who has close contacts with U.S. intelligence must do immense damage—but what was it? Some specific details are attested to by both Philby and his biographers—the betrayal, for example, of successive groups of anti-Communist Albanians who attempted to overthrow their country's government between 1950 and 1952. The penetration of British intelli-

gence by Soviet agents clearly helped to break down Anglo-American co-operation in intelligence. But obviously there is much more that has never met the public eye, and the novelistic imagination is free to run riot. Questions remain about why Philby was not detected earlier, about what he was doing in Beirut in the early sixties, and about why he was permitted to escape. There are, to take a relatively small matter, almost as many accounts of Philby's escape route as there are books about him. Speculation about the "fourth man," rampant for years, may be calmed by the public identification of Anthony Blunt, but still there is talk of a "fifth man." The spectre of an infinitely receding chain of British Communists in high places haunts the imagination; Joseph Hone's Peter Marlow, both in *The Private Sector* and *The Sixth Directorate*, discovers the hidden Communist identities of his colleagues in the SIS at about the same rate at which Proust's narrator discovers the concealed homosexuality of the people in his milieu.

Not the least interesting of the Philby myths, as we have said, is Philby's own autobiography, *My Silent War*. We must contemplate the paradox of a "true" story written by a man who deceived everyone around him for thirty years and was compelled by circumstances to clear every sentence with the KGB. Yet no one who searches for Philby's identity can ignore this book. *My Silent War* is not a crude piece of propaganda filled with obvious big lies, though there is disagreement about how many smaller ones it contains. Graham Greene professes to detect none and points to the truthfulness of many of Philby's unflattering sketches of his British colleagues. Robert Cecil, who was appointed personal assistant to the head of SIS in 1943 and had been at Cambridge in the middle thirties, finds, on the other hand, that the "measure of credence" Philby's book has been given is "astonishing" and adds that: "Among his sparse pleasures in Moscow these days must be that of noting how well his fictions have gone down in the West."¹⁰ Yet Cecil's rather searching claims amount in the end to the statement that two deaths that Philby attributes to suicide or the CIA were KGB assassinations, and a refutation of Philby's story that Guy Burgess, in the last days before his defection, engineered his deportation from the United States by deliberately piling up four speeding tickets in a single day. The inference that, as Cecil believes, Philby fingered Maclean, is rather too easily drawn from the autobiography itself to constitute a serious distortion.

Philby's autobiography is more usefully regarded as fiction in terms of the artful selection of material, the skillful use of irony and epigraph, and the evident dependence on literary models that it displays. Selectivity is obvious and goes beyond that needed for the security of KGB networks. Philby the persona is a man without women, though

his creator had had at the time of writing three wives. Five children go unmentioned; a colorful father and a mother on whom he was so dependent that he moved in with her after his fall in 1953 receive one mention each. Thus "Philby" is a creature of intelligence in a second sense, a hero of the mind who makes free rational choices unencumbered by the flesh. Alcoholic debauches that caused a reviewer to remark that two biographies of him read like temperance tracts are similarly excised. Creature of intelligence, this existential Philby is a man of irony who characteristically remarks of David Boyle, a friend of the wartime chief of SIS, "I was increasingly drawn to him for his inability to assess the intelligence that passed through his hands."¹¹ Verbal wit dominates his perception of the world, to the exclusion of other values. Philby describes a ten days' wait for a plane to Turkey in the company of "a group of nuns bound for Bulawayo. Their departure was finally announced one perishing morning—and perish they did, every one of them" (p. 164).

Of the literary influences at work in *My Secret War* the most obvious are P. G. Wodehouse, Compton MacKenzie, and Graham Greene. The Wodehouse opus, MacKenzie's *Water on the Brain* (which Philby footnotes, p. 69), and Greene's *Our Man in Havana* come into play as he draws his caricature of the SIS. In the allusive style of Bertie Wooster he remarks of the failure of the British to identify correctly the Soviet units near the Turkish border that "The *tabula* was depressingly *rasa*" (p. 175). Life in the SIS under Cowgill was excessively cozy: "It felt as if the office might at any moment burst into wholesome round games" (p. 77). The absurd pretentiousness and incompetence of British intelligence as portrayed in *Water on the Brain* and *Our Man in Havana* are constant topics. Both Philby and his Soviet contacts are afraid in 1940 that Philby has not managed to get into the right service: there must be another, they reason, "really secret and really powerful" (p. 11). Philby seems never to miss a detail, however trivial, that makes British Intelligence appear ridiculous, whether his own secret initials, DUD (p. 14) or the epistolary attainments of Stewart Menzies, his chief: "His stationery was a vivid blue, his ink green. He wrote an execrable hand" (p. 78). The wartime work of the famous is ridiculed: "More corrosive imports, such as Graham Greene and Malcolm Muggeridge . . . merely added to the gaiety of the service" (p. 48). Only by an effort of the will can the reader keep in mind that the enemy is not Wodehouse's British fascist, Roderick Spode, and his Saviours of Britain (the Black Shorts), but Hitler's Germany. Even when Philby is directly at risk the irony continues. In 1945 a Soviet vice-consul in Istanbul named Volkov planned to defect to the West, bringing with him information about two Soviet agents in

the Foreign Office. Philby narrowly escaped detection when he tipped off the KGB and had Volkov kidnapped and returned home. Only a series of fortuitous delays kept Philby safe; these, and his willingness to fly to Turkey to take charge of the case. The original choice for that job, Douglas Roberts, "though doubtless as lion-hearted as the next man, had an unconquerable distaste for flying" (p. 152).

