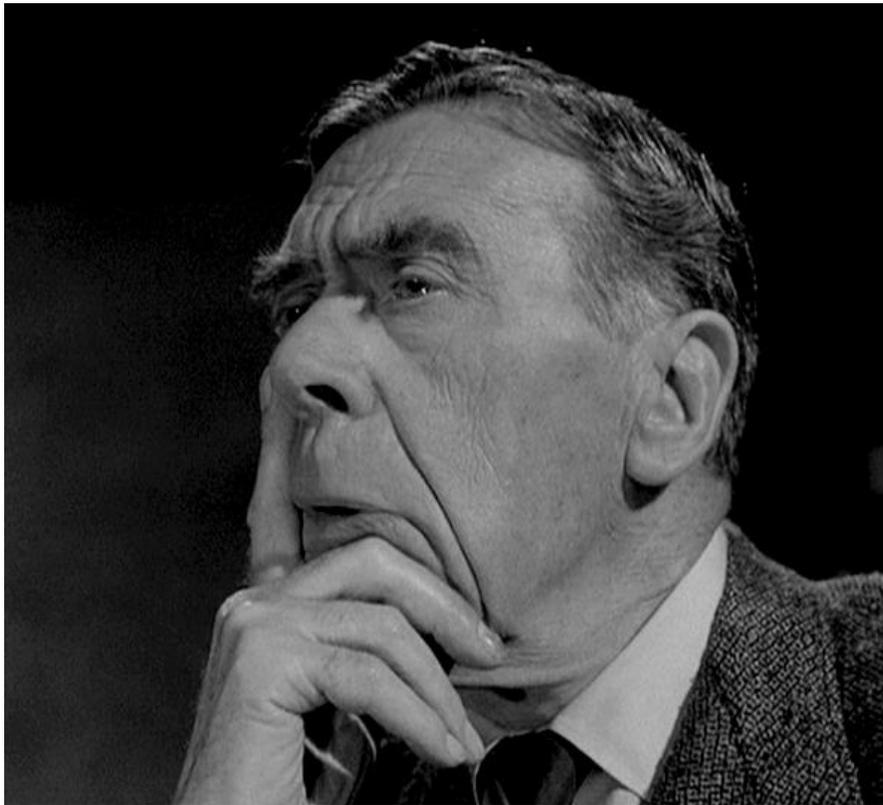


Author's Note: Written for the **Mood-Y – MFU:50 Special Anniversary Challenge** on LiveJournal's **Section VII** community.
The key mood is: **inventive**.



All great deeds and all great thoughts
have a ridiculous beginning.

Albert Camus

3 X PREPOSTEROUS = GENIUS

BY [LAH](#)

Summer 1945

"I tell you it would be a hopeless endeavor," Gabhail Samoy¹ cautioned his friend Alexander Waverly. "Yes, the current World War is over, but this is the second such global conflict you and I have witnessed firsthand. And, over the limited scope of man's existence on this Earth,

¹ Gabhail Samoy was later one of the Continental Chiefs of U.N.C.L.E., as presented in the Season 1 MFU episode THE BRAIN-KILLER AFFAIR.

there have been many, many such conflicts. Some larger, some smaller: but in the end the essence of them is always the same. Mankind simply refuses to accept the fact of our commonality of being.”

“I will grant you that has always been the core problem, Gabhail.” Waverly agreed with this point of his friend’s argument. “Yet, if the human race is ever to come to terms with such a truism, some ethical force must step up to show the way. I want this organization I’m proposing to do just that.”

Samoy shook his head sadly. “It is a fine dream, Alexander, but unhappily dreams fade in the harsh light of day.”

Now it was Waverly who shook his head, though more determinedly than sadly. “Yet it doesn’t have to be that way. Look you: even with the abysmal failure of the League of Nations, those in positions of political power are willing to try again with this new United Nations that has just been chartered.”

