

Capriccio Siciliano

Part three of the Soviets' explosive investigation
of the JFK assassination

In this section

This week continues *Executive Intelligence Review's* exclusive translation of "Capriccio Siciliano" ("Sicilian Caprice"), a four-part series of articles on the links between political assassinations and the drug trade by Julian Semyonov which appeared recently in the Soviet youth organization's weekly magazine *Ogonyok*. The series is significant not only for the new light it sheds on such matters as the Kennedy assassination, the Mafia, and the activities of the Maoist Chinese intelligence apparatus, but also because it sets forth a new, sophisticated Soviet perception of the inner workings of British and Knights of Malta-linked intelligence networks.

Part one of our serialization dealt with the links between Lee Harvey Oswald, the purported assassin of President John F. Kennedy, and Jack Ruby, the man who killed Oswald; the links between Ruby and the Mafia and drug-running; and presented evidence linking Chinese intelligence to both. Semyonov showed that Oswald's brief "asylum" in the Soviet Union was due to no love on Oswald's part for the USSR, but rather conformed to an intelligence "laundering" profile that cohered closely with Maoist foreign policy interests of the early 1960s period. In Part two, last week, Semyonov detailed the Mafia's ties to Italian fascism and Western intelligence networks, and discussed its capability for carrying out high level political assassinations.

(Note to readers: Elipses in the text are all as employed by the author in the original Russian, except where inclosed in parentheses — (...) — which indicate occasional small deletions by EIR for purposes

Twenty years ago — again according to the information in the English book on the history of the Chinese secret service — one of the Maoist leaders advanced the theory of "heroin war" against the West.

Now the headquarters of the heroin Mafia is located not in Brooklyn and not in Palermo. In the Chinese suburb of Antwerp — according to the Spanish and Dutch press — is concealed an office of the coordination center for "corruption of the whites," the center of an undeclared "opium war": "whites" do not intrude into China in search of opium but Maoist strategists are preparing (the) conquest of Western Europe and America. This is state policy. With Mafia assistance, they have arranged the importation of poison, which transforms a soldier into a pitiful hysteric, and an officer into a paranoid incapable of making decisions.

Three years ago about 300 kilograms of heroin was confiscated in Europe. In 1976, it was 700. According to "Interpol," this 700 kilograms is only a tenth of all the poison flowing out of Asia. One kilogram is enough to make 20,000 saleable portions. In that year, therefore, the Maoist opium-producers supplied, and the Mafiosi distributed, enough heroin in Europe alone to supply 150 million people.

A heroin boom is possible only where there exists disillusionment, fear, unemployment, where youth are obliged to pay enormous sums for a university education, where the symptoms of general economic depression are obvious. Whiskey does not heal the pessimism of youth. Narcotics are far more reliable. After the Americans left Vietnam (more than 70 percent of U.S. soldiers bought heroin — utter demoralization!), the heroin prepared for the American soldiers gushed into Western Europe.

At first the price in the BRD, for example, was quite "proper" — 50 marks a gram. A mass of youth began to smoke marijuana — this is even sung about in a rock opera, so interesting it was with new sensations and all the rest! The youths were drawn in cleverly, subtly, deliberately. Books and films turned the trick. And then the price for heroin unexpectedly soared. And how! In 1976 the price of a gram of heroin rose

200 to 300 marks. And last year, according to *Spiegel* magazine, the price had spiraled to 1000 marks a gram! (Remember the year before that 700 kilograms of heroin was confiscated. That is 700 million marks! And it was but a tenth of what was sold! That means a total turnover of 7 billion marks, that is about \$20 billion!)*

Now Amsterdam is crawling with police. The Chinese "heroin Mafiosi" began a gradual relocation to London. They needed an entry to the entire English-speaking world. One symptom of this relocation was a new quality of crime in Great Britain. The police of the BRD, West Berlin, and Holland charted a certain, tragic correlation: unorganized prostitution, especially child-prostitution — with drug addiction; murder for the sake of seizing a purse with even a little money — with drug addiction; sadism — with drug addiction. The heroin suppliers feel power over their patients, who now number in the tens of thousands. A certain Chinese heroin operator demanded two racing motorcycles in 24 hours from a young American living in Amsterdam. For this he gave him a daily pinch of heroin. Bicycle and motorcycle theft grew massive. (In Rome I saw a young man drive up to a bar on a motorcycle to make a phone call. He took out a token, keeping his eye on the motorcycle. He began to talk about something. An Italian — his emotions got him distracted: gesticulations, exclamations, a bitter smile, a threatening shout, turning back and forth and switching the receiver from ear to ear....At just that moment, youths rushed for the motorcycle, jumped onto the seat and grabbed onto each other. The younger gave the "Indian" a kick, the older pushed a "skeleton key" in the ignition. The motorcycle lurched forward and the motor started up. The owner leapt out of the bar. With a scream, his face white, he gave chase. A small gathering developed. Witnesses gathered, began to cry about "democracy," "unlawfulness," "corruption," mentioning the names of leading political figures. They broke into small groups, each, of course, with its own orator. The police appeared in case of disorder.)

