

Acknowledgements

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Note to the reader:

THIS BOOK HAS AN UNCONVENTIONAL STRUCTURE.

One: Diagnosis

Terror is the most effective political instrument... I shall spread terror by the surprise employment of all my measures. The important thing is the sudden shock of an overwhelming fear of death.'

Adolf Hitler

Preliminary Consultation

'HERE on the top of a modern and reputable London store lives a garden of incredible beauty one hundred feet above Kensington High Street - the shopping centre of the Royal Borough of Kensington - The gardens embrace some 1 1/2 acres, and comprise an Old-English Garden, Tudor Courts and flower beds, and a Spanish Garden with Moorish pergolas and a Court of Fountains.'

Derry & Toms Famous Roof Garden

I.

A troll across

the rooftops

The time might be July 31st 1970.

London, England. Cool traffic circulates. A quiet, hot day: somewhere in the distance - a bass tone.

In High Street, Kensington, where the trees of Hyde Park creep out among the buildings, stands the age-old structure of the Derry and Toms department store. Tier upon impressive tier, it is proud among its peers.

On the roof of the store, in a lot of rich earth, grow shrubs and trees and flowers, and there are little streams and ponds with goldfish and ducks. Who better to describe this roof-garden than those who

built it? In the 1966 edition of their brochure, Derry and Toms said:

'They are the only gardens in the world of such large dimensions at so great a height, over 100 above ground level, overlooking London with St Paul's in the distance. The gardens are 11/2 acres in extent and comprise an Old English Garden, Tudor Courts and Flower Beds and a Spanish Garden with Moorish Pergolas and A Court of Fountains. The water for the fountains, the river and the waterfall, drawn from our Artesian Wells 400 ft deep. The depth of the soil averages 2 ft 6 in. and the distribution of weight of this and the masonry used was arranged by the Company's architect when planning the Derry and Toms building. The Gardens took three years to build and were opened in March 1938 by the Earl of Athlone, K.G.

'From the balconies that adjoin the gardens you have the opportunity of enjoying the most magnificent views of London. You can see the spires and towers of the Kensington Museums, the great Dome of St Paul's, Westminster Abbey and Westminster Cathedral - the Albert Hall, Albert Memorial, etc.'

In order, the captions to the pictures read:

1. A delightful view of the Court of Fountains.
2. The water for the fountains, the river and the waterfall is drawn from our artesian wells four hundred feet deep. The depth of soil averages 2 feet 6 inches and the distribution of weight of this and the masonry was arranged by the company's architect when planning the Derry and Toms building.
3. The Spanish Gardens.
4. Fully matured fruit-bearing trees stretch up towards the sky.
5. Aerial view of the Spanish garden where palm-trees and grape-vines live the year round.
6. Corner of the Spanish garden showing the Well of St Theresa in a cobbled court - with vine-covered walls.
7. Another view of the Spanish garden - showing the spire of St Mary Abbot's Church in the background.
8. (Opposite) The magnificent Court of Fountains.
9. Flowers bloom in profusion and green lawns flourish. 10. (Below) The Tudor Gardens. 11. Views of the Spanish Gardens.
12. The campanile and convent with fountain in foreground -so typically Spanish in atmosphere.
13. Vine-covered archways leading to the Court of Fountains -all this one hundred feet above the traffic of London!
14. This garden has a world of pleasure in't

15. The Tudor Gardens.

16. Entrance to the Tudor Gardens - you go back through history to the beginning of the sixteenth century.

17. Henry VIII might well have wandered through this garden and plucked a red rose for Anne Boleyn.

18. Another view of the Tudor Gardens and its carved stone archways and red brick paving.

19. A waterfall feeds a meandering stream.

20. Ducks on the Woodland Garden lawn.

21. The Sun Pavilion Restaurant with its umbrella-shaded

balconies - a modern restaurant in the quiet setting of an English garden.

22. The waterfall - shaded by quiet trees alive with the gurgling of water and the twittering of the birds - like a rendezvous in the country.

23. Again the Sun Pavilion Restaurant - here you will find peace and pleasure - high above London overlooking the Woodland Gardens.

On summer afternoons ill-clad ladies wander through the gardens; they wear felt and fluffy nylon hats, suits of linen or rayon or double jersey, bright scarves tied cowboy fashion about their throats. This place is the last retreat in London of the female of an old and dying English race - the 'Waite dwellers' as they have often been called, although many live in pre-Waites communities and some do not always own Austins. She comes here when her shopping is done in Barkers, Derry and Toms or Pontings (they are all next to each other in the High Street) to meet her mates. Only here may she with some certainty safely take her middle-class tea.

