

BODY
SCISSORS

BY

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Chapter one

On a parcel of land along Massachusetts Avenue between Dunster and Holyoke Streets in Cambridge, just across from Harvard Yard, is an office building called Holyoke Center. It is a ten-story concrete block that gives the appearance of having been built on the cheap, in some marginal commercial block of a city like Bangkok or Rabat. Harvard owns the ugly building. Harvard owns most of the real estate in sight. Harvard is the largest landowner in Cambridge.

One of the ground-floor tenants of Holyoke Center is a sort of bakery-cafe called Au Bon Pain, which pays for the use of a large, tree-shaded terrace out front. To sit there, you're supposed to be nursing along a croissant or whatever. But other, identical, cast-iron tables and chairs stand on the brick-cobbled plaza alongside, along with three concrete tables with inlaid chess boards. And all these are for public use.

I was using one of the iron tables one Friday morning in August, cool and breezy for a change, when a man stopped on the sidewalk and spotted me after a while. It was Arthur Kleber. I hadn't seen Arthur since the 1982 Democratic mini-convention in Philadelphia, where I was guarding the body of a would-be president who was still—and would remain—a long way from rating Secret Service protection. Since back then in 1982, I hadn't missed Arthur Kleber even one time. And yet here he was, taking the free chair at my table just as if I had invited him to.

“Most guys, you don’t have to track them down on the streets like a bag lady,” he said. “Most guys got phones.”

“I got a phone, too.”

“Information doesn’t know about it.”

“It’s unlisted.”

“Information doesn’t say, Sorry, sir, that party has an unlisted number. Information never heard of you.”

“It’s unlisted under another name, Arthur.”

“So what’s the number?”

“Think about why I would have an unlisted phone under another name. Could it maybe be because I don’t want people to call me? What do you think?”

“What the hell use is a phone then?”

“It calls out okay.”

“Jesus, Bethany—”

“Shut up a minute, Arthur, okay? Maybe we got a fight going here.”

Kleber looked where I was, out at the architecturally-advanced public space that Harvard Square had become since they rebuilt the old T-stop. Now there were stone benches and swooping ramps that probably the architect hadn’t envisioned any practical use for, but the skateboarders quickly had. There was a kind of overgrown conversation pit, too, this side of the subway entrance. At the moment the conversation was between two large freaks, who were shouting and shoving each other. Both of them bore tribal disfigurements. One freak had a center strip of green hair growing on his otherwise shaven head; the other was a skinhead with a half-dozen or so gold rings, or gold-colored rings anyway, hanging from the ear I could see. He wore leathers; black, of course, and studded. (I myself wore a J. Press jacket of khaki gabardine, summer-weight gray flannel slacks, and cordovan loafers polished to a soft shine with Meltonian Cream. Different tribe.)

“Fuck you,” hollered the one with the green Mohawk.

“Fuck you, too,” shouted the skinhead. But they had stopped shoving.

“Aw, hell,” I said to Kleber. “They’re starting to talk things out.”

“You got a nice life, Bethany,” Arthur said. “This is it, huh? You just sit around all day waiting for the freaks to fight?”

“At least I don’t have to wait four years for the next one.”

“Hey, there’s mid-terms, too. And referendums. And special elections. Nowadays, politics is forever.”

“What are you, with Markham now?”

“Yeah. Phil wants to see you.”

“Jeffers?”

Kleber nodded. I looked over at the two freaks. Their hands were down; they were talking loud, but not shouting.

“Does he want to give me any money?” I asked.

“What my understanding is, yes, he does.”

“Okay,” I said. “Let’s go.”

HEADQUARTERS WAS JUST OFF Milk Street in Boston. Everything else around was high-rent: a jewelry store, two expense-account restaurants, a gentlemen’s outfitters with bolts of British woolens gracefully draped in the window. In the middle of all this, strung pretty nearly halfway along the block, a banner sagged from its supporting ropes. It read, “MARKHAM FOR PRESIDENT NATIONAL HEADQUARTERS” in big, sloppy, red letters, handpainted.