It would be hard to disagree with the reviewer in *TLS* who saw Philby's intention in publishing his autobiography as being to discredit the SIS, possibly in order to prevent fuller cooperation between British and American intelligence.¹² In carrying out this intention, Philby is assisted not only by extreme selectivity but by a literary subgenre that insists on a ludic, even farcical element in espionage. What he did not wish to borrow from that genre was its underlying seriousness. We should note that MacKenzie's introduction to *Water on the Brain* claims that he wrote that book because "recently on one or two occasions the farcical has been mixed with the tragic in a way that might encourage even the sophisticated to accept farce as history."¹³ John Le Carré's *The Looking-Glass War* is a continuation of the MacKenzie tradition that bears comparison with Philby's book; in that novel the pathetic pretensions of an out-moded intelligence agency to carrying on World War II espionage in the mid-sixties (even to the direct imitation of MacKenzie's running joke about agents who insist on using code names among themselves) end in disaster for a man who has given the agency his trust. In Philby's world there are no real consequences, no disasters, and certainly no social context—in this last respect his autobiography is surely the least Marxist of books. Of an ambush of Albanian nationalists for which he was responsible Philby remarks archly: "I do not know what happened to the parties concerned. But I can make an informed guess" (p. 202). A reader of Philby with no access to other information about mid-twentieth century history would learn that there was a "Los Alamos group" and that it included the Rosenbergs, but would remain unenlightened about what it was they were accused of doing.

Philby's debt to Greene goes deeper. If Greene is, in Hugh Trevor-Roper's phrase, "Philby's chief English apologist,"¹⁴ Philby seems to derive from him the only serious apology he makes for himself. Many other people had been attracted to Communism in the thirties, but, Philby concedes, they gave it up after the purges or at the very latest at the time of the Nazi-Soviet Non-Agression Pact. Why did Philby, in a phrase that makes a virtue of ignoring evidence, "stay the course" (p. xix)? His answer is a quotation from *The Confidential Agent*. The heroine has asked "D" if his leaders are better than the enemy's. "'No. Of course not,' he replies. 'But I still prefer the people they lead—even

if they lead them all wrong.' " She responds that that is not very different from " 'my country right or wrong' " " 'You choose your side once and for all—of course, it may be the wrong side. Only history can tell that' " (p. 20). Through this quotation, which is surely not entirely representative of Greene, Philby links himself emphatically with the hero of the "crystalline" novel whose exaltation of the lonely choosing will at the expense of social reality Iris Murdoch has so ably dissected.¹⁵ The present may be safely ignored: value for Philby lies in fidelity to a past choice and the future that will flow from it even if: "Advances which, thirty years ago, I hoped to see in my lifetime, may have to wait a generation or two" (p. xx). Having offered this moral explanation, Philby ends with a stranger one. Speaking of the KGB as if it were the Blades or possibly a fellowship at King's College, Philby says: "One does not look twice at an offer of enrolment in an elite force" (p. xxi).

If *My Silent War* is the least Marxist of autobiographies, unconcerned with representing or analyzing the working class, too aloof and ironic to evince or evoke concern with social welfare or day-to-day politics or even the "verdict of history" in which the author professes belief, Philby's life—a different matter—can be read, according to John Le Carré, as "a Marxian novel; a novel without humanity; a novel rich in scenes of social decay" (p. 35). "Like a great novel, and an unfinished one at that," says Le Carré, "the story of Kim Philby lives on in us: it conveys not merely a sense of participation but of authorship" (p. 23). Le Carré discusses Philby's father, St. John, in social rather than psychological terms: "Through his father, and the education which his father gave him, he experienced both as a victim and as a practitioner the capacity of the British ruling class for reluctant betrayal and polite self-preservation" (p. 26). Le Carré's oddly Marxist analysis sees Philby as the embodiment of the pre-war upper class whose continued presence in the SIS after 1945 can only be explained in terms of its having become a bastion of reaction: "Within its own walls, its clubs and country houses . . . it would enshrine the mystical entity of a vanishing England" (p. 30). Because the SIS "identified class with loyalty" (p. 30) it found Philby's treachery unthinkable. Thus Philby's story is the story of the evils and decay of a class system. And more: since "the British secret services . . . are . . . microcosms of the British condition, of our social attitudes and vanities" (p. 28) Philby's success reflects "the prevailing nature of our society, and our predicament as a fading world power" (p. 34).

This fascination with Philby is evident in several of LeCarré's novels, but it is at the center of *Tinker, Tailor, Soldier, Spy*. The many links between that novel and Philby's story have been closely argued

by John Halperin.¹⁶ To cite only the most important, Halperin finds the "mole," Bill Haydon, to have been based on Philby, and George Smiley on Dick White, the SIS man in his opinion most responsible for identifying Philby; Halperin points out that these resemblances include details of the characters' physical appearance and personal tastes. Numerous plot elements have been borrowed from history: the Volkov incident, described above, is the source of the Irina-Ricki Tarr sub-plot; the betrayal of Jim Prideaux's Czech network is based on Philby's betrayal of anti-Communist groups in Albania and the Ukraine. Yet it must be said that when it comes to exploring Haydon's identity the novel, distinguished as it is by its Byzantine plot, does not go beyond Le Carré's earlier essay on Philby. Haydon has few lines and there is no attempt to portray his mental processes from the inside. He is protected by a KGB plot called Merlin, by extremely elaborate precautions surrounding his contacts with his London control, by his charm and breeding and not at all incidentally by his seduction of Ann Smiley, itself a KGB ploy to distract her *sympathique* husband, the most clear-sighted member of the Circus. Unlike Philby, Haydon is bisexual as well as a philanderer; unlike Philby he is captured by his own agency and then murdered by Jim Prideaux, his former lover. The Jim Prideaux sub-plot, with which the novel begins and ends, serves the important function of displaying the personal and political consequences of Haydon's betrayals; Prideaux, tortured and then sent to a special KGB gulag after the exposure of his network, still suffers from an unhealed back wound. Yet most of the details of plot and characterization have the effect of conventionalizing the Philby story. Sexual deviance, whatever its role in the Guy Burgess and Donald Maclean cases, is a dead giveaway for fictional spies, as we have noted. The better to display Smiley's power of induction, Le Carré has provided more satisfactory reasons for the mole's success than he himself found in the Philby case. Haydon's death provides the rough justice we want in our thrillers, while leaving most of the real questions unanswered; a strong suggestion that Haydon's Oxford tutor, "Fanshaw of the Christ Church Optimates" had recruited him for the Soviets will never be followed up.