“Chartered but not actually formed as of yet,” Gabhail bluntly reminded the other man. “And the intention means nothing if in the end the body itself does not come to be.”

“It will come to be,” stated Alexander non-categorically.

“I have more doubts on that than have you, my friend,” Gabhail noted plainly. “Yet let us – for the sheer sake of argument – say it does come to exist in reality and not just on paper: Why then the need for this dream organization of yours?”

“You know why, Gabhail. The answer is encapsulated in one word: Thrush.

Samoy gave a grave nod. “Yes, that power infrastructure is most unequivocally a threat to not just the peace of the world, but the freedom of all humanity.”

“A threat in which most do not believe and with which all are ill-equipped to cope,” Waverly furthered with a grave nod of his own.

“And you want young men to dedicate themselves explicitly to this cause to preserve human freedom without bowing to other ideological concerns? You want those of perhaps warring nations and definitely vast cultural and societal differences to, upon deciding to become part of this new enterprise, work side-by-side as one entity under the unified banner of a highly trained albeit necessarily secret organization?”

“Any organization devoted to such a cause cannot allow for those differences to interfere, Gabhail,” Waverly declared evenly. “National politics is the venue of nations; but supranational politics cannot afford so limited a view. Certainly those of Thrush already understand and accept this as they plot and plan their global machinations to take over the reins of human destiny. Therefore must those fighting against such machinations, those fighting to keep humanity independent of such all-encompassing control, understand and accept this fact as well.”

Samoy again sadly shook his head. “You ask for the impossible, my friend. I do, however, applaud your humanitarian valor in the face of such overwhelmingly negative odds and will thus support this preposterous dream of yours.”

Winter 1955

“The Soviet Bloc nations must be an active part of U.N.C.L.E., if the organization is to continue to give meaning to its goal of non-national peacekeeping,” stated Alexander Waverly unequivocally.

Carlo Farenti² harrumphed noisily. “The whole suggestion is preposterous, Alexander. The escalating tensions between Western and communist nations cannot be glossed over even in such a cause as this.”

“I freely acknowledge those tensions, Carlo, but the United Network Command for Law and Enforcement must – to remain focused on its true purpose – rise above such limited concerns.”

“You call them limited? Do not play the grand card of the salvation of all humanity with me, Alexander. I understand the goals of Thrush, but I also understand that oil and water will never mix no matter how vigorously you shake them together in the same vessel.”

“Men are not condiments.” Waverly voiced his objection to this appraisal with steely determination.

“Men are men however,” countered Farenti, “and men have emotional responses to certain ideological touchstones.”

“And the one ideological touchstone for all within the Command must be that of keeping world balance and order while safeguarding humanity. All those in our organization must have a united viewpoint of Thrush and its control-oriented maneuvers.”

“Thrush is a menace. Of that there is no doubt. But how in heaven’s name can you convince those of the Western nations already actively participating in U.N.C.L.E. that communism isn’t such a menace as well?”

“There is no comparison, Carlo, and you know it.”

“I beg to differ, Alexander. I don’t in the least know that. I do know, however, that the general good of the world at large can be threatened by the totalitarian philosophies both of Thrush and of communism.”

“You don’t really believe that?” questioned a shocked Alexander Waverly.

“Having lived in years past in a country under the oppressive sway of Il Duce, I have of necessity a different perspective than you who have never personally experienced such rule as a pervasive force in your daily life.”

“Yet you believe in the tenets we put forth in our charter for U.N.C.L.E.?”

² Carlo Farenti was a high-level Section I administrator in the Geneva HQ of U.N.C.L.E. as presented in the MFU Season 2 series episode THE CHILDREN’S DAY AFFAIR. Whether he is actually the Northeast Continental Chief is unclear in that episode. However, it is highly likely he was in that role prior to Harry Beldon of Season 4 THE SUMMIT FIVE AFFAIR fame, and that he was subsequently killed in the bee attack on the Geneva HQ that was presented in THE BIRDS AND BEES AFFAIR later in Season 2.