The growth of crime, however, cannot be explained by drug addiction alone. It is only the consequence. The reason goes deeper; it is in the *System* itself. Take France, for example. There not heroin but His Majesty Alcohol reigns supreme. In France, per capita alcohol consumption is higher than in any other country in Western Europe, in the USA, or in Latin America. Although advertising for alcoholic beverages is officially forbidden in France, it is present everywhere: in the movies, the theater, in all of Paris' innumerable shows. Not one newspaper has begun a

* Author Semyonov has apparently erred in calculating exchange rates. In 1976, the exchange was roughly 3 marks to the dollar, making 7 billion marks equivalent to about \$2.3 billion. At the present, rapidly shifting rate, Semyonov's 7 billion DM is approximately \$4 billion — ed.

massive attack against alcohol. Why? Because the alcohol lobby is incredibly strong. The profits of the wine magnates and aperitif producers are stunning. (...)

Sociologists in France consider that the growth of crime is promoted by current urban expansion: enormous complexes — faceless, immense and oppressive, work on the psyche and cripple people morally. But the System cannot control construction. The corruptness of the enormous concerns is stronger than the authorities. Complexes continue to be built in which man is like an insect: small, impotent, and lost. There, in the secret stone jungles, is hidden the current terrible breeding grounds of crime.

... The American secret services know how to thank people for loyalty — especially criminals. And "Operation Thanks" was usually the job of the sort of functionary who appeals to the hearts of Italians, who fall for big names and beautiful words, pronounced in front of television cameras.

Luciano and the Mafia: going "legit"

The New York Governor Thomas Dewey, who had called Luciano "the vilest and lowest criminal ever to appear before a United States court of law," sharply changed his views. Unexpectedly for all, he announced that Luciano's 30-year jail term had been reduced to nine years. This made him eligible for immediate parole. It is doubtful that Thomas Dewey knew that the "Mafia's prisoner" had not been in the prison at Dannamoore the entire time. He was evidently told that the "special agent of the OSS" had been quietly removed from prison by the secret service and ferried to Sicily. It is possible however that he was told something else: the U.S. Consul General in Palermo, Alfred Nester, held a secret meeting with the most authoritative Mafiosi — Giuseppe Castellano, Calogero Volgi, Vito Guarrasi (remember this name, reader; we will return to Guarrasi when we investigate the story of the murder of Engineer Mattei), and, of course, the "boss of all bosses," Don Calo. The theme of the Consul General's meeting with the Mafia leaders: "The creation of a mobile political group, which could bring to life the idea of an autonomous Sicily, with the Mafia as a government."

The American secret service took "lessons in tactics" from the Mafia, especially during the war, when a close, constant, and clandestine cooperation was initiated. Because of this the people from the OSS (which had then still not become the CIA) had learned to set up the chain of access to the necessary person. They established a chain of access to Thomas Dewey. (In order to clear himself of any possibility of being accused of connections to American intelligence, Luciano — significantly later — told journalists: "Freedom cost me \$75,000, which went into

Republican Party coffers.”)

The police took Luciano from prison to the seventh pier in Brooklyn, where the small but incredibly comfortable ship *Laura Keane* was docked.

Dockers from the “crime syndicate” were guarding the gangplank: all ports, as well as airports, are traditionally in Mafia hands. FBI agents, posing as curious onlookers, kept a close eye on the OSS thugs; and agents of the narcotics bureau watched both.

Luciano winked at the journalists:

“Don’t expect any sensations kids, everything will be quiet, family-style....”

At that time little was yet known about the Mafia, and so no one understood the secret meaning of Luciano’s words. They began to understand a little later, when one after another the monstrous “Cadillacs” drove up to the pier and up the gangplank went the bosses of the American “Cosa Nostra”: Albert Anastasia, Frank Costello, Meyer Lansky, Bugsy Siegel — the recognized chiefs of the Mafia “families.” The police were obliged to let on board all the Mafiosi ID’s as leaders of the dockworkers union. The police were obliged to let other visitors on too, who were coming to the “family” farewell party; one of these was a member of the Supreme Court, another was a leading figure in the ruling party of the USA.