What complexity there is, beyond the complications of excellent plotting, resides in George Smiley and his meditations on Haydon's treachery. Smiley, as Richard Locke says, is an anti-Bond figure;¹⁷ overweight and giving the impression of clumsiness, he must rely on intelligence instead of physical prowess or gadgets; sexually he seems a failure, unable to keep his wife faithful, let alone convert a lesbian named Pussy Galore to hetero-sexuality. Moreover, unlike Bond, whose contributions to the British collective ego Kingsley Amis ana-

lyzes with wit and perception, Smiley is well aware that the sun has set on the British Empire.¹⁸ Trying to understand Haydon, Smiley entertains many notions: that there is "mindless treason" as there is "supposedly . . . mindless violence," (p. 340), or that Haydon's father, the Monster, is to blame. Using Philby's language, Smiley wonders whether it was simply that Haydon, a "romantic and a snob" had "wanted to join an elitist vanguard an lead the masses out of darkness" (p. 367). It occurs to him that what had appealed to Haydon was the "symmetry of an historical and economic solution" (p. 367) and finally that Bill had been like a Russian doll containing many smaller dolls: only Karla, the head of KGB, "had seen the last little doll inside Bill Haydon" (p. 367). But the most dangerous explanation is so close to Smiley himself that it almost induces him to defend his former friend, the notion that Bill himself had been betrayed by postwar England: "He saw with painful clarity an ambitious man born to the big canvas, brought up to rule, divide and conquer, whose visions and vanities all were fixed . . . upon the world's game; for whom the reality was a poor island with scarcely a voice that would carry across the water" (p. 345). As the faithful Smiley mediates it, Haydon's treachery is not only the failure of a class but, in George Gulla's phrase, "a failure of love," the act of a man who has no other word for love than "illusion."¹⁹ Any idea that Haydon has made a defensible political choice is effaced.

Whereas Le Carré has declared his distaste for Philby and sought both in fiction and elsewhere to emphasize the damage he did in turning the SIS, for at least ten years, into an "appalling liability" (p. 34), Graham Greene has expressed affection for the man and minimized the amount of harm he did. In an essay originally published as an introduction to the British edition of *My Silent War*, Greene insists that the most significant damage was caused by MI5's "forc[ing] him into the open," for "a spy allowed to continue his work without interference is far less dangerous than the spy who is caught."²⁰ The charge that Philby sent men to their deaths Greene dismisses with the comment that "so does any military commander, but at least the cannon fodder of the espionage war are all volunteers" (p. 415). A similar two-wrongs-almost-make-a-right argument in more portentous language asks, "Who among us has not committed treason to something or someone more important than a country" (p. 415)? Philby's arguments for "staying the course" in spite of Stalin seem congenial to Greene, who compares him to a Catholic at the time of the Inquisition. The content of Philby's convictions is clearly irrelevant to Greene; a "disagreeable" "drive to power" Philby had manifested in office politics has shown itself acceptable in light of the requirements of being a KGB agent: "He was serving a cause and not himself, and so

my old liking for him comes back . . ." (p. 418). One must consider what a strain it is to be a double agent: "After thirty years in the underground, surely he had earned his right to a rest" (p. 419).

For these views Greene has frequently been criticized, most notably by Hugh Trevor-Roper. At first reading, *The Human Factor* might well be seen as a fuller defense, if not of Philby, then of political betrayal more generally. In the same issue of the *New York Times* in which Denis Donoghue proposed his "little theory" that the novel "is a book about Kim Philby . . . or rather, a book which rose from Greene's feeling that he could not, in his heart, condemn Philby, or judge a traitor merely by his actions," V.S. Pritchett provides evidence for the theory.²¹ In an interview with Greene, Pritchett discovered that Greene had written "the first 25,000 words of *The Human Factor* about 1967, but when Philby wrote his defense of his defection in 1968, Greene put the book aside and wrote *The Honorary Consul* instead." Quite properly Pritchett links Greene's response to an old interest in what he has called the "virtue of disloyalty" and quotes from a letter to Elizabeth Bowen in which Greene asked rhetorically whether it is not "the storyteller's task . . . to elicit sympathy and understanding for those outside state sympathy" (p. 38)? It is obvious from even the most cursory glance back at Greene's novels of the thirties and forties that traitors, whether adulterers or double agents, have long fascinated him. The notion of a double self is an assumption of the modern world, as Barzun says; it is equally part of a Christian ethic that emphasizes the deceptions of appearance and the value of the inner motive. Thus Philby, whose ideas about himself seem curiously shaped by Greene, comes into that author's work as an element not wholly new.

