Couple Talks About
Oswald and the CIA

by Russell Hinckle

The ex-CIA man poured his first cup of coffee and lit his 11th cigarette. He glanced out the open window into the quiet blackness of a Concord Sunday night. He was a former CIA person sitting at the dining table and looking tired and nervous. He was his wife.

They were talking about what life is like for a CIA couple. It wasn’t long before they got into the bad parts. He smiled as if all the dirty little secrets were a stinking rose opening in front of his nose.

He had been a CIA finance officer for nine years, she a secretary to him. They served together in Tokyo, Washington, D.C., and Miami. Between them they saw enough to make them want out. They told each other to stay, but then knew that someday, they would. They held their tongues for more than ten years. They were afraid. Now, the silence of a thousand sleepless nights is over.

Sunday, in their modest Concord home, they took the unsettling journey back through the looking glass into the never-never land of the CIA.

The place they described was a topsy-turvy land where old-fashioned values are destroyed in the name of saving them, a perversion of sexual blackmail, betraying friends, rule-breaking, psychopaths and hoodlumism, with stories of people who had made their names of vice for the CIA, their names of victory. One assassins among those run amok was Lee Harvey Oswald who, according to the former CIA money man, was in the pay of the CIA.

"It was common knowledge in the Tokyo CIA station that Oswald worked for the agency," he said.

"And that's true," his wife said. "When the President was killed, everyone in the Tokyo station was talking openly about Oswald being paid in Russia for the CIA. Everyone was wondering how the CIA was able to keep track of Oswald, but I guess they did," she said.

The former CIA finance officer is Jim Wilcott. His wife’s name is Elise.

Wilcott testified behind closed doors before the House Select Committee on Assassinations last March.

He said the committee had asked him not to discuss his testimony, but it was learned from sources in Washington that he told the committee the CIA’s role in Kennedy’s assassination extended beyond covering up Oswald’s employment to the involvement of other CIA employees in a conspiracy to kill the President.

Ke testified that he overheard CIA agents say “agency people” had Kennedy murdered because the President had reneged on a secret agreement with former CIA director Allen Dulles to militarily support the CIA-backed 1961 invasion of Cuba.

“CIA people killed Kennedy,” Wilcott was reported by a committee source to have told the committee. Wilcott provided a list of CIA officials in Tokyo, at the time who he said could support his testimony.

CIA officials in Washington could not be reached last night to comment on their former employee’s allegations.

The Wilcotts were recruited by the CIA as a husband and wife team.

In the late 1960s, shortly after they were married.

“We were a two-for-one deal,” he says. There is weary bitterness in his voice.

“We didn’t even know what CIA was all about when we went to work for them,” he said. They found out soon enough. During her polygraph test for security clearance, the CIA interrogator asked his wife, who had grown up on a farm, one of those standard polygraph

Jim Wilcott

‘CIA people killed Kennedy,’ he reportedly told the committee.
questions: Had she had ever had sex with the animals? She was flabbergasted. "Why, we didn't even know any such thing was possible!" she said. A friend of theirs who went through the same clearance had not worked in a mortuary. The CIA strapped him into a 138 detector and asked him if he had ever intercourse with a corpse.

"I began to get the impression that there were a lot of weirdos in that organization," Jim Wilcott said.

That impression blossomed in Tokyo. There was, for instance, the matter of the Bulgarian ambassador's bed. One Saturday morning when Wilcott was holding down security duty in the Tokyo station, several CIA case officers came over to his desk to offer him a gin and tonic he'd tried to wonder what they were doing. They had bugged the bed of the Bulgarian ambassador to Japan and asked the state secrets uniform. The CIA had taped a particular torrid exchange of confidential conversations between the ambassador and his wife.

The tapes were being transcribed by a young American girl who was suspected of being a sexual deviant. She was, in fact, the sexual pervert in the Bulgarian bedroom vernacular. The CIA men thought this great sport and had broken out drinks all around while they kept playing the steamy portions over and over as the young translator turned redder than wine. When Wilcott asked another what this had to do with national security the case officers looked at him like he was some stick-in-the-mud accountant.

Wilcott's fiduciary duties in the Tokyo station -- he was there from 1959 to 1964 -- included handing out upward of $4 million a month in unmarked bills of various currencies for the station's dirty tricks.