The send-off went splendidly: Luciano turned up in the galley because his friends had brought on board wicker baskets with provisions — Sicilian lemons, French patés, Norwegian herring. The wine, of course, was Italian.

In Rome he stopped at the great Quirinale Hotel; he had several rooms reserved, practically a whole story. Each day, more and more new people arrived for Luciano. Mafia “soldiers” guarded all the entrances. “Lieutenants” received the visitors. To meet with an “adviser,” Luciano went off in an unknown direction, carefully checking that he was not being followed.

Something did get set up: Luciano prepared cadres for the transformation of Sicily into his own empire; the jobs were already given out; the long chain of corruption was a precision operation — the police prefects knew to which Mafiosi they were accountable; the judges continued to discuss with the “lieutenants” the amount of monthly remuneration required for their clemency; the latifundists talked about the firmness of their reliance on the Mafia’s services — in a word, everything was going smoothly.

And suddenly Luciano disappeared. Like he’d vanished into thin air. A counterintelligence investigation was launched in search of “Godfather No. 2”; soon the FBI became involved; the “Bureau for Combatting Narcotics” got agitated.

But Luciano was already in Cuba, a guest of the dictator Batista. And the CIA knew it. Furthermore, the CIA knew Luciano’s plan and a truly hegemonistic

plan it was. Its basic parameters were the following:

1. Sicily was to become a world resort with a network of casinos, fashionable hang-outs, and hotels.

2. Sicily was to be oriented toward the USA, which would induce the Pentagon too to support Luciano — after all, it wouldn’t exactly be bad to have a base for the American fleets and air force in the center of the Mediterranean.

3. The realization of the first two points would transform Sicily into the transshipping base for the narcotics trade route: China — Middle East — Europe — USA.

The final leg to the USA had to be secured on a particularly reliable point. Such a base is impossible on American territory since what the CIA friends would allow, the FBI promptly forbids. Pay-offs are expensive, and why make trouble for yourself? Havana is right off the North American shores; the Batista regime knows how to make its subjects keep an oath of silence; the penalty for talkativeness is death in the little back alleys around “Cavalleria,” lit with dim lanterns; the cost of carrying out the sentence is cheap — \$50 to 100 and a pistol with a cartridge clip. When state involvement is necessary, the cost goes up somewhat; Batista’s police are greedy people, and for an arrest, trial by ordeal and execution they take up to a thousand dollars, with the guarantee that the victim will disappear forever and no traces will be found.

Having straightened out the “Empire of Routes and Narcotics,” Luciano appeared before dumbfounded Italian journalists. Lean as always, modestly attired, without any external effects, he said:

“Can the traffic be stopped? Of course not, it is eternal. We are charged with the narcotics trade. I don’t know whether this is so, but if it is, maybe it would make more sense to let them be sold legally, with the payment of certain taxes to the states? Otherwise no one’s going to be able to do anything about the smuggling, no matter how deplorable that is to us men of honor and of business (which, by the way, are the same thing...).

After the epopee in Havana, Luciano bought a floor in the most expensive quarter of Rome, where princes of the blood, premiers, and prestigious billionaires usually stay — the *nouveaux riches* felt quite out of place there. From there he left for Naples and acquired a bay, an excellent place for sheltering from storms the necessary ships with the goods. And the view of Sorrento was marvelous, walking stark naked on the kilometer-long beach, paying no attention to the bodyguards pressing themselves to the sweltering heat of the rocks. He arrived at Capri, rented a villa with a marvelous view of Vesuvius, and took a yacht out into the Adriatic — a 17th century castle was for sale, and Luciano loved the exotic. He tried to read the ancients: “In our profession knowledge of the subject of history is necessary, to help us avoid mistakes in the future.”

The big business of narcotics

Luciano could most often be seen on Capri. At first nobody connected his arrivals on the islands with the visits of the former Egyptian king, Farouk. Later it was figured out, despite the fact that Luciano conspired masterfully, inviting Mussolini's granddaughter and the grandson of King Victor Emmanuel to a reception; they too were like enemies, but how tenderly they danced, like doves, no one could take their eyes off them.

That was just Luciano's way — let everyone look at the VIP's. He is not proud; he knows the price of the shadows.