Green's novel is by no means simple transcription of political and biographical facts. Set at some unspecified time in the seventies, when the Vietnam war has ended and the Russian invasion of Czechoslovakia can be regarded, at least by Maurice Castle, the novel's protagonist, as safely past, *The Human Factor* evokes a London plagued by strikes, inflation, and moral breakdown in the form of visible pornography and the casual sexual habits of the young. There are anachronisms—most jarringly the failure of the Castles to have seven year-old Sam vaccinated against measles or even whooping cough—but in general Greene, like Le Carré, has moved his story out of the World War II and Cold War era in which Philby operated into a time when disillusion with the West has become more widespread, even popular. Like Le Carré, he ascribes to his hero upper class origins that protect him from suspicion; Castle took "a third class in history at the House Roger Castle in the Treasury is his cousin" (p. 44). When a

leak is discovered, suspicion automatically falls on his office-mate, Arthur Davis, a Reading University man who votes Labour.

Yet unlike Le Carré, who keeps the Russian spy at arm's length and structures his plot around the conventional search for the spy's identity, Greene makes the spy the novel's central consciousness and suggests his guilt from the first paragraph, where Castle is described as "always prepared to account for his actions, even the most innocent" (p. 15). Minimizing suspense, Greene makes the discovery and evaluation of the spy's motives the central interest of the novel and adds to the whole story a metaphysical dimension that neither Philby nor Le Carré consider. In the process of "eliciting sympathy" for a man who is "outside state sympathy," Greene moves away from Philby the man to create a character who is much easier to understand.

Unlike history's Philby or Le Carré's Haydon, Maurice Castle is strictly limited in his ability to damage the West. Assigned to a small section dealing with Africa, he is comforted from the beginning by the knowledge that "the fate of the world . . . would never be decided on their continent" (p. 16). In its portrait of the SIS, *The Human Factor* follows the *Water on the Brain*, *Our Man in Havana* strain that we noted in Philby's autobiography. The activities of the secret service are occasionally ridiculous, almost always schoolboyish. Sympathetic Arthur Davis complains of the "silliness" of intelligence work and yearns for excitement in the form of microdots and invisible ink. " 'What was the most secret information you ever possessed, Castle?' 'I once knew the approximate date of an invasion.' 'Normandy?' 'No, no. Only the Azores' " (p. 61). The scene where Davis plays at spies with Sam Castle seems scarcely more childish than the scene in which "C" and Colonel Daintry discuss catching the double in their midst while the colonel agonizes over the humiliations of having brought his hostess three pounds of Maltesars and then having chipped her crystal. The personal quirks of Castle's colleagues—Daintry's grouse-hunting image, Emmanuel Percival's obsession with trout fishing, which he much prefers to sex with anyone—obviously justify the habit, which Castle shares with Philby and Guy Burgess, of "making lightning sketches of his colleagues: there were times when he even put them on paper" (p. 19). The kind of stupidity that leads to the assumption that Davis's racing form is in code (" 'Kalamazoo sounds like a town in Africa,' " (p. 183) is perennially evident. It is true, however, that these rather harmless seeming overgrown schoolboys are capable of doing real damage; Greene makes the real consequences of espionage farce, to which MacKenzie alluded, a part of his novel. The murder of Arthur Davis for Castle's crime finally associates him in death with the dangerous world of spies he had dreamed of joining.

The political context nonetheless remains sufficiently blurred for Greene to develop Castle's dilemma as a matter mainly of private conscience, something that would be difficult to do if he were made responsible for actions with recognizable historical consequences such as, say, the rise of Idi Amin or the outbreak of a civil war in Rhodesia. A literary self-consciousness in the novel evokes comparisons with other novels rather than with the historical world: Arthur Davis, when he contemplates adding an "e" to his last name, recalls Arthur Davies, the earnest middle-class hero of Erskine Childers's *The Riddle of the Sands*. Maurice's name evokes Forster, but we also recall that the two lovers in *The End of the Affair* were named Maurice and Sarah and are not particularly surprised when we discover that the Castle's doctor has a large strawberry mark on his left cheek. The omission of precise dates prevents identification of real events, while the one public issue with which the novel deals biases the reader in Castle's favor. We learn early on that Castle had decided to spy for the Soviet Union out of gratitude to a Communist agent named Carson who had helped Sarah, who is black, escape from South Africa. Castle takes the final risk that makes his escape to Moscow inevitable out of a moral conviction that he must betray the details of plans for the British, American, and West Germans to enter into a secret agreement with the government of South Africa that will permit it to use tactical ("a reassuring word," p. 206) nuclear weapons to defend itself against black revolutionaries. This all too credible agreement—its real-life counterpart, as Leopoldo Duñán points out, is the subject of a book published four months after *The Human Factor*—reminds the reader of the willingness of the West to blinker itself to repression in the Free World.²² Any similar excesses of the Soviets are only fleetingly suggested. For the martyred Carson, Greene borrows the phrase he had used to excuse Philby: Castle tells Sarah that: "He survived Stalin like Roman Catholics survived the Borgias" (p. 140). Speaking of the Russian invasions of Czechoslovakia and Hungary, Castle says "'Your worst crimes, Boris, are always in the past . . .'" (p. 158) and when he raises these "crimes" with Halliday, the old Communist reminds him of "Hamburg, Dresden, Hiroshima" (p. 288). It must be noted that cynicism about the methods of the West is stock and trade of the better run of post-Bond spy novels: Le Carré's Leamas, Adam Hall's Quiller, Hone's Marlow, and the anonymous British agents of the early Len Deightons are immersed in a world of dirty tricks and routine betrayals by their morally loathesome superiors. Still Greene, in suggesting that distinctions between good and bad do not exist on the political level at all—that is, that the problem is much deeper than the tendency of secret services to use Gestapo tactics to preserve the liberal democracies—has gone a step further. "Each

side," thinks Castle, "shares the same clichés," or as Halliday would put it, for every Afghanistan there is a Vietnam. In this political context, surely anyone could understand Castle's willingness to make personal gratitude the grounds of what others would regard as a political decision.