There are walls about the retreat. One wall has a locked gate. The key to the gate is owned by the man who secretly owns the chain of stores on this block, who secretly owns other similar substantial properties throughout London.

Now, below, we hear the sound of drowsy mid-afternoon traffic. The banner of D&T hangs limp against its staff. Not far away is the Kensington Gardens Hotel and the Kensington Strip, with its bazaars and eateries and bright lights. Not far from The Strip, to the west, is secluded Kensington Palace Gardens, vulgarly called Millionaire's Row, the avenue of the Embassies, running beside Kensington Gardens where the statue of Peter Pan still plays its pipes near the sparkling Serpentine. Derry and Toms faces towards North Kensington, the largest and most densely populated part of the Royal Borough, the most delicious slum in Europe.

It is almost tea-time.

'Broken blossoms' lover in garden sex fest!!!

Within the vine-covered walls of the Dutch garden the sultry sun beat down on colourful flowers and shrubs.

There were tulips like blue velvet, tulips of red, yellow, white and mauve; daffodils; pink and scarlet roses, chrysanthemums, rhododendrons, peonies. All the flowers were bright and all the scents were sweet.

The air was hot and still; there was not a trace of a breeze; but in one part of the garden a patch of cream daffodils began to move; they soon became violently agitated, as if invisible stallions galloped through them. Stems bent and broke. Then the daffodils stopped moving.

Almost immediately a nearby field of white and red tulips began to shake and thresh.

There was the smell of lilac, very heavy on the air, and the tulips groaned, leaves slapping against leaves.

When they had stopped, the roses in the next bed fluttered and bent, scarlet petals falling fast, thorns tearing, branches shuddering.

Finally, when the roses were calm again, a huge bed of mixed snap-dragons, pansies, meadowsweet, ivy-leaved toadflax, irises, hollyhocks, narcissi, violets and sunflowers burst into life; petals shot into the sky, leaves erupted in all directions; there was a great, wild, lush, ululating noise; then silence.

Lying between damp, ivory thighs, Jerry Cornelius sighed and smiled into the unseeing face of Captain Hargreaves, member of the U.S. military advisory commission in Europe. The captain was good, greedy girl.

Jerry's skin, as black as a Biafran's, glistened, and he thought about all the kinds of girls he had known as he looked at the

flowers above his head and then down at Flora Hargreaves's slowly cooling eyes. He rolled like a surfer and reached across the soft earth for a cigarette.

A bass tone. He glanced at the sky. It was clear.

When he looked back Flora's eyes had closed and she was sleeping, her auburn hair burnishing the pillow of crushed petals, her perfect face at perfect peace, the sweat drying on her sweet body. He bent and lightly kissed her left breast, touched her smooth shoulder, got up and went to find her uniform where she had folded it beside the patch of cream daffodils.

A man in his late twenties, with a healthy, muscular body, a large Liberty's neo-Art Nouveau wristwatch like a bangle on either wrist; his skin was ebony and his hair not blond but milk white. Jerry

Cornelius was a revolutionary of the old school, though his stated objectives seemed different.

Humming an early Jimi Hendrix number ('Foxy Lady'), Jerry looked around for his own clothes and found them on the grass close to Flora's olive duds. On top of the pile lay his chromium-plated vibragun which he now picked up and holstered, strapping the holster to his naked body. He pulled on his lavender shirt, his red underpants, his red socks, his midnight-blue Cardin trousers with the flared bottoms, the matching double-breasted high-waisted jacket, smoothed his long white hair, took a mirror from his pocket and adjusted his wide purple tie, looking at his face as an afterthought.

A very negative appearance, he thought, pursing his lips and smiling. He picked up Flora's uniform and laid it near her; then he walked through the sunlight and flowers, knee-deep, towards the garden gate.

Wild whirlybird in

one man war!!

Beyond the wall the middle-class women walked the pleasant paths, glancing nervously or with disapproval at the creature who locked the gate behind him as if he owned the place. They mistook him for a dandified Negro, and thought it likely that he was responsible for the increasingly loud bass tone, for he carried something that looked rather like a transistor radio.

Jerry put the key in his pocket and wandered in the direction of the Woodland Garden which, with its streams and shady trees, was flanked by the Sun Pavilion Restaurant which was not yet open.

He passed several black doors marked Emergency Exit and paused by the lift, murmuring a word to the attendant and the ticket girl. They nodded. The girl entered the lift and with an air of finality descended.

Jerry turned back to the Woodland Garden. As he reached it the bass tone sounded very close and he looked up and saw the helicopter, moving in low, up over the outer wall, its rotors thrashing, the leaves of the trees whipping off their branches, the petals of the flowers flung about in all directions.

The women screamed, wondering what to do.

