When last we heard, Mack Reynolds was making his home in Morocco; such are his restless habits, however, that his home now may be in Ibiza or Phnom Penh, Yemen or Yap. Recently, he made a trip behind the Iron Curtain, and the result has been a group of stories about Russia in the world of today and tomorrow. The present intriguing example concerns a possible future Russia free of both insecurity and hostility—and the subtle threat that condition poses to the rest of the world.

RUSSKIES GO HOME!

by Mack Reynolds

MIKE EDWARDS PLOWED HIS way through the sand as quickly as he could to the Russian party. "Just a minute, Miss," he called out in Russian. "Just a minute!"

One of the girls, the attractive one, had come onto the beach in a robe, one of the flamboyant new textiles the Russkies were producing. It was when she had slipped out of it that Mike's eyes had popped. Her tiny trunks left little to the imagination, but that wasn't it. She wore no top at all.

Surfeited with womanhood as Mike was in season, he still had to admit that she made a striking appearance indeed, not too big, not too small, and youthfully firm. But this was Spain!

He came closer, said apologetically, "Look here, Miss . . ."

She was frowning questioningly at him. "Saratov," she said. "Catherina Saratov."

He placed her vaguely. They had sat at the same table at a Horizonal Holidays party the other night. He'd thought even then that she was the epitome of Slavic beauty. Blonde, fair skinned, impossibly blue eyed, but without the heft of the average Russkie.

Mike said, "Look, this is Spain. Catholic, you know, and very conservative."

"Oh," she said. "You mean my bathing suit."

"Well, yes. It's very pretty, of course. Very chic, but . . ." he let his sentence dribble away, tried to keep from letting his eyes leave

her face. Decided it was obvious that he was doing so and did a fair job of blushing. What was the old term? She was really stacked.

Catherina Saratov said, "But everybody wears this type of suit on the Crimea beaches now."

"I'm sure," Mike said. "But this is Torremolinos and the Spanish authorities are very conservative. It's part of their religion."

"Oh, well, of course," she said. "If it's their religion. One mustn't ignore religious customs in a foreign country. It would be uncultured." She took up a table napkin, did some things with it deftly and wrapped it about her upper body. "Religious customs are fascinating.

Mike sighed, cleared his throat and said, "Sorry to bother you, Miss Saratov. How are you and your party enjoying yourselves?"

The other Russkies had been busy with their own beach preparations. Now one of them, a beefy forty year old who looked as though he'd already had half a dozen drinks today, came up. He introduced himself as Nicholas Galushko and shook hands—they always shook hands.

He said to Mike complainingly, "It's too hot. Why aren't the beaches here air conditioned? In the Black Sea resorts, all the beaches are air conditioned. In your advertisements in *Pravda* you didn't mention that the beaches weren't air conditioned."

"Well," Mike said. "That's the way it goes. Some countries haven't got to the point of air conditioning beaches yet. That's the reason some people come to Spain, to see things the way they were in the old days."

One of the other Russkies, a stocky woman in her mid-thirties, came up and shook hands with Mike and introduced herself as Ana Chekova before getting in on the complaints. "All of our beaches are air-conditioned, and up on the Arctic Ocean the beaches in Siberia are warmed and ultra-violet rayed."

Mike inwardly winced at the implications there but continued his genial smile. "I'd like to visit the Soviet Complex some day," he said.

"Why don't you?" Catherina smiled at him. "You've heard about the new policy for foreign tourism, haven't you? It's free."

"Free?" Mike said blankly.

She nodded. "You have to pay your expenses up to the border, of course, but once in the Complex all costs are borne by the State. It's for good will."

For a moment Mike let his mind reel with the implications. Its effect on such companies as his employers, Horizonal Holidays. But then he decided he'd better leave it for a more tranquil moment—sometime, perhaps, when he was safely in bed and it could drive him to insomnia.

Galushko had popped open a bottle of the Spanish champagne they'd brought in their portable refrigerator and was pouring a glass. He sipped it, made a face. "Not up to our Armenian champagne," he scowled. He looked accusingly at Mike. "This Spanish champagne is second rate. Not sweet enough."

Mike said, "Well, that's the way it goes. Different countries, different tastes. Most of the Western countries like their champagne *brut*."

"Dry champagne," Galushko scoffed. "No taste!"

Mike said hopefully, "Well, if you'll excuse me."

"Oh, have a glass of wine," the Russkie said overbearingly.

"Well, I don't like to start drinking until after lunch at least. Hard day in front of me, you know."

"Oh, come on. Drink! Enjoy yourself. Life is short. And what is better than food and drink? Here try this. Caviar from the Caspian. Real caviar! Not the mush you Westerners eat." He pushed a still foaming glass of wine into Mike's right hand, pressed a large chunk of bread deeply covered with caviar into his left.

Here we go again, Mike sighed inwardly.

However, Catherina Saratov smiled at him and that was something. In fact, he could feel her smile go deep down within. Something he hadn't thought possible in mid tourist season.

Mike Edwards made his way to the Espadon Hotel that afternoon to line up some of his clients for a side trip to Granada and the sightseeing tour through the Alhambra. He was still slightly light headed from the unaccustomed drinking of the cold champagne under the broiling Spanish sun. He'd got away after three glasses, about par for the course when a Russkie caught you.

He stopped off at the bar for a Fernet Branca to settle his stomach.

On the stool next to him sat another of his clients and Mike prayed inwardly and hopelessly that the other would leave him alone.

The other said, "How's it going, Mr. Edwards?"

Mike said, "Just fine. Lovely weather, isn't it?"

The other said, "You've probably forgotten my name. I'm Frank Jones."

"Of course not," Mike lied. "You came on the plane last Friday. How do you like Torremolinos?" Actually, he did remember Mr. Jones although not by name. The man stood out because of his lack of typicalness. The other tourists came in sportswear, most of them bearing cameras, skin diving apparatus and such. Mr. Jones had landed in a business suit, in which he was at present sweltering, and was looking glum even as vacationists went.

Two or three of the Russkies were taking shots in the patio-lounge with their 3-D cameras. Regardless of country, the tourist is a snap-shot taker, but no nationality on earth had ever equalled the Russkies.

Just to be saying something, Mike said, "I wonder why none of the Western countries have ever gone into producing 3-D cameras."

Frank Jones snorted his indignation. "How? With the Russkies flooding the market with their product at five dollars per camera, retail, how would a Western company ever get going? That Mikoyan Camera works up in Leningrad has a capacity as great as all other camera factories in the world. All automated, of course. I understand less than a hundred men are employed in the place. Basically it turns out cameras for the Complex countries, but when the Kremlin decides it needs some foreign exchange, they dump a couple of hundred million cameras on the world market at cutthroat prices."

"I guess you're right," Mike said. "Where will it end? They're selling aircushion cars all over Europe for less than two hundred dollars. Of course," he said loyally, "I don't think they're up to the Ford-Chevrolet Company cars, but . . ."

"But two hundred bucks is a far cry from two thousand," Jones finished.

"It piles up," Mike agreed.

"Same deal as with the cameras," Jones pursued. "Back in the 1950s the Russkies didn't turn out more than a few thousand automobiles a year. They were interested in building more steel mills, more basic industry. But when they got to the point where they were producing all the steel they wanted, in the late 1960s, they built an automated plant in Sverdlovak that dwarfed anything the rest of the world had ever seen."

Mike shifted uncomfortably on his stool, but he couldn't leave in the middle of the other's conversation. He didn't particularly go in for such subjects these days. People came down here to relax, not to dwell on the ulcer breeding economic problems of the world.

Jones was saying, "Not an obsolete piece of machinery in the plant. No worry about competition, either. A captive market of a billion people. No need to change designs every year to attract buyers. Fifteen million cars a year capacity. No wonder they can afford to sell them for two hundred dollars."

Catherina Saratov came strolling into the patio-lounge done up in the latest from the style center, Leningrad, the shimmering disposable material now being turned out by the billions of yards. Mike watched her cross the room. It hit him all over again. Holy Smokes, but the girl was attractive. He felt a stirring within him.

Next day Mike Edwards was scheduled to take a party to Malaga, eight miles north of Torremolinos, for a bullfight. It was in the way of something special. The aging Manola Segura had come out of retirement for the third time and was having a series of *mano a mano* corridas with Carlos Arruza 3rd.

Mike's party consisted of seventy Horizonal Holidays tourists, sixty-five of them Russkies. The road to Malaga was packed with cars and buses coming up from not only Torremolinos but Marbella, Estepona and probably from as far as Gibraltar. Even had there been more than a handful of Spanish *aficionados* who could afford the admission price, it looked improbable that they could have found seats in the bull plaza.

The Russkies, as usual, were jubilant. Even on the way into town in the bus the bubbling wine bottles went from hand to hand, laughter and jibes filled the interior.

Mike stood, up next to the driver. He'd tried to wiggle into the seat next to Catherina Saratov but had missed out to a hulking six and a half footer who looked more like a Turk than a Slav. A real brawny specimen, he must have gone over 250 pounds. Now he had a magnum of champagne in one hand, a pair of castanets, which were dwarfed in his monstrous paw, in the other. He was regaling one and all with a Russianized version of gypsy flamenco.

One of the Russkies leaned far out a window and pointed excitedly. "Look, a car with wheels. Four wheels. How quaint. Look everybody!"

Mike closed his eyes in pain.

Ana Chekova, the woman who'd been with Catherina on the beach the day before, demanded of Mike, "Why do they still use land cars here? In the Complex everyone uses aircushion cars. Much more comfortable. It's ridiculous to use wheel cars."