“Nice location,” I said to Kleber. “Somebody go bankrupt?” He didn’t have to ask what I meant. We both knew that campaigns search out troubled real estate.

“Even better,” Kleber said. “Axel, Shearman moved to smaller offices and the lease here had four months to run.”

“Nice they moved out early, out of their nice location,” I said. “People that nice, I think I’ll put my money with them, I ever get any.”

Plainly Axel, Shearman was putting its own money with Senator Dan Markham. The investment banking firm had been indicted two months before on 72 federal charges.

One of their flacks had written an op-ed piece in the New York Times the day before, whining that the government prosecutors shouldn't use the racketeering laws against financial statesmen whose non-existent offenses were civil, not criminal. The flack's point seemed to be that his bosses had stolen too much money to be racketeers.

"Hey, we're paying rent for the place," Arthur said. "The going rate, too."

"Hey, I can fly with my arms. You believe that, Arthur?"

"Fuck you, Bethany," he said, unoffended.

The headquarters was like all campaign headquarters, busy and inefficient. Four years ago, when I was doing some security work for the last campaign, I came across \$63,000 in uncashed checks the day after we lost the election—donations that had got mislaid in somebody's desk while we were canceling TV ads for lack of money. Campaigns are a lot like real wars: disorganized messes that don't get won because anybody running things on either side is smart. They get lost because one side is even stupider than the other.

Meanwhile, they use up a lot of enthusiastic and idealistic young people, and these were what was providing the high energy level of the Markham headquarters. No one sat doing nothing. Everyone in sight was on the phone or waiting for the copier, or typing or running around with papers. Out of sight the professionals would be meeting, muddling through to the decisions that would make most of this effort useless. Boss of those professionals this time was Phil Jeffers, who had earned the job of campaign manager by being deputy campaign manager in the Democratic Party's last overwhelming defeat. The man who had been campaign manager that time was now getting rich with his own consulting firm, which had Senator Markham's campaign as its principal client. Failing upwards is an established route to the top in politics; take a look at Bush's résumé.

Kleber stuck his head into a door and said something I couldn't hear. After listening a moment he pulled his head

back out and said, “Phil’s tied up in a meeting. We’ll go see Billy Fuller.”

“Who’s he?”

“Phil’s deputy. The administrative guy.”

“Let’s see Markham instead.”

“Come on, Bethany. The senator isn’t even in town.”

“Okay, so long.”

“What do you mean, so long?”

“You came looking for me, Arthur, remember? Not the other way around. Phil isn’t talking to me and I’m not talking to the administrative guy, so it’s so long.”

“Jesus, Tom—” Now it was Tom.

I looked at Kleber until he stuck his head back inside the door. In a minute Phil Jeffers came out. Nearly as he let me know from his big smile and hearty handclasp, his meeting had turned out to be a terrible waste of time and he was glad to get out of it. He took me to a little room down the hall that had probably been a closet back when Axel, Shearman was floating junk bonds and swindling its clients from these offices. He gave me the only chair in the room, and himself sat on the desk. Not only was this polite, it also gave him the height advantage. People like Jeffers think things like that are important.

“The campaign needs you, Tom,” he started out.

“Well, I don’t need the campaign. Frankly, I don’t give a damn if Tweedledum wins in November or Tweedledee does.”

Jeffers smiled, as if I had said something lovable. “Same old Tom,” he said. He even shook his head in mock exasperation. “Same old pain in the ass.”

“You knew that when you sent Kleber to find me. So a pain in the ass has got to be what you’re looking for.”

“It is. Let me tell you where the senator is headed.”

It turned out that Senator Markham wanted to kick off his campaign on Labor Day, four weeks away, by announcing his choice for Secretary of State. I figured this would mean that every other plausible candidate for the job would immediately bail out of the campaign and start

sniping from the sidelines, if he didn't go over to the other side entirely. But I probably hadn't been called in for my political advice, and so I didn't offer it.

"Of course the big risk is we could wind up dragging an Eagleton or a Ferraro behind us for the rest of the campaign," Jeffers went on. "That's where you come in."

"Why me? Use your lawyers to woodshed the guy."