Farenti nodded. "I believe in them wholeheartedly; yet I know humans are not angels. Thus mere men cannot be expected to remain free of all prejudice."

"Angels do not exist in this world, Carlo. Thus is it left to mere men to shoulder the burdens of protecting the quality of life of their fellow human beings. So I ask you again: Will you support me in this endeavor to bring the Soviet Union fully into the fold of U.N.C.L.E.?"

"By including a Soviet enforcement agent in Section II," noted Farenti glumly.

"That is the gist of the proposal, yes." Waverly repeated the base essence of their discussion.

"He will be naught but a spy for his government." Carlo stubbornly forwarded this notion not for the first time during the conversation.

"There will be nothing upon which to spy." Waverly persisted in his own previously advanced argument. "All member nations have full access, in the appropriate personnel, to what we do as an organization."

Carlo sighed. "You will not give up this idea, will you, Alexander?"

Waverly allowed a small smile to crease his mouth. "Never."

Farenti threw up his hands in frustration. "All right, I will support your proposal! But I still say the very notion is preposterous."

Alexander Waverly's only response was a ready widening of his smile.

Autumn 1964

"This is a preposterous scheme!" spoke out an outraged Harry Beldon³. "Pair an American and a Russian as an enforcement team? They will, at the very least, let each other get killed, if they don't personally do the murdering themselves!"

"Calm down, Harry, and think it through." Alexander Waverly attempted to mollify this second-in-command of U.N.C.L.E. Northeast and most likely successor to the aging Carlo Farenti as Continental Chief of that region. This rather sybarite bureaucrat was nonetheless highly regarded by all of Section I, and thus Alexander knew it was important to secure his approval for his latest venture.

Waverly was also aware that Beldon was already bitter he had a few years prior lost out on the field savvy of Illya Kuryakin to none other than Alexander Waverly himself. Waverly, Northwest Continental Chief acknowledged by his four peers as "the first among equals", had personally engineered Kuryakin's transfer to his own division in 1962. Prior to that transfer, Beldon, as the Section I administrator in the Berlin HQ, had made calculated use of Kuryakin's first-rate skills as an enforcement agent. Now Waverly was proposing that Kuryakin be paired with the

³ Harry Beldon was Northeast Continental Chief of U.N.C.L.E. as presented in the MFU Season 4 series episode THE SUMMIT FIVE AFFAIR. At the time of this fan-fictional scenario in 1964, however, I view him as yet second-in-command of the region, only gaining the top spot in 1966 after Carlo Farenti is killed during the bee attack presented in the MFU Season 2 episode THE BIRDS AND BEES AFFAIR.

operative most of the Command management acknowledged as the “golden boy” of Section II, Napoleon Solo, CEA of Alexander’s own Northwest region.

“Solo and Kuryakin have complimentary talents.” Alexander insistently pointed out to the other man not for the first time during this rather heated discussion.

“They surely don’t have complimentary personalities,” pointed out Harry just as insistently. “One’s a popinjay and the other’s a goshawk.”

“I would submit that Mr. Solo is far from a popinjay.”

Beldon’s response to this declaration on Waverly’s part was a wordless but nonetheless eloquent noisy clearing of his throat.

Alexander sighed in frustration. “I am well aware of your unmitigated prejudice against Mr. Solo, Harry. However even you can’t argue with his record of success in the field.”

“He is lucky.” Beldon purposely marginalized Solo’s accomplishments.

“He has spot-on instincts and you know it, though I know you will never openly admit it.”

“Why then risk interfering with his ‘spot-on instincts’ by assigning Kuryakin to him as a permanent partner?” badgered Beldon belligerently.

“Because, as I have already noted more than once, these two men have complimentary and quite exceptional talents,” pressured Waverly aggressively.

“Solo’s confident fly-by-the seat-of-your-pants style will frustrate Kuryakin; Kuryakin’s studied point-by-point approach will annoy Solo.”