Jerry drew his vibragun. He knew an enemy helicopter when he saw one.

The chopper was huge, over forty feet long, and flying close to the tops of the trees, its deep-throated motor full of menace, its shadow black over the gardens.

Jerry moved swiftly across the open space towards the tree-shaded lawn of the Woodland Glade, the leaves stinging his face.

A machine gun hissed and slim bullets bit the concrete. Jerry rested his vibragun across his bent right arm and took aim, but he could hardly see his great target for the whistling petals and

leaves that lashed his face. He stumbled backwards into a pool, slipped and found himself waist-deep in cold water. There were almost no leaves on the trees now as the rotors flicked round and round.

Someone began to shout through a megaphone at him.

‘Fuckpig! Fuckpig! Fuckpig!’

The old ladies gasped and ran about in panic, finding the lift out of order and the emergency exit blocked. They huddled under the arches of the Tudor Garden or threw themselves flat behind the low walls of the Spanish Garden.

Some of the copter's bullets hit a group of noisy ducks and blood and feathers mingled with the flying leaves. Jerry fired back rather half-heartedly.

The chopper - a Westland Whirlwind with the 750 h.p. Alvis Leonides Major engine - banked slightly until it was hovering over a clear space in which a fountain splashed. It began to drop lower, its 53-rotors barely missing the trees.

The machine gun hissed again and Jerry was forced to fling himself under the water and slide along until he could crouch beneath the small stone bridge. A man jumped from the copter, cradling the gun in his arms. He began to trudge towards the point where Jerry had gone down. There was blood on the surface, but it was the blood of ducks and doves.

Jerry smiled and aimed his vibragun at the man with the machine gun. The man began to tremble. The machine gun falling apart in his hands, he shook violently and collapsed.

The copter was beginning to rise. Jerry dashed for it.

'Easy,' he called. 'Easy.'

There could be as many as nine people in the copter, apart from the pilot. He dived through the hatch. Save for the fallen megaphone, it was empty. Above him, the pilot stared at him through goggles. The copter gained height.

Jerry put his head out of the hatch. Frightened ladies, their hats like so many coloured dollops of cream, wailed up at him.

'We're stranded! We can't get out! We'll starve! Hooligan! Go back to your own country! Help!'

'Don't worry,' Jerry called as the copter climbed. He picked up the megaphone. 'The restaurant opens soon. Please form an orderly queue. It will assist everyone if you try to behave in a normal manner! In the meantime...' He flung his taper to the soft ground. It began to play a selection of George Formby's greatest hits, including When I'm Cleaning Windows, Fanlight Fanny and Auntie Maggie's Remedy. 'And don't forget Old

Mother Riley, Max Miller and Max Wall! It is for them that you suffer today!'

As the helicopter thrummed out of sight, the ladies murmured among themselves and their lips curled in disgust as George Formby sang about the tip of his little cigar, but they formed a long, disciplined queue outside the restaurant.

Eight days later they would still be standing there, or sitting, or lying where they had fallen. Through the glass walls of the restaurant they had been able, every day between three o'clock and five o'clock, to see the waitresses laying out the little sandwiches, scones and cakes and later clearing them away again. If a lady signalled a waitress the waitress would wave, smile apologetically and point at the notice which said that the restaurant was closed.

One plump middle-aged housewife in a blue paisley suit hugged her handbag to her stomach in disapproval. The George Formby songs, rather scratchy now, were still going. 'I feel filthy,' she said. 'It's wicked...'

'Don't start a fuss, dear.'

On the lawn, quacking cheerfully, forgetful of their earlier upsets, jolly ducks waddled about.

Sing to me, darling,
in our castle of agony

‘Drop me off at Earls Court, would you?’ Jerry asked, stroking the pilot’s neck with his vibragun.

Pettishly the chopper sank towards the flat roof of the Beer-A-Gogo, recently built on the site of the old Billabong Club, and hovered there with undisguised impatience.

Jerry opened the hatch and jumped out, falling elegantly through the thin asbestos sheeting and landing with a bump on mouldy sacks of flour that filled his nostrils with a sour smell. Rats scattered and turned to watch him from the shadows. He sighed and got up, dusting his suit, watching, through the jagged hole, the helicopter disappearing into the sky.

Jerry left the storeroom and stood on the landing listening to the lusty sounds from below. The migrants were celebrating ‘Piss on a Pom’ week, getting drunk on home brewed beer or ‘pickling Percy’s plums’ as they put it.

Jerry could hear them laughing a great deal as the jokes flew back and forth: That’s a beaut drop of beer, mate! ‘*I’m telling you, drong, that sheila was like a flaming glass of cold beer!*’ ‘Watch yo don’t spill your fucking beer, sport!’

