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INQUIRY
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NAKED CAN THE AGENT

Other Stories
the CIA Doesn't Want You to Read.

.....By WARREN HINCKLE

"Where else could a red-blooded American boy lie, cheat, steal, rape and pillage with the sanction and blessing of the All-Highest?"

—Colonel George White,
on working for the CIA.

HERE IT IS NOT EVEN WINTER, AND already the powers that be are plotting to take the heat out of next summer's reading by plugging forever the leaks of the kind of CIA secrets that end up in paperbacks with girls in pink panty hose on the cover. The way it was, an aspiring pulp novelist could, just for the price of the asking, write Washington for the juicy details of the CIA stealing a sample of King Farouk's urine, or making a porn movie starring President Sukarno of Indonesia, or putting on the assassinate-Castro payroll mobsters who shared the President's girlfriend with him.

All of this is the stuff of fiction but true. If you had reason to know, or simply inordinate curiosity, you could write to Washington under the Freedom of Information Act and demand that the CIA 'fess up to what it had been doing with the unvouchered funds bestowed on it from the taxpayers' largesse. But the net effect of the bills that have been tiptoeing through Congress would be that the CIA no longer would have to answer questions about its past peccadilloes, and would be granted its ultimate wish—a U.S. version of Britain's Official Secrets Act, which would make it a crime for anyone to make public the CIA's crimes.

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The bottom line rationale for all this is that famous Nixonian pretext, national security. "The job of the Executive is to keep from the people what they ought not to know and to keep from the press what they ought not to print," Nixon told the returning Vietnam POWs at a White House Moral Majority-type party where divorced POWs were not among the welcome. National security is a thing rarely defined, although when it comes to the CIA I take it to mean that it would be harmful to the national defense to have the government look like a horse's ass.

From a purely personal standpoint, this is a depressing prospect. Perhaps the weirdest of all the CIA's domestic misadventures took place in the village of San Francisco, where I live, and no one in my home town would have ever known about it if an Eastern Seaboard journalist hadn't sued the government under the Freedom of Information Act.

The CIA, after considerable stalling, coughed up 16,000 pages of documents about a classified project called MK/ULTRA, which had to do with experimenting with mad scientists' ways of messing with people's minds. Among the project's installations was a national security whorehouse on Telegraph Hill; there unsuspecting johns would be compromised by ladies in CIA employ and slipped LSD mickeys while a short, fat, bald spy sat on a portable toilet watching through a two-way mirror and sipping martinis.

The hard-drinking CIA Kojak was Colonel George White, half-spook, half-narc, a self-proclaimed hard-liner who loved gin, hated hookers, and pinched dopers with the zeal of a Torquemada. He was the clown who arrested Billie Holiday. White worked for the federal narcs for decades in New York and San Francisco. When he finally retired to Stinson Beach, a surf-oriented community just around the bend from the Golden Gate Bridge, he spent his reclining years glued to a high-powered infrared telescope; he searched the beach looking for telltale signs of people lighting up joints, whereupon he