During one such reception Luciano was able to pull off an unlikely operation: ex-King Farouk authorized the "narcotics king" to use his bank account — henceforward the meticulous financial inspectors were no longer dangerous to Luciano. He hastened to make this "contract" since he knew of the first busts in Harlem: the police raided one of his centers for heroin sales and two men were taken. One of them Luciano was as sure of as he was of himself; the other was inclined to discussions on literary themes and music. Luciano didn't believe in such types; they were blabbermouths. However, the "music lover" was not broken until after Luciano had transferred most of his money to one of Farouk's accounts.

The scandal in Harlem rebounded in Rome. Luciano was hauled in for interrogation a couple of times, but no evidence was found.

"You are doing your duty, I have nothing against you," said Luciano to the police commissioners. "But is it worth wasting time on such a hopeless matter?"

The American press began to attack Governor Dewey: "Why was 'Lucky' Luciano set free?"

The Governor only sighed, and remained silent.

The CIA also kept quiet. It kept quiet, but it went to work. The scandal connected with the name of Luciano, who was accused of heading up the "Harlem business," enabled the American authorities to gain the right to open a special Rome branch for combatting narcotics. Charles Siraguse was named chief of the branch, and several CIA workers were thus relocated closer to the Mediterranean — quite a serviceable "cover."

Since there was "no evidence" against Luciano in Italy, and the American police could not find any compromising materials, the issue of the "narcotics king" was transferred to the "bureau of finances."

It was turned up that every year Luciano received about a million francs from his bank account.

"Present evidence, Signor Luciano, of how you earned that money."

"I didn't earn it. It's a donation from friends. People know my crystalline honesty, people don't want me to die a hungry death. Besides, I have a factory that manufactures school desks, let them look at my receipts from production — I have a staff, they do a

great deal of bookkeeping, they will answer you with exhaustive precision."

Information came from America: one of Luciano's bank accounts was discovered there, containing \$3 million.

"And where did that come from?"

"Ask the people who sent me the money, if you are so ill-bred and see in every honest man a criminal."

The Harlem bust did not destroy the work of the Luciano empire. The heroin onslaught continued. Narcotics were brought from Asia across the Mediterranean to the shores of Sicily — just as Luciano had envisioned in 1946. Since nearly the whole fleet was in the hands of the Mafia, the goods were reloaded from merchant vessels chartered to "private firms" in the Far East, directly onto the ships of the Sicilian Mafia. Those were moored by night near the Ponte della Graperia Grande; from this lovely spot, winding around the Castellamare del Golfo, two roads branch out: one large one, to Trapani and Palermo, and one small, bumpy one to Tonara di Scopello; it is on that road, which gleams disquietingly at night, that the peasants, carrying out the directions of the Mafia "soldier," transport the cargo to the warehouses of the "Company for Sale of Sicilian Oranges." There were stores of empty oranges, made of plastic or wax. Into each box of quite normal oranges went one containing heroin. In the morning, vehicles with the special permits of the ministries dedicated "to the economic development of Italy" crossed into the port zone unimpeded. Dockers loaded the boxes — every last one of them connected with the Mafia; captains paid by the Mafia carried them to New York; and people from the "Cosa Nostra" unloaded them on the docks of Brooklyn.

Before his death, Don Calo, "the boss of all bosses" of Sicily, brought Luciano together with his successor, Gienco Russo.

"You are responsible for the fate of the business," said the "godfather," and the business will grow and triumph, if the Mafia truly marries the "Cosa Nostra." Sicily and America must be together constantly.

The oil connection

After the death of Don Calo his heirs convened a conference. The bosses from the New World flew in. The Italian police found out, but none of the Mafiosi were worried: "It's dangerous to mess with the Mafia simply because it is; if they start poking around, then the rules of the game will go into play — it doesn't do to attract attention, otherwise the Communist press will start to sound the trumpets, the leftists in parliament will be demanding an inquiry; we still have to take them into account. We won't tie your hands, of course. Curse them, but as long as they exist, you have to understand our situation."

When Santo Sorge flew in to Rome, an elegant,

discreet businessman from New York, representative of the Texas "Rimrock Tidelands Company Limited," a steel-colored Rolls Royce was waiting for him at the airport, with a chauffeur and a silent, robust fellow with a tattered briefcase in his right hand.

Santo Sorge asked the fellow:

"Let the chauffeur take me anywhere near our people."

"Our people are still in Sicily," answered the man, clapping the briefcase to his chest.

Sorge laughed.

