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Text of Izvestia Article Based on Interview With Philby, Who Spied for Soviet

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MOSCOW, Dec. 18 (Reuters) — Following, in unofficial translation, is the text of an article in Izvestia based on an interview with Harold A. R. Philby, a Briton who spied for Moscow and now is a Soviet citizen:

A frosty December morning. The night's gloom has not yet left the snow-covered streets. The trees on Gogol Boulevard are covered with a fuzzy hoarfrost. At the trolleybus stop stands a chain of people, wiping their cheeks and stamping their feet. People are hurrying. A new day, with its cares and concerns, is beginning. Automobiles are also hurrying, passing one another.

A no longer young but still young strong man of middle height walks unhurriedly along the sidewalk, breathing the frosty air with pleasure. He is wearing a warm sheepskin-lined coat and a fur hat. The man is obviously delighted by the morning and the frost and the rushing stream of pedestrians. Occasionally people bump into him. "Excuse me," they hastily say to him. "Don't mention it," he answers pleasantly, speaking with a slight accent.

He glances at the people at the trolleybus stop and, with cheerful good-nature gazes, after a fashionable young girl in a minicoat, who is being borne along to the saving warmth of a subway station. He looks with interest at boys with schoolbags on their shoulders throwing snowballs at each other on the boulevard. He always smiles, this man with a good and open face.

Who is he, what is he smiling at, what unusual things has he found on the boulevard, in the coated trees, on his ordinary Moscow morning? The young boys on the boulevard, the passers-by on the sidewalk—who of them could imagine the surprising life story of the man who smiled at them this morning? He has been called a mystery man—his life a riddle. Long years, whole decades, 30 long years of eternal riddles. A life as complex as a labyrinth.

A Meeting at the C.I.A.

In the spring of 1951, an important meeting was called in the office of one of the leaders of the Central Intelligence Agency, the sanctum sanctorum of the American secret service. In addition to Allen Dulles, around the long table sat Frank Wisner, the head of the service for super-secret subversive political operations. His post was a secret even to trusted workers, he was listed as an assistant to the director of the department for policy coordination. Alongside him was his assistant, Frank Lindsay.

The participants in the meeting were waiting for an important guest. Kim Philby, the head of a special liaison mission between the British secret service and the C.I.A. in Washington, was supposed to take part in working out an operation of extreme importance. The C.I.A. had pinned high hopes on the British guest, a prominent member of the British secret service who was considered an outstanding expert on operations against the Soviet Union and other Socialist countries. Philby had stood at the cradle of the C.I.A.—the American espionage system was created under the guidance of the highly experienced British secret service.

The Englishman was as precise as ever. He arrived on the minute. Very elegant, thoughtful, he was the model of a British gentleman. A slight stammer did not spoil his speech, and legends of the power of his charm circulated in both the C.I.A. and the British secret service. After cordially greeting those assembled, he took his seat at the table.

The C.I.A. had been ordered to work out an operation on organizing a counterrevolutionary uprising in one of the Balkan Socialist countries. The first stage in this action was supposed to be the dropping of a group of several hundred saboteurs on the territory of this country. Almost all of them were emigrés from the country. The group was supposed to

stir up trouble in various places, which, when merged together, would lead to an explosion and the toppling of the existing system.

A big stake had been placed on the operation. According to the thinking of its originators. It was, in the first place, a "test stone" and, in the second, was supposed to become the starting point for broad counter-revolutionary actions against all the Socialist countries. The teams of saboteurs were waiting for the signal for the drop. Lindsay, Wisner's assistant, had been designated the immediate executor of the operation.

Philby approved the plan; certain details seemed to have been inadequately worked out and he made a number of corrections. The participants in the meeting caught his every word; Philby's opinion was worth a good deal. Dulles, puffing on his pipe, listened to the English guest with emphasized respect. He had vast information about him. He knew that Philby had gathered experience as long before as the Spanish Civil War, that Franco had personally pinned the Red Military Cross on his chest. Dulles also knew about the extensive ties between the English spy and the ruling circles of Hitler's Germany, the fact that Philby regularly visited Berlin before the war, where he quite simply met with von Ribbentrop. He was an outstanding specialist and the C.I.A. knew it.