It is this paradox that surrounds the private life of the spy, the man or woman sworn to secrecy, a part of whose life is radically private, unknown to closest friends, yet whose vocation and fate are radically determined by public history. The "Philby" of the autobiography avoids the conflict, as indeed many popular fictional spies do, by excising the personal life. Le Carré's Bill Haydon is of one piece; like the historical Philby Le Carré evokes in his introduction to *The Philby Conspiracy* and the fictionalized Kim Philby of Alan Williams' *Gentleman Traitor*, he is as willing to betray a friend or lover as a country. But Greene's spy lives with both terms of the paradox; since intense personal loyalties motivate his disloyalty to England, his wife can forgive it: " 'We have our own country. You and I and Sam. You've never betrayed that country, Maurice' " (p. 246). He is drawn to both Communism and Catholicism when he is in the presence of good men who espouse them, but finds himself essentially "born to be a half-believer" (p. 140) who has as little "trust in Marx or Lenin" as in "St. Paul" and can only cling to the personal decency that gratitude to Carson represents. One of the deep questions his situation poses is whether or not it is possible to live outside all group loyalties.

Conor Cruise O'Brien, who is not given to saying such things lightly, stresses the echoes of Kafka in Castle's name and says that he is a Christ figure: "There seems indeed to be a kind of inversion or diversion of Kafka, perhaps a Christianization: not just people in quest of the inaccessible Castle, but the Castle itself engaged in a quest: man seeking Christ, and Christ seeking man."²³ Castle's faithfulness to his own conception of right, his suffering, loneliness, humility and obscurity (a "dullish man, first-class . . . with files," p. 44) are consonant with a certain romantic idea of Christ, also a "man outside state sympathy." Castle is at home with other Greene protagonists whose unattractive exteriors conceal their genuine virtue even from themselves. Castle's search for a confessor needs, however, to be seen in more specific terms; it is above all a need to talk and ease his terrible isolation that drives him, having failed to find his Moscow control, into the confessional of a modern Catholic church whose priest tells him that he needs a doctor (p. 242). In spite of the great dependence of the plot on Castle's love for Sarah and her son he is never free of the loneliness his double life imposes on him. Telling Sarah the truth is only a prelude to their separation. Not only does Castle's espionage lead to the death of

Davis, who comes closer than any other man in England to being his friend, but it leaves his wife immured with his censorious mother in a country in which she can never feel at home. The necessity of shooting Sam's repulsive but much loved Buller in order to prevent his barking from alerting the neighbors to Castle's disappearance becomes even more horrible when the reader learns that instead the wounded dog's moaning had summoned them. That Castle must leave England disguised as a blind man is surely no accident.

Castle's decision to live out a personal commitment without ties to country, party, or church leads him inexorably to the two-room flat in Moscow. It is interesting that in the last chapter Greene comes closer to evoking the historical Philby than at any other point in the novel. For while it is just possible to imagine Philby committing himself to Communism in the early thirties out of a feeling for his young Jewish wife that matches Castle's love for Sarah, who is also a victim of racial laws, so many of the other details of Greene's novel move away from Philby's life that we might be inclined to forget the parallel. Philby in Moscow, both as an object of historical record and of novelistic speculation, is an important part of the legend. The image of a bored, vaguely discontented spy wearing out his old school ties and following cricket scores through the air mail edition of the *Times* is the focus of Williams' novel and Bennett's play. This part of the legend gets some of its impetus from occasional Philby sightings and from the odd photo of the old spy in fur hat posing in Red Square, but the main text is Eleanor Philby's *Kim Philby: The Spy I Loved*, a *Ladies Home Journal* view of the expatriate spy's life. The third Mrs. Philby, who seems to have been devoid of moral or intellectual resources, provides a wonderfully superficial perspective on defection to Moscow which at its best conveys to the reader a Flaubertian dizziness before the depths of stupidity: "We ordered marvellous cuts of meat, red caviar, special tinned fruits and vegetables, the best brands of Russian champagnes, wines, beer and soda water. All these . . . would be delivered to the flat by a cheery man in a smart white coat . . . One pays cash on delivery."²⁴ This perspective does, however, make Mrs. Philby an excellent source for the novelist. Greene borrows her flat in "an enormous gray building" (p. 70) and moves the Philby's large television set into it; he turns their blue wicker settee into a green wicker chair, and follows Mrs. Philby in informing the reader that while an unfurnished flat in Moscow includes a kitchen stove, everything else, including the toilet, has to be bought. Like Mrs. Philby, Castle makes a stab at learning Russian from a housekeeper named Anna. "Cruikshank and Bates," British defectors who preceded Castle, dine like the Philbys and Macleans at the Aragvi Restaurant.

By evoking the wraith of Philby in Moscow Greene reminds the reader that a real story resonates behind his fiction even as his hero remains a readier object of sympathy than his real life counter-part. Castle soon learns that the KGB have deceived him and that his real value to them had not been in liberating Africans but in providing credible cover for a Russian triple agent; the leak that ended Castle's career had been engineered by the KGB. The dead telephone in his wife's hand at the end of the novel signals the beginning of an isolation that is worse than any he has known. For Greene as for other British novelists and essayists, the endless Moscow winter is a ready-made symbol. "This was not the snow he remembered from childhood," thinks Castle. "This was a merciless, interminable, annihilating snow, a snow in which one could expect the world to end" (p. 330). The comparison with the icy circle in which Dante placed his traitors is inevitable.