Mike cleared his throat. "Well, in some countries they haven't got around yet to acquiring aircushion cars the way you have in the Complex. In fact, some people prefer them, in a way."

"Ha!" Ana Chekova snorted.

Mike shrugged. It was a Russkie characteristic that they couldn't believe everybody wouldn't adopt each and every Russian gadget given the chance.

When he'd first come to Spain Mike Edwards had rather liked the bull fight. In theory, he was morally opposed to it. In practice it gave him a vicarious thrill he'd never found in any spectator sport. Since the coming of the Russkie tourist wave, however, something was lost. The pageant, the excitement of the knowledgeable aficionado, the electric feeling of the *fiesta brava*. With the stands packed with first comers, more oc-

cupied with their bottles and their 3-D cameras, and uncaring about the niceties of the spectacle going on below them, something went out of the whole thing.

Mike had it arranged this time. His seat was next to Catherina's and right at the edge of the barrera. As a matter of fact, he was rather keen to see this *mano a mano* competition between Segura and Arruza. But besides, he was trying to analyze this feeling he'd developed for the Russkie girl. This was new—especially in season. He grinned wryly to himself. Was it because she was such an exception? A girl who wasn't wildly pursuing, rather than waiting to be pursued. There was a preponderance of female over male tourists of two to one in Torremolinos and usually it was all a thirty-three year old tourist agent could do to fight them off.

The bugle blew and the paseo began. The two matadors, followed by their cuadrillas, paraded across the ring toward the judge's box. The crowd cheered.

Catherina Saratov said to him, "Actually, a very uncultured sport, this bull baiting. Is it allowed in England as well?"

Mike said, "Well, I don't believe so. I'm an American, you know, not British."

"An American." She stared at him, fascinated. She leaned forward and said, "Do you mind if I ask you a question?"

"Of course not." Mike was disconcerted. Not only because of her sudden eagerness as she leaned forward toward him, but due to the fact that this dress was almost as revealing as her beach costume.

Catherina said, with a certain horrified fascination, "Have you ever lynched a Negro?"

He might have known that was coming. He got it with every contingent of Russkies that came through. Mike said, "Well, no. Our authorities take a very dim view of such activities. I'm from New Mexico, myself. I doubt if anybody's been lynched there since the days of Billy the Kid."

He decided to go a bit further than usual in his capacity as Horizonal Holidays tour manager. "Have you ever been purged?"

"I beg your pardon?"

"Well, I understand that Russians think American spend half their time lynching each other. On the other hand, the idea in the States is that the Russian national sport is purging."

"Purging?" Catherina said. "I don't believe I understand." Then, "Oh, purging. You mean back in the 1930s between Stalin and the Old Bolsheviks."

Mike said dryly, "Well, that wasn't exactly the last time you had a political purge."

Catherina shrugged her shoulders and her attention went back to the ring where Manola Segura was waiting for his first bull.

She said, "In the early days when the Soviets were still poor, everybody fought to get to the top. Only the higher bureaucrats and a few others were able to live well. But as production developed the competition to rise above everyone else slackened off. Finally, for decades now, there is an abundance of everything. So we no longer need fight among ourselves."

Manola Segura's peones were running the bull, dragging their capes behind them, letting the animal chase them to the burladero shelters. Their matador watched warily, noting how *el toro* hooked.

Mike Edwards had to tear his eyes away from the girl. It was a more sensible answer than he had expected after she'd pulled that old wheeze about lynching.

Manola came out now and went through a series of half a dozen verónicas with the bull. Very passable verónicas they were too, a Segura specialty. From the few Spaniards in the tendidos came a scattering of *olés*. The Russkies weren't particularly impressed.

The bugle sounded and Manola Segura retreated as the picadores emerged for the second act of the production, the *Tercio de Varas*.

"Those bulls are not so very large," Nick Galushko growled. He was seated directly behind them.

Mike said agreeably, "Well, they aren't as big as they were in the old days, but I still wouldn't want to be down there."

Catherina said, "Very uncultured."

Somebody from above passed down a half empty but still chill bottle of champagne. Catherina took a short swallow, passed the bottle to Mike. He didn't particularly want it but then he took the opportunity to make a bond between them even though it was as small as a shared drink. What in the world of what was getting into him with this Russkie wench?

The Spanish were yelling "Olé, olé." Manola had performed a particularly well done *quite*.

The bugle sounded and the fight entered the *Tercio de banderillas*. In his youth Manola Segura had often placed his own, but today he sent out his peones for the job.

He did his best work in the *Tercio de Muerte*. No one in Spain was better with the muleta and sword than old Manola Segura and he knew it. He went through a veritable tour de force in his faena winding up with two or three Manoletinas.

A few spectators who appreciated what was going on, dissolved into loud olés and after a perfect kill, Manola was awarded two ears and a tail. He paraded the ring, holding them up for the crowd's approval. The Spanish cheered and so did the few foreigners present who had a working knowledge of the *fiesta brava*. The Russkies cheered too, waved their bottles at Manola as he went by and snapped

desperately with their 3-D cameras.

Catherina frowned at Mike who had been beating his hands together and making with the olés as fervently as any. "How can you applaud such primitive bull baiting?"

Mike knocked it off and said mildly, "Well, it was possibly the best fight I've seen in three years."

"Uncultured," Catherina said disapprovingly.

The bugle sounded and Carlos Arruza's first bull came exploding from the toril doors.

"A calf!" Nick Galushko muttered from behind them.

Mike said over his shoulder, "That's a three year old *bos taurus ibericus,* Mr. Galushko. Specially bred for fighting for a thousand years."

"Ha! You should see our range cattle in the Kazakh People's Republic. Then you would see *bulls.*"

"Well," Mike said agreeably, "I'm sure you have some king-size bulls in Siberia all right."

The peones were running Arruza's animal for him, making the burladeros in the nick of time.

Mike shot to his feet suddenly, "Holy Smokes," he snapped. "What's he doing?"

The oversized Russkie who had sat next to Catherina on the bus was climbing over the barrera, down into the ring, a bottle of champagne in one hand, a wide grin on his face.

One of the Spaniards seated to Mike's right gasped, "An *espontáneo!*"

The Russkie reeled across the ring in the direction of the bull who seemed somewhat taken aback by this new invasion.

Mike shot an agonized look in the direction of the barrera where the matadors and their assistants were sheltered. No aid seemed to be coming from that direction. "Can't somebody do something!" he yelled.

Nick Galushko was laughing hugely. "Sit down. Have another drink. Vova's all right, He's a Cossack."

"I don't care if he's Rasputin," Mike snapped. "He's drunk and that's a fighting bull."

The rest of the Russkies were cheering and laughing, urging their half drunken compatriot onward.

Catherina said unworriedly, "Don't mind about Vova. He's a cattleman from Kazakh. He knows all about cattle. Besides, he's a great wrestler—Turkoman style. Look at the size of him."

Galushko tried to press a bottle of vodka into Mike's hand. "Nothing can hurt Vova. He's a monster."

The bull was charging. Mike tried to close his eyes. Had to open them again in fascination.

The gigantic Cossack stood, his feet poised for a moment. Just before impact, he spun away, lithe

in spite of his size. The bull wheeled, somewhat in the same manner as when the banderilleros were placing their darts. It turned too sharply, pulled itself into an awkward position.

The Cossack stepped closer, the heavy champagne bottle held by the neck. He brought it down in a crushing blow behind the bull's ear. The animal, dazed, stumbled forward two or three steps and then sank to its knees, where it continued to shake its head.

The Russians throughout the arena roared with laughter.

Vova grinned widely, put one foot on the bull's back and waved in drunken triumph to his supporters. He left the bull and began touring the ring as Manola Segura had done with his two ears and tail. As he went the Russkies cheered thunderously, interspacing their version of olés with raucous laughter.

Vova passed the barrera where Manola Segura and Carlos Arruza stood dressed in their highly decorative *trajes de luces,* for a score of generations the multicolored traditional dress of the matador. He put his thumb to his nose and made an internationally recognizable gesture.

The crowd roared again.

Except for the Spanish who remained quiet. Unsmiling.

Mike would have liked to have eaten alone that evening but it wasn't in the cards. He had to make his rounds of the hotels, listen to the complaints. Try to soothe relationships between tourists and hotel managers. One of the big beefs about the Russkies was the fact that they seldom stayed put in the rooms assigned them. If the French had formerly had a reputation for promiscuity, it was nothing to this. During a two week vacation period a Russkie wench might occupy as many as half a dozen rooms, spreading her favors about with true communistic sharing of the bounty.

Tonight it was the Santa Clara. He was lucky enough to draw a table with only one other person, a Russian from Kiev and an unusually mild one at that. Mike remembered him vaguely, automatically asked him how things were going and to his surprise got no complaints. Mike was mollified. He seldom thought in terms of his tourists being happy about their Torremolinos stay.

However, it couldn't last. During the fish course, *calamares en su tinta,* the Russkie said, "I understand you are an American, Mr. Edwards. You speak our language very well."

"I took a course at the University in New Mexico. All the American schools teach Russian now."

The Russian said, "How are things in America? I understand that with the current, ah, recession unemployment is severe."

"Terrible," Mike nodded. "I'd estimate a third of the working force back home is unemployed."

"A third!" The Russian was shocked. "The starvation must be terrible."

"Starvation?" Mike said. Then he remembered he'd run into this discussion before too. "No," he said. "You Russkies, pardon me, Russians, seem to think that because there are millions unemployed in the States they're all starving. Actually, some of them have never had it so good."

The Russian looked blank.