'It Was a Catastrophe'

One of the most significant operations of the C.I.A., carefully concealed throughout the subsequent 17 years of the cold war, ended in an unexpected failure. The team of dropped men was greeted in a proper way. It was a catastrophe, and mourning was observed in C.I.A. headquarters.

All the services were turned upside down. All the possible hypotheses linked with the failure of the operation that had been so pains-

takingly analyzed. All but one, Dulles, a man with imagination, could imagine everything that suited him. But even in a nightmare he could not conceive that a staff worker of the Soviet intelligence had sat opposite him at the table in his office that August morning.

Soviet spy Kim Philby had fulfilled his latest assignment from the center.

And now it became our turn to sit at the same table with Kim Philby. The table was a small one, the polish does not shine. An English table, covered with old work papers. The rest of the furniture, which seemed to have arrived in this Moscow apartment straight from the novels of Dickens, also suited him—the darkened wood of the bookshelves, the armchair that seems almost pretentious to our modern taste and the fireplace, an electric one though. The apartment is filled with books, of all kinds for the most part English.

The host of the apartment fits harmoniously in this environment. He is very calm, unhurried, his big gray head with a straight part is seated on strong shoulders and his weathered, masculine face is softened by bright eyes with a slight squint. When he smiles, wrinkles run from the corners of his eyes to his temples and his face becomes even warmer. Kim Philby, a man of great destiny, is receiving us, two Soviet journalists, for the first time.

There are millions of questions in our heads, but where should we begin? Comrade Philby quite obviously catches the confusion on our faces.

"Let us start with the beginning," he proposed softly, from the stove, as the Russians say."

His English reveals him as a man of high culture.

He was born in the Indian town of Ambala and spent the first four years of his life in India.

"On Jan. 1 I will be 56," Comrade Philby says. "My father served as an officer

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Harold A. R. Philby, former British agent who also assisted Soviet Union. He has written 80,000-word book.

"We argued a good deal about our problems in books and strove to understand what could give people some kind of salvation from the woes that were overcoming them.

"Trips that my friends and I made on summer vacations to certain Western European countries—primarily Germany and Austria—became decisive for my subsequent life. All this helped me to broaden my idea of the world. Meetings with new people, from whom I had been cut off at Cambridge, opened the truth of life.

Austria was covered with the blood of the workers, it was going through a particularly difficult time. I understood on which side of the barricades my place was. I felt every minute that my ideals and convictions, my sympathies and desires, were on the side of those who fight for a better future for mankind. In my native England, in my own homeland, I also saw people seeking the truth and fighting for it.

"I painfully sought out the means of being useful to the great movement of modern times, the name of which is Communism. The personification of these ideas is the Soviet Union and its heroic people, who have laid the foundation for the construction of a new world. And I found the form for this struggle in my work in Soviet espionage. I felt, and I still feel, that by doing this work I also served my English people."

"Can you still recall, Comrade Kim, what your first assignment from Soviet intelligence was?"

"Oh, I was so disenchanted that first time," he laughs. "I imagined it all much more romantically. But the assignments during that period were, as it seemed to me, insignificant, although they were a real school for the big work. I had much more enthusiasms at that time than experience, and of course they could not entrust serious operations to me."

Comrade Philby takes out a package of Pamir cigarettes, and we all start to smoke.

"I am used to the strong kind," he explains to us, and then, after a moment of silence, continues:

"I did what I could at the time and I was happy to learn one day that I had been enrolled on the staff of Soviet intelligence."

"A Rather Long Story" How, Comrade Kim, did you happen to get into the English intelligent service?"

