

Capitol
Punishment

He'll Take
His Coffee
Plain,
Thank You
Kindly

By Art Buchwald

Most Americans are willing to put up with all the shenanigans of the CIA in the name of national security. As a matter of fact the only item in the Rockefeller Commission's report that seemed to disturb anybody was the one where it was revealed that the CIA had been experimenting with LSD and giving it to unknown victims.

It makes one very nervous now to go to the house of someone who works for the agency.

The day after the report came out I dropped over to Blackwhistle's house to see if I could get any more information than had appeared in the commission's findings.

Blackwhistle asked me if I would like a cup of coffee.

"Yes," I said, "thank you."

He poured out the coffee into a mug and said, "One lump of sugar or two?"

"I'll take it black," I said nervously.

"It's awfully strong," he said. "Let me put one lump in for you."

"No! No! I don't want any sugar!" I screamed.

"But you always take sugar in your coffee," he said.

"I'm trying to lose weight," I replied.

"How about a lump of saccharin?"

"Please, Blackwhistle, I don't want anything in the coffee."

"All right. Would you like a vitamin C tablet?"

"What for?"

"You might catch a cold sitting

next to the air conditioner."

"That's all right, I like catching colds."

"Have a cookie," Blackwhistle said. "I just made them."

"You just made cookies?"

"Of course, everybody at the agency learns to bake. It's part of our training." He showed me a book, "The Joy of CIA Cooking."

I was about to open it when he grabbed it from me and said, "I'm sorry, it's classified."

I passed up the cookies.

I sat drinking my coffee and staring at him.

Finally he said, "Have you ever thought of taking a trip?"

"I take trips all the time," I told him.

"No, I mean a real trip, with stars and rockets and rainbows and silver clouds."

"What the hell are you talking about?"

"Nothing, I was just thinking how nice it would be to take a trip some place where no one had ever been before."

"I'd rather go to Disney World," I said.

"How about some saltwater taffy?"

They had a sale on it at the CIA candy store today."

"I'm not hungry, Blackwhistle. As a matter of fact I came to speak to you about the Rockefeller report. It said the CIA was involved in assassinations, break-ins, illegal reading of mail, domestic spying and political espionage."

"Nobody's perfect," he said defensively. "How about a bowl of canned peaches with syrup on them?"

"No way," I said. "Frankly, even your coffee tastes bitter."

"That's because you didn't put any sugar in it. Here, let me help you."

I held the coffee close to my bosom to protect it. "I like my coffee bitter," I cried.

He seemed very nervous. Then he said, "Popcorn. Certainly you would like some popcorn with melted butter on it. I can make some in a jiffy. Once you taste it, you'll be out of this world."

"I've got to go. Thanks again for all the hospitality."

"Don't go," he begged. "Have pot luck with us."

"Maybe some other time." I said goodbye and dashed home.

When I walked into the kitchen my wife said, "I'm glad you're home. Would you go over to the Blackwhistles and ask if we could borrow a cup of sugar?"

I shouted at her, "Are you out of your blinkin' mind?"