Mike said, "Listen, even back in the 1930s depression the American standard of living as compared to the rest of the world was fabulous. You've got to realize that the Soviet Complex didn't invent the production of abundance. We Americans did. We've had it for half a century. Right now, it's driving us batty. We don't know how to control it."

The Russian began, "But I've always been led to believe that it was the Seven Year Plan started in 1959 that first developed . . ."

Mike was waggling a finger negatively. "No sir. If you insist I might go along with you on Ivan Ivanovitch somebody or other inventing the steamboat or Georgi Georgiovitch flying an airplane before the Wright brothers. However, I will not retreat an inch on the fact that we Americans first developed the production of superabundance. I'll also admit that we still have to figure out what to do with it—but we were the first. You Russians have it too, now, but we were fanny deep in agricultural surpluses, for instance, while you people were still eating black bread and cabbage in the way of diet."

"But the unemployed. You just admitted . . ."

"Yeah," Mike said. "The unemployed. Do you think any office holder in the States would remain there overnight if he voted for anything that involved *not* taking care of the unemployed? Once a month, at least, every politician in the country gets up on his hind legs and gives a blistering attack against the trend toward the Welfare State. It's expected of him, like speaking against sin and for mother. Then he goes back to his seat in Congress and votes another increase in unemployment insurance and every pension and veteran's bonus in sight."

The Russian was taken aback.

Mike snorted. "I know at least a couple of dozen young men back home who have never had a job in their lives. They live in suburban homes, drive their own cars. What's more," he added glumly, "the way things look they never *will* hold down a job. The new leisure class. With the advances in technology, it looks as though the United States will have another

half million unemployed this year to add to last year's total."

The Russian said, "Well, why are you here? Why don't you go home and get a job being unemployed?"

"Damn it!" Mike roared. "Because I'm in revolt. I think people *ought* to work, if it's only a job listening to the silly complaints of tourists. The world may get to where technology throws ninety-nine men out of a hundred out of work, but I'll find something to do if it kills me!"

"I'm a doctor," the Russian said soothingly. "If it affects you this strongly, it might."

"Might what?" Mike said more calmly.

"Might kill you. You'll have a stroke. How about another vodka?"

"No thanks," Mike said. "I'm sorry, Doctor. I've had a hard day and that's my particular sore spot."

Mike Edwards wasn't making the progress he'd like with Catherina. He didn't know why. He was so used to having women tourists fall all over him that it was hard to accept one who responded not at all. He spent his spare time hanging around the Espadon Hotel where she was quartered for her Horizonal Holidays vacation.

It was there, in the bar, that he ran into Frank Jones again. By this time the other had acquired a sport shirt and had shed his suit coat, but he still didn't look like a typical Horizonal Holidays client.

Mike said, "How goes the vacation?"

Jones said, slowly as though searching for words, "Actually, Mr. Edwards, this isn't exactly a vacation for me."

"What is it then? Any way I can help?" He gave the patio-lounge a quick sweep with his eyes but there was no sign of Catherina.

Frank Jones said, "I was sent to see how you were getting along with the Russkie tourists."

That brought Mike's eyes back to the other in a hurry. "By whom? And why? Who cares, except Horizonal Holidays?"

Jones said quietly, "The North Atlantic Treaty Organization does."

"NATO?" Mike blurted. "Is NATO still in existence? What use is a military alliance in a world where any country, no matter how small, can destroy any other country, no matter how large?"

"I know," Jones said. "When every country on earth has H-Bombs and intercontinental rockets, they are all equal, militarily speaking, and no combination is any stronger than any individual nation. Actually, NATO isn't exactly a military alliance any longer. It has—evolved. It's more of an organization on the part of North America and Western Europe to, well, *control* the Soviet Complex in the realm of international trade."

Mike was scowling at him. "But why the interest in me? I'm just one of half a hundred Horizonal Holidays representatives."

Jones poured the rest of his beer into his glass. "You're also Michael J. Edwards, the youngest man ever to take the degree of Academician in an American university and you took it in political economy."

Mike snorted. "Which didn't keep me from going out on my neck when my department was automated five years ago."

The other was shaking his head. "*You* wouldn't have gone out. A couple of dozen men under you would have been displaced is all. As I understand it, you resigned in protest at their dismissal."

Mike shrugged. "I'm not opposed to automation in industry or anywhere it saves drudgery, but I don't believe in it in the arts and certainly not in education. TV has its place but political economy shouldn't be taught to ten million students at once by some joker sitting before a camera. A few decades of that and you'll have everybody in the country with identical ideas."

He thought about it for a moment. "I suppose I'm in revolt against what's happening to the intellectual in America. With all the manpower available, I think we should put more people into education, science and the arts. I'm not a sulking expatriate. If I came up with an answer to the problems as I see them, I'd return to the States tomorrow and start fighting for the changes I thought necessary to bring her out of the current intellectual and economic rut. Meanwhile, while I'm thinking it out, I'll make my living some other way than in an education system I can't agree with. Just by chance, this is the job I fell into."

Jones seemed to switch subjects. He said, "Mr. Edwards, how would you sum up the world's current economic situation?"

Mike's eyes went around the lobby again. He wondered where Catherina could be. She should be coming in for dinner. Possibly she was off on one of the endless parties the Russkies were forever throwing. If that girl didn't look out she'd wind up a staggering alcoholic. He wondered who she was with. That big goof of a Cossack they called Vova? He felt an uncomfortable twang. Jealousy? Good grief. He just wasn't the type. And over, of all things, a Russkie tourist!

He brought his attention back to Jones. "Economic situation? Well, looking back it seems unbelievable that we didn't foresee it all. Industrial production, once you get beyond a certain take-off point, can be a geometric progression. You build one steel mill and with its product you can build two more, and with their product, four more, and so on. The Russkies

had got to that basic point by 1955 and by 1960 they were fully under way. A planned economy; no depressions, no strikes, no unions to stand in the way of automation. They caught up to American gross national product shortly after 1970. Now they're *really* underway and the Chinese and the satellites with them."

Mike wound it up with, "Is that what you mean?"

Jones said, "As far as you go. I was dwelling on the international aspects."

Mike grunted. "That was our own fault. When we refused to trade with them we threw them back on their own resources. Pushed by necessity they made themselves self-sufficient. Now the Soviet Complex has no need for foreign trade. There's nothing we've got that they require."

"Nothing but one thing," Jones said quietly.

Mike scowled, not getting it. "What's the one thing?"

"Tourism. The Russians were penned up in their own borders for a couple of generations. Now that travel restrictions have been lifted and prosperity prevails, tourists are flowing out like water over a broken dam."

Mike shuddered. "You're telling me!" He brought himself back to the original subject. "What's this got to do with NATO and with me?"

"I'll tell you in a minute," Jones said. "Mr. Edwards, why is there currently a depression in the West?"

Mike said impatiently, "I sound as if I'm giving a course in freshman economics. Actually, we've never recovered from the ending of the cold war. We had a booming economy based considerably on defense production. When a workable peace was arrived at, that production fell off. In our economy, boom begets boom, but bust also begets bust. Once you start down hill, it's almost impossible to stop. Thus far, we've found nothing to start us booming again."

Jones was nodding. "But there's one point you've missed."

Still no signs of Catherina. The other Horizonal Holidays people were filing into the dining room, but there was no sign of Catherina. Confound it. He had several duties later tonight. He'd hoped to be able to have a cocktail or two with the girl.

Mike said, "Look, let's sit down and eat. I'll have to be going before too long."

They found a table for two and a waiter scurried up with a *lista de platos*. After they'd ordered, Mike said, "You were saying something about a point I missed."

"Yes," Jones pursued. "The reason why we've never got out of the rut."

"You tell me," Mike said, breaking up a bread roll.

"It's the Russkies. As you point-

ed out, they're self-sufficient. They don't need international trade. They consume internally the full production of their industries."

"And," Mike prompted.

"Our economies, we of the West, are different. Our industries operate only so long as we can sell what they produce. Under free enterprise we roll along fine when there is demand for the product. Always in the past we were sparked into new booms by either war, preparation for war, or by foreign trade—by pumping our products overseas, developing new lands, creating new markets abroad."

Mike nodded. "I wouldn't put it quite that way, but go on."

"That's it, we can't go on," Jones said. "That's the problem. There are no wars any more, there can't be. And foreign trade? The Soviet Complex, in spite of the fact that it isn't interested in foreign commerce, itself, has for all practical purposes destroyed foreign trade for the rest of the world."

Mike said, "They have indeed. How can we sell typewriters in the Argentine when the Russkies come along and dump several ship loads of them into the country to retail for ten dollars?"

The NATO man leaned forward. "That's the point. If the Russkies don't need foreign trade to maintain a healthy economy, why do they bother to raise money by dumping?"

"Well," Mike said, "we've already covered that. They don't need our products but they do need foreign exchange for this fabulous tourist outpouring of theirs. Perhaps five million Russkies a year go down to the Argentine, so they need Argentine pesos to pay the tab. The same with every other country to which their tourists go. When you consider forty million Russkie rubbernecks a year, you realize they need *lots* of foreign exchange."

"So they dump," Jones said. "And seem to be going round and around. What has this got to do with NATO and above all with me?"

The other wound it all up. "To stimulate our economies again we've got to get back into international commerce on a large scale. As long as the Complex is dumping products at cut rates, we can't. And they won't stop as long as they need money for tourism. The answer? The only answer is to figure out some way of stopping the Russkie tourists from leaving home."

Mike blinked at him. "Stop them? How, for Heaven's sake! It's the damnedest phenomenon in the history of travel."