"That's a rather long story," he says. "After finishing Cambridge, I worked for a while as an editor and then set out as a war correspondent to Spain for The Times. It was February, 1937. That battle against Fascism that was developing on the fields of Spain was in the heart of every honest person. For me, as a university graduate, it was a university of practical experience. I learned the knack of hiding my thoughts, of passing myself off as something other than what I was. In public statements I passed myself off as an upporter of Franco. This naturally found reflection in my correspondence. They were very pleased with me in the press department of Franco's staff."

Kim Philby thoughtfully looks out the window—he is continually frowning slightly—and then takes from a box on the table a cross on an ornamental ribbon, holds it out to us and continues his narrative.

"I lived at the time in Bilbao. One day an officer on Franco's staff came to me, sat me in a car and drove me off to the Fascist headquarters in Burgos. They led me into a hall where a group of ridiculously pompous generals was standing.

"In the center was the 'Generalissimo' himself. I noticed that all of them, including Franco, were very short. I was introduced. After a few minutes the Caudillo with extreme ceremony handed me this very cross. He then showed great pleasure in my work—of all the Western journalists I was one of the few to be given this exotic award. The cross also played its role in my entry into the intelligence service.

"I returned to England, and after some time I went out again as Times correspondent who had been scorched by the winds of war to illuminate the military actions of the British expeditionary corps in France. After Dunquerque in the summer of 1940, I was again in London. Here all of a sudden I entered the British secret service on assignment from Soviet intelligence. Before that, from 1935 to 1937, I repeatedly went, also on assignment from the center, to Berlin, where I had met with many prominent Nazi chiefs and most of all with Ribbentrop."

Talks With Nazi Leader

"Won't you tell us, comrade Kim, about this in more detail, and particularly about your meeting with Ribbentrop?"

"As I have already told you, I had the reputation of a pro-Fascist, which was a great advantage for my work. I was an active member of the Anglo-German Friendship Society, and while Ribbentrop was Ambassador to London, I made close contact with him. Then he became Foreign Minister under Hitler, but our meetings did not cease. Every time I came to Berlin Ribbentrop gave me a warm welcome at Unter Den Linden. The information I got from him was interesting. I must say, by the way, that Ribbentrop was himself a very dull and mediocre personality."

So, Comrade Kim, you are now in the British intelligence service."

"Yes, now a new period of my life has started. Soon afterwards Fascist Germany treacherously attacked the Soviet Union; I did all I could to aid the peoples of Britain, the Soviet Union, France and the other countries of the anti-Hitler coalition to defeat Fascist Germany. At that period, all Soviet agents had no other thought, no aim in life, other than to contribute to the swiftest defeat of Nazism."

Comrade Philby is obviously modest. For example, he did not say anything about his own direct contribution to the cause of struggle against the Fascist enslavers. But his colleagues told us that Kim Philby's work helped to neutralize many German agents who had been sent to Britain as well as the Soviet Union. He was also the first to send information on the Fascists' intention to use new kinds of military techniques on the Soviet front. Philby's work helped to save the lives of thousands of Soviet people.

"And how did you work in the British intelligence service?"

MI-5 and MI-6

"I went up the service staircase. A year later I became deputy chief one of the MI-6 departments."

"MI-6—what does that mean?"

"There are two secret services in Britain: MI-5 is the code name of the counter-intelligence service. MI-6 is the secret intelligence service itself."

of the English colonial administration in India. He was a man of great erudition and varied knowledge; he distinguished himself by his conservative views and was desperately fascinated by Arabic studies. This certainly explains that his second wife was of Arabic origin. The Hindi and Arabic languages entered my life very early, and then later—German, French, Spanish, Turkish and then Russian."

"But what kind of a strange name, Kim, did they give you?"

"Strictly speaking my full name sounds more pompous—Harold Adrian Russell Philby. But my father named me Kim after one of Kipling's characters. And so the name stuck all my life."

"What happened then?" "Then my family moved to London, and in 1929 I entered Cambridge, Trinity, one of the biggest and most aristocratic colleges. I studied well, and read a lot. This is where my story begins. England, like the other capitalist countries, was living through a devastating economic crisis in those years. The country was scourged by unemployment, the labor market was broken by lines of hungry, desperate people. But the funeral cold of Fascism was already blowing through the world. Repercussions of all this reached even our very proper college."