Wilcott said the CIA had a phobia about fresh currency -- the physically dirtier the money the better, so the theory that used money was less traceable. If someone made the mistake of bringing new bills fresh from the bank Wilcott and his buddies would scatter the cash on the floor and take off their shoes and jump up and down on it like butter-down collared grape crushers.

The money Wilcott handed out was dirty in more ways than one. Wilcott said that some of the CIA agents that some of his cash ended up in the hands of members of the Japanese version of the Mafia, who performed unmentionable business for the Tokyo station, and to psychopathic personalities the CIA plotted to release from Vietnamese mental hospitals and outpatient drug clinics. The CIA, through its influence and access to Japanese villages, thereby turning the sympathies of our allies against the insane V.C.

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Wilcott's terminal disillusionment with the CIA began when he was drafted into a "black operation" to entrap a friend into becoming a double agent. His friend was a retired major, who he said was a nephew of Vladimir Dedey, the Yugoslav patriot and biographer of Tito. Peter worked in the Yugoslavian embassy in Tokyo in a special post. They met while taking Japanese lessons and would go out for a drink together after class. CIA regulations require that an employeemust report any such contacts between agents and, when Wilcott did, the agency decided that he should "set up" his friend.

The operation took nine months and a considerable amount of CIA cash, which station higher-ups kept urging Wilcott to lavish on the Yugoslav. "The idea was to get him on the hook," said Wilcott. At one point it was decided that Wilcott should go to him with women. The master plot for this was Elvis Wilcott's boss, a spy named Dennis, who was head of the Tokyo station's Soviet Russia Satellite Division, where Elvis was a secretary. At one point Dennis called Mrs. Wilcott into his office and told her that her husband might end up in a compromising situation with another woman but that he would only be doing the deed for the good of her country. This did not serve to stir the fires of her patriotic.

"The CIA was always terrible to women -- particularly the wives of agents," Elvis Wilcott said. "The agency was both snobbish and sexist."

Eventually Wilcott was told that he was being "phased out" and a person called a "recruitment agent" was being "put in" to replace him. He was blacklisted: the Yugoslav into spying on his own country. Wilcott was told never to see his friend again. He doesn't know what happened to him -- he doesn't even know if he did a good enough job to get his friend in trouble. Once, when he asked about Peter Dedey, Wilcott was told that he had "no need to know."

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"CIA people drink like fish," Wilcott was saying over his 16th coffee. The Tokyo station kept house in supply of the way most offices keep paper clips. It was generally used -- along with the dirty if untraceable cash -- to coax Japanese journalists, labor leaders, intellectuals and other opinion molders to see things the CIA way. "The station controlled every aspect of the Japanese society," Wilcott said. This CIA bounty of liquor was readily available to the agents, at prices amounting to nothing. A CIA employee could pick up a bottle of White Horse scotch selling for $12. In Tokyo for 75 cents at the office, Double marlins at military clubs frequented by the CIA were a nickel. "At those prices you can't afford not to drink," he said.

It was during these after-hours drinking sessions with other CIA men that Wilcott became aware of the nature of many secret CIA operations normally hidden by cryptonyms. "They need to know principle often went to hell at a bar," he said. One of the CIA operations he learned about involved Lee Harvey Oswald.

The day Kennedy was shot there was rejoicing in the Tokyo CIA station. Wilcott recalled: "Most of the agents were not, like himself, "Kennedy liberals," but rather despaired the Cia at the president for not sending the military in to rescue the CIA bunglers at the Bay of Pigs. The station was abuzz about Oswald and, when Wilcott expressed disbelief at the talk that Oswald was a CIA employee, a case officer told him: "Well, Jim, so and so, right over there, drew an advance from you for Oswald under a crypto."

In the months to come, he was to hear constant references to the station's earlier work on the Oswald project." Wilcott said Oswald had been trained for his trip to Russia at Asgul Naval Air Station, a plush supersecret cover base for the Tokyo CIA stations' special operations. Wilcott says he no longer recalls the names of the CIA agents involved. He also didn't take notes back then, he says. He wasn't planning on exposing the CIA. The details he remembers have the ring of the authentic.

The Cuban government invited Elvis and Jim Wilcott to Havana last month to testify before a "CIA tribunal" the Cubans had organized as the high point of a world youth festival. The former CIA couple went. It was the first time either of them had been to a socialist country.

"The Cubans were understandably curious about the experiences in the CIA's Miami station, which carried on a brutal secret war against Cuba throughout the '60s. The CIA story