

From downtown Washington, Ace, the reporter had only to follow the signs.

"CIA 5 Mts. Spy Museum, Clean Rest Rooms."

"CIA 3 Mts. Indian Jewelry, Free Ice Water."

"CIA 500 Yds. Pumpkin Preserves, Picnic Area."

Ace parked in a lot jammed with cars, campers and vans, many with out-of-state plates. The big lobby of the Francis Gary Powers CIA Building was lined with portraits of great spies and exhibit cases containing famous disguises, estimates of Russian troop strength and the like.

Signs showed the crowds of tourists where to gather for the free tours in 12 languages,

Visit to the New CIA

By Dan Myers

including Mandarin and Serbo-Croat."

Ace got a map of the building at the souvenir sales counter and found his way to the Public Relations Division.

The receptionist was sure Mr. Greese would want to show Ace around personally. She buzzed the Deputy Director, Public Relations and sure enough, in a moment Wally Greese appeared, all capped teeth and handshake.

"The new CIA," Wally smiled, "is always glad to welcome gentlemen of the press."

"Yeah, yeah," Ace said.

"No seriously, things have changed," Wally

beamed. "Sure, the CIA used to be a stuffy old intelligence agency. But ex-employees-turned-authors like Vic Marchetti and Phil Agee, plus the Congressional investigations and the press and the Freedom of Information Act have turned us into an open society. Go ahead, ask me anything. The CIA no longer has any secrets."

"Okay, how . . . ?"

"You're just in time to see an actual clandestine meeting between an agent and his CIA case officer," Wally said, dragging Ace past the Allen Dulles Memorial Executive Washroom and into the Colonel Penkovsky Memorial Auditorium. The warm-

up emcee was just finishing his snappy patter and said, "Let's have a big hand for everybody's favorite case officer, John Jones!"

Jones bounced out of the wings. At precisely 2:42 p.m. he opened an umbrella and took off his pith helmet. Instantly his agent appeared. He was a Chinese general with a briefcase full of secrets.

Newspaper photographers clicked like a horde of crickets and the general blinked.

"You crazy?" he shouted at Jones. "They print photograph of me and I get filling squad!"

Jones explained that the new CIA reflected the Washington mood of

openness, exposes and morality.

"Molality, shmolality," said the general, "I'm gonna slam!"

The audience applauded and some remarked that this was a vast improvement over the old, sneaky CIA.

"Any questions?" Wally grinned.

"Yeah, how . . . ?"

"Now I want to show you our Portugal Desk."

At the Portugal Desk, Wally and Ace watched a half dozen people sitting around drinking vinho verde.

"See?" Wally smiled proudly. "Every other intelligence service in the world is in Portugal, bribing people, subverting officials, and what's the CIA doing? Nothing."