The western press noted that your rapid progress was explained by extraordinary rare qualities—you were the best marksman, you had iron nerves and, apparently, what is also important, you attracted people by your charm. Is this true?"

"Well, it is hard for me to judge, but things went well, though life was not all that simple. I was up against the razor blade; each meeting with a liaison man was a big risk for me.

"I specialized in the subversive activities against 'Communist' countries, became an expert and when, in 1944, I was appointed chief of the secret service department working against the U.S.S.R. and the international Communist movement, nobody was surprised. The department was shortly re-named 'Anti-Communist Service.' You can imagine what kind of information I was able to send to Moscow."

"Comrade Kim, the Western press says that you were the third man of importance in the British secret service and that you could have someday headed the entire British intelligence service because of your ability and rapid rise. Is that true?"

"I did my job, they were satisfied with me. In 1946 I was awarded the Order of the British Empire."

Then Kim Philby turns his memory back to the Turkish period. Early in the summer of 1947 he was sent as British secret service resident in Istanbul, using diplomatic cover. It was the most important area of operation then. The intelligence services of Western countries had concentrated their best forces there, close to the borders of the Soviet Union, Bulgaria and other Socialist countries. Istanbul became the center for the intelligence operations of the cold war.

Kim Philby worked tirelessly, often on London's orders, to organize any kind of "action," and visited the Soviet border in the Ararat region. Ships passing through the Bosphorus were the object of his people's observations. In this giant "town of 500 mosques" was spun a complicated web of political intrigues and conspiracies. From Kim Philby came a huge flow of the most valuable information about the

work of the Anglo-American forces against the country against the Soviet Union. Everything that is of interest to Soviet intelligence, that is important for the strengthening of the Socialist camp, was quickly transmitted to Moscow. Kim Philby had to work 24 hours a day.

"It was easier for James Bond," he quips. "How good things were in the novels of my old friend, Ian Fleming. Bond's only worries were gay holidays and amorous intrigues."

"What, did you also know Fleming?"

"Of course. He also worked in the secret service. He was aide to the Director of Naval Intelligence, Graham Greene—also a colleague of mine from those days—worked in intelligence. Today he is actually a great and respected writer."

Kim Philby points to one of his bookshelves. It is filled with various editions of novels by Greene.

"Now that the conversation has turned to authors, perhaps, Comrade Kim, you would tell us the secret of your literary tastes?"

"That Is a Big Question"

"That is a big question," he says. "I would have to say too many names. There would be Dickens and Tolstoy, Dostoyevsky and Balzac, Turgenev and Chekhov. Of modern authors, apart from Greene, I used to like Steinbeck. However, I can't understand why he wrote about Vietnam. I am glad that I was able to bring the majority of books that I have been collecting all my life to Moscow and that they are with me now."

"If you don't mind, let us return to intelligence," we say.

"From 1949 to 1951, I headed the English intelligence liaison mission in Washington. Tasks connected with links between the two intelligence services were only the external part of my activity. London entrusted me, on the one hand, with the task of consulting the C.I.A., as far as possible with guiding the institution, which was still young at this time. On the other hand, I was faced with the extremely difficult task of defending the British secret service against the C.I.A., which was showing clear intentions of swallowing its ally. I turned up in the lair of American intelligence. In fact, at this time I formed close ties with both Allen Dulles and with the present Director of the C.I.A.,

Richard Helms, as well as with the F.B.I. chief.

"Would it be possible for you, Comrade Kim, to give some kind of brief character sketch of these elite figures in American intelligence?"

"It is hard to do it briefly, but I will try." He smiles as he thinks to himself. "Dulles, as you know, was the first civilian to head the CIA. He was cautious in his relations with people, but in fact had a haughty attitude toward them. He did not thoroughly investigate matters and, I would say, for all his aggressiveness, he was a dilettante. The best example of this was the adventure over the invasion of Cuba, which was such a shameful failure. It is considered that he got the job thanks to his brother, John Foster Dulles, then the Secretary of State.