“Maybe in the beginning, but they’ll soon mesh as a team.”

“Solo is a natural strategist; Kuryakin is a practiced activist.”

“Exactly!” Alexander enthusiastically exclaimed. “You begin to understand the possibilities inherent in these two being matched together.”

“I don’t in the least understand any such thing, Alexander!” Harry negated this supposed revelation. “What I do understand is that they are as different as night and day. And that they have conflicting personal ideologies to boot.”

“They don’t have conflicting ideologies.” Waverly readily disputed this claim.

“Solo is the poster boy for capitalism; Kuryakin is a prime example of socialism.”

“Both are equally devoted to U.N.C.L.E., and that serves as their shared ideology.”

Beldon waved a dismissive hand at this misty-eyed suggestion. “Solo came to U.N.C.L.E. through a personal pursuit of idealism; Kuryakin came to U.N.C.L.E. through a compulsory mandate by his government.”

Waverly sighed once more. “How can you be so persistently blind, Harry?”

“Damn you, Alexander, do whatever the hell you want with those two young men! Honestly why should I care? Neither is ever likely to come under my purview within Section I Northeast. So go ahead and run with your doomed-to-failure experiment. Just don’t come crying to me when each of them in turn complains about not being able to fully trust his partner.”

Spring 1974

In the final months of Alexander Waverly’s tenure at the United Network Command for Law and Enforcement as Section I, Number 1 Northwest he happened upon the end of a conversation between his upcoming successor, Napoleon Solo, and that man’s closest aide and ally, the current North American Section III, Number 1, Illya Kuryakin. The two conversing men were much too thoroughly absorbed in the contents of several yellow U.N.C.L.E. file folders spread out on the sofa on which they sat to notice the older man’s entrance through the pneumatic door.

“It’s a bit overwhelming, Illya, trying to decide on proper courses of action for some of these delicate issues,” Solo stated frankly as he continued to peruse the data in the file currently resting open on his lap. “Especially stepping into the shoes of a strategic genius the caliber of Mr. Waverly.”

“Is that how I’m described now?” thought Alexander with some amusement. He clearly remembered times past when his tactics had not in any way been considered genius. Preposterous some of them had actually been labelled by his peers.

Mr. Waverly harrumphed noisily to bring attention to his presence within what was still at this moment in time his office. The two seated men rose hastily in unison at that sound.

“Sorry, sir,” Napoleon apologized for his own current presence within this inner sanctum that was not yet his. “Miss Rogers asked me to familiarize myself with some pressing matters in the Continental Chief’s private dossiers. She also requested I do that here as the files shouldn’t be removed from this office. I was employing Mr. Kuryakin as a sounding board in these matters.”

“Quite right, Mr. Solo,” Waverly stated easily to the younger man. Truth be told, the current Northwest Continental Chief was more than ready to put down the heavy burdens of that position at long last. Nearly thirty years of striving for consistent clarity of a philosophical vision was enough of an odyssey for any man’s lifetime. “Carry on. I’ll just relax with a spot of tea at my desk if that won’t disturb you.”

“Or course it won’t, sir.”

“I did hear the last bit of what you mentioned to Mr. Kuryakin though, Mr. Solo. And in that regard, may I offer you one pertinent piece of advice?”

“I would very much appreciate any advice you have to offer, Mr. Waverly.”

“Then remember and heed this: Never shy away from having any of your more inventive designs for this organization criticized as being impossible or hopeless or, for want of a better term, preposterous. Do your homework, know the facts, ponder every aspect of your plans, but in the end go with your instincts.”

“Yes sir. I can only hope those instincts don’t fail me.”

Waverly smiled knowingly. “They won’t, Mr. Solo, not with Mr. Kuryakin’s unfailing logic to assist in keeping them grounded in reality. And you can take that tidbit as the considered opinion of a ‘strategic genius’.”

Both Napoleon and Illya broke out in wide grins at that positive reassurance by the one and only Alexander Waverly.

—THE END—