Some of the lusty singing was also about beer or its absence. The migrants seemed fully absorbed. Jerry walked softly downstairs and sneaked past the main room. He was momentarily dazzled by the electric blue drape suits (Kings Cross Blues) but managed to make the front door into Warwick Avenue, full of Dormobiles, Volkswagen minibuses and Land Rovers covered in pictures of kangaroos, emus and kiwis, all marked FOR SALE.

Jerry tossed a silver yen to a Negro boy with a face daubed in white clay. ‘Can you find a cab?’

The boy swaggered around a corner and came back at a run. He was followed by a skinny horse drawing a Lavender Cab,

its bright paint peeling to reveal old brown varnish and its upholstery cracked and bursting. The gauzy young man on the box wore a long beard and a fur hat; he signalled with his whip for Jerry to climb into the hansom which rocked and creaked as Jerry got aboard.

Then the whip cracked over the jutting bones of the horse; it lurched forward, snorted and began to gallop down the street at enormous speed. Jerry clung on as the cab rocked from side to side and hurtled across an intersection. From over his head he heard a strange, wild droning and realized that the driver was

singing in time to the rhythm of the horse’s hooves. The tune seemed to be Auld Lang Syne and only after a while did Jerry realize that the song was a favourite of the 1917-20 war.

Mystery of yowling passenger in snob auto

Jerry drove the Phantom VI convertible at a rapid lick. The controls of the car, beautifully designed with diamonds, rubies and sapphires by Gilian Packhard, responded with delicate sensuality to his touch. In the back, in his chamois leather strait-jacket, the transmog case continued to scream.

‘EEHELP
MEE.’

‘That’s what we’re trying to do, old man. Hang on.’

‘Aaaaaaaaaaaaahhh! Why? Why? Aaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaa
aaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaawhyaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaa
aaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaawhyaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaawhyaaa
whyaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaawhyaaaaahhhh! YOU WON’T GET AWAY WITH THIS
YOUNG MAN! Yaaa! You’ll regret
thisaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaa! WHY! WHY! WHY! AAAAAAAAAAA
Yaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaargh!
Yaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaargh! THE AUTHORITIES WILL SOON
CATCH UP WITH YOU, MY FRIEND! OOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO
OOOOOOOOH. URSH! YAROOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO! I SAY, STOP IT, YOU ROTTERS
OOOOOOCH! GAARR! EEE
EEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEK! DO YOU KNOW WHO I AM?????’

‘Do you? That’s what we’re trying to fix. Be quiet, there’s a good chap.’

‘AA
AA
AA

AA
AA
AA HHHHHHHHH!’ said the ex-
chairman defiantly.

Jerry pursed his lips and touched the ruby stud of his taper, adjusted sapphire and diamond controls for balance, and turned up the volume. Soon the passenger’s voice was more or less drowned by Everybody’s Got Something to Hide Except Me and My Monkey.

Jerry winked at his black face in the overhead mirror.

Dangerous dude's dream

of destruction

'Don't worry, we'll soon have him in the fuzz box,' smiled the kindly old matron as Jerry said goodbye to her at the main door of the Sunnydale Reclamation Centre. The matron had formerly been a Greek millionairess, famous for her escapades, and had known the new client in the old days when he had holidayed aboard her yacht Teddy Bear. She handed Jerry the latest issue of The Organ (Quarterly Review for its Makers, its Players & its Lovers). This came for you today - at the house.'

'No other mail?'

'Not to my knowledge.'

Jerry put the magazine in his pocket and waved goodbye. In the peaceful grounds of the Centre the day was warm and beautiful. His silky pink Phantom VI stood in the drive, contrasting nicely with the green and yellow gravel. Pines and birches lined the drive and behind them Jerry could see the red roof of his little Dutch mansion which he'd had shipped from Holland in the days before the blockade.

He leapt into the Phantom VI and was away, touching seventy as he passed the gates and hurtled in on the road in the path of a slow silver Cadillac that pulled up sharply as he turned and zoomed off towards the metropolis, his milk-white hair streaming in the wind.

The sweet music of a thousand hidden radio transmitters filled the countryside and brought heavenly sound to the pastoral landscape. Such harmony, thought Jerry contentedly, that only the Beatles could achieve; such a perfect combination. From the circle of U.S. and Russian Navy radio ships surrounding and protecting Britain, the same synchronized record played to all the people everywhere. Was there ever such a Utopia? he wondered as he left the subsidiary road and hit the main

drag, joining the racing rainbow stream of cars on the multilane highway.

Overhead, like birds of paradise, swarmed the flying machines, the little helicopters, gliders, rock chairs, pediplanes, air taxis, light aircraft of all varieties, belonging to the comfortably off (and who was not in these delightful Home Counties?), all flowing towards London where gleaming towers of all colours could be seen in the distance.