Yeah, right. The way McGovern and Mondale did. This time we want somebody objective, from outside. Somebody with a different kind of mentality."

"What kind of mentality?"

"An investigative mentality."

"Is that the way Markham put it?"

"What difference does it make how he put it?"

"Not a bit. Five thousand dollars a week, payable in advance each Monday in a cashier's check made out to Infotek." I spelled it for him. "Plus expenses. I'll trust you over the weekend for the expenses. I'll put in for them every Friday for the previous week and you can add them to Monday's check."

"That's ridiculous. I could hire Ellison or Futterman and his guys for a quarter of that."

"Hire them, then."

"Come on, Tom. The campaign can't afford that kind of money."

"Why not? You pay that kind of money every day to political conmen that couldn't find their ass with both hands. The difference between them and me is I know what I'm doing. And you know I do, or you wouldn't be trying to hire somebody that you don't like a goddamn bit more than I like you."

"Now that right there. That's the mentality we want."

"I know. Who's your guy?"

"Kellicott."

"Does he know you want him?"

"He knows he's under consideration."

"Call him and tell him you're aiming me at him."

"All right."

“Today’s Friday. If I’ve got the money Monday I’ll go over and see him, get started.”

“Where do we send the check?”

“Messenger it over to Ralph at the Tasty. He works six a.m. to four.”

“The fuck is the Tasty?”

“Just send your guy to Harvard Square and tell him to look around till he sees a sign says Tasty. It’s a lunch counter.”

We didn’t shake hands when I left, which was a sign that our new professional relationship was starting out on a realistic footing. Another sign was that Jeffers hadn’t even bothered to sound offended when I insisted on pre-payment. We both knew that only a fool lets a preacher or a politician run a tab.

I WAS HAVING BREAKFAST at the Tasty Monday when the check came, brought by a Markham for President volunteer with an ROTC crewcut. What goes around comes around. When I was his age, the hardhats were clean-shaven and short-haired. Now it’s the college kids, and the truckdrivers wear the beards.

“Is there a Ralph here?” the kid asked the counterman.

“This is your lucky day, my man,” the counterman said. “I’m Ralph.”

“Oh, good. I’ve got something for a Mr. Tom Bethany.”

“You still lucky, then. That’s him down at the end.”

The kid looked at me and nodded politely. “I’m supposed to deliver it to Ralph,” he said to Ralph. “In your hand.”

“I see your point,” Ralph said. “I wouldn’t trust him neither.” He took the envelope and handed it to me, and the kid left happy.

After breakfast I managed to cash the cashier’s check at a branch of the bank that had issued it, with no more than the usual amount of hassle that banks give you over parting with money they owe you. Then I deposited the \$5,000

cash in another bank, in one of the several accounts I'm always opening and closing in several names and in different places. Cash leaves no paper trail, or not much.

And then I went back to my room to dress for the meeting I had scheduled with Professor Kellicott. Phil Jeffers, a small man, tries always to occupy the high ground. Tom Bethany, a man to the polyester born, makes it a point to be at least as well-dressed as anyone he goes up against. And so I picked out a blue cord suit tailored by Southwick, \$20 second-hand from Keezer's and another \$35 for slight alterations. Shirts and ties I buy new, from Filene's basement. Dress shoes they've got you on, though. You can't cut corners on shoes. I bought mine from Lobb's of London, when I was coming back from the war in 1974, flush with money for the first time in my life. I had them make me four pairs, two black and two brown, and if they ever wear out, my lasts are on file.

On the way out I stopped to clear the car sort-resident ads out of my mailbox, which had the name Tom Carpenter on it. The only non-advertising mail that ever came was Tom Carpenter's phone bill, and it wasn't that time of month. Carpenter was the name my phone was unlisted under, and the name my neighbors and landlord knew me by. The best security isn't bars and alarms; it's when people who don't like you can't look up your address.

The weather had turned hot over the weekend, and I strolled down Harvard Street, in the shade wherever I could manage it. The trick to dealing with heat is to keep your movements slow and smooth, as if you were underwater. Professor Kellicott probably didn't have to worry about these things, since his station in life and his wife's money made it pretty certain that he would be air-conditioned most of the time.