"Right. And with your background, both academic and as a working tourist representative handling the Russkies, one of the NATO bigwigs thought you might come up with some solution."

Mike leaned back in his chair and laughed. "So that's what we've

been building up to for the past half hour."

"What's funny?"

Mike said, "My job is that of a tourist representative. Now you want me to figure out some impossible scheme which will drive my best customers back to their homeland."

Jones drummed a finger impatiently on the table top. "Good Lord, man, the economies of the whole West are at stake."

Mike said, "Well, frankly, I haven't any answer to your problem. In fact, by the looks of things, it's going to get worse, not better. Production still continues to grow in the Complex. Next year, Russkie vacations will probably be extended when they make cutbacks in the work week."

He spotted Catherina and her party coming in the door. Her blonde head was back and she was laughing exuberantly at something that had evidently transpired just before they entered the hotel. Vova, the big Cossack, had a guitar and was rendering a Spanish flamenco piece. To render means to tear apart.

Just seeing her tightened Mike's throat.

"Pardon me," he said to Jones, "I'll have to go over and . . . well, sort of check with those people. See if everything is going all right."

Jones looked over at the new arrivals. "They look as though they're going fine. They're already walking two feet off the floor. If you improved things for them, they'd go through the roof."

Mike didn't even hear him.

Two evenings later, Mike Edwards was able to talk a dozen of the Russkie vacationists into a tapa tour of Malaga. Actually, he hadn't been stressing the tapa tour this season. He'd had disastrous luck with the Russkies who took it.

The tapa tour consisted of pub-crawling about the bodegas of Malaga and there were a multitude of them. Tapa means free lunch, and the institution still reigned supreme in Spain. A Spaniard seldom took a drink without something to eat with it, a few shrimp, cheese and bread, french fried sardines, or whatever.

Mike's parties would wander up and down the old streets, stopping periodically to have a glass of Sherry here, a small beer there. This had been fine with the British and French, but the Russkies! Ah, the Russkies. They usually started off docile enough, having their copas of Sherry or Malaga muscatel, but invariably before the evening was over discipline melted away and the night could end on any note, usually noisy and calamitous.

But this was his chance to get Catherina more or less to himself. At least he'd have lots of opportunity to talk to her.

They started with small glasses of *fino* at Vincente's and the tapa was *gambas pil pil* a manner of serving shrimp in a sizzling sauce of butter, garlic and red peppers. This made hit enough with Nick Galushko and the others that they had to repeat the performance several times. Mike managed to get Catherina off at a table to themselves.

He came quickly to the point. "Look, why don't you like me?"

Her eyes widened. "But I do. What do you mean, Mr. Edwards?"

"Look, call me Mike. You've been avoiding me. Every time I try to get you alone for a few minutes, you have some excuse."

She sipped her fino, looked at him over the edge of her glass. She said, "Actually, I like you very much, Mike. I always have since, well, since you blushed so hugely there on the beach when you told me about my bathing suit."

"Well, then, why . . . ?"

She put a hand on his arm. "To what end? Do you think my moral code is looser than that of your western girls? Admittedly, most of my compatriots are, shall we say, somewhat philosophical about sexual mores, but, I assure you, Mike, I'm not." She added, mischievously, "In spite of my bathing suit."

Mike flushed. "I'm sure your code is at least as high as mine."

"Very well. I leave in a few days. Just what sort of a relationship did you have in mind for us? A quick—what do you Americans call it?—a roll in the hay?"

It struck Mike like a blow. Actually, he hadn't figured it out at length. What *had* he in mind?

One of the Russkies was roaring questioningly at Mike whether or not they were to spend the rest of the evening here. He muttered something placating, and took over his guiding duties. He led them down a block or two to the Allegro for draught beer and callos for tapa. Callos was a tripe dish.

He was thinking it over. Catherina was right. What had he in mind? Certainly not a vacation romance, ending for all time when her two weeks were up. Not with Catherina.

He waited for a break, while the Russkies were wolfing down their tapa, edged her to the side again. "You could stay on," he began feebly.

She laughed at him. "Mike, Mike. Eventually I'd have to go back to Moscow, to my job. I work at the Bolshi-Films as a production secretary. I like you. I could probably learn to like you very much more. I know it. But why hurt each other?"

Nick Galushko staggered from his place at the bar. He shouted to Catherina to come and try this wonderful new dish. "Do you know what it's made of?" His voice went sly. "I won't tell until you've tasted."

Catherina laughed. "Tripe, you old glutton. You'd eat anything."

Nick wedged her back into the melee, leaving Mike standing alone.

The first germ of the idea began to hit him when they were passing the Cathedral on the way to Pepe's where the specialty was Valdepenas white wine with squid deep fried in olive oil for tapa. Mike was next to Catherina. She said, wonderingly, "Look how the Spanish do when they pass the church.

"What? Mike said.

"They make the sign of the cross. Isn't religion fascinating?"

One of the older Russians, heavyset with overeating and drinking, and now lurching from the evening's wine, said, "When I was a boy my grandmother used to go to church. It was very strange, but, you know—she seemed to like it. She had a very . . . strange look on her face when she returned from church each Sunday." He shook his head as though he hardly expected to be believed.

Catherina turned to Mike Edwards. "Why don't you make the sign of the cross when you pass the Cathedral? Aren't you religious? I thought all Westerners were religious."

"Who me?" Mike said. "Oh, sure." He didn't want to disillusion her. "Only I belong to a different church."

They were fascinated. "Religion is a thing of the past in the Complex," somebody said. "An interesting subject. Tell us about your beliefs. We promise, we won't laugh."

"Of course not," Catherina said. "It wouldn't be cultured."

Mike thought fast. The tour had hardly begun but already some of them were reeling. He could see what would develop. Somewhere along here one of them would shout for champagne, and then another would begin buying drinks for the Spanish customers in one of these bodegas, and before you knew it Mike would have a brawl on his hands. Even Catherina was beginning to show signs of being a bit high.

Mike said, "Well, we teach moderation."

Nick Galushko was charmed by the idea. "Moderation in what?"

"In all things. In eating, in drinking, in smoking. In all the animal pleasures."

Catherina said, "But what has that to do with religion? Do you know, you're the first *really* religious persons I've ever met."

Mike developed the point. "Well, the idea is that whoever or whatever created you—we're not fanatical about that phase of it—had no intention of you blunting your facilities by overindulgence in any way. Otherwise, why give you keen senses?"

"Why, that's wonderful," Catherina said. "So obvious."

Mike was doing rather well, he

admitted to himself. He was a better evangelist than he'd ever thought. He elaborated on the theme, dragging from the depths of memory long neglected words of wisdom from the saints and the prophets of yesteryear.

He found himself sitting in Pepe's at a table, the Russkies standing around him listening, once in awhile injecting a word or question. He realized that they were eating it up. He threw in a bit of Zen Buddhism and some of the later Jewish prophets, and then gave them a précis of the Sermon on the Mount, not bothering to give a credit line to the Author.

Finally he stopped and said, "It just occurs to me why you're so fascinated. Religion is taboo in the Soviet Complex, isn't it?"

"Taboo?" somebody said.

"Forbidden. You're not allowed to go to church, to worship."

"Why not?" Catherina was perplexed.

"I don't know. That's what I've always understood."

"Oh," Galushko said. "That was in the old days. When the Bolsheviks overthrew the Czar the churches largely lined up with the old regime. So the Bolsheviks had to fight them. It doesn't make an difference now."

"Well then, why hasn't religion returned, if the authorities don't care?"

Nobody seemed to know the answer to that. "Maybe because there are no longer any churches, except museums. No longer any priests, or rabbis, or preachers. We read about them in school, but there are none. The whole thing never made much sense to me," Nick Galushko offered. "That is, of course, until hearing you talk tonight."

There was a murmur of assent from around the ring.

Mike cleared his throat. "Well, we'd better have our Valdepenas and then get on to the next place."

They hesitated. "You know," one of them said sheepishly, "I think I've had enough for tonight. What you've been saying about moderation. There's a great deal in that. I've been doing too much drinking, it spoils everything else. I don't even enjoy swimming in the morning."

Mike Edwards was stretched out on his bed, hands behind his head and staring unseeingly at the ceiling. He had a great deal to think about and the pressures of everyday work weren't conducive to thinking. There were one hell of a lot of ramifications . . .

There was a knock on the door of his small apartment. He growled something about tourists, brought his feet to the floor and went to answer the summons.

It was Frank Jones, the NATO man.

Mike said, "I was just thinking about you."

Jones said sourly, "We didn't

exactly finish our conversation the other evening."

Mike led the way back to his tiny living-dining room, motioned to a chair near the table. He brought out a bottle of Fundador and a couple of small glasses, poured two drinks and left the bottle uncorked before them.

He said, "This dumping the Russkies are doing. Do you think it's a deliberate calculated campaign to undermine the West?"

"No." Jones shook his head. He took up his glass and sipped it. "You don't have beer, I suppose?"

"No. Spanish beer is awful. Why don't you?"

Jones shrugged. "They're no longer actively trying to propagandize their system. That's an early phase of revolution, when enthusiasms are young. Now that they've got luxury on a mass scale, they've become hedonistic. If other countries want to adopt the Russkie system, fine, but let them work it out themselves."

Mike thought it over. "Well, that covers one important phase of it."

The NATO man's eyes narrowed. "You think you've got something?"

"Maybe," Mike said. "What do you have in the way of resources to back a program on a large scale?"

"Almost anything, man. What's your plan?"