Was it fair, Cornelius asked himself, relaxing for a moment, to scheme the destruction of so much of this life, happiness and colour? It was a shame that his mission in life conflicted with it; but he was a man of will and integrity, not without a marked moral sensibility, and his first loyalty was to his organization. He was a total convert and he couldn't afford to relax until there were a few more around.

And his adventures were really only about to begin:

Clean air and economical electricity are two good reasons to celebrate Nuclear Week. Here are four more.

Clean air from clean energy.

Economical energy, too.

Nuclear-powered egg-poacher.

Suddenly it's 1980.

Nuclear crime detection - a fifth reason.

Nuclear Week for your kids - three more ways to celebrate.

Headings, Con Edison ad

I.

50,000 victims of kill-crazy prince charming

Beale, claws together under his chin, eyed Jerry Cornelius only for a moment then moved suddenly rising and falling across the room on his flamingo legs, the woollen frock-coat, which was Burton's latest autumn offer, rumpling and floating.

The room was long, lined with books, the ceiling so large and heavy that it seemed about to fall with a thud. Cornelius glanced upwards and settled warily into the swivel armchair, knowing that, if the ceiling did fall, even he would not have a chance of surviving.

'Which book? We have fifty thousand.' Beale's sibilant voice took a long time to reach Jerry.

'The names,' murmured Jerry, ready to slip hand to vibragun if the situation demanded.

'London, the city of dolorous mist,' hissed Beale. 'The names, Mr Cornelius, yes; the confidential names. You say he's called S?'

'According to Okharna.'

'Nothing else?'

'Something in code about a mouse strangler of Munich, I'm told. But that could be a reference to an anagram of Mephis-tophilis...'

‘Catching, Mr Aserinsky, hmph,’ Beale said, as if in reply to a question, and began to cough.

‘Not in my book, general. It’s oh, oh, five and wild skidoo.’

‘Unused - unusual...’ Beale began, puzzled, as well he might be.

It was only a ruse on Jerry’s part to get into the library, but he could not move yet, could not be certain that the ceiling would not fall; and he suspected the chair.

He got up. Beale gasped, hastily reaching for a book.

Jerry knew it was now or never.

He drew the chromium-plated vibragun from its silken holster and pointed it at Beale who fell on his knees and began to shake.

When Beale had shaken to pieces, Jerry slid the warm gun back in place, stepped over the corpse, checked doors and the many windows, and got to work, pulling the books from their shelves until every last one was on the floor. Wading through this rubble, he picked up a volume at random and opened it. As he expected it contained six months’ issues of the Sunday Times Colour Supplement. He would do to start with.

From his pocket he extracted matches and a tin of lighter fluid, squirted the fluid over the book and lit it. The rest of the fluid he squirted at random over the piles of books.

Someone was coming.

He ran to the door and drew the bolts; ran, stumbling to the doors at the far end of the gallery and bolted those too. The fire was beginning to take hold. It was getting warm. He drew his vibragun and gave the huge central window a touch of ultrasonics so that it shattered instantly and he was through it, peering down into the misty street.

Swinging himself onto the ledge, he began to slide down the drainpipe, scraping the heel of his right hand quite nastily, and reached the ground where his Phantom VI, its motor turning over, waited for him.

Two or three streets away, he stopped for a moment and looked back and upwards to where he could see the white stone of the library building and the orange flames and rich, black smoke that whipped and boiled from the window he had broken.

Sabotage was only a sideline with Jerry Cornelius, but he prided himself that he was good at it.

‘What do you achieve,’ a girl had once asked him, stroking

the muscles of his stomach, ‘what do you achieve by the destruction of the odd library? There are so many. How much can one man do?’

‘What he can,’ Cornelius had told her, rolling on her.

Jerry glanced at the huge green-dialled watch on his left wrist. 14.41.

He sent the Phantom VI racing forward, heading away from the City, his headlamps changing the colour of the mist rather than piercing it. Muscles and silk rippled together as he raised one jet-black hand to smooth his white hair from the jet-black forehead. He swung the wheel suddenly to avoid the back of a bus, hooted his horn as he passed on into the mist, fingertips on wheel. Tower Bridge was ahead, open to traffic, and he raced over it, made the Elephant and Castle roundabout, whisked round it and reached eighty miles an hour as he passed over Waterloo Bridge where the mist was thinner, and the West End, whose great, jewelled towers were the city's distinctive feature, was ahead of him.

'Oh, psychedelic!' he murmured.

He had to be in Greek Street in five minutes. He would make it easily now.

He had to meet Spiro Koutrouboussis, his chief contact with the organization.