I didn't start out entirely neutral about J. Alden Kellicott, Phillips Professor of Political Economy at the John F. Kennedy School of Government. For one thing, he parted his name on the left like my old high school principal, C.

Darwin Feuerbach. You had to ask yourself what was wrong with Charles. Or John, in Kellicott's case, since he was presumably descended from the Mayflower's youngest Puritan. The second problem I had with the professor was that his brilliant career in academia and government had brought him to the top of America's foreign policy establishment. And for a good many years in Laos, I had been on the receiving end of America's foreign policy.

Kellicott's office wasn't air-conditioned and he was in shirtsleeves. His tie, still knotted, hung from the back of a chair. The tie blew in the wind from a floor fan as tall as a man, the kind you still see now and then in barber shops old enough to have a striped pole outside.

"Here, sit where you can catch some of the breeze," he said. "Take off your coat."

And so I took it off. I didn't want to be any worse-dressed than him, either.

"I used to have a sore throat all summer from the damned air conditioning," he went on, taking my coat from me and hanging it on the chair by his tie. "This spring I found out that Harvard has a whole basement full of these old fans. Sorry to make you suffer for my sore throat."

"The fan's fine, Professor Kellicott."

"Call me Alden. My parents christened me Jephthah, as if I didn't have enough trouble as it was. Jesus, I was already a skinny little kid with glasses."

I nodded, but I certainly wasn't going to call him Alden. I would call him nothing. "Phil Jeffers told you what I'm up to, I guess," I said.

"You're my official biographer. I'm supposed to open my soul to you."

"I'll get most of it elsewhere. For now, the main thing I'll need from you is access."

"Whatever I can do."

"I need a blanket letter on letterhead stationery, authorizing whoever it may concern to talk to me fully and frankly."

“Won’t that get around? Dan doesn’t want news of all this to leak before he’s ready to announce it, I’m sure.”

“Introduce me in the letter as a free-lance writer, working on a profile of you. With your full cooperation and support.”

“All right. What else?”

“I need letters to all your old schools back to first grade. Giving them permission to release your records to me.”

“Will they do that?”

“Maybe, maybe not. They certainly won’t without a letter of authorization. I’ll need one for your doctor or doctors, too. Psychiatrists, psychologists or counselors, if any. And for your accountant.”

Kellicott was making notes. “No problem,” he said. “If you want to wait around after we’re through, I’ll have my girl do all this up.” He was completely matter-of-fact about it all, as if strangers pawed over his life as a regular thing. No reluctance at all; not even curiosity over what I expected to find in, for example, his first-grade report cards. I expected to find nothing, actually, but my way of working is to rake together as big a pile of facts as I can. Then I look for patterns, incongruities, relationships between this thing and that. Whatever. If I knew exactly what I was looking for, I wouldn’t have to look. I’d go straight to it.

“And I’d like a copy of your most recent Standard Form 86,” I said. “That’s the biographical form you filled out for your government security clearance. Also your financial disclosure forms from when you were in the State Department and your income tax returns as far back as you’ve got them.”

“Between my secretary and myself, we should be able to put together everything you need.”

Kellicott had a wonderful voice. It was deep and warm and it carried well. If he had read out a list of the day’s ten most active stocks in that voice, you’d have thought he was saying something grave and wise. I’ve seen stuff about the advantages that height and good looks and slimness give to the people who happen to be born with them, but nobody

seems to study the role that voices play. In my basic training company there was a kid from Illinois with a voice you could hear from one end of the barracks to the other. That voice was enough to convince the dummy non-coms to make him a platoon leader, wearing an armband with temporary sergeant stripes on it. With this headstart he became a real squad leader in Vietnam, and a sniper aimed for his real stripes. So maybe that voice was enough to make him dead, too.

Kellicott's voice would probably have made him a general, just as William Westmoreland's looks had made him one. But all Westmoreland had was the looks, whereas Kellicott had brains along with his command voice. For looks the professor was average, a slightly gawky six-foot ectomorph with a pleasant, homely face.