Mike made circles with his cognac glass on the table surface. "We're going to have to give the job to Madison avenue," he mused. "Remember a generation ago when the Russkies were first beginning to forge ahead and we were viewing-with-alarm the fact that their best brains were going into science and production and ours were going into advertising and sales?"

"What's that got to do with it?" Jones nervously poured another drink.

"We're going to give those bright young men of ours the job of putting over the softest sell of all time."

"Selling what!"

"Religion."

Jones couldn't have stared harder if Mike had suddenly sprouted a halo. "Religion," he blurted. "To whom? Why?"

Mike said slowly, "The cold war is a thing of the past but the basic battle for men's minds goes on. Frankly, I'm not opposed to the Department of Dirty Tricks when it comes to conflict between ideologies. And both sides use them. Remember back in the Cold War days the story about that shipment of rice that was sent by America to one of the lesser oriental countries to relieve a famine? Each bag as it was unloaded was weighed by a native official while another native stenciled something on the bag. American embassy officials were standing by but because they had never bothered to learn the native language, they didn't realize that

the native stenciling the bags was lettering on them *This Rice Is a Gift From Russia.*"

Jones laughed sourly. "I'd forgotten about that one. However, I agree with you. If we were too foolish to learn the native langauge, we deserved to be gypped. But what's the 'dirty trick' you're obviously building up to?"

"Well, dirty trick isn't the word exactly. But for half a century the Russkies haven't been exposed to religion in spite of the fact that the Slavs are traditionally one of the most religious races on earth. Remember *Holy Russia* of the Czar's day? Well, for the first few decades of the commies they fought religion tooth and nail, taught atheism in the schools, closed up the churches. Very well. The old generation slowly died off and the new one was without religion, and the next generation following. The government doesn't care now. It's no longer an issue that threatens the State."

Jones was disappointed. "I don't see any connection with our need to cut off the Russkie flux of tourists."

Mike ignored him. "We'll have to plan it carefully, very hush hush. We'll send our boys into the country spreading religion, the Russkies will be inordinately receptive."

"Why will they?" Jones scowled.

Mike waggled a finger at him. 'Peoples are prone to new religions at two periods. First, in the beginning when luxuries are almost unknown, life hard and the simple virtues a necessity. Look at the Americans when we were settling the West. Strait-laced, hard working, church going, tight mouthed —let's face it, bigoted. The second period when a people are particularly prone to religion is during their decadence. Through pure boredom they seek out new experiences, new ways of achieving excitement. Rome is an example— in their final centuries the old strait-laced religion disappeared and a score of exotic new ones swept in from Egypt and the Orient."

Jones just didn't get it. "But what's the point? What kind of a new religion? What will they teach?"

"The Old Time Religion, of course. The virtues of the simple life. The glories of the home. Puritanism. Once it got under way we'd lay heavy stress against ostentatious display of wealth such as is involved in foreign travel. Stay at home and cultivate the simple virtues, that's the pitch."

Jones was shaking his head. "It wouldn't work. It might for awhile, as a fad, they're great for fads, but then something else would come along. Some other fad."

Mike pressed his point. "That's all we need. A couple of years. Stop the tourist trade for only two or three years and the Russkies

would stop dumping their products on the world market. They wouldn't need the foreign exchange. That would revive commerce between the Western countries. A new boom would start. Once under way, boom begets boom. By the time the Russkies had become interested in tourism again, we'd be under full sail." Mike shrugged. "What'll happen then, I don't know. We can face that problem when it arrives."

Jones was shaking his head again. "The NATO council would never accept it. You can't toy with something as vital as religion."

"Don't be ridiculous, I'm not suggesting we teach them voodooism. This isn't the first time plain, ordinary religion has been used as an economic lever. And how can the Russkies lose? When it's all over, it will only mean that religion has been reintroduced into the Soviet Complex. Those Russians that like it will adopt it permanently, those that don't, won't. Once the movement starts, undoubtedly other religions will be reestablished, Judaism, Mohammedism, the various branches of Christianity."

Jones slapped the table with the palm of his hand. "It's worth bringing before the NATO council at least."

Mike said, "Yeah. And if they accept it and it works, I'll be looking for another job. Come to think of it, possibly as an evangelist in Moscow. Besides spreading the gospel to our friends, the benighted Russkies, I have some personal business to attend to there."

He looked at his watch. "I've got to get going now. Tomorrow, one of my groups terminates its vacation and returns north. We hold a masquerade for them at La Manana tonight. I've got to get into my matador costume."

Actually, it was Catherina's last evening and he couldn't allow himself to miss it. Especially since the rumor was that she was to appear in the costume of a Cretean Goddess of the Minoan period.

Originally, Mike Edwards had figured on a minor role for himself in the evangelistic attack on the Soviet Complex. Preferably as a missionary in the Moscow area. But it didn't work out that way. The more acceptance his basic plan received, the higher he was bumped in Western councils.

Actually, he'd been dismayed to find the extent to which they needed him. Too many government heads still operated with the old Good - Guys - Versus-the-Bad-Guys mentality. They had too little knowledge of the workings of their own politico-economic system and negative knowledge of the Soviet Complex. It was all black and white, to them.

"Look," he remembered saying to a group of top leaders, "for half a century we've been in a Second

Industrial Revolution. Man's age old problem has finally been solved —the production of sufficient food, clothing, shelter, medical and education for *everyone*. Different groups accomplished it by somewhat different methods, but at this stage, it's been achieved by just about all."

One of the generals had huffed, "But with that prime ingredient, *freedom* in the West."

Mike had nodded. "Correct, but let's not read into that term more than is there. It means various things and sometimes one man's definition isn't another's. Remember when we were using it most freely at the height of the Cold War? The so-called 'free world' included Saudi-Arabia, Spain, Portugal, Formosa and South Korea. Evidently a country was 'free' simply if it was on our side, rather than the Russkies'. Actually freedom is never complete. Every society places restrictions on the freedom of its people. The moment there is more than one person in a society, there are restrictions on each individual's freedom. But that's not the important point. The thing is that even in those Cold War days everything was in a condition of flux. Scientific discoveries, breakthroughs in medicine, population explosion, fantastic industrial boom. And, above all, changes in society. The governments of every major nation on earth were in a state of change."

The Secretary of States cleared his throat at that, and Mike turned on him.

"Who would contend that the administrations following Eisenhower were the same type of government as the administration of, say, Hoover? True enough we retained the outer symbols of classical capitalist democracy, but the inner changes taking place were fantastic."

The Prime Minister said, "Admittedly, Her Majesty's government has seen many changes in the past half century. What we call a Conservative today would have been considered a flame snorting left-wing Laborite. The so-called Welfare State has developed beyond the point ever dreamed of by the old Fabian Socialists. But, I must say, the changes taking place on the Soviet side are as shaking."

"That's the point," Mike said. "The Russia of Stalin had little resemblance to that of Lenin. But, then, the Russia of Khrushchev evolved even more. Nikita was hard put to run fast enough, with those chubby little legs of his, to keep out in front of his rapidly changing politico-economic system, his developing New Class. And after Khrushchev's death? Well, the Old Bolshevik, complete with bomb in one hand and a copy of the *Communist Manifesto* in his hip pocket, just had no place in the new Soviet Complex; he was as extinct as the economic Robber

Baron of the American Nineteenth Century."

"What are you getting at?" one of the generals had growled.

Mike laid it on the line. "If we're going to survive in this continuing battle for men's minds, we've got to recognize the changes that have taken place and are taking place. Recognize them and adapt to them. If we can do this better than the Russkies, then we'll have a considerable advantage. As it is now, they're as befuddled about us as we are about them."

At the end they had wound up giving him carte blanche for all practical purposes. The resources of the West were thrown into the campaign to halt the tide of Russkie tourism, that tide which was, indirectly, drowning the all necessary commerce of the Western world.

The necessary security measures had presented their difficulties, but all problems had been met.

The finding of teachers for the gigantic new seminary established in Far Cry, Kansas.

The selection of student-missionaries, most of whom were gleaned from the ranks of unemployed film and TV personnel, ad men and sales executives.

The writing of pamphlets, books, brochures, and throwaway leaflets dealing with the Old Time Church was turned over to the WPA Writer's Project.

An advertising firm formerly specializing in TV commercials was given the job of hymns. Some genius suggested that old Russian folk song tunes be used for the music, and the idea was carried out.

At Mike's suggestion, secret orders went to the style centers of Paris, Rome, London, New York and Los Angeles. The new stress on both men and women's fashions was conservatism, if not puritanism. The Russkies notoriously copied Western fashions. This might be the first step in quieting them down, curbing their enthusiasms, developing a taste for the simple life, the virtue of the family, the pleasure of STAYING AT HOME!

When he finally arrived there, a full year after his crash plan had first begun, Moscow offered few surprises to Mike Edwards. He'd already known that the mushrooming Russkie capital had surpassed even Tokyo in population. Books, TV and films had prepared him for the ultra-cleanliness of the streets, the beauty of the Kremlin and the squares and parks about it, the booming night clubs and good-time centers.

He was met at the Vnukovo airport by three of his missionaries and by several embassy officials all of whom had been instructed by their superiors to give his arrival a big play. After all, he was Michael J. Edwards, Bishop of the Old Time Church and titular head of

all missions abroad, including those in the Soviet Complex.

Even as he came down the ramp from the rocketplane, he noted with satisfaction that the air-cushion cars belonging to the Western consular officials were in the new styles from Detroit. Black in color, ultra-austere in lines. The campaign was moving at a satisfying clip.

A young man in black was first to pump his hand enthusiastically. "Bishop Edwards," he gushed, "you have no idea what a pleasure it is to greet you. You'll be gratified to find what progress we've already made."