Koutrouboussis, one of a number of handsome young Greek millionaires who belonged to the organization, was dark-haired and slender, from Petrai originally, but now a refugee, a nationalized Israeli subject, proving just how far-sighted he was.

Leaving the thrumming Rolls in the street outside the Mercury Club, Koutrouboussis's favourite meeting place, Jerry stepped over the mist-silvered pavement and entered the warm, neon-lit club where he was greeted with some enthusiasm by the doorman who gratefully received the twenty-dollar tip.

Cornelius ignored the dining part of the club, where people sat in red plush seats and ate off gold plates the finest French cuisine available anywhere in the world.

He took the stairs two at a time and bumped into Koutrouboussis who was waiting there. Koutrouboussis rubbed his side, his eyes looking rapidly from Jerry's right foot to his left and back again.

'The same old shoes, I see,' he said spitefully, and wheeled about to lead Cornelius into the private room he had on permanent hire.

Ex-bank clerk slave girl

in private sin palace

‘How did you manage to get through this,’ Koutrouboussis asked, burying himself in the shadows of a leather armchair by the fire while a sequined girl poured them Pernod from a gleaming decanter over her hip, ‘time?’

Jerry stroked his glass. They thought I was a visiting disc jockey from France. It worked well enough and long enough.’ There were few long-range aircraft and, to its joy, the nation was blockaded by the radio ships. Jerry downed the yellow drink and held out his glass. The girl was an organization convert and very successful and very happy; she smiled sweetly at Cornelius as she filled his glass; she had once been a clerk in a bank, had worn a green overall and counted money. Her place had been taken by another convert who had originally worked as a hostess just around the corner. The organization was very neat, on the whole.

Koutrouboussis’s eyes glowed from the shadows as he darted a look of jealousy at Cornelius. The poor man had sacrificed himself for others, but he could not help resenting them from time to time.

‘Ah,’ he said.

‘The organization got the French delivery?’ Cornelius said. ‘Thirty two. Fifteen men, seventeen women?’

‘Oh yes. In good time,’ Koutrouboussis said with a secret in his mellowing eyes.

‘That was important,’ Cornelius murmured. ‘I’m glad. You were to settle here.’

‘It’s been arranged. Sixty-four thousand pounds in hard yen in your London account under the name of Aserinsky. Well worth it.’

Jerry worked on a strict commission basis. It preserved

autonomy and had been part of the original contract when he had surrendered admin control to the Greeks. ‘Have they been processed yet?’

‘A few. It should be a successful batch, I think.’

Jerry held out his glass for another drink; Pernod was the only alcohol he really liked and in this he was a child.

‘But we’re having trouble,’ Koutrouboussis added. ‘Opposition...’

‘That’s not -‘

'- unusual, I know. But in this case the opposition seems to realize what we're up to. I mean, they understand what we're doing.'

'A tip-off?'

'Could be. But does - it doesn't matter.'

'No.'

'This group,' continued Koutrouboussis, 'is an international one with its headquarters in America ...'

'Where else? Official?'

'I don't know. Perhaps. The difficulties...'

'Difficult for them to operate and for us to reach them, of course But do you ...?'

'We don't want you to go there.'

Jerry leant back in his chair. He looked nervously at the flickering fire in the grate nearby, but offered no danger. He relaxed.

'It's the German chapter that seems to be offering us the serious threat at this stage,' Koutrouboussis cleaned his nails with a toothpick. 'We know one of them - a woman. She's a dental surgeon living in Cologne. Already she's deconverted some half-dozen of our German people.'

'Turned them on and turned them back?'

'Exactly. The usual method. But much smoother.'

'So she's got a good idea of our process.'

'To the last detail, apparently. Some Russian source, I think

the leak. Maybe the Patriarch himself, eh?'

'You want me to kill her?'

'How you work is up to you.' Koutrouboussis fingered his lips.

Jerry's black face glistened in the firelight. He frowned. 'We'd prefer a conversion, I suppose.'

'Always. But if you can't save a soul, get rid of it.' Koutrouboussis smirked with self approval (although normally he did not at all approve of his self).

The organization isn't in agreement on that issue,' Jerry pointed out. 'Repent or die.'

'Quite.' . .

'Well. I'll see what I can do.' Jerry stroked the girl's pelvis. 'And (go to Cologne, eh?'

'It might be an idea,' Koutrouboussis said uncertainly. To get yourself fully in the picture - but you needn't do anything there. She's coming to Britain, we gather, shortly, to organize the British chapter.'

Unsettled by the Greek's somewhat puritanical attitude (natural, he supposed, for a man who had given up so much), Jerry drank another glass of Pernod, feeling a trifle light-headed. The flavour of the liquorice was firmly on his palate now. If he were going to enjoy his dinner, he had better stop.