"You know about my daughter, don't you?" he asked—a statement more than a question.

"Not much. I read the papers at the time. If they ever caught the guy, I missed it."

"They never caught him. It seems to me they should have, but the Cambridge police aren't the FBI."

"Why should they have caught him?"

"It wasn't in the papers, but there were initials on her."

"On her?"

"Carved." His voice wavered a little on the word, and he stopped talking till he could get a hold of himself. "It doesn't matter," he went on, still with a hint of unsteadiness. "We don't really want to know who did it, anymore. We've tried to move on. You have to."

Kellicott got up and looked out the window, his back to me, for a long moment. Then his posture straightened slightly, and he turned away and sat back down.

"I'm sorry," he said. "I think I can talk about it after all this time, and mostly I can. But sometimes it comes back on me."

"I know," I said. "There are things in Southeast Asia that I thought I'd be over by now, but they come back on me, too."

Kellicott jumped at the change of subject. “Vietnam?”

“A few clicks into it sometimes, but mostly Laos.”

“Were you with the military or the embassy?”

“First with the military, then sort of with the embassy.”

“You don’t look like someone who was sort of with the embassy. Of course, you don’t look like my idea of a private detective, either. Maybe it’s the glasses.”

“I’m not a private detective. I’m sort of a researcher, sort of a security consultant.”

Kellicott smiled. “I bet you are. Phil Jeffers says you’re sort of a wrestler, too. You don’t look like my idea of a wrestler, either.”

“Real wrestlers don’t look like anything special. Not like Hulk Hogan. He may know how to wrestle, for all I know, but that isn’t what he does for a living.”

“Well, I hope I’m sort of a teacher the way you’re sort of a wrestler. Phil says you made the Olympic team in 1980. The team that wasn’t.”

“Yeah, well, Carter and I wanted to send a signal to the Russians. We were pretty pissed off over Afghanistan.”

“I argued as strongly as I could against it, but you see how far I got,” Kellicott said. “The boycott was a totally futile gesture.”

“I don’t know. It just took a while to work.”

“Eight years is a while, all right,” Kellicott said. He shook his head, over the folly of Jimmy Carter and Olympic boycotts. “You take it well, I’ve got to say. I can’t imagine what it must have felt like to train at that level for what? Years at least. And then have it all snatched away from you.”

“You don’t have to imagine. Just remember what you felt when Reagan beat Carter.”

Kellicott smiled again. “I guess that’s right,” he said. “Of course, what the papers were saying might not have happened. I didn’t know for sure that I would have been Secretary of State in a second term.

“I didn’t know for sure that I’d win a medal, either.”

“I suppose the point is that neither of us got the chance to compete,” Kellicott said. He paused for a moment, looking down almost as if he were shy. “I wonder if Dan Markham appreciates what he’s got in you,” he said at last.

It was unlikely that Senator Markham did; I was just a sharp instrument to be used for special jobs. I waited to see where Kellicott was going with this.

“Have you ever considered going back into the government?” he asked.

“Not really.”

“The State Department’s security operation has gotten a lot bigger over the past decade, but it hasn’t gotten a lot better. If everything comes together, I’ll be looking for somebody—” His voice tailed off, and then he came firmly out of his reverie. “Well, let me take you out to Mrs. Weintraub so you can explain to her exactly what you need.”

And so he took me out to Mrs. Weintraub, and pretty soon I was back at one of the black cast-iron tables outside Holyoke Center, thinking about running the State Department’s security office for Secretary of State Kellicott. But thinking about it was as close as I would ever come, since my style of life depends on escaping bureaucratic notice at all levels, from the federal government down to Harvard University.

I took out of my briefcase the fat, three-subject spiral notebook I had just bought and began to set down my conversation with Professor Kellicott. I don’t use tape recorders for routine interviews, because people talk differently when they know the recorder is going. But I can re-create even a long conversation pretty nearly word-for-word if I can get at the job soon afterward. I know, because I used to check myself against the tape, until I decided that hidden recorders were a waste of time.

When I had finished setting the conversation down, I read it through twice. I saw nothing to change the impression I had formed of Kellicott during the interview.