He stopped suddenly and blinked at Mike.

"What's the matter?" Mike scowled at him.

"Why," the other said hesitantly, "if I didn't know better, I would have sworn I smelled, ah, the demon rum on your breath."

Mike looked at him. Sometimes he wondered if it was a good idea, keeping the lower echelons in complete ignorance of their real role.

He said dryly, "The stewardess gave me something for airsickness. I have little knowledge about such medication, Brother."

"Of course," the other said. "How stupid of me."

Mike decided then and there that he was going to have to see as few as possible of his subordinates on this level.

He was quartered in the New Metropole on Sverdlov Square only two or three blocks from the Kremlin. Even Mike Edwards who had spent the better part of the last year bringing himself up to date on Russkie progress was amazed by the extent to which they'd been able to automate a hotel.

Particularly intriguing was the automatic bar at which you could dial any item in a rather impressive wine list. He was just beginning to get the real hang of it when the bell tinkled and the polaroid window, set in the door, revealed the dour face of Frank Jones.

Mike let him in and they sized each other up. Both wore the austere black clothing of a minister of the Old Time Church.

Mike said, "Well, at least I can say you look more authentic than I do."

"Like hell," Jones growled. "You were born to be a bishop. Where's the bar?"

Mike raised his eyebrows and pointed to his ear. Jones stared at him for a moment, then caught on. "Oh," he said. "No. No microphones, no secret police under the bed, nothing like that. The Russkies couldn't care less what we do —just so long as we don't sound off against the government or Andrei Zorin, or any of the other top bureaucrats."

"That's what I thought," Mike said. "It's a bad sign for the West. The Russkies don't bother to have secrets anymore." He led Jones

back into the living room. "What would you like? I could get to be an alcoholic playing with this gadget. We ought to introduce them in the States."

"Pivo," Jones said. "What, and throw all the bartenders in the country out of work?"

"What's a pivo?" Mike said.

"Beer. Russian beer is so thick you can pick it out of your teeth, but it's better than Spanish beer."

"Anything not thick enough to eat is better to drink than Spanish beer," Mike said, dialing himself a chilled Stolitschnaja vodka. "How're things going?"

"Mostly we've been waiting for you to arrive. However, the country's ripe for it. Rotten ripe."

Mike looked at him, interested. "How do you know, Frank?"

The NATO man took a pull at his beer and scowled. "Well, for one thing . . . listen, do you know a character named Galushko? Nicholas Galushko?"

"Nick? Sure. He was one of my tourists in Torremolinos. He was about average. Drank too much."

"Well, he doesn't any more. He's just been making a tour through the Ukraine. Converted several thousand collective farm people already."

Mike stared at him. "Converted them to what?"

"Somé kind of a new religion all his own. Teaches moderation. Once we get going, I think we can swing them into our group."

"Holy smokes," Mike said, awed. "I gave him the idea one night on a tapa tour through Malaga."

The NATO man finished off his beer and came to his feet. "We better get going, Mike. I've arranged for a meeting with the Minister of Culture, Alex Mikhailov."

"What for?" Mike said.

"I'll tell you on the way down," Jones said. "We've got to get TV time, and maybe get on the newscasts. Possibly we can talk them into doing a movie of the Old Time Church."

Mike let himself be ushered to the door. "You're getting *too* optimistic, aren't you? Why should they do a movie about us, or allow us TV time, for that matter?"

Jones explained on the way down in the elevator. "You've got some surprises coming. You know how lousy the TV programs are back in the States? Well, they've got the same problem here. They've gone through every bag of tricks of every producer and have scrapped the bottom of the barrel so far as every idea of every writer is concerned."

They were in the street now, and Frank Jones pressed a button set next to the New Metropole's main entrance. In a moment, an air cushion taxi disengaged itself from the traffic flow and pulled up to the curb before them.

Mike Edwards had to force himself to climb in. He was far from happy about driverless cabs.

Jones dialed the address coordinates and went on with his point. "They're on an automation kick. Twenty years ago they put a million youngsters into their universities to study time and motion engineering and become automation technicians. Now they're reaping the harvest. And every time some new discovery comes along that would ordinarily toss a couple of hundred thousand people into the ranks of the unemployed, they just lower the work week for everybody in that industry. It's down to an average of ten hours now."

"What's this got to do with TV programs?" Mike said.

Jones shrugged glumly. "In the States we've got twenty million unemployed living high on the hog on unemployment insurance and spending their time glued to the TV set. Over here they're all supposedly employed but everybody works only ten hours a week, thirty weeks a year. The rest of the time they're looking for entertainment and the Minister of Culture in the Soviet Complex gets just as big an ulcer trying to provide his country with new TV ideas as a Madison Avenue tycoon does in our country."

Frank Jones hesitated a moment before saying, "You know, something's been building up in me ever since I got this assignment."

"Oh?" Mike said. "What?"

"I'm not so sure there's as many differences between the West and the Soviet Complex as we usually think."

The Palace of Rest and Culture was one of the biggest eyesores in Moscow. Located on Kalugo Boulevard and immediately across from Niezkuchny Park, it dominated the skyline of this section of Moscow.

At Dobryninskaya Square Mike Edwards and Frank Jones had turned west to Gorki Park which they paralleled on Kaluga until the Palace of Rest and Culture loomed before them.

Mike had been looking out the window of the cab at the maze of taxis and limousines that charged at headlong speed through the streets. There was something shaking to see three boisterous Russkies, often bottles in hand, carousing in the back seat of a car that had no driver. You momentarily expected disaster.

He winced as their cab seemed all but ready to crash into a brilliantly hued driverless limousine. "Don't *any* cabs have drivers in this God forsaken town?" he complained to Jones.

"That's more of the labor saving bit," Jones said sourly. "They automated the streets so as to eliminate all the manpower formerly involved in driving the cars, and then they pulled the conductors off buses and stopped selling tickets for the subways. Made all transportation free. It was wasted labor, they said, collecting fares. They've

got a bug on this wasted labor thing."

They pulled up before the skyscraper which was the entertainment center of the country and climbed from the cab. Mike slammed the door after him and the cab whizzed off into the traffic.

"Where does it all finally wind up?" he muttered, staring after the vehicle.

"Where does what wind up?" Jones said.

"This automation. Finally they'll get it down to where no work at all is necessary. Then what happens?"

Jones grunted. "The same thing's happening in the West. Weren't you automated out of your professorship?"

"Sometimes I get the feeling," Mike said, "that the human race has opened up Pandora's Box, that we've built ourselves a monster like Frankenstein never dreamed of, that we've got a Saber-Tooth tiger by the tail, that we've dropped the reins and the horse is running away with us."

"All at once?" Jones said.

"All at once," Mike muttered.

In the brutally large reception hall of the Palace of Rest and Culture, they spoke their piece into the screen of a telephone and waited for instructions.

A voice behind them said, "Why, it's Mike."

They turned.

She was still unforgettably fair of skin, blue of eyes, blonde of hair, as only a northern Slav can be.

Mike said, "Catherina!"

Automatically, his eyes dropped from her face to check, but she was wearing by current Russkie standards, a comparatively conservative suit.

Jones cleared his throat warningly.

Mike beamed at her. "What in the world are you doing here?" he said, before she could ask him the same.

"I work here, Mike. I told you once, I think. I'm a production secretary for Bolshi-Films. But you . . . ?"

Jones was obtaining directions from the automatic receptionist. Now he cleared his throat again, and said, "Ah, we'll have to hurry."

Mike said, "Look, Catherina, could I see you later? Possibly tonight?"

"When? Where?" she said, smiling her Catherina smile at him. His stomach rolled over twice, happily.

"I don't know any places. I just arrived."

"At the cocktail bar of the Hotel Tsentralnaya, at eight."

On the way up to the offices of Alex Mikhailov, Jones looked at him. "Who's that? I seem to have seen her somewhere before."

"In Torremolinos. One of the tourists," Mike said dreamily.

"And you've made a date to meet her in a bar?"

"Um-m-m. Why not?"

"Remember?" Frank Jones said accusingly. "You're a bishop of the Old Time Church. You don't drink. You don't smoke. You don't dance. You don't go out with flighty looking blondes. Above all, you don't hang out in the most popular bar in Moscow."

"Holy smokes," Mike said. "I forgot."

"Yeah, Jones said dryly.

Mike said, "Well, Catherina Saratov is in a position to wonder how it is that a tourist guide in Southern Spain is suddenly a bishop. He let his voice go thoughtful. "I suppose I'll have to spend some time with her covering up."

"Yeah," Jones said. "And obviously that's going to be a terrible chore so far as you're concerned."

The interview with the Minister of Culture had been a howling success. In fact, he'd practically fallen into their arms.

After a rundown on just what it was that their Old Time Church advocated, and assurances that they had nothing whatsoever to say against the Soviet State and no opinions whatsoever about Russkie bureaucrats from Andrei Zorin right on down, he'd practically turned over the resources of the Ministry of Rest and Culture to them.

"Why, do you realize," he said happily, "the nearest thing to a really new attraction we've had for six months is a dancing Panda? This calls for a celebration!" He banged happily on a bell. "Religion!" he chortled. "Everybody'll be overwhelmed. Something absolutely new!"

An underling entered from another office.

"Champagne!" Mikhailov roared. "Send in some of the girls from the distribution office. Dial us some food. Caviar, smoked salmon, sturgeon, Stolichny salad, Soodak fish, everything! And lots of champagne, Kirill, we're celebrating. Have the best sent in!"