Greene has succeeded in showing the possibility of sympathizing with the spy in the terrible punishment of his isolation. One may respect Castle's sense of loyalty even as he betrays his country and brings deep unhappiness to those for whom he undertook the betrayal. This complicated sympathy is gained at the price, as we have seen, of effacing most of the public context in which Castle operates and displacing its significance to the plane of the private life and conscience. Yet precisely because in the end Castle's private choice has left him alone in the snows of Moscow the novel cannot be read as an apology for political betrayals. Forster's famous opposition—"if I had to choose between betraying my friend and betraying my country I hope I should have the guts to betray my country"—proves impossible to sustain even in this novel, remarkable for its lack of interest in public events.²⁵ Castle embodies the bourgeois, liberal individualism his last name suggests (every man's home is . . .) every bit as much as the Bloomsbury cult of personal relations that his first name evokes. A half-believer without ideological commitments, we can expect him to die in Moscow the strange death of liberal England. And since neither Catholicism nor Communism is presented in the novel as a wholly satisfying faith—only rarely does the "human face" of either shine forth in a saint like Carson—the book ends as bleakly as *Tinker, Tailor, Soldier, Spy*.

Both private and public issues are central to Joseph Hone's *The Private Sector*, where the search for the spy's identity takes place in exotic Cairo. The setting is informative. It was in the Middle East that Philby spent his last years before fleeing to Moscow; more importantly, he was very much the product of the colonial world this novel analyzes. Though there are many questions about the direction it takes, all of Philby's biographers concede the importance of St. John

Philby's influence on his son. A second-rate Lawrence of Arabia, creature of Ibn Saud, and convert to Islam, St. John Philby was imprisoned by the British for his pro-fascist sympathies at the outbreak of World War II. In his last years he took up with a former slave girl, Umferhat, a gift of King Saud I (Page, p. 53); in his grotesquely overweight presence the already middle-aged spy was photographed with the little Arab boy who was his half-brother. In a general way the setting evokes Philby's father; there are also several specific references to the spy himself. Williams, the fictional chief of SIS's Middle East Intelligence Section in 1967, is identified as the elusive Fourth Man who had recruited Philby "and his two friends" in the early thirties (p. 151). Through Williams, history and fiction converge, as in the warning to his Moscow contact: ". . . don't swamp the air waves on the Moscow circuit up at the Embassy—that's how they first got onto Philby" (p. 160). However, although Williams is the author of the elaborate plot that takes the narrator to Cairo, gets him jailed for treason, and even provokes the Six Days' War, he remains a shadowy background figure.

The double agent around whom most of the novel turns is Henry Edwards, a British colonial who begins his triple career in Soviet, British and Egyptian intelligence in his native Cairo. Most of the novel is narrated by Peter Marlow, an obscure desk man in Middle East Intelligence whom Williams sends after Edwards when the latter is suspected of defecting. In the process of finding Edwards, Marlow discovers a whole system of betrayals: Henry, although once his best friend, had had an affair with his wife, Bridget; he himself is being used, like his colleague Marcus, as the unwitting carrier of a microdot forgery that will encourage the Egyptians to go to war with Israel. Moreover, in Cairo Marlow is reminded of his own betrayal; there he had briefly doubled for Colonel Hamdy, now the head of Egyptian Intelligence and, as Marlow finally discovers, an Israeli agent. Thus the novel evaluates not one betrayal but several of varying political and personal consequence.

Hone is definitely among those writers who are fascinated with the psychological motives of the double agent and he seeks them, like any good analyst, in childhood. Even Williams, treated so briefly, seems to link his espionage for the Russians to a Russian doll his mother had given him when he was still an only child and that he came to associate with the unexpected birth of a brother: "he remembered the feeling of despair that had come over him . . . real children, too, went on forever, one inside the other in the body of their mother . . . the knowledge of the endless ramifications of deceit . . ." (p. 129). More than a convention, his clandestine life as a homosexual seems seriously connected

with his career in espionage. Faithful, rather unimaginative Marlow knows that his own spying on his wife and his brief career as an insignificant double for the Egyptians had once given him "a taste for . . . deceit," a "loyalty towards betrayal" (p. 124). In such oxymorons the accents of Greene can be heard; in a similar passage, where Marlow finds the word "turn," as spies use it, misleading, a stylistic and philosophical dependence on Greene becomes unmistakable: "one is 'turned' in this way from the very beginning, through some reverse or imagined slight, or some long-nurtured sense of injustice; it can start in childhood, or later through a childish response . . . one is 'turned' only from the business of sensible life" (p. 124).

Hone's Marlow, like his predecessor in Conrad, seems drawn to the protagonist of the story he tells by half-acknowledged affinities with him. Henry, like Philby, is always charming, and though Marlow had manipulated and betrayed him on several levels he never loses his residual affection for him. Henry himself professes no deep belief in Communism, and dreads the idea of going to Moscow. When Marlow asks him about Stalin and the invasion of Hungary, he says "I believed in the belief, not the facts. I've never been to Russia" (p. 293). Like Greene's Castle he compares Communism to Christianity, which has its own historical atrocities: "The English martyrs, the Thirty Years' War, the Huguenots . . ." (p. 293). Believers, in his view, always disregard facts: "'No one believes in the loaves and fishes. He was a fraudulent caterer and quack doctor. But that doesn't seem to have mattered'" (p. 293). Henry claims to have evolved a public argument for his spying; recalling Philby's distaste for the English "political outcast . . . railing at . . . the God that had failed *me*," (p. xx) he says "I wasn't interested in being a professional left winger writing for the *Telegraph* colour mag" (p. 293). But the real reason has nothing to do with such arguments. His decision to be a Communist spy, he says, had been born in a terrible moment in childhood when his father had forced an old Nubian waiter to give up three months' salary to pay for a broken crystal decanter. Marlow suspects that something else is involved: "Though of course the child wouldn't know . . . it was the denial by the father which had driven him underground in anger . . . where he had remained all his life. Children are the most undetectable double agents; Henry had become a professional child . . . Hungary, five million peasants—the greatest repression—can mean nothing to such people whose political faith is formed in childhood, a creed inextricably related to the pain and happiness of a seven-year-old" (pp. 293, 294). It is perhaps because he lacks such motives that Colonel Hamdy, who has spent his whole career in Egyptian Intelligence as an Israeli agent, is able to understand that he has come to love Egypt far

more than the country for which he has betrayed her; ideologies must necessarily prove more flexible than childhood scars.

