

The CIA Lays Low In Equatorial Patooie

A Commentary

By Nicholas von Hoffman

"It is quite true that we have a considerable number of graduates from Eastern colleges. It is also true that in numbers of degrees, Harvard, Yale, Columbia and Princeton lead the list, but they are closely followed by Chicago, Stanford and MIT." — Allen Dulles, former head of the CIA, discussing the social background and professional qualifications of the agency's personnel.

Thoroughbreds though they are, the media report that spirits are sagging.

Poster

among the agency operatives. "The mushrooming publication of names of CIA employees," a recent dispatch from Bonn tells us, "has brought about a marked decline in the already low morale of agency personnel overseas."

To show you how low things have gotten let's go to the home of the CIA Station Chief in the white enclave on the outskirts of the City of Hambono, the capital of the beleaguered emerging, equatorial nation of Patooie. Archibald Archbrow, B.A., Harvard '56, M.A. Yale

'58, Ph.D. Princeton, is having drinks on the porch of "CIA House," as the Hambonians refer to the Chief's dwelling, the largest and most opulent in this city, which also boasted a Holiday Inn until an insurrectionary faction blew it up. With him is his wife Arminta Bloodworthy Archbrow, B.A., Radcliffe, '57, M.A. Yale, '59, Pregnant, '60.

"Husband, dear," Arminta says, "you must buck up."

"I can't. I'm low, Minty, low, low, low. Nothing works for me anymore. The cyanide tablets in the box of Valentine candy for the head of the Patooie Liberation Front have gone stale. The lye and sulfuric acid mixture we put in the water pistol of the Minister of Interior's son has gone flat. The trouble we went to, to get the little boy to shoot it in his old dad's eyes. Then phfff! Nothing."

"Now, A.A., how were you to know the Minister of Interior wore contact lenses? You did burn a hole in his nose. Won't that count for anything with that dreadful Senate?"

"Oh, shut up, Minty. Tell that gook houseboy of yours to get me another drink."

"Wog! A.A., he's a wog. Remember where you are," Minty says as they contemplate the figure of Polycarp

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Blenin, the KGB station chief, walking across the lawn toward them. The Russian spy has an air of refined sadness about him.

"Beloved enemy, A.A., another one of your piple's been shot," Polycarp addresses them in tones of profoundest condolence, "Terribly sorry. Is awful. I hop, dear friend, you don't tink we got notink to do wit dis."

"My God, no!" exclaims Archbrow. "If we can't trust you people in the KGB, who is there to trust?"

"You know wot is killink your hagents? Is dis putting snaps of hagents in de noosepapers. Why you do dat silly tink?"

"The little pissmires want to show off to their friends by proving they know who our agents are. It wouldn't matter except for these new nationalities that keep springing up, Polycarp. They don't even

have countries. People wander around the world demanding the establishment of countries that have never existed, never even been thought of and if they don't get their way as quick as they stamp their feet, they shoot one of our people. This last poor man of ours was killed by a terrorist fanatic who's demanding nationhood for the Isle of Mucus."

"This publicity," sighs Arminta Archbrow, "it's upset the children. Particularly that business about Castro's beard. They're ashamed of their own father."

"Show dem your medals, decorations, wot you did for your country."

"He's not allowed to, Polycarp. It's against the agency's rules. They don't let him tell any of the good things."

"Too bad. Me, I am Honored Piple's Spy and member All-Soviet Order of de Dirty Trick, Second Class. Wot you got?"

"Low morale."

"Ah, holt friend, remember good days of de Cold War. Dos were de times, no?"

"They made such glamorous movies about you boys," says Arminta.

"And nobody asked any questions."

"No kvestions. Now dey laf at us."

"I know, Polycarp. Give them a lifetime of dedicated poisoning, blackmail and treachery, and this is the thanks you get."

"Hokay, mine friend, holt buddy, enough low morale. Le's give 'em a good show here in dis emerging Fort' World Republic of Patooie. We put on a good one for 'em, make 'em forget de LSD in de coffee vending machine. Which do you want to be? De stabelizink force or de unstabelizink force?"

"Well, I'll be the destabilizing force for a change, but it isn't going to help my morale."

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