Kirill was impressed. Before Mike could open his mouth, he had disappeared again.

Mike said, "But, Your Excellency, we just finished telling you. The Old Time Church teaches moderation."

"Yes, indeed," Jones said piously.

"Moderation?" Alex Mikhailov said. "But a celebration is in order. Why, you'll be the hit of the season. I'll be awarded the Hero Medal for outstanding Socialist Labor. What do you mean, moderation?"

"Moderation in all things," Mike said gently. "Ostentatious display, ostentatious use of luxuries, spending one's time in such frivolities as foreign travel, are the curse of the spiritual side of the race."

"They are?" Mikhailov said blankly. "Why?"

For the next hour they told him

why, fascinating him to the point that when Kirill, his secretary, returned smiling widely and heading a procession of would be revelers, he was snarled out of the office, champagne, girls, caviar and all.

It wound up eventually with Mikhailov promising to attend their initial meeting which was to be held in St. Basil's, the candy cane cathedral on Red Square. It was the first time the building had been used other than as a museum for generations.

The cocktail bar of the Tsentralnaya was currently the most popular place in town and when Mike Edwards first entered the shock wave of sound, generated by Russkies en masse in their cups, all but staggered him back through the door again. In Spain, at least, he'd got his Russians in no larger numbers than a couple of hundred at a time. This so-called cocktail bar must have held at least twice that, and all of them seemingly stoned, Russkie style.

He had to circle the room twice before spotting Catherina Saratov. As he made his way to her table, he tried to think what it was that was so different about her in Moscow as compared to Spain. Finally it came to him. Catherina was absolutely conservative, compared to the others in the room.

He sat down across from her wordlessly; let his eyes take her in with complete enjoyment. The fact that she was doing the same, was obviously as pleased with his presence as he was with hers, didn't lessen the enjoyment.

Somehow they had no need to speak. They knew that this was it and that something wonderful would come of it all. Something very wonderful.

Mike opened his mouth at last but the blast of sound which surrounded them all but drowned out his words.

He shouted to her, "Why did you suggest we meet here?"

She shouted back. "I wanted you to see it."

"Why?" he shouted.

She stood, put a hand on his arm and led him toward the entry.

In the lobby, Mike shook his head for clarity. "Holy smokes," he said. "I used to think all bars were essentially the same. Evidently Moscow has exceptions to offer. Can't we go somewhere and talk?"

"Of course. Do you like Georgian cuisine? The Aragvi restaurant, over on Gorki Street, is comparatively quiet."

"Anything is comparatively quiet to that place in there."

She chuckled. "We Russians have several generations of—what is your term?—*living-it-up* to catch up with."

Mike said, "In spite of the success of your speed-up projects in other fields, I wonder about this one."

Catherina laughed. "We shall

have to make a Seven Year Plan."

Mike gestured at the bar they'd just left. "They seem to want to accomplish it in seven weeks. Why did you say you wanted me to see that place?"

"I'll tell you when we get to the Aragvi."

The Aragvi was located at 6 Gorki Street, only a few steps off Revolutsia Place. It turned out to be one of the older top restaurants in the Russkie capital. Mike and Catherina got as far away from the orchestra as possible and Mike dialed a bottle of Georgian Teliani.

However, when the bottle came, Catherina shook her head as he began to pour. "I'm not drinking these days. It ties in with my reason for wanting you to see that terrible bar—just as an example. Actually, I haven't forgotten what you said in Malaga. Mike, what is happening to my people?"

He twirled his glass in his fingers. They had arrived at the point where it looked as though he was going to have to go into his act. He hated the idea. This was Catherina. He didn't want anything of falseness between them.

Mike said slowly, "You touched on it earlier when you were joking about catching up on your living-it-up. With that series of five year and seven year plans you people went through for so long, you accumulated a head of steam. Now you're blowing it." He didn't add, *and in so doing fouling the economies of the rest of the world.*

Catherina said, "Until a year ago, I was part of it. Nothing seemed to make much difference except having a good time. Now, Mike, I'm afraid. Look at us. No ambition except to attend another party, to over drink, over play, to go to bed with whoever's available. Twenty years or so ago we had our *mitrofanushka*, our *stilyagi*, the so called jet-set, among our young people. What is it in America?"

"Juvenile delinquents."

"Practically everybody was contemptuous of them. We expected our youth to study, to work hard, to help build our country as strong as any."

"And so you did," Mike said, keeping the sour quality from his voice.

"Yes, and now what? Pride in study or work is a thing of the past. *Everybody* has become *stilyagi*. Even our adults are delinquent."

Mike said uncomfortably, "What are you building up to Catherina?"

She leaned across the table and touched his hand. "Mike, what you were telling us about moderation and the need to devote yourself to higher things than dulling your God-given senses with alcohol and over indulgence. Mike, our people have to be given this message."

Mike sat back in his chair and blinked at her. For the first time it occurred to him that far from pulling a gimmick out of the Bag

of Dirty Tricks for the benefit of the West, he was sponsoring a program that ultimately was more needed by the Russkies than by his own side.

She twisted her mouth ruefully. "But then, I don't suppose you wanted to see me this evening to have laid on your lap the problems of Russia. Let's talk about us, Mike.

He moistened suddenly dry lips. "Yes," he said. "Let's talk about us."

From the first it went with shocking success. For every flow of tide there is ebb and the hedonistic tidal wave that had engulfed the Russkies was at its crest when Mike Edwards' missionaries struck.

Overnight, the reversal to conservatism in dress, in cars, in entertainment took place.

In lectures, in revivals, in church meetings, on TV, the message was spread. Bolshi-films did a score of quickie movies. A hundred theatrical groups produced plays. Clubs were formed, organizations sprang up. All to promote the new belief. Moderation was the new Russkie fad. Nowhere can a fad spread so rapidly as through a people with time on their hands—and in all history there had never been a people with so much time on hand as the automation-freed Russkies.

It was some six months later, two o'clock in the morning, and Mike Edwards was comfortably deep in sleep in his suite at the New Metropole when the banging came at the door.

Mike rolled over, tried to ignore it, clung desperately to his dream of married life with Catherina. Finally he swung his feet over the bed's side, growling, "There's a bell, damn it. Don't break the door down."

There were two of them and they pushed by him and into the living room of his suite. They were six-footers, two-hundred-pounders, empty of expression, inconspicuous of clothing. Yes, and flat of feet.

Actually, since the Aeroflot rocketplane had landed him at Vnukovo airport, Mike had been expecting them, sooner or later.

However, he began, "What is the meaning of . . ."

One of them said, "Get dressed."

Mike said, "I want to call the American Embassy."

They grunted amusement in unison as though they'd been rehearsed.

They followed him into the bedroom, watched dispassionately as he dressed.

Mike said, "I demand to be allowed to phone the American Ambassador."

"No phone calls," one said.

There was nobody in the halls of the New Metropole at this time of night. They descended by elevator, hustled through the lobby and into a large black limousine, for once one with a chauffeur.

One of his bulky escorts sat to

the right of Mike Edwards, the other to the left. They said nothing, in full character.

At this point, Mike told himself sourly, I should have a little glass capsule of cyanide hidden in my mouth. Wasn't that the way they did it in the old days? Mike had few illusions about the ability of the Russkies to break him down under pressure.

And just when the effects of the campaign had been showing results.

They by-passed Red Square and skirted the Alexandrovski Sad park along the west side of the Kremlin. They entered at the Borovitskij Gate, went up the cobblestoned incline there without loss of pace and drew up before the Bolshoi Kremlevski Dvorets, the Great Kremlin Palace.

Two sentries snapped to attention as they entered. Evidently, Mike's guards needed no passes. A sixteen step ornate staircase led them up from the ground floor to a gigantic vestibule the vault of which was supported by four monolithic granite columns. They turned left and entered an anteroom. More guards who snapped to attention.

One of Mike's escorts approached a heavy door and knocked discreetly. Someone came, opened it slightly, evidently said something to someone else back in the room, and then opened it widely enough for Mike and his escorts.

The chamber had obviously once been a Czarist reception room. Now it was a not overly large office. Mike stood a dozen feet from the door and looked at the man behind the desk, who, in turn, looked at him.

There was no doubt about who it was. Andrei Zorin, the fourth generation dictator of the Soviet Complex. The heir of Lenin, Stalin and Khrushchev. Number One. Chairman of the Presidium of the Central Committee.

Zorin was a man of fifty, heavy-set, frowzy, a weary disillusionment about his tired eyes. His character, so far as the outside world knew, was largely a mystery. A reversal from the exhibitionism of the exuberant Khrushchev, in more than twenty years of authority he'd never granted an interview to western journalists, a fact that hadn't endeared him.

Number One leaned back in his chair. He said in Russian, "Frol, Kliment, you may leave." The two guards turned and left the room.

There was only one other left now with Mike and Zorin, a younger man, as thin and nervous as Zorin was heavy and stolid.

Zorin said, "This is Nuritdin Kirichenko, Minister of Internal Security."

In other words, Mike told himself emptily, head of the secret police.

Zorin said, "Sit down, Mr. Edwards."

Mike shrugged and took a heavy leather chair. He might as well enjoy what relaxation he could at this point. He had no illusions about the future.

Zorin said, "I understand your Russian is fluent so if you have no objections we'll speak my language."

"None at all," Mike said. He had a mouse being played with feeling, although Zorin was more a moth-eaten bear than a cat.

Zorin read from a report before him. "Michael J. Edwards, Academician degree in political economy in your early twenties." He looked up at Mike. "Congratulations. Quite an accomplishment, so I understand."

"Thanks," Mike said.

