

## **Ivan Sonavitch aka Irving Thorton**

“As with the Christian religion, the worst argument for Socialism is its adherents.”  
-George Orwell

TO: Colonel Ivan Sonavitch, KGB  
FROM: Colonel General Vladimir Dykovsky, KGB Command

It is vital that you infiltrate the Ft. Lucas Rita Research Labs in San Inguon, Arizona. We believe they are working upon new weapons which could destroy the revolutionary spirit in the world and force their capitalist imperialism upon the workers yearning to be free. We still have confidence in you despite your failures over the recent years. However, be forewarned that one more mistake and we will be glad to set you up in a nice dacha in Siberia.

Oh, boyski. Things are not looking very well for you, comrade. If you had known exactly how problematic being a KGB agent in the United States would have been, you never would have joined up. Better to be an unknown tractor repairman in Smolensk than a famous spy known for his failures.

But when they came up to you after the Great Patriotic War and asked you join the KGB in furthering the goals of world-wide revolution, how could you refuse? You were young, idealistic, and scared to death of what they would do to you if you refused. So you said yes, and were sent off to learn of America.

For five years you studied decadent American culture, learning of weaknesses that could be exploited to bring the entire imperialist system down. You learned to speak English with an American accent, and how to walk and act American. You learned the tricks of cryptography, gunplay, breaking and entering, and all of the other skills that makes one a good spy. At the end of it all, you were indistinguishable from an American except for the burning fires of Communism in your heart.

You remember your first mission well. It was in 1951. You were sent to California to coordinate the activities of the local Communist Parties and undercover agents. You did a fine job of getting them to work together, and had nearly united them into an unstoppable bloc when you received word in March from High Command that the CIA had stumbled onto some of your letters and were sending two agents to Fresno to decipher them. You rushed to the warehouse in Fresno where they were to meet, and startled one of them as he was deciphering your messages. A single bullet eliminated him from the picture, and you hastened to gather all of the messages. Just as you had finished, another agent came in. While he fumbled for his gun, you jumped out the back door and ran down the alley to the car that was waiting for you. He broke down the back door and

pointed his gun at you. Inexplicably, he did not shoot. You got to the car and drove off, studying the face of the man who could have killed you. You would get to know him very well over the next eight years.

When you tried to find blackmailable secrets about then-Senator Nixon, he caught up to you and forced you to flee. When you were trying to change the music of the Mormon Tabernacle Choir to include subliminal anti-capitalist messages, he cornered you in a cathedral, and it took all of your wits to flee. Every major plan you have directed to cause chaos and ferment rebellion, Tom Madden has shown up and thwarted you. One of these days, you will get your revenge upon him.

But for now, you must concentrate upon your latest project. You moved to San Inguon a year ago, posing as Irving Thorton, alcoholic vagabond. In Russia, such people would be assured homes and treated for their problems, but luckily, capitalistic America cares not for those who have been exploited beyond the breaking point; you were considered a harmless drunk and were a source of amusement.

While your afternoons and evenings were spent roaming the town, playing up the role, you spent your mornings observing the Labs, making careful notes of the people who entered and left. You also overheard many a conversation between scientist who assumed you were either too drunk to care or would soon be too drunk to remember what they said.

From this, you determined that the Labs were divided into several departments, each specializing in a particular science. For your work to be effective, you would need to turn someone high up in the chain of command, someone who could spend late hours collecting secrets and wandering the various departments without anyone worrying about it. You sent the names of the Head Scientists to your agents throughout the Southwest, hoping that someone would come up with a workable idea.

You struck gold. Dr. Kyle Berry, Head of the Astronomy Department, had been a member of the Southern California Communist Party in the early thirties. You were sent a mimeograph of his party card, and a photograph showing him at a rally. You mailed these to Dr. Berry, pointing out that the government would like very much to know that one of its top scientists was a former Communist, and that he should meet you outside the Labs at midnight.

When midnight rolled around, Dr. Berry showed up. He was a nervous wreck. When you explained that in order to keep his secret from the government, he needed to give you the secrets of the Labs, he readily agreed. Every week thereafter, you met with him and received information about what the Labs were currently working upon.

At least, you did until two weeks ago. In that meeting, he explained that he was leaving the Labs to go work for Berkeley, who cared little for such credentials, and who might even have supported them. In exchange for being left alone, however, he had found

someone else who was willing to give you secrets. Dr. Sarah Carroll, whom he was grooming to take his place as Head of Astronomy.