'Bring me a glass of ice-water, darling, will you please?' He patted the girl's thigh.

That would be the best time to strike,' Koutrouboussis suggested. 'Off her own territory and on yours.'

Jerry reached out for the water and drank it slowly. 'What's her name?'

'Name?'

'What's she called?' 'Name.'

Koutrouboussis made an urgent, spasmodic gesture with his right hand. He breathed heavily.

'Doctor...' he began. 'Karen - Karen...'

Jerry reached up and pulled the girl to him. They kissed each other firmly and pulling off their clothes lay down on the floor and fucked with hot and hasty passion.

'... von ...',

Snorting and quivering, they came.

'... Krupp.'

'What was that again?' Jerry did up his trousers.

'Doctor Karen von Krupp. It's a lot to remember.'

'Got it.'

Jerry felt only pity. For some men, immortality was not enough. 'Her address in Cologne?'

'She lives outside Cologne. A small town to the west. Nibelburg. Look for the old Gothic stone tower. That's where she has her surgery.'

'So I go to her and ask her to check my teeth.' Jerry tapped his whitened choppers.

'She'll guess who you are.'

'Will she try to detain me?'

'Make sure she doesn't,' Koutrouboussis said nervously. 'Not you, Cornelius. We can't afford it.'

Jerry smiled. He could smell the first course, moules mariniere, just before there was a knock on the door and the waiter pushed the trolley into the room.

U.S. Navy ships turned 'pirate'!!!

Koutrouboussis had given him his route plan, but how he crossed from Dover to Ostend was his own affair. It was more than twenty miles of sea, and three miles out was the tight circle of well-armed U.S. 'pirate' radio ships.

Jerry's Phantom VI, a streak of pink power on the white, sparkling road, roared through the clear sunlight of the autumn afternoon, making for Dover.

Wearing his Panda-skin coat and a white silk turban in which was set a jewelled clasp supporting a spray of peacock feathers, Jerry stretched comfortably in his seat. He was disguised sufficiently to fool a casual observer and he hoped, too, that Karen von Krupp would not immediately recognize him for what he was.

Jerry saw the bright ruin of the silver bridge that had once spanned the sea between England and France and which had collapsed in a tangle of flashing strands shortly after it had been built. Above it a metal ornithopter wheeled.

Now he could see the sea ahead, the little blue waves glinting in the sun; and the road began to slope towards it. Jerry decelerated gradually, switching controls in the convertible until, when the road sloped into the sea, the Phantom VI had become a speedboat.

Gracefully, and without slackening speed, the Rolls cut across the water and before long the outline of the ring of ships could be seen. Jerry touched another control.

This was his first opportunity to try out the car's new feature, for which he had paid a hundred and fifty thousand marks.

There was a soft, muttering sound and the Rolls-Royce began to sink beneath the ocean. It was capable of submerging

only a matter of feet and for short distances, but it would probably see him through.

His speed had decreased considerably now. He peered through the murky water, looking upwards, and soon saw the keels of the radio ships ahead. Their sonar was bound to detect him and they would begin dropping depth charges almost at once, but with luck they would detonate well below him and a vessel as small as his would be hard to pinpoint with any great accuracy.

They had a fix.

He saw the first charge plunge into the water on his right and fall towards the ocean bed.

Then another fell close to it, and another on his left, another behind him.

He watched them sink.

One by one the shock waves rose, threatening to blow him to the surface under the Yankee's guns.

The car rocked. Its forward course was deflected by a further series of shock waves.

Jerry kept firm control of the wheel, letting the car move with the waves, waiting until they had died before pressing on, beneath the ships' keels and beyond them.

More depth charges struck the water and floated down.

One of the blue steel cannisters brushed the side of the car and he swung violently away as, below him, it exploded, catching the rear and almost turning the Rolls end over end.

Jerry was thrown forward against the wheel. Another charge went off. The water was cloudy. He lost his bearings.

The car spiralled to a dangerous depth; he managed to switch on the interior lights and regain control as he began to somersault.

Checking the instruments, he judged he was out of range. He began to rise.

Breaking through the waves, the limousine continued its stately way across the surface. Looking back Jerry could see the ships behind him.

A few guns blew black smoke from their muzzles, he heard the roar as they fired, saw the shells splash into the sea and burst on either side of him, spraying the canopy of the car with water and momentarily making him lose visibility.

He smiled. Before they got his range, he would be over the horizon.

Until the radio ships thought of putting down anti-sub nets, the car would be useful.