"The dictaphone takes badly through leather, my lad."

"I don't know what you're talking about," the man said, with genuine surprise. "I am your bodyguard, and I'm carrying pistols in the briefcase. The strap always breaks when I wear my Colts on a belt."

He flung open the briefcase, and indeed there was no dictaphone there, but two gleaming nine-caliber Colts.

"That's funny," said Sorge. "By 'our people,' I didn't mean Sicilians, but my colleagues from the United States Embassy."

"Well, they've gotten you apartments on the Via Veneto, near your people," the big guy answered, and began to fasten the clasp of his briefcase.

(The dictaphone was mounted on that very lock; friends from Hong Kong had sent it — they have whole docks full there; Russo always asked that guests from America write "friendship is friendship, but tobacco is something else again.")

The meeting between Luciano, Russo, and Sorge took place in the banquet hall of the Hotel Regis, attended by people flown in with the bosses from Palermo; waiters with trays were allowed only as far as the doors.

The conversation lasted three hours. Santo Sorge expounded upon all the benefits that would accrue to the brotherhood if the government were to give his Texas company the exclusive concession for prospecting in Sicily — there must be oil there, the blood of war, black gold, tangible power.

Russo kept quiet, listened intently, voiced his distress at the difficulty of the job, casually asked:

"And will your Texas partners go for cooperation with Engineer Mattei?"

"Never," answered Sorge, "Under no conditions. He's done enough in Europe. He's a leftist."

"He's not a leftist," objected Russo. "He's a Christian Democrat."

"Why did you ask me that question?" asked Sorge.

"Because Mattei is a very strong man. Because he has made ENI (the Italian state energy monopoly — ed.) a state within a state. Because he has done what he set out to do."

Luciano, quiet until now, summed up:

"Gienco, in your answer lies the program for our actions. Yes, Mattei is a strong man, but we are stronger. Yes, he transformed ENI into a special state within the system of our state — so much the worse for

him, since previously only one organization had that right — ours, Gienco. We must make ENI into an ordinary company, like hundreds of others in Italy, no more. And finally, he has, as you said, done everything he set out to do. But do we not finish what we have begun?"

"We haven't begun yet," answered Russo.

"We have," said Sorge.

"Well I haven't," answered Russo and clicked his teeth. He was afraid of dentists and was always suffering from toothaches.

Luciano sensed that the conversation was over; he knew Russo's peasant stubbornness very well. Furthermore, he understood what the successor of Don Calo was being so cautious about.

ENI, the state oil company, was not just any private firm; its activity was controlled by senators and parliamentary deputies, since ENI provided Italy with energy, benzene, diesel fuel — that is to say it organized the entire economy of the country. Evidently, Luciano thought, some of the senators and deputies connected to Russo's Sicilian Mafia did not want to give up a drop, and especially not to the Texas uncles, since if you give them an inch they'll take a mile. Well then, you have to give the senators and deputies more than they get from the Sicilians.

He spent two days madly travelling around the country, adroitly ditching the tails from all the intelligence services, including the Mafia, and then went to Capri. There occurred a chance meeting with the lawyer Guarrasi (remember the meeting of Mafiosi with the U.S. consul general in Palermo?). Vito Guarrasi first met Lucky Luciano long ago, during the fall of Mussolini, when he was being moved to occupy these positions which remained empty after the rout of fascism. It was he who arrived in Tunis with the high Italian military leaders to work out the terms of total surrender; it was he who hurled fire and brimstone against the "blackshirts," when the Americans were billeted in Palermo; and it was he who went to Rome as a "liberal and liberator." Who but Vito Guarrasi, became a member of the "General Council of the Association of Sicilian Industrialists"?! The association sent him to the USA, to make contacts among his American colleagues in business and banking. He returned, and somebody pushed him towards Mattei, to the post of "counsel to ENI."

When Mattei briefed his staff on the idea of prospecting for oil in Sicily, his main supporter was Vito Guarrasi. (He sent information on Mattei's plan abroad the very same night, after he left "his friend, the economic genius" of Italy.) The mechanisms worked perfectly; after the squeeze was put on by Texas, some top Christian Democratic leaders unexpectedly came out against Mattei's project — "Let Sicily remain the agricultural granary of the country, there's no need to ruin their way of life."

Mattei begins a struggle against members of his own party. Vito Guarrasi stands by him — he has no

choice. And the unexpected occurs: Mattei brings down the Christian Democrats in Sicily; a coalition government comes to power. The Mafia is outraged. There is panic in Rome, but the game is up, and Mattei introduces a bill through Palermo, allowing ENI to begin prospecting on a half-million acre territory.