This deeply Freudian view of espionage can be seen at other levels in the novel as well. The SIS as Marlow describes it is certainly unglamorous, and like Greene's Davis, he complains of the insignificance of his office job in London. Persistently through the book Marlow, who is recruited while teaching in an upper class Egyptian school that apes Eton in every possible way, images the world of espionage as an extension of the public school. "Williams," he says, "looked at me ... as if I'd kicked him in the crotch during a house match" (p. 15); Bahaddin congratulates him on his recruitment by SIS "like an old cricket coach from the boundary, determined to offer some acknowledgement of my honour, albeit clandestinely" (p. 100). His discovery that both East and West want the Egyptian government to fall is a realization "that the powers had identical interests in this airing cupboard, in seeing matron topple" (p. 305). Along with the imputation of childish motives goes a strong sense that British history, like a man's life, is much more of a piece than most people admit. The key scene in which Henry confesses to Marlow takes place in an old colonial church, Cairo's Cathedral of All Saints, and is punctuated, like Leon's seduction of Emma Bovary, by the comments of a persistent guide. Filled with plaques commemorating the forgotten battles of forgotten wars, the church strikes Marlow as having "nothing remotely Christian" about it; "the building was simply a memory of violent life" (p. 288). That violent life still goes on, colonial wars are still being fought: "The brave and foolish went to the wall, just as they had always done, but at midnight now, not high noon . . . It was a foolish story about history" (p. 289).

That Hone is able to evoke so much of the psychological resonance of espionage while reminding us that his is a story about history is a genuine accomplishment. Imbedding the narrative within the story of the outbreak of the Six Day's War, he is able to develop suspense (will the central characters, all implicated in starting it, get out of Egypt before it is too late? Will Marlow avoid being framed by Williams?) that the early identification of Edwards and Williams would otherwise dissipate. The consequence of the spy's actions, just as importantly, are made to seem real both in public and in private. Hone's Durrellian evocation of Cairo—scorching, gritty, ragged, corrupt—is sometimes overblown ("its electric vacancy which begins by making every plan possible and ends by making them all unnecessary," p. 260), to be sure, but in the end the effect is to give a real face to at least the Egyptian victims of the war. Marlow, returning to England, finds that he is unable to convince his superiors of Williams' guilt and ends up with a

twenty-eight year jail sentence for espionage. British Intelligence, having learned the wrong lessons from Philby's case, justify their severity and perseverance in the face of weak evidence by evoking his name: "Such was the case with Philby; he was trusted in high places to the bitter end" (p. 312).

The fiction that Kim Philby inspired, like his autobiography, has many fascinations and limitations. A vehicle for exploring the decline of England, the morality of betrayal, or the relationship between private life and public responsibility, the Philby myth threatens to leave the man safe behind his mask. Perhaps a future novelist will taken up the implications of a comment by Alan Bennett's Philby figure, Hilary, who remarks that his essence is irony, "the English specialty." "We're conceived in irony. We float in it from the womb"; the "best disguise," he says, "is to be exactly what you say you are" (p. 62). Each of the novels, Greene's by no means excepted, betrays certain stylistic difficulties as well. For although the conventions of the spy novel certainly lend themselves to an exploration of this famous "double," the straining to transcend a popular genre seems in each case to lead to a troubling portentousness. The immersion of each author in Conrad has not always had beneficial results; as we have noted, there are passages in Hone that seem to imitate Greene slavishly, and there are as well passages in Greene that read like self-parody.²⁶ One is occasionally sympathetic with Kingsley Amis's protest against the "cultural Puritanism that does not encourage the writers of thrillers or . . . any of the genres unless it can be maintained that the genre in question is being used as no more than a vehicle, a metaphor, and that the author is really going on about modern society and the human heart with the rest of them."²⁷ Greene seems to have sacrificed too much of the spy novel's suspense in the interest of psychological complexity that one misses in Le Carré's portrait of Haydon. Hone, the least well-known of the three novelists, seems in this respect to have been the most successful, retaining the strengths of the genre while expanding its significance. Yet its derivative style, along with the problems created by a two-dimensional love story that runs through the novel, keep it from assuming the originality and stature of the best of Greene, let alone Conrad. A story as deeply enmeshed in public history and popular consciousness, as resonant with fundamental moral and psychological questions, as Philby's is not easily exhausted. Although Greene, Le Carré, and Hone have added depth to Philby's ironizing self-portrait, the spy's life still remains a story in search of an author.