Dashing like a dolphin through the warm water, the Rolls-Royce was soon in sight of Ostend and similar concrete roadway. It hit the road smoothly under Cornelius's control, reconverted and was bowling along the road to Brussels without a moment's interruption.

He bought a paper at a roadside kiosk, saw that Israel had annexed Bulgaria and that another hundred thousand U.S. military advisors had been flown into European H.Q., Bonn.

And the sun was setting.

The act of running the radio-ship blockade had tired him a trifle and he planned to spend the night at an organization-approved hotel in Brussels.

Soon Brussels lay ahead, all baroque red and gold in the sunset, sweet city of nostalgia.

Blood Sample

At Mach 3 ordinary tires start to melt.

Goodrich ad

I.

Dope-pushing preacher was Peeping Tom

Bishop Beesley popped a bar of Turkish Delight into his large, wet mouth, smiled as he chewed the soft chocolate and jelly, and unwrapped another bar. He swallowed, licked his lips with his grey tongue, and picked up his pen.

In the lounge of the Golden Orrery, one of the best hotels in Brussels, he was polishing up the newspaper article he was writing. It was called Heroin: A Cure for Cancer? and would appear the following Sunday. He had written for the Sunday Messenger for some years. Before the dissolution of the clergy, he had done the regular From My Pulpit feature, and afterwards, when the Messenger had to change its policy to fit in with modern trends, had changed the name of his column to From My Viewpoint. Journalism, however, did not pay him sufficiently and was really just a useful sideline.

From where he sat, Bishop Beesley could see the main entrance of the hotel and he looked up as the glass doors swung open. Through them came a man carrying a light grip and dressed in a black and white fur coat. The man appeared to be an Indian, for his skin was black and he wore an elaborate turban and what the bishop considered a rather vulgar silk suit. The man walked to the reception desk and spoke to the clerk who handed him a key.

The bishop popped the unwrapped bar of Turkish Delight into his mouth and resumed work.

It did not take him long to complete the article, put it into an envelope, address and stamp the envelope and walk to the hotel's mail-box where he posted it.

He looked at the clock over the reception desk and saw that dessert would be being served about now. He walked across the foyer to the dining-room and entered it. The dining-room was

half-full. Two or three family groups sat at tables along the walls, a few businessmen with their wives or secretaries ate at other tables, and at the far end sat the Indian who seemed to have chosen pheasant, the hotel's speciality.

Bishop Beesley hated the whole idea of meat. He hated the whole idea of vegetables, for that matter, but the orange bombes were unmatched anywhere and it was for them that he came to The Golden Orrery.

With a great deal of dignity he sat his full buttocks down on the well-stuffed chair and put his palms on the cloth.

There was no need to order.

Very shortly a waiter appeared with the first of the six orange bombes that the bishop would eat.

tonight, as he ate every night when in Brussels.

The bishop picked up fork and spoon and bent his nose over the dessert, his eyes watering with delight.

Although absorbed in pleasure, the bishop could not help noticing the Indian when the man got up and walked past his table. He walked so lithely, there was such a sense of physical power about him, that the bishop wondered for an instant if he were all he seemed to be.

Though he had paused only a split second in his eating, it was enough to bring the bishop back to his fourth orange bombe with added relish.

Rising, at length, from the table, he decided to get an early night. He had a busy morning to look forward to.

Jerry Cornelius took off his turban and flipped it onto the chair beside the bed. The girl looked a little surprised by the colour of his hair; her full lips parted and she moved her body on the bed.

Like a big, black boa constrictor he slid from his silks and came slowly towards her, taking her shoulders in his strong hands, pulling her so that her pink breasts pressed against his ebony chest and she drew a deep breath before his lips touched her rose-soft mouth, his tongue stroked hers and love boiled in their bodies, rising, rising, rising in volume with the glory of the very finest Gregorian chant, tempo increasing, flesh flush

against flesh, mouth against mouth, hands moving, bodies fusing, teeth biting, voices shouting fit to wake the dead.

He lay beside her with the smell of her body in his nostrils, trying not to breathe too heavily so that the smell would stay there as long as possible. He put an arm around her shoulders and she settled against him, her long, fine dark brown hair brushing his skin. For a while they lay still and then he took his cigarettes from beside the bed and lit one each for them.

He had not expected to meet another organization operative in The Golden Orrery: Koutroubouss had said nothing about it. But Polly Fass had recognized him in the corridor outside his room, though he did not know her.

‘What are you doing here?’ he’d asked.

‘Looking for you.’ She took her opportunities while she could.

Now he said it again.

‘I’ve just delivered a consignment,’ she told him. ‘On my way back to England now. It was a touch jumpy - all kinds of trouble. Are you looking for potentials here?’

‘No.’

‘Oho,’ she said knowingly.

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