Vito Guarrasi becomes the general secretary for the "five-year plan for the reconstruction of Sicily" — all the deals go through him, and all the capital investments are under the control of the Mafia lawyer — hundreds of billions of lire!

(Mattei's defeat of the rightists, including the Mafia, did not topple the strategists of the "secret order." The work against the dynamic engineer continued; Guarrasi not only informed the bosses of each step his "friend" took, but also continued to manage their affairs; it was not important who won at this stage, but rather that the turnover of the capital of *his* people continued.)

It was through Vito Guarrasi that Lucky Luciano began his long operation. He proposed to the Mafia lawyer to work on ENI, to try to turn it towards contact with the Texas oil company.

"That's hard," Guarrasi replied. "More precisely speaking, it's impossible."

"That answer doesn't suit me, Vito."

"It doesn't suit me either, but it's better that I tell you the truth, Lucky — me, and not someone else."

"What would it take to bring Mattei to his senses?"

"Break up his friendship with the Arabs, then he will start looking around for allies."

"If Farouk were sitting in Cairo now," laughed Luciano, "your recommendation would start becoming reality tomorrow. Evidently it is impossible at this stage of the game; let's look truth in the face. So then, it seems there's only one way out?"

"I understand you, but I think that the scandal would be so loud that more might be lost than gained. What if we try to overthrow his people in the regional government? Could your friends in the States help us out?"

"Our friends, Vito," answered Luciano, "your friends and ours. You're talking to me face to face; your 'co-thinkers' from ENI can't hear you."

The friends from abroad helped overthrow the government loyal to Mattei, but something unforeseen happened, as so frequently does during tense political situations: instead of the planned Sicilian premier, Vito Guarrasi's enemy, Giuseppe d'Angelo came into the Palermo palace. He laid on Mattei's desk the facts about the lawyer: that he had given the Mafia the plan for the petroleum factory, and that the Mafia bought up all the land which Mattei planned to use for his giant; ENI's losses amounted to hundreds of millions of lire, and, most importantly, lost time: buying up land from the Mafiosi, extracting funds for

that from the government, building settlements and bringing in workers — the project gets old, the tempo dies, and that's the end.

Mattei called in Vito Guarrasi; their talk lasted five minutes. The latter left the office of the president of the company a simple lawyer, but no longer "counsel" and "general secretary."

And so Guarrasi went to see Luciano.

"Yes," he said, "now it is not only possible to get rid of Mattei, but the time has come — otherwise he will ruin us."

"And the scandal?" laughed Luciano. "Didn't you say the scandal would be too loud?"

Vito Guarrasi pretended not to have heard Luciano.

"My proposal amounts to the following, Lucky. First of all, to find some madman who will shoot him: Mattei is an enemy of the OAS. He played an essential role in the victory of the Algerians. I am certain that there are some possessed OASers, fanatics, who would do anything. Let Italy blame the French, let them hang it on the OAS, and we will never be implicated."

"Excellent proposal. And 'second of all'?"

"We have to find an idiot from among the young leftists on the West Coast, let the Texas people work with them, let them explain to him that Mattei is an exploiter, a so-and-so, only the honey seems sweet, but the bee has a sting. And thirdly, do the CIA special services really exist?"

"You're nuts," exclaimed Luciano softly. "God knows what you're chattering. Their secret services ask *me* for help in this type of business, they themselves still don't know how to pull it off and are not getting their feet wet."

They killed Mattei by setting up an airplane crash. That was easy, since the Mafia controls most of the airports. Guarrasi became the "counsel" to ENI again — just a few weeks after the ceremonial burial of the bones which had previously composed the substance and the aspirations of Enrico Mattei.

All attempts to unravel the true story of Mattei's death were unsuccessful: witnesses were abducted and blackmailed; those who touched on the truth were isolated.

Luciano, too true to his overseas friends, died a strange death — heart failure. Evidently he had tried too hard: Gienco Russo did not want to give up Sicily to anyone, even to the Texas friends. Mattei's murder was to his advantage; Luciano had done his job, now it was time to dump him. He had taught the lesson of political murder, which would come in handy in the future, thank you.

... It came in handy not just anywhere, but in Dallas.

(The Peking secret services, having made contact with the Mafia in the heroin trade, the CIA's "playful child," acquired in this way people who know how to *execute* what has been planned.)