He was good the way Peggy Lee is good: so good you have listen hard to tell how good she is.

THEN I CROSSED THE STREET, entered Harvard Yard, and headed for the stacks to fill up as much as I could of my new, 150-page notebook. I started out in the reference room at Widener Library, which is pretty nearly the size of two basketball courts laid end to end. It's a public facility, and so a lot of the readers, like me, have no connection with Harvard. God knows what sad and curious notions, manias, obsessions, mad delusions they pursue all day. Which one will end up in tomorrow's Texas Book Depository? Which is Karl Marx? And who is this peculiar stray, this mesomorph with glasses? Why has he spent so many thousands of hours in this building, over the years? At least this time I was getting paid, though. I only left, as reluctantly as the other stack rats, when they closed the joint at quarter till ten.

Next morning, Tuesday, I was there at nine when the government documents section opened. All day and Wednesday as well, I spent going through transcripts of Congressional hearings and the microfilmed files of the *Washington Post*, the *New York Times*, the *Los Angeles Times*, *The Boston Globe*, and the *Wall Street Journal*. J. Alden Kellicott had left a considerable paper trail behind him during his three years as Assistant Secretary of State for Latin American Affairs, and he had done nearly as well before and after his stint in Washington. Whenever Kellicott had a few minutes to spare, it seemed, he would knock out another op-ed piece or magazine article or contribution to a scholarly journal. Or get himself interviewed on television. Or give a speech. Or write a book.

He had written five altogether, mostly on something he called global interlock. Interlock seemed an odd word, but the books were familiar enough. What they offered was the same old insecure self-doubt, alternately bragging and whimpering, wrapped for sales purposes in red, white, and blue, that Kissinger and Brzezinski had been peddling to the

suckers all along. Only those two had already laid claim to the respective brand names of global architecture and global mosaic, leaving Kellicott stuck with global interlock.

Kellicott, the public man, presented himself to the world this way:

Kellicott, J. Alden, educator, former government official; b: Sharon, Conn., March 19, 1938; m. Susan Leffingwell Milton, June 20, 1960; children: Emily, Hope. A.B. Yale, 1959; M.A. Harvard, 1961; lecturer in government, 1961; asst. prof., 1962; Ph.D. Harvard, 1964; Institut de Science Politique, Univ. of Paris, 1964-5; assoc. prof. Harvard, 1966; assoc. dir. Harvard's Center for Intl Affairs, 1967; prof. of government, Harvard, 1968; Asst Sec. of State for Latin American Affairs, 1977-80; Phillips prof. of pol. economy, JFK School of Govt., 1981-; author, *Politics of Paucity: Political Stability in the Sahel*, 1965; *Deterring Doomsday: the Nuclear Interlock*, 1968; *Reconstructing Interlock: the Challenge of the Post-Carter Years*, 1982; *Rim of Revolution: Asia's Technological Challenge*, 1984; *The Non-nuclear Umbrella: Beyond Disarmament*, 1987.

As *Who's Who* entries go, that was nicely stripped down. A less secure man wouldn't have left it at A.B. Yale, 1959, for instance. Kellicott could have added, "summa cum laude, Phi Beta Kappa, Scroll and Key, winner of the Snow scholarship, and of the de Forest Prize for public speaking." He could have mentioned that his doctoral dissertation at Harvard won the Sumner Prize. He could have listed the learned societies he belonged to, the journals and magazines he had written for, his trusteeships and directorships and honorary degrees. And his clubs, the Metropolitan in Washington and the River in New York.

I found all these things out in other reference books, and in various articles I dug out of the newspaper microfilms and the Widener Library's collection of magazine back files. But there was one omission from Kellicott's *Who's Who* entry that I couldn't fill in. Between their own names and the names of their spouses, most respondents listed the names of their parents. Since the format of the entries was

standard, presumably the compilers worked from a form that the subjects filled out. Kellicott must have failed to fill in that particular blank. A little break in the pattern, then, and anomalies are one of the things I look for. The closest I could come to filling in the blank was a sentence in an old New York Times profile of the then-new Assistant Secretary of State: "Professor Kellicott grew up in the little town of Sharon, Connecticut, where his father operated a local transportation firm."

