

# Ex-CIA Man Tells Of Strange Request

Washington

A former Central Intelligence Agency official who has recently been one of the CIA's chief critics said yesterday he was approached by the agency last year and asked to obtain an advance copy of a book manuscript being written by another disgruntled former agent.

Victor Marchetti, who quit as executive assistant to the CIA's deputy director in 1969 and began writing about the agency's inner workings, said a CIA agent came to his home and asked his assistance in getting a manuscript being written by Philip Agee.

At the time the approach was made, Marchetti was involved in a court fight with the CIA over the agency's attempt to censor his book, "The CIA and the Cult

of Intelligence."

"It was kind of sneaky," Marchetti said. "I asked him, 'Why should I do this for you guys?'"

Marchetti said the agent, a friend from his days with the agency, told him that while he and the agency had disagreements, "I was still considered a patriotic American and would I please acquire Agee's manuscript."

The approach, Agee made the same day Marchetti obtained a passport to go to England, to promote his book, "Agee now living in England then said Marchetti had seen the book, "Agee's manuscript." "Inside the Company," CIA Diary," has since been published.

"I kind of shook me up, Marchetti said, "I told the guy I was not inclined to do it," although the CIA had

claimed to him that Agee had become an agent for the Cuban government or the KGB.

Marchetti said he subsequently met Agee in England and decided Agee was an "intense, sincere man, trying to be purer than the driven sub." "He does things without considering the consequences."

After he returned to Washington, Marchetti said, the CIA man came to see him again. "I told him that I didn't get the manuscript and that I wouldn't get it."

"I believe now," Marchetti said, "that the agency already had the manuscript and they were trying to test me to see if they could draw me back in, or they were setting me up to discredit me."

Los Angeles Times

## Our Man Hoppe

# The CIA Upholds Private Enterprise



Arthur Hoppe

SCURRILOUS CHARGES that the CIA hired a Mafia hit man in an unsuccessful attempt to rub out Fidel Castro have created widespread outrage.

"These scurrilous charges have irreparably damaged the professional reputation of our dedicated organization," said an indignant Alvyntus (Crummey) Granola, one of the Mafia's ten top hit men.

In the interests of journalistic fair play here, then, is Granola's side of the story.

I GET the word, (he begins), through the Daily Grapevine help-wanted column that the government has a contract out on Fidel. Being between hit engagements, I tell him I'll take the job.

"Not so fast," he says. "This being a government contract, kindly submit your sealed bid in triplicate, your experience record, six professional references (one of whom must be among the living), and a loyalty oath attesting you do not belong to any of 143 subversive organizations, including the East Afghanistan Whist Club."

Being a patriotic American, I do. Six months later he calls me in. "Congratulations, Mr. Granola," he says. "You are the low bidder. And your record proves you are just the type of applicant the CIA is looking for — 97 hits and one near miss."

"You cannot win them all," I say modestly.

"Please sign this contract in four places," he says, "and note it provides an automatic 90-day extension in the event of inclement weather. Under the Civil Ser-

vice Code a hit man rates — let me see — a GS-14 classification. Now how do you plan to do the job?"

"The usual," says I. "Me and my trusty Tommygun in the back of a speeding low-slung black sedan, a getaway driver at the wheel and . . ."

"Sorry," he says, shaking his head. "Only GS-14s and above are entitled to chauffeur-driven cars."

"Okay," says I. "So I wire a couple sticks of dynamite to his ignition. He steps on the starter and . . ."

" . . . and first," he says, "you will have to file an Environmental Impact Report."

"Well," says I, "how about if I slip a hemlock mickey in his beer?"

"Truth in labeling, Mr. Granola," he says, frowning. "You want the FDA on our necks?"

So in the end we compromise. I borrow a car from the government pool, give Fidel an exploding cigar, put the snitch on him while he's dazed and hit him with an overdose of aspirin, if being a non-prescription drug.

ALL IT gives me is a headache. Word gets around the Mafia can't even rub out one lousy bearded Cuban. Business drops to zilch.

We are now in hook up to our eyeballs and only hope we get a government subsidy like Iran Central. But personally I am against taking it.

"Do not get mixed up with the government," I keep telling the God-faithful. "I gives organization time a bad name."