NOTES

1. Kim Philby, *My Secret War* (London: McGibbon and Kee, 1968); Bruce Page, David Leitch and Phillip Knightley, *The Philby Conspiracy* (New York: Signet-NAL, 1968). The British title of Page, Leitch and Knightley's book is *Philby: The Spy Who Betrayed A Generation* (London: Sphere, 1967); subsequent references to it are in the text.
2. Graham Greene, *The Human Factor* (New York: Simon and Schuster, 1978); John Le Carré, *Tinker, Tailor, Soldier, Spy* (New York: Bantam, 1975); Reginald Hill, *The Spy's Wife* (New York: Pantheon, 1980); Joseph Hone, *The Private Sector* (New York: Dutton, 1972); Anthony Burgess, *Tremor of Intent* (New York: Norton, 1966). Subsequent references to these works are in the text.
3. Alan Bennett, *The Old Country* (London: Faber, 1978); Alan Williams, *Gentleman Traitor* (New York: Harcourt Brace, 1975). Subsequent references to Bennett are in the text.
4. E. H. Cookridge, *The Third Man* (London: Arthur Barker, 1968); Andrew Boyle, *The Fourth Man* (New York: Dial Press-James Wade, 1979); Wilfrid Basil Mann, *Was There a Fifth Man?* (Oxford: Pergamon, 1982). British title of Boyle's book is *The Climate of Treason: Five Who Spied for Russia* (London: Hutchinson, 1979).
5. Jacques Barzun, "Meditations on the Literature of Spying," *American Scholar* 34 (Spring 1965), 177.
6. Michael Barber, "John Le Carré: An Interrogation," *New York Times Book Review* 25 Sept. 1977, p. 9.
7. Bruce Merry, *Anatomy of the Spy Thriller* (Dublin: Gill and Macmillan, 1977), p. 127.
8. Philby was "not at any stage of his life a homosexual," Patrick Seale and Maureen McConville, *Philby: The Long Road to Moscow* (London: Hamish Hamilton, 1973), p. 12. An incident in which Dr. Wilfrid Mann, sent upstairs by Philby's wife, found him in bed drinking champagne with Burgess (Boyle, p. 361; Mann, p. 84) may or may not cast doubts on Seale and McConville's statement; it seems to be the strongest evidence for Philby's alleged bisexuality that anyone has yet been willing to make public.
9. George Steiner, "God's Spies," *New Yorker* 54 (8 May 1978), 150.
10. Robert Cecil, "Legends Spies Tell: A Reappraisal of the Absconding Diplomats" *Encounter* 50 (April 1978), 9.
11. (New York: Grove Press, 1968), p. 79. All citations refer to the American edition (printed without Greene's introduction); subsequent references are in the text.
12. "In His Master's Service," *TLS*, 26 Sept. 1961, p. 1087.
13. Compton MacKenzie, *Water on the Brain* (London, Cassell, 1933), p. 8.
14. Hugh Trevor-Roper, *The Philby Affair* (London: William Kimber, 1968), p. 100.
15. Iris Murdoch, "Against Dryness: A Polemical Sketch," 1961; rpt. in *The Novel Today*, ed. Malcolm Bradbury (Manchester: Manchester University Press, 1977), pp. 23-31.
16. John Halperin, "Between Two Worlds: The Novels of John Le Carré," *South Atlantic Quarterly* 79 (Winter, 1980), 17-37; see especially 27-37. Halperin accepts the idea of a "sexually ambivalent" (33) Philby on what, as indicated above, I would characterize as less than convincing evidence.
17. Richard Locke, "The Spy Who Spied on Spies," *New York Times Book Review*, 30 July 1974, p. 1.
18. Kingsley Amis, "We May Be Slow. But....," in *The James Bond Dossier* (New York: New American Library, 1965), pp. 73-83. "...when the frogman's suit arrives for Bond in *Live and Let Die*, I can join him in blessing the efficiency of M's "Q" Branch, whereas I know full well that given the postwar standards of British workmanship, the thing would either choke him or take him straight to the bottom." (p. 83).
19. George Gulla, "Murder and Loyalty," *New Republic*, 31 July 1976, p. 24.
20. Graham Greene, "The Spy," in *Collected Essays* (London: Bodley Head, 1969), p. 414.
21. Denis Donoghue, rev. of *The Human Factor*, *New York Times Book Review*, 26 Feb. 1978, p. 43; V.S. Pritchett, "The Human Factor in Graham Greene," *New York Times Magazine*, 26 Feb. 1978, p. 46.
22. Leopoldo Durán, "'El factor humano,' de Greene," *Arbor* 413 (May 1980), 80. The book in question is Zdenek Cervenka and Barbara Rogers, *The Nuclear Axis: The Secret Collaboration between West Germany and South Africa* (New York: Times Books, 1978).
23. Conor Cruise O'Brien, "Greene's Castle," rev. of *The Human Factor*, *New York Review of Books*, 1 June 1978, p. 4.
24. Eleanor Philby, *Kim Philby: The Spy I Loved* (London: Hamish Hamilton, 1968), p. 102.

25. E. M. Forster, *Two Cheers for Democracy* (London: Penguin, 1965), p. 76. Boyle points out that Guy Burgess was given to quoting this remark "to anyone within earshot" (p. 181) and quotes Goronwy Rees as saying that Anthony Blunt used it as a text when trying to persuade him not to make a voluntary statement to MI5 identifying Burgess as a Soviet spy: "I said Forster's antithesis was a false one. One's country ... was itself made up of a dense network of individual and social relationships in which loyalty to one particular person formed only a single strand" (p. 384).
26. Greene's affinities with Conrad, who provides the epigraph for *The Human Factor*, are too well known to need commentary; Hone's use of a narrator named Marlow is only the most obvious sign of Conrad's influence on him. Joseph Halperin discusses several indications of Conrad's influence on Le Carré (e.g. the repetition of the phrase "one of us" in *The Looking-Glass War*, Jerry Westerby's re-reading of Conrad in *The Honourable Schoolboy*.) Halperin points out that Smiley, in *Tinker, Tailor*, says "I tell you ... no one has any business to apologize for what I did ..." (Halperin, p. 17; Le Carré, p. 206). The Israeli masterspy of Le Carré's newest novel, *The Little Drummer Girl*, is named Kurtz.
27. Kingsley Amis, "A New James Bond," in *Whatever Happened to Jane Austen?* (London: Jonathan Cape, 1970), pp. 68, 69.