You were extremely perturbed, and refused to make a deal until you had met her. But after meeting her, you felt it was a wonderful arrangement. The problem with blackmailing someone for secrets is that they usually do as little spying as necessary; after all, coming up with more than the minimum does not help them, so they keep extra secrets under their hats until they need them. Dr. Carroll, however, wished to sell secrets to you. In exchange for cash, she would deliver everything she could find, and the more she found, the more cash she would expect. This meant that you would get all the information you needed and more. This was a wonderful thing, in your opinion. After all, you are betraying the capitalists through someone who is being capitalist to the extreme! Irony looks good on your record.

In any case, High Command agreed to the deal. You have been sent \$50000, which you are carrying in the paper bag that holds your “liquor” bottle. The liquor bottle actually only holds strong tea, but it looks like whiskey and the paper bag adds to the general ambiance of your hoboness. You must meet with Dr. Carroll surreptitiously and gather whatever information you can from her. In return for the information, you will give her cash. You must be careful not to underprice her, or she may turn against you. Overpricing, however, would be bad as this cash is all you have until next week, and you need to keep a constant stream of information going. You will have to be very careful in this. But, hopefully, this system will work out and you will soon have all of the secrets of the Labs. And you will not get any more telegrams threatening you with Siberia.

**Stock quote:** “How dry I am.... (hic)...”

**Mannerisms:** As Irving Thorton, play up the town drunk. Act friendly towards everyone, exaggerate your actions, tell people that you saw aliens in the mesas last night, and generally convince everyone that you are harmless. As Ivan Sonavitch, talk with a thick Russian accent, be sober and serious, and generally look like you could kill people without thinking about it.

#### **People You Know:**

**J.D. Koln:** Little bastard who occasionally plays practical jokes upon you. When the revolution comes, you’ll make sure he suffers.

**General Hiram Cork:** Standard imperialist war-monger who wishes to destroy the people’s will. He is the Commander of all of Ft. Lucas Rita. Finding out blackmail material upon him would be quite a coup.

**Colonel Fred Daniels:** Military commander at Ft. Rita. Standard military type. Because his job is merely commanding troops, he is probably not worth dealing with.

**Dr. Marshall Fields:** Head of the Chemistry Department at the Labs. According to Dr. Berry, he was working on some sort of experimental rocket fuel.

**Dr. Lawrence Bates:** Head of the Physics Department at the Labs and Lead Scientist for the Labs. Dr. Berry told you he was working upon some sort of new aerodynamics model.

**Mayor Cunningham:** The standard American politician who seeks nothing more than lining his own pocket. Still, offending him would be bad as he might get Sheriff Barnes to kick you out of town.

**Sheriff Barnes:** Standard American Law-enforcement official who seeks to enforce the will of the capitalists upon the workers. Still, don't cross him, or your place here will be in jeopardy.

**Harold Smith:** Insurance salesman. Typifies everything that is disgusting about Americans.

**Dr. Randall Rourke:** Town doctor. Somewhat idealistic. Perhaps you could use this against him.

**Ivan Kerensky:** Son of Russian émigrés. A distinct and avowed anti-Communist. Step lightly around him.

**Reverend Samuel Hines:** Runs the local orphanage, indoctrinating children in non-atheistic and capitalistic drivel.

**Dr. Gerald Forbes:** Head of the Biology Department at the Labs. Dr. Berry could not find much information about his projects.

**Harold Sturvin:** Typical capitalist who flaunts his wealth and exploits the masses. If you could find a way to expose him and show the town the innate evilness of the capitalist landlords, it would be quite a feather in your cap.

**Dr. Sarah Carroll:** Head of the Astronomy Department at the Labs. Your secret spy.

**Bess Smith:** Harold Smith's wife and the typical exploited American woman suffering due to the innate capitalist sexism.

**Darla Hotchkins:** School Nurse at Edwood High. You saw her go into the Labs three weeks ago; you wonder how she got in and what she did there. You should investigate further.

**Adele Siegel:** Principal of Edwood High. You saw her go into the Labs two weeks ago. Why are all the staff members of Edwood High going into the Labs late at night? This definitely needs to be looked into.

### **Goals:**

**1. Get as many secrets as possible from the Labs.** The more information you can send off to Moscow, the safer your future is. Get anything you can, no matter how insignificant it seems. After all, it might fit into a larger plan that you know nothing about.

**2. Keep your identity safe.** Make sure everyone thinks of you as a safe and harmless drunk. Do not let anyone find out you are really a spy. If it seems that Dr. Carroll may turn you in, remove her. It will be easier to find a new spy in the Labs than it will be to establish a new identity in town.

**3. Cause havoc.** If you come upon an opportunity to help tear down the capitalist idolatry in town, go for it. Just be sure not to blow your cover.