The rest of the biographical stuff that I got out of the library's back files just fleshed out the entry in *Who's Who*. If Kellicott had ever faltered on his way up the university and government ladder, no evidence of it appeared. Fresh out of Yale he had married a Milton, one of the steamship, chemicals, and mining Miltons. Full professor at 30. The promising young scholar had found himself a powerful patron in the foreign policy field, Orville Plummer (of the railroad Plummers). Rain just never seemed to fall on Kellicott's parade, until the early morning hours of a March day two years before. "PROFESSOR'S DAUGHTER SLAIN," the *Globe's* headline read.

"The body of Emily Kellicott, 26, was found early yesterday under a pile of snow in the parking lot of a mall on Lowell Parkway, Cambridge police said.

"The victim, daughter of Harvard professor J. Alden Kellicott and his heiress wife, the former Susan Milton, had apparently been strangled to death. Her clothes were found in the snow beside the body, which bore lacerations.

"Det. Sgt. Ray Harrigan said that there were preliminary indications of sexual assault, although final determination would not be possible until completion of the autopsy.

"Harrigan said that while there were no suspects at present, investigations were continuing and Cambridge police have several promising leads. The dead woman was a Wellesley drop-out who was said to have led a troubled life."

Her address was given as 37 Standish Lane, Cambridge, which was her parents' address. The president of Harvard, I happened to know, lived on the next block.

The story in the *Boston Herald* added nothing substantial to the account, although the tabloid made a good deal more of the beautiful heiress angle, and had dug up her yearbook portrait from Buckingham, Browne & Nichols School. Emily had been a pleasant-looking girl, if you could judge by the photograph, but not a beauty.

Plenty was missing from the stories. What was she doing in the parking lot at that hour? What was troubled about her life? What kind of lacerations did her body bear? Where? From what kind of instrument? Was her purse found? Was anything gone from it? Did she have a car? Where was it? Were bloodstains found in it? What was a "preliminary indication of sexual assault?" What kind of assault? How long had she been dead? Had she been missing from home? How long?

Very likely the police didn't have the answers to some of those questions. Another cop had pointed out Sergeant Harrigan to me once; the joke was that he had been promoted to detective because he wasn't bright enough to fill out a parking ticket. But the reporters ought to have tried to plug the holes in their stories, particularly the *Herald's* man. When you worked for Rupert Murdoch, you didn't let go of a murdered "socialite beauty" until you had milked the last line of copy out of her. And yet the second-day stories added little to the first ones. A "sexual assault" of some unspecified type had indeed occurred; the wounds to some unspecified part of her body appeared to have been made with a knife; the medical examiner estimated the body had been lying unnoticed in its snowbank for 24 hours or so.

The third-day stories added only the time and location of funeral services, and the useful information that investigations were continuing. There were no stories on the fourth or fifth days, or after that. Their absence was hardly surprising. I could almost see Professor Kellicott

running into the *Globe's* publisher at the St. Botolph Club, and the two of them agreeing on how painful all this was to the poor girl's mother. The *Herald* might have been a little tougher to reach through the old boys' network, but at Kellicott's level everybody is acquainted with everybody else, or knows someone who is. In consequence we were for once spared the normal rooting around in the victim's "troubled" past, and the pop-sociological analyses of rebellious youth or whatever she had been, and the stories prodding the police for inaction, and the anniversary pieces every year until all involved got tired of the mystery.

And so my days of poking around in the library had brought nothing to the surface but two anomalies, two breaks in the pattern of a phenomenally successful life. Kellicott had left his parents out of his *Who's Who* entry, and his older daughter had been murdered. Neither avenue looked terribly promising, but one of them led to Sharon, which is in the Berkshire Mountains of northwest Connecticut. And the weather in Cambridge was so hot that the asphalt gave under your weight. And Hope Edwards would be attending a four-day conference in Stockbridge, which is in the Berkshire Mountains of southwestern Massachusetts. Hope Edwards is my lady and my love, even if I have to share her.

