

# Spies In The Soup



## Arthur Hoppe

OF ALL THE SCORES of recent books by disgruntled former CIA agents revealing the inner workings of that agency none is more cogent than that of James (Red) Tape, 007, who held a license to fold, spindle or mutilate.

The key to all CIA activities, (he begins), is Dan Rowan of Laugh-In fame. As has been well-publicized, we burglarized and bugged his Las Vegas hotel room as a favor to Mafia chieftan Sam Giancana, whose girl friend, singer Phyllis McGuire, Rowan was dating.

After two weeks, we managed to compile one framed photograph of Miss McGuire and the world's largest dossier of Henny Youngman jokes, which we sent to President Nixon. But I understand he never got any of them.

I personally delivered the photograph of Miss McGuire to Mr. Giancana. He took one look at it and said with a sigh, "Bella! Bella! Bella!"

I reported this to the Chief. "Is that man never satisfied?" he growled. "Now he obviously wants us to get the goods on the love life of the congresswoman from New York."

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I SPENT six months trailing Mrs. Abzug everywhere. Finally I snapped a secret picture of her in a Miami Beach hotel room with her hat off.

Her husband offered us \$10,000 for it, claiming he had never seen her head naked. But we had bigger fish to fry. "Florida is only 90 miles off the shores of Cuba," said the Chief. "Obviously Castro is the beard."

So he set up a file labeled, "Castro: Assassination." Unfortunately, he abbrevi-

ated the latter word and we established a house of ill fame in New York with one-way mirrors in hopes of trapping him.

Instead, who should wander in but J. Edgar Hoover selling vacuum cleaners, which he invented. The films we took proved terribly embarrassing to him as they showed he had no idea whatsoever what to do in a place like that.

Naturally, we brought the films to President Johnson. (Ed. note: the chronology is unclear here.) "I allus knew that feller was a damn ass," he said.

Our agent, who was slightly hard of hearing, transcribed this remark as "Diem: ass." This is why we had to do away with the President of South Vietnam.

Our perfectly reasonable explanations of the mistake made President Kennedy furious. "I can no longer suffer the bray of prigs," he said. It was too bad he said this to our Japanese agent, which is why we invaded Cuba.

As to our overthrow of Chile, for which we've been roundly criticized, if it weren't for a chance remark of President Johnson's, complimenting the menu at a Texas barbecue . . .

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BUT YOU SHOULD read the rest of this fascinating book yourself. No former agent is more disgruntled than Mr. Tape, who was traded to the Philadelphia Mafia for two designated hit men and an undisclosed sum of cash.

Thus far, the CIA has declined comment on the book. But if they have a better rationale for their operations over the past couple of decades, you can be sure they'll let us know.