Zorin went back to his report. "Spent some years teaching political economy."

Mike said nothing.

Zorin said, "Resigned from university and took position as tourist agent in Spain. Eventually began an association with a Mr. Frank Jones, notoriously an, ah, hatchet-man, I believe the western term is, for the anti-Soviet organization NATO. Returned to America for a series of secretive meetings with top Western officials. Emerged in approximately a year as a high official of the . . ." Zorin looked at his paper again ". . . the Old Time Church. A religious organization of which we can find no previous record. Six months ago arrived in Moscow and with a large staff began a strenuous and highly expensive program to spread this new faith."

Zorin leaned back in his chair and looked at Mike.

Mike Edwards said nothing. He had passed that point of despair where anything made any difference. He only wished that they'd had as little as one more month to work. By then, nothing would have stopped them.

Zorin said, "Frankly, from the first we couldn't understand what in the world you had in mind."

Mike said, "From the first!"

Kirichenko, who up until this time hadn't opened his mouth, doing nothing more than remaining on his chair and jittering nervously, said, "Did you think us fools?"

That was a good question, Mike decided.

Zorin quieted his colleague with a tired sweep of his hand. He said, "We were, frankly, intrigued. We must thank you for an interesting puzzle to solve."

Mike reached hopefully for a straw. "There is no puzzle. My organization is simply evangelizing its faith."

"Of course," Zorin said, not even bothering to use a sarcastic note. He picked up another paper. "We saw light as Soviet exports fell off and, unsurprisingly, those of the United States, the Common Market and England all began to grow."

Mike forgot about the straw. They had him all right. He supposed that Frank Jones and the others were even now being corralled. He wondered how stringent the measures taken against the Russkies who had joined up would be. He felt a twinge of fear for Catherina. Catherina! They had planned to be married in a few weeks.

Zorin tossed the paper back to his desk. He looked Mike over again.

He said, "You did an excellent job, Mr. Edwards. It is my despair that we of the Soviet Complex have so few young men, any more, who care about doing an excellent job."

Mike shrugged. He wondered momentarily if it'd be worth the try to jump the desk and slug the other. Would the pure pleasure of getting in just one or two blows be worth the extra working over they'd probably give him?

Zorin said interestedly, "Do you think it will work?"

Mike brought his attention back to reality. "Do I think what will work?"

"Your idea of teaching moderation with the long distance view of minimizing Soviet tourism and eventually reviving Western trade as our own falls off?"

Mike snorted in self deprecation. Why kid around any longer? They knew the whole story. "I originally hoped it would. Now, obviously, you've caught on."

"That's not what I asked you," Zorin said, only slightly impatient. "Do you think it will work?"

Mike stared at him.

Zorin spelled it out. "Thus far, Mr. Edwards, we have taken no steps to prevent your organization from continuing its efforts." He looked over at his Minister of Internal Security. "In fact, Mr. Kirichenko, here, is in favor of my joining the Old Time Church to set an example."

It took several moments for that to be assimilated. Mike said finally, "Look, have you got a drink around here?"

Zorin chuckled as he brought a bottle from the desk. "My dear Bishop Edwards, remember? Moderation." He brought out three shot glasses, poured the yellowish liquid into them. "Moskovskaya Starka vodka," he said. "The best, flavored with forest herbs."

Mike knocked the drink, stiff-wristed, back over his palate.

The two Russkies joined him, solemnly. Zorin poured three more. "This should be served cold," he said.

Mike said, "Look. Could we start somewhere nearer to the beginning?"

Number One scowled at him. "Frankly, I'm not sure where the beginning is. Maybe with Lenin. Vladimir Ilyich Ulyanov's main task was to bring the Bolsheviks to power. He succeeded. Stalin's main task was to pacify the country un-

der party rule and to lay the foundations for industrialization. He succeeded. Khrushchev's task was to overtake the West in production and bring abundance to the Soviet Complex. He succeeded." Zorin paused.

Mike said, "And what's your task?"

Zorin looked at him, an expression of frustration on his heavy face. "I'm not sure I know," he said. He twisted his mouth wryly. "You are a student of political economy, Mr. Edwards. What would you say?"

Mike was gaining courage by the minute. He said, "Well, according to your boy Marx, once the revolution was successful, the State was going to wither away. Instead, ever since Lenin's time, you've been strengthening it."

Zorin said, interestedly, "Did it ever occur to you, Mr. Edwards, that handing over power isn't the simplest thing in the world? We of the Central Committee admittedly govern the Soviet State today. To whom would we hand over our power?"

Mike was momentarily stopped. "Well," he said, "to the people. Let them democratically elect their own officials."

Number One was scowling again. "Revolutions don't come from the top down, Mr. Edwards. They come from the bottom up. And they have in the past through the efforts of a frustrated majority, often a starving one, been pushed by economic necessity to overthrow their ruling class. Where is the starving majority in the Soviet Complex today? A few decades ago the Yugoslavian Djilas railed against the New Class that was growing in the Soviet countries. But as time passed more and more of our people graduated into that class. Now they're all members."

Mike said, frowning, "You mean you wish you could step down, and can't?"

Kirichenko said nervously, "When men in power let go the reins, things have a way of getting out of hand. None of us looks forward to the possibility of some hotheads lining us up against the nearest wall, or hanging us by the heels from a handy lamppost."

Zorin said unhappily, "Actually, there is no one to hand our power. No one is interested in taking it. No one could care less." He sighed deeply. "I come back to my earlier question, Mr. Edwards. Do you think it will work?"

"You mean the new religion?" Mike couldn't quite get the others' lack of antagonism. "Well, so far it has, and it's growing fast."

Zorin ran his hand over his face. "Maybe it's the answer. I don't know.

"Answer to what?" Mike said, all but snappishly. He'd come a long way since entering this office twenty minutes ago.

Zorin was staring at him. "May-

be you of the West can help," he muttered. "Perhaps it's our only chance. Perhaps we can enlarge upon your idea. Bring a new spark of life to . . ." He let his sentence fade off unhappily.

Kirichenko came to his feet, reached over and poured the three of them still another drink. The bottle was getting low. He said, "Let's get down to the essentials. If we're going to discuss this with a representative of the West, we might as well put all our cards on the table." He added sourly, "They aren't very high cards."

This just didn't make sense. Mike Edwards had come to Moscow with the feeling that the West was up against the wall and his job was to make a feeble attempt to escape the situation the Soviet Complex had them in. But the way these two were talking, you'd think the positions were reversed.

Zorin said, "To sum it up, Mr. Edwards, you of the United States and the rest of the Western countries have been stymied in your economies."

Mike rasped, "Because of forty million Russian tourists spilling over your borders each year, and with every chance of the number growing."

"Forty million," Kirichenko grunted bitterly. "Nothing!"

"Nothing?" Mike said indignantly.

The Soviet Complex's number one bureaucrat sighed. "Mr. Edwards," he said, "have you noticed the rather large number of Chinese about Moscow?"

"You mean the students, the trade delegations, the cultural exchange artists?"

"Ha," Kirichenko said bitterly, reaching for his drink.

"I mean the tourists," Zorin said. "They're just beginning." He ran his hand down over his face wearily. "There were fifty million of them this year. Chinese—finally successful in their Great Leaps Forward—keen to begin seeing the world. And where do they most wish to go ? To Russia! The fatherland of communism. Every good communist in China wants to see Moscow, Leningrad, Stalingrad, the Crimea! Their aircraft factories are working under forced draft to provide air liners for the traffic. It is estimated that the number will be one hundred million next year, two hundred the year following. Mr. Edwards, do you realize that the present population of China exceeds a billion?"

Mike was taken aback.

He said slowly, "You mean that you too would like to figure out some way of keeping the tourists out of your country? But . . ." he thought about it ". . . you haven't the same problem we have. You don't need foreign trade. Why not just let them come?"

Zorin spelled it out for him, his face desperate. "Mr. Edwards, the Chinese have had one famed at-

tribute down through history. Their ability to swallow up the invader. China would be overrun and conquered by an enemy. A few decades later the enemy would have interbred with the hundreds of millions of Chinese; a century later there would be no signs of the enemy left."

Mike said, "What's this got to do with tourism?"

"Isn't it obvious? Here, have another drink. Kirichenko, get out another bottle. Mr. Edwards, as you've undoubtedly noted, Russian mores have loosened considerably in the past generation. In the early days of Bolshevik power we were actually quite puritanical, absolutely Victorian in our sexual code. But, as you've undoubtedly seen, as our people become more hedonistic, the moral code slips."

Mike was gaping at him, comprehension beginning to seep through.

"Two or three hundred million Chinese," Zorin shuddered, "crossing our borders on pleasure bent, each year. Estimate, Mr. Edwards. With our present loose sexual code how long do you think it would be before there wasn't a full blooded Russian left in the country?" His voice dropped to an anguished whisper. "How long before there weren't any Russians left at all?" Zorin said.

Kirichenko was pouring another round from a new bottle, his hand shaking.

Mike said, "Holy smokes, and then when they'd all seen Russia thoroughly, they'd start in seeing the rest of the world."

"Exactly," Zorin said emphatically. He came to his feet, weaving only a trifle.

"Mr. Edwards," he said incisively, "to use an old Americanism, let's face it. The cold war is over between us. Not in an Armageddon, not in a Gotterdammerung of guided missiles and H-Bombs, but in the face of a problem common to both."

Mike and Kirichenko came to their own feet, their faces set firmly, their glasses upraised.

Mike bit out courageously, slurring only slightly, "The common enemy of all," he toasted. "Tourists! They must and shall be stopped!"