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SEARCHING FOR THE SPIES OF TOMORROW

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Lee Michael Katz's last article for The Magazine concerned an inventor who envisions self-cleaning clothing.

Among the 500 college men and women with firm handshakes at the "Challenge '84" job fair, D. J. Emmanuelson, a 20-year-old economics and French major from Washington and Lee University wearing a blue suit and a "yes, ma'am" demeanor, was a hot prospect for recruiter Cecelia Velar Walker.

She was spending a tiring morning in Lynchburg, Va., 170 miles from her home office, fielding questions from waves of ultrapreppie students who knew virtually nothing about her firm except that it was hiring. When young D. J. (Dwight Jr.) stuck out his hand, Walker, who works for a powerful international firm known simply as "The Company," broke into the guarded smile of a major league baseball scout who has discovered a young Fernando Valenzuela in a sandlot baseball game.

Twelve years ago, Walker was a Pittsburgh secretary. Then a recruiter plucked her away to suburban Virginia with promises of a career she has never regretted. D. J. Emmanuelson now approached her with a delicious list of analytical and language skills, and she didn't want

him to get away. "You in all probability would make a great candidate for our career training program," Walker burred. Call her anytime. Collect.

At a small table between the C&P Telephone Co. and the Colonial Williamsburg Foundation, Walker—who is attractive, middle-aged and refused to permit her photograph to be taken—sat under a "Central Intelligence Agency" signpost searching for the spies of tomorrow. Trying to downplay the James Bond stereotype, she monotonously

repeated a standard speech designed to cut off the questions about karate training: "We are an overseas intelligence-gathering agency. . ."

Although D. J.'s last brush with danger was a fraternity toga party that lasted until 4 a.m., he thought the CIA

"might be a lot of fun. I think there's a lot of subversion and things going on in other countries."

In the pragmatic 1980s, CIA recruiters are welcomed with open arms on college campuses. They offer coveted jobs that start in the \$20,000 range, and no one asks questions about the overthrow of governments in Chile.

According to intelligence sources, a realistic CIA intelligence officer want ad could read something like: "Help Wanted:

Healthy young man or woman to devote his/her life to secret agency for government wage scale. No experience necessary; we provide up to two years of paid training. Foreign language aptitude a plus; overseas living experience desirable.

"Must have good sales personality to talk foreign nationals into betraying their country. Flexible enough to charm a wide range of people. Split personality often essential in order to work 'cover' job. Applicants must be absolutely security-minded, highly patriotic and unquestioning of final orders.

"You must be willing to relocate to Washington for training and spend 70 percent of your time in random overseas posts throughout the world. Some danger, but mostly lots of paper work. Be prepared to be secretly evaluated during training and throughout your entire career. You will receive no recognition outside the company for your work. No marketing majors or 007 types. Forget the John le Carré novels.

"If this sounds like a good career opportunity, write Central Intelligence Agency, Washington, D.C. All applicants are subject to an exten-

sive background investigation and will be required to take a lie detector test on such subjects as whether they have ever used drugs or if they have had a homosexual experience. The CIA is an equal opportunity employer."

The CIA's own solicitations in pamphlets and carefully worded advertisements simply refer to "challenge and opportunity" abroad.

As far as real-life spooks are concerned, James Bond can keep his Aston-Martin. He's in British intelligence anyway. While saluting American spies who perform such heroic intelligence-gathering acts in hostile terrain as "flying tiny airplanes in bad weather and landing on a strip the size of a postage stamp," former CIA director William Colby emphasized intelligence life does not imitate the movies.

"The American intelligence officer does not leap over the wall of the Kremlin and vault into the Politburo's headquarters," explained Colby. "He finds a Soviet citizen and convinces him it's in the best interests of his country and mankind" to discreetly pass Soviet secrets to the Americans.

After talking with Colby and other intelligence hands, one could conclude the ideal officer would possess the acquisitive skills of John D. Rockefeller, the fatherly

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