"Exceptionally Discreet"

"The next—Helms. I did my best to develop the most cordial relationship with him. It is easy to work with this man, though his is exceptionally discreet. Helms did not invent gunpowder. He, of course, is not Gen. Walter Bedell Smith, a one-time C.I.A. chief. He is more of an intriguer than a specialist in his trade. As a C.I.A. man once said to me, Helms is connected with a certain influential political group, which has always urged him on.

"As for Hoover, he is a notorious counterintelligence man, who controls an apparatus of repression that is monstrous in scale. At times my conversations with Hoover were extremely curious. They got on to discussions of the working methods of Soviet intelligence. They were most enthralling chats."

Comrade Kim finds it hard to keep back a smile.

"But the person who really made an indelible impression on me, he adds, "was Hoover's deputy, Mr. Ladd. This astonishingly dense personage tried to convince me in all seriousness that Franklin Roosevelt was a Comintern agent."

"Apart from those you have mentioned, have you managed to visit many other countries over these long years?"

"I haven't specially counted them, but I should think about 20. I had my specific work, my tasks in each country. One had adapt oneself to them. As a spy with a known length of service, I presented excellent opportunities for traps. They lay in wait for me at every step.

"Because of the nature of my activities I had to or-

ganize all sorts of operations against the Soviet Union and other Socialist countries and then torpedo them myself. I always found support in thinking about the solidarity, the reliability of the rear. I regularly met in various countries with representatives of the center. Such meetings were great events for me, they filled me with new strength. Still more important were trips to Moscow. I knew that control highly valued my work, and trusted me. But all the same, despite all my self-control, I was excited when I heard that I had been awarded the Order of the Red Banner.

"Sincere Friends' of Soviet

"I was also very much helped in my work by the fact that, even in Western countries, I continually came across sincere friends of the Soviet people, people whose entire hearts were devoted to Socialism. I saw that these people were prepared to involve themselves in the struggle for the security of the world's finest Socialist state. Moreover, among the members of Western coun-

tries' intelligence services I know more than a few people like myself who have devoted themselves to the struggle against Fascism, to the international solidarity of the workers. And the number of such people is continually growing."

"Comrade Kim, would you not tell us something about your present life?"

"And Here I Am"

"My work in the British intelligence service took place in very difficult circumstances toward the end. Control decided to summon me to the Soviet Union with the aim of guaranteeing my safety. And here I am. I have just finished work on a book. Within the framework of the possible and reasonable I, from the position of a spy, illuminate in it various moments of my life. Many pages of the book have the most direct connection with certain circles in a string of West European countries.

"I travel a lot through the boundless Soviet land, which has become my second home. Immediately after this book I am thinking of strating another, and then I will write another. I have many plans. I am a journalist. In my free time I do all sorts of things—from music to skiing and fretwork. I go to the theater and regularly attend concerts. A day or two ago I

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saw with pleasure the play 'All's Well That Ends Well,' performed by the Royal Shakespeare Company. In a word, I live a full-blooded life. I cannot complain about my health."

"Comrade Kim, a last, perhaps rather straightforward question: Are you happy?"

"The major part of my life is behind me. Looking back over the past years, I don't think that I lived them in vain. Yes, I am happy. I would like on my own accord to repeat the words of Felix Dzerzhinsky, the knight of the Revolution, the great humanist: 'If I had to begin my life again, I would begin it just as I did.'"

We say Farewell. The four-hour conversation is over. Of course, the 30 unusual years of this astonishing man have not all fitted into these four hours. We arrange new meetings. Comrade Philby promises to visit our editorial offices. We congratulate him from the bottom of our hearts on the coming jubilee—the 50th anniversary of the Cheka-K.G.B.—the festival of the Soviet Chekists. It is